

contained the property taken from Marlow at the time of his murder, I felt confident; but still I did not consider it prudent to break open the chest, nor did I consider the immediate finding of the property of so much importance as I had done previous to our arrival at Bermuda, as I had arranged a plan whereby I could—the legal authorities of Liverpool being willing—have Fleming arrested and his chest thoroughly searched by experienced detectives, before he had any chance of getting on shore. We were to put in at Plymouth for two or three days, and it was agreed between the captain and myself that I should leave the ship as soon as we reached that port, and proceed by rail to Liverpool, taking with me the marked half-crown and properly drawn out and attested statements from our passengers to confirm my account as to the manner in which I became possessed of the coin; from the mate, who had seen Fleming come out of Wallworth's berth just previous to the arrival of the detectives to search the ship; and from the engineer, who had noticed his lengthened absence from the ship, and his excited manner, and the dirty and disordered state of his clothes when he returned to it on the morning of the murder. Provided with these, I was to wait upon the lawyer who had Wallworth's case in hand, and request him to take immediate steps to procure a warrant for Fleming's arrest, and cause it to be executed before the Charles Edward got into the dock at Liverpool.

We arrived at Plymouth on a Tuesday morning; and on going to shore, I found a train was to leave in half an hour. By that train I got to Liverpool the same evening; and the lawyer having put my statements into form, and produced witnesses to swear to the marked coin, a warrant for Fleming's apprehension was granted on the following morning. The warrant being secured, I telegraphed to the captain, "I have got the paper all right. Let me know what time you will make the river, and we will meet you." In about three hours I received the reply, "Glad to hear you have got the paper; will make the Mersey between ten and twelve, on Friday morning. I will be on the lookout for you."

Acting upon this information, the detective to whom the execution of the warrant had been intrusted, and I, took a boat on the Friday morning, and proceeded down the river to meet the Charles Edward. After a couple of hours, we sighted the ship bearing down upon us, the captain, whom I could just distinguish standing on the bridge with his glass under his arm, having evidently made us out. In a short time we were hoisted on deck, and the captain briefly observing "He's on duty," the officer and I at once descended to the engine-room.

"There's your man," said I, pointing to Fleming, who had turned a quick nervous glance upon the detective the instant the latter entered the room. "Seize him," I was about to add; but before I could get the words out, the detective, with professional celerity, had already done so, and Fleming was in custody, charged with the murder of the late Mr. Marlow.

"I know nothing about it," he hoarsely gasped, when he had recovered from the surprise and terror occasioned by his arrest.

"So much the better for you, then," said the detective; "but allow me to caution you against making any statement at present, as anything you may say now may be used as evidence against you."

"Well, all I've got to say is, that I know nothing about it," said Fleming, speaking more firmly.

"What property have you on board?" asked the detective, taking no notice of Fleming's last observation.

"I've only my sea-chest, and that you can search if you like," replied Fleming, taking a key from his pocket, and offering it to the detective.

"I will search it," said the detective, quietly "please to show me where it is."

Fleming at once led the way to his berth, and then, pointing to his chest, said, "There it is."

"O that's it, is it?" said the detective; "well, excuse me." And in an instant he had slipped a pair of handcuffs on Fleming's wrists. "And now," he continued, when he had successfully completed this observation, "to see what's here."

To turn out the contents of the chest, and minutely examine them, was to the detective but the work of a few minutes.

"Nothing there," he observed in an undertone, when he had finished this part of his search.

"I told you," said Fleming, confidently on hearing that remark, "that you would find nothing there."

"We'll see," said the detective, taking a small leather bag, containing a number of small but strongly-made and highly-finished tools, from his pocket; "we'll see," he repeated, fixing a "bit" in the bottom of the chest, and beginning to use it in a most workmanlike manner.

In about a minute he had cut out a circular patch, that plainly told that the apparently solid bottom really consisted of a shallow drawer and a very thin false bottom. The removal of the whole of the false bottom was easily effected, and exposed to view a drawer divided into several compartments; and in one of these

lay a lot of loose money and a small parcel, neatly tied up in a piece of canvas.

