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Poetry.

IDEALS.

BY GERTIE V. MACK. In the human breast forever A fever of longing burns; For something beyond the present, The dreamy spirit yearns. And oft from the arms of pleasure, In vague disquiet to roam.

For a voice from out the future Is singing in silence tones, And heart is besouking onward, To the realm of the dim unknown, And over the eyes the glamour Of a sweet, false spell is thrown.

Ideals of joy and beauty, Like flowers in the heart unfold; They are fair as the morning mists, Pygmalion loved of old, And the life that to her was given, We ask for those visions cold.

Oh, beautiful, mocking phantoms! You come with your presence bright, From the fair mirage of dreamland, And haunt our waking sight. So dear that the joys of the present Unheeded take their flight.

And oft when the thing we have sought for Comes to us, still we feel There is lacking a something, We found in the world ideal. For alas! a dream of blessing Is sweeter than the real.

Select Tale.

THE PHILADELPHIA DETECTIVE.

A man came hastily down Chestnut street, Philadelphia, and mounted the stone steps in front of the Central station. He entered the broad, old-fashioned doorway with the steps of one who was at home in the building. Two steps from the front door was another, the entrance to a large room. Here the new comer found a number of brother officers, lounging, smoking and gazing out upon the street.

"Halloo, Bill! broad the chief yet?" asked a tall broad-shouldered, good-looking man, as the new comer entered. "No, Why?" asked Bill. "Oh, nothing in particular, I suppose. He asked for you a while ago," was the reply.

Bill turned upon his heel and left the room. Mounting the stairs, he reached the second floor, and entered the chief's office. "Here's a letter that was left for you, Bill," said the chief, as he handed the missive to him. "And here's something else I want you to take in hand. You have been working very faithfully in the city for the past year, and this job will take you into the country for a month, perhaps."

As the chief ceased speaking he handed a telegram to the man before him. Bill glanced at it in a careless manner, and read the following: "Corry, Pa., Aug. 6, 1864. "Send on one of your smartest detectives as soon as possible. A mysterious murder has been committed, and if you comply with my request the life of an innocent man may be saved."

A. J. FARRINGTON. One hour after reading the above, Bill Davis, one of the shrewdest detectives in Philadelphia, was being carried as fast as steam could carry him, towards the village of Corry, Pa. For the first time since his start Bill thought of the letter which the chief had given him.

Taking it from his pocket he proceeded to open it, and as he began to read, the careless look upon his face deepened to one of intense interest. It ran as follows: "Corry, July 20, 1864. "Well, dear old boy! I suppose you thought that I had forgotten you, No, no! And I take this opportunity of writing to beg that you will come to Corry and spend a week or two with me. It is at the wedding, you know—at my wedding! Yes, I am captured and old boy and it will be your turn next, I think I see you smile at the thought that you will ever yield up the reins of old bachelorhood. I shall say nothing about my bride, but shall leave you to see for yourself. But when you see her sister, Rose, if you do not fall in love, why then you never will; and I will be willing to believe that you are a wise case. Be sure and come, old boy. The country is just delightful."

Yours, "NED HARRINGTON." Our hero did smile, but not at the thought of falling in love. Oh, no! He was a smile of pleasure at the thought of seeing his old school-um, whom he had not met for five years.

William Davis had soon longed a home and home surroundings, some one to love, and for the first time in his life's rough journey. But he remained alone; none in the wide world seem to care for him. He threw all his tireless energy, all his unyielding perseverance into his profession, and he stood at the head of the best detective on the force.

"Comp-lee!" shouted the brakeman, poking his head through the door, and then out again, as though expected to have something shield him. "Couple was a small country station, and our hero found himself to be the only passenger for that place. The few loafers who always gather about a country station to see the coming train, were there. Of one of these our hero asked to be directed to the residence of Mr. Furguson.

Receiving his directions, he was about to start, when he was accosted by an elderly gentleman who had just come up. "I think you were inquiring for Mr. Furguson, if I mistake not?" he said. "Yes, do you know him?" "I am the man you are looking for, if you are from Philadelphia."

"I am," "Come with me," said the stranger. Our hero followed his guide, and after walking a short distance they entered a neat, pleasant looking cottage. Together they entered the library, and Mr. Furguson at once proceeded with the business he had in hand. "You are a detective are you not?" he asked. "I am," replied Bill, as he handed a card bearing his name to his companion. "Ah, you are Mr. Davis. I have heard of you before, and believe you are capable of working up this case, if any man can."

"Thank you," returned the detective. "Now please begin at the beginning and tell me the whole story. You said, I believe, that the life of an innocent man might be saved."

"I did," and finally he believed that Ned Harrington is innocent of the crime of murder. "Ned Harrington! Great heavens!" gasped the detective. "The detective was used to great surprises and startling developments, but all his self-control left him, and he sank back in his chair, pale as a sheet, at the mention of his friend's name."

The Post.

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nothing about the affair. Now tell me all.

Thereupon Ned related the facts which are already known to the reader. "Had Miss Furguson any other suitors besides yourself?" asked Bill.

"Why, yes," "How did they take their defeat in the matter?" "Why only as gentlemen should."

"All?" "Well, no, not all. Robert Grey, the lawyer, seemed angrier at first, but he seemed to recognize the inevitable and take it quietly enough after a short time."

"Do you know of any other instance in which this lawyer was defeated in object?" "Let me see. Yes, there was the Madon's estate. He wanted that, but a young man stepped in and paid off the mortgage. That kept it out of his hands."

"What happened to that young man?" "A strange look came into Ned's face as he saw the drift of the detective's question. "Great heavens, Bill, what do you mean?"

"Answer my question, please," "He died within six months," "How did he die?" "His body was found in the mill pond, and it was always supposed that he fell in."

"Very good. And now, Ned, when does the trial come off?" "In two weeks," "Now, I must leave you, but I have hopes that you will be cleared. I will do my best."

"I am sure you will, Bill," "But what do you mean about Lawyer Grey?" "Never mind; you'll know soon enough."

It was night when the detective quitted the cell in which his friend was confined. Having ascertained the whereabouts of the residence of Lawyer Grey, he walked slowly in that direction, intending to survey the premises.

Why he did so he could hardly have explained, but he had an idea, and he determined to work it out. Having arrived opposite the lawyer's residence, he looked about him as well as the darkness would permit. As he was standing in the darker shadow of some trees he saw the form of a man that quickly forward and entered the house.

"I must gain admittance to that house by hook or crook," muttered the detective. The two weeks that intervened before Ned Harrington's trial passed away rapidly. Strange to say, the detective had disappeared, or nothing had been seen or heard from him.

Mr. Furguson, too, was missing. So strange an occurrence urged him to treat the officer. He believed that there was a deep plot somewhere to ruin Ned. It was well known to some persons that a detective was upon the ground, but few knew where to look for him.

Still, the merchant feared that in spite of all his caution, the detective might have met with foul play. In no other way could his strange disappearance be accounted for.

At length the day of the great trial arrived. The courthouse was thronged with eager people. It was with the greatest difficulty that the officers could keep the aisles clear.

Ned Harrington, pale and careworn, sat in the dock. But there was no look of guilt upon his face, and his eyes never wandered as he gazed upon the multitude. Mr. Furguson and his family were there, sitting near the prisoner. Mr. Furguson gazed anxiously over the sea of faces, hoping to see the detective. But he did not see him, and his heart sank. How could he hope to see the prisoner go forth a free man.

The lookout was indeed dark. Ned had many friends present, but they had lost all hope. Near the witness stand, among other laborers, sat a rough-shouldered man. It was nothing strange to see such a man there. There were many such men in the village every day, and this man seemed to excite no particular attention. But his interest in the trial seemed to be intense.