Of this parcel the detective instantly took possession; but before he could cut the string with which it was fastened, Fleming, with his manacled hands raised to his face, as if to shut out some horrible sight, staggered toward him, exclaiming—"Don't open it—for God's sake, don't open it! I can't bear to look on them again now! I did it; but I never meant to kill him."

Fleming spoke so rapidly that for a moment it was impossible to check him; but at this point the detective interrupted his confession by saying—"Recollect what I told you; take care what you say."

"It's no use to take care now," answered Fleming, in a voice made tremulous by the convulsive sobs which despite all his efforts to suppress them, shook his frame; it's no use to strive against fate; and there has been something on my mind ever since I did it which told me it would come to this."

Little of my story now remains to be told. Fleming made a detailed confession, which fully justified the conclusions at which the captain and I had arrived. He had been tempted by the sight of Marlow's money and jewelry; and taking Wallworth's stick (though he did not know at the time to whom it belonged), he had followed his victim, intending to stun and then rob him. He had overtaken him in the brickfield, in which the body was found, and in the struggle that ensued, he had used the stick with fatal effect. On finding that he had killed the man, his first idea had been to leave the town as speedily as possible; but on becoming more composed, he came to the conclusion that, as his ship was to leave the country in a few days, his safest plan would be to stick to her; and having, as the captain had surmised, overheard the clerk telling the news of Wallworth's arrest, he had secreted the bank notes in his berth.

Fleming was never tried for the murder. The excitement caused by his arrest so aggravated the feverish nervousness that had characterized his manner during the voyage to Bermuda and back, as to bring on a violent attack of brain fever, from which he died in a week after his apprehension. As the truth of his confession was fully borne out by the finding of the murdered man's property in his possession, and other circumstances, Wallworth was of course liberated, and in three months afterwards he went out to Calcutta to fulfil a lucrative appointment in an eminent mercantile firm there—Bella, to whom he was married a week before he sailed, going with him. On making a voyage to Calcutta five years after this, I found him just admitted to a partnership in the firm he had gone out to serve, and happy in the love of his charming wife and two blooming children, one of whom he had named after me, in memory of the time when he feared Miss Foster had two lovers.

How Dutch Bill Tapped a Keg of Lager.

A few days since Bill Winkley, or "Dutch Bill," as he is familiarly called, took it into his head that he would tap a barrel of lager. Preparing himself with a spigot, he commenced operations. After starting it in the cork, instead of striking a final blow and sending the spigot in fast and secure, he kept tapping it until suddenly the cork went in and the lager spirted out, drenching the ceiling over head and nearly drowning Bill with the frothing, seething mess that covered him from head to foot. The shock was so great that the spigot flew out of his hand beyond his reach. "Hand me dot schpigot," sputtered Bill, as he frantically clawed one finger into the hole in a vain attempt to stop the flow of the seething beverage. "Got in bimmel, poys, had me dot schpigot, zo I blugs oop dis hole," he cried in a smothered tone. "Ain't you all d—n fools shust now?" he continued, to the yelling crowd, who were nearly dying with laughter. "You let a man drown mit his finger in de hole, nice fun for you, don't it—let me get dot schpigot in dis hole vot runs away mit de peer, und you vill shust go right away out mid dis blase." Finding no one would help him, he wheeled around, and sitting down on the hole, exclaimed as he wiped the lager from his face: "Vell, dis beats everytings vot I never have seen (just then one of the boys handed him the spigot.) Ife' got de beer shopped now, but how can I get dot schpigot in his hole." How the query was answered we know not, but the tailor had an order for a new pair of pantaloons for the wild Dutchman.

Anecdote of John Randolph.

A writer in a Virginia paper tells a pleasantly characteristic story of John Randolph. Mr. Randolph was engaged to Miss —, a very beautiful young Virginian, who lived near the Randolph place. One day the lover was seen to quit the lady's residence in what might be described as a "state of mind." It turned out that the father of the lady had proposed that Mr. Randolph should settle a sum of money upon the bride, whereupon the spirited lover remarked: "It is not my purpose to purchase.—When I desire to purchase, I shall go to the cheapest market, I shall go to Africa." With this he left the house, went to where his horse was tied, cut his reins, and immediately disappeared.