The counsel for the state, a young and rising lawyer, opened his argument for the prosecution, and as fact after fact was brought forward, the doom of Ned Harrington seemed sealed.

Lawyer Grey was called to the witness stand, and he repeated his story with terrible distinctness and precision. The counsel for the defence was opened, but it was simply an elaborate argument, the principle feature of which was the prisoner's previous character.

He was a smart young lawyer, and he did his best, but he had no facts to present. "Your Honor, may I ask lawyer Grey a few questions?" inquired the miner, as the lawyer for the defence sat down.

"Certainly, my man, if you know anything about this case, let us hear it by all means," answered his Honor. "The crime was committed upon the night of the 25th of July, wasn't it?" "Yes."

"At about 10 o'clock at night," "Yes." "Well, I'd like to ask lawyer Grey where he was at 10 o'clock on the night of the 25th of July."

The lawyer started, and for an instant his face paled, but by a powerful effort he controlled his emotion. "What do you mean, fellow?" he asked. "Your Honor, am I to be questioned by every vagabond rascal that chooses to speak?"

"You need not answer if you don't care to, replied the court. "Then I decline to do so," growled the lawyer. The miner grinned audibly, as he asked— "May be you won't object to telling us where you were at midnight on August 6th?"

"I was home in bed," replied the lawyer, although his voice trembled slightly as he spoke. Why he could not tell. Who was this man that seemed to read his very soul with his burning gaze? Was he the simple miner that he appeared to be? "Let Mrs. Reid come forward," was the next request of the miner. Mrs. Reid, lawyer Grey's housekeeper, came forward.

"What do you know about this case?" asked the judge. "On the night August the 6th I sat up nearly all night. I had the toothache, and found it impossible to sleep. I know that lawyer Grey had an interview with a strange, rough-looking man, and that it was half past one o'clock when he went up to his room."

The lawyer's face was pale, but his teeth were tightly clenched, as though he had resolved to brave out whatever might be said about him. The testimony of the housekeeper caused quite a sensation throughout the courtroom. Now, your Honor, if that man will lie one time, why would he not lie any time?" asked the miner, quietly. With giving time for a reply, he continued: "Have you got the knife that done the deed?"

"Yes—here," said the judge, as the knife was produced. "Is that Ned Harrington's knife?" "It is."

Hardly the question being answered, when the miner produced a knife the exact counterpart of the one in the judge's hand. "Which is Ned Harrington's knife?" he asked, as he stepped forward and laid the knife by the side of the other. The judge and those around him gazed with astonishment upon the two knives. They were exactly alike. Ned's name was engraved upon the handle of each, in exactly the same place.

Let Robert Smith come forward, asked the miner, and in the response to the demand, a stranger came forward. "You are in the hardware business in New York, are you not?" asked the miner. "I am."

"Did you or did you not, have this knife made the exact counterpart of this other, to order of lawyer Grey?" "I did."

aid from the grasp of the two officers, and fell heavily upon the floor. When they raised him up he was dead.

"I've played my game and lost," hissed the lawyer. "But you, curse you, you shall not gain by my downfall."

As he spoke he drew a pistol and aimed it full at Ned Harrington. With a bound that was like the leap of a wild animal, the miner was upon him, and before he could fire, the weapon was knocked from his grasp, the next instant there was a loud click, and a pair of delicate steel bracelets encircled his wrists.

"No, you don't," cried the miner. "In the hand's name, who are you?" hissed the baffled villain. "Yes, who are you, sir?" questioned the court.

"I'm Bill Davis, the Philadelphia detective," was the quiet reply. The excitement in the court room was intense; cheer after cheer came from the vast multitude. A desperate rush was made toward the platform, and Ned Harrington and the detective were raised shoulder high, and borne from the court. The detective had spent his vacation joyfully; he had saved the life of his friend.

The jury rendered a verdict of "not guilty," without leaving the room. Ned Harrington was borne from the court room a free man, with out a stain upon his name. "But, my dear fellow, how did you do it? How did you find out so much about lawyer Grey, when none of us suspected?" asked Ned.