Smith's Trouble.

A CITY paper thus tells of a little trouble they had with a man named Smith:

A week or two ago one of our reporters had occasion to refer to a certain woman, whom we will call Hannah Smith, as a denizen of the Eleventh Ward. A day or two afterward a huge man entered the office with his brow clothed with thunder. In his hand he carried a fearful club, and at his side trotted a bull-dog which hunger had evidently made desperate. With that quick appreciation of the situation which is creditable to the superior intelligence of educated men, the editor of this paper and the proprietors darted to the window, climbed outside, slid down the lightning rod, and went across the street to watch the bloody fray through a spy-glass. With the fearlessness of conscious innocence, we sat still, merely inserting our legs in two sections of stove-pipe, to guard against misapprehension of facts on the part of the bull-dog. The man with the club approached.

"Are you the editor?" he asked, spitting on his hands and grasping his club. We told him that the editor was out; that he had gone to the North Pole with Captain Hall, and that he would not return before 1876, in time for the Centennial celebration.

"Are you the proprietor?" asked the man.

We explained to him that we were not; that the proprietors were also out; that they had gone to South America for the purpose of investigating the curative properties of cundurago, and they expected to remain there for several years.

"Well, whoever you are," exclaimed the warrior, "my name is Smith!"

We told him we were glad; because, if there was one thing better than the possession of the name of Smith, it was the privilege of knowing a man by the name of Smith.

"But, Smith," we said, "Why this battle array? It is absurd for a man to put on the panoply of war, and frisk into editors' sanctums fumbling a club and accompanied by a disheartening bull-dog, simply because his name happens to be Smith."

He said he had called in to burst the head of the man who had insulted his sister.

"It is impossible, Smith, that such a thing could have been done by any one in this office."

"Is, but it was, though; and her name was published, too. Miss Smith—Miss Hanner Smith."

"May we be permitted to inquire, Mr. Smith, what was the precise character of the affront offered to Hannah?"

"Well, you see," said Smith "the blackguard said she was a denizen. And I want you to understand," exclaimed Smith, becoming excited, and brandishing his club in a wild manner over our head, while the bull-dog advanced and commenced to sniff up and down our stove-pipe; I want you to understand that she is a decent young woman, with a good character, and none of your denizens and such truck. The man who says she is a denizen is a blackguard and a thief, and I'll smash him over the nose if I get a chance. They may say what they please about me, but the man who abuses my sister has got to suffer." And Smith struck the table in a violent manner with his club, while the bull-dog put his forelegs on the back of our chair.

We pacified Smith with a dictionary. We pointed out to that raging warrior that the Websterian definition of the word "denizen" gives such a person an unoffending character, and deprives the term of every thing like reproach. Smith said he was satisfied, and he shook hands and kicked the bull-dog down stairs. The editor and proprietors, seeing that all was safe, immediately climbed the lightning rod, and soon appeared at the window, where they were introduced to Smith, with the remark that they had returned from the North Pole and the clime of the cundurago, somewhat unexpectedly, in order to surprise their relations.

And now we suppose Smith will be mad because we told this story about him, and he will be coming down to interview us again in war's magnificent stern array with a fresh bull-dog. But it will be in vain. We have rented an office in the top of the shot-tower, and have planted torpedoes and spring-guns all the way up stairs. We warn this incendiary Smith to beware.

It is estimated that there is an average loss of two or three yards along the east coast of England washed away by the sea every year, and that about thirty acres of land disappear annually between Spurn Point and Flamborough Head alone. There was once an important seaport called Ravenspurn on this coast, which returned a member to the Parliament of Edward I; but in 1839 there was but little of it left, and at the close of the next century the ground on which it once stood had totally disappeared. Several villages which appear on old maps have been destroyed by the encroachment of the waves, and Kilssea, which lost its church in 1826 is likely soon to be swept away altogether.

How Love is Made in Liberia.