"I thought it a singular coincidence that the only two men that crossed that man's path, should meet with such disastrous ends," replied Ned. "A young man had a lawyer in obtaining an estate, and in a short time his body is found floating in the mill pond. Another young man had a wife in obtaining a wife, and, ere two weeks pass, that young man is the inmate of a felon's cell, charged with murder. We detectives have a way of putting things together, and I these two facts gave me an idea which I resolved to work out. After my interview with Ned the first night of my stay here, I visited the residence of Grey. While looking around outside of the house, I beheld a man enter in a very suspicious manner. I resolved to gain admittance to the house myself. I did so, and overheard the interview between the lawyer and man who sat next the man who later that night saw him carry the supposed dead man into the cellar. I followed him, and when he left, I examined the wounded man, and found that though he had been shot, yet he was not dead. I removed him to a house where I had resolved to board, and nursed him until the trial came off. I then disguised myself, so that I might the better follow the course I had marked out for myself. You know the rest."

"Ay, we know the rest. God bless you, Will," cried Ned, giving his hand a warm grip. Three days after the above event, the detective stood up at his friend's marriage. And we are happy to state that Ned's predictions did come true. Will did fall in love with the gentle Rose Furguson, and when the bells rang a merry Christmas chime, they were married.

As for Robert Grey, to use the Irishman's expression, he was condemned to be hung, but saved his life by dying in prison.

A Modest Advertisement. An enterprising grocer in Westville, Connecticut, comes out in force in behalf of his celebrated Tin Tag Cigars. In a modest circular gently urging their purchase and use, he says: "The tobacco from which the Tin Tags are made is grown entirely in conservatories, and the cigars are made on mahogany tables by thoroughbred Cubans in swallow-tail coats and white kid gloves. When a man smokes one of these cigars, he walks on air, and dreams that he has a diamond scarf-pin and a sixty-five dollar suit of clothes on, and just married rich. It makes the breath sweet, and keeps the teeth white, and will force a mustache on the smoothest lip in two weeks. It improves and beautifies the complexion, eradicates tan, freckles, and jaundice, and is enjoyed by all the smoker's, sisters, cousins, and aunts. It permeates the house, windows, curtains, closets, and clothes with the delicate odors and exquisite fragrance of Heliotrope, Nivea, and White Rose. It will fasten the front gate every night, and carry in the paper tie the morn drive the hags to water, and 'hardly ever' fail to make one feel better all over. No well-regulated family can properly keep house without them, for the man who smokes this cigar will never cut wood too long for the stove, never swear when he puts up stovepipes, never step on a lady's trail, join a club, or go down to the post office after supper."

He said he could stand it to have his wife paint everything from a tin cup to an old straw hat, and stick it all over with studs and heathen Chinese. But when she swooped down on their mince pie and embellished that he thought it was time to 'kick.' And he did.

Rules of Conduct. Never betray a confidence, Never leave home with unkind words. Never give promises that you do not fulfil. Never send a present hoping for one in return. Never fail to be punctual at the time appointed. Never make yourself the hero of your own story. Never make much of your own performances. Never pick the teeth or clean the nails in company. Never fail to give a polite answer to a civil question. Never present a gift saying it is of no use to yourself. Never call attention to the features or form of another. Never read letters which you may find addressed to others. Never question a servant or child about family matters. Never punish your child for a fault to which you are addicted yourself. Never refer to a gift you have made or a favor you rendered. Never answer questions in general company that have been put to others.

Knowing People. There are always some people in every community who imagine themselves to use a common phrase, "very smart," and they are generally of the bonybody kind. One of these can do more harm in a town or neighborhood than a dozen good people can set at rights. No mischief comes into a place but these smart-ones can pick any amount of dirt in its every-day walk, or his sermons are always too long or too short, too soft or too hard, or too cant preach, and a hundred other imaginary imperfections, which the less pretentious never think of mentioning. But these knowing-ones do not stop here, for no enterprise was ever started but was contrary to their views. Other folks never build a pig-pen, a smokehouse, a corn-crisp, a barn, a dwelling, a school-house or a church to suit these babblers, and no newspaper was ever run according to their ideas of business, and I won't have anything to do with it, and I'll keep everybody else from it that I can.