WHEN once the young beau becomes infatuated, he makes known his passion to the father of his "affinity," and expresses his desire to strive for her hand. A kind of contrast is immediately entered into by which the young man binds himself to the father as a servant for a term of years, at the expiration of which time he can have the pleasure of learning whether the daughter will have him or not. In this manner, if the father be the happy possessor of a beautiful daughter, he may have half a dozen men ready to do his bidding at one time.

When the term of servitude expires, one of the larger youths is selected, and all the old women of the place armed with sticks and pieces of steel-thong, are stationed in the prologs suspended around the room. The daughter then appears, thickly clad in skin garments, followed by her lover when a race ensues around the enclosure, the contestants dodging about along the prologs. To win his bride he must overtake her, and leave the print of his nail upon her person before she can be rescued by the old woman, who, during the race, impede the lover as much as possible by beating him with sticks and tripping him by seizing his legs as he rushes by them.

The advantage is all with the girl, and if she does not wish to become the wife of her pursuer, she can avoid him with difficulty. On the contrary, if she likes him she manages to stumble, or makes her wishes known to the old women, who then only make a show of impeding her pursuer. Sometimes the lover is so desperately smitten that, just after being foiled, he returns to the father and binds himself for another period of years for the privilege of making another trial.

Only a Steward.

Deacon S———was an austere man, who followed oystering, and was of the hard shell persuasion. The Deacon 'allus made it a pint' to tell his customers that the money which he had got for 'isters did not belong to him.

"The good Father made the isters," said the Deacon, "and the money is His'n; I'm only a stoort."

They do say the Deacon had a way of getting about ten cents more on the hundred by his peculiar method of doing business for somebody else. One Sunday morning the old fellow was tearing round from house to house, with a suspicious bit of currency in his hand. Some one had given him a bad fifty cent note, and he wasn't going to migrate till that ar was fixed up."

"Why, Deacon," said one of his customers whom he had tackled about it, 'what's the odds? What need you care? 't isn't yours, you know; you are only a steward; it isn't your loss."

The deacon shifted his shoulder, walked to the door, unshipped his quid, and said:

"Yas, that's so; but if you think I'm a goin' to stand by and see the Lord cheated out of fifty cents, you're mistaken. I don't foster no such feelin'."

Shut Off.

A newspaper in New York State tells the following: "Mr. Beattie, now an engineer on the Montgomery Branch Railroad, says that he was once driving the engine of the Cincinnati Express train No. 8, up the mountain, it seemed to him as he rounded the rocks just before entering the great cut at Otisville, that some one said to him as plain as words could speak it, 'Shut off.' He looked around to see if his fireman had spoken to him, but as that individual was leaning with his head out of the cab, it was evident that he had not. Mr. Beattie prepared to dismiss it, when a second time as plainly and distinctly as before, he heard the warning voice, 'Shut off.' Without further delay he pushed the throttle-valve clear in, and shut the steam entirely off. Of course, as the train was going up a rising ground, it at once slackened its speed, not a moment too soon, for around the rock was the rear end of a freight train slowly toiling up the grade. As it was the trains struck each other, but so slightly as to cause no damage, and but little delay. The same thing induced another engineer, familiarly known as 'Old Buttermilk,' to stop No. 2 in Greycourt just in time to avoid running into a wreck, one dark night, a year or two ago."

A Burglar in Petticoats.

A few days since a young man named Robert Clark was arrested in Ionia, Michigan, charged with having committed a robbery in Detroit more than a year ago. When arrested Clark was arrayed in all the fashionable fixings belonging to a girl of the period, and at the hotel where he boarded was looked upon as a young miss just from boarding school, and who, to lull suspicion, said that she was waiting for the arrival of her father from California. After the robbery in Detroit, Clark fled the place, and donning female apparel managed for the space of one year to escape recognition from his most intimate acquaintances. At one time, being hard pressed for money, he hired out as a waiter girl in Milwaukee, and actually promised to marry a young man. Clark, after being arrested, related many amusing adventures of his with young girls with whom he became acquainted, while personating that sex.

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