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Gems.—Kindest hearts can together meet though half the earth apart. There is a pleasure in contemplating good; there is a greater pleasure in receiving good; but the greatest pleasure of all is in doing good, which keeps the fire of life bright at the centre, and all the experiences of earth will be powerless to kill or even greatly to shake your peace. Love is the shadow of the morning, which decreases as the day advances. Friendship is the shadow of the evening, which strengthens with the setting sun of life.—Fontaine.

He who climbs above the cares of the world and turns his face to his God, has found the sunny side of life. The world's side of the hill is chill and freezing to a spiritual mind, but the Lord's presence gives a warmth of joy which turns winter into summer.—Spurgeon.

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THEir Machines combine the Time-Saving, Power, and Economy of the best of all threshing machines. They are simple, durable, and easy to run. They are the only machines that will thresh any kind of grain, and they will do it better than any other machine. They are the only machines that will thresh any kind of grain, and they will do it better than any other machine. They are the only machines that will thresh any kind of grain, and they will do it better than any other machine.

There are always some people in every community who imagine themselves to use a common phrase, "very smart," and they are generally of the bonybody kind. One of these can do more harm in a town or neighborhood than a dozen good people can set at rights. No mischief comes into a place but these smart-ones can pick any amount of dirt in its every-day walk, or his sermons are always too long or too short, too soft or too hard, or too cant preach, and a hundred other imaginary imperfections, which the less pretentious never think of mentioning. But these knowing-ones do not stop here, for no enterprise was ever started but was contrary to their views. Other folks never build a pig-pen, a smokehouse, a corn-crisp, a barn, a dwelling, a school-house or a church to suit these babblers, and no newspaper was ever run according to their ideas of business, and I won't have anything to do with it, and I'll keep everybody else from it that I can.

Length of Days. At Hamburg, in Germany, the longest day has seventeen hours and the shortest seven. At Stockholm the longest has eighteen and a half hours, and the shortest five hours. At Finland the longest has twenty-one and a half hours. At Waukegan, in Norway, the day lasts from the 21st of May to the 21st of July, the sun not getting below the horizon during the whole time, but skimming along very close to it in the north. At Spitzbergen the longest day lasts three months and a half.

Pat was employed as hostler of a hotel in Lancaster county. One day a guest arrived on horse-back, and ordered his horse "put up" until dinner was over. The animal was assigned to Pat's care, and he stripped off everything but the halter. After dinner the horse was ordered "roomed," and Pat, not knowing how to put a saddle on properly, turned it out for a moment, and appeared before the hotel. The proprietor, seeing what was done, asked Pat what he meant by putting the saddle on in that manner. Pat looked up innocently and said, "now in the devil did I know which way the man was going?"

Gems.—Kindest hearts can together meet though half the earth apart. There is a pleasure in contemplating good; there is a greater pleasure in receiving good; but the greatest pleasure of all is in doing good, which keeps the fire of life bright at the centre, and all the experiences of earth will be powerless to kill or even greatly to shake your peace. Love is the shadow of the morning, which decreases as the day advances. Friendship is the shadow of the evening, which strengthens with the setting sun of life.—Fontaine.

He who climbs above the cares of the world and turns his face to his God, has found the sunny side of life. The world's side of the hill is chill and freezing to a spiritual mind, but the Lord's presence gives a warmth of joy which turns winter into summer.—Spurgeon.

Don't spread yourself too much, young man. You have no idea how extremely thin you may be.

The statesman who likes to hear himself talk should buy a telephone and lock himself up in a room.

The Summer resort for boys: Long Branch. About three feet long and as thick as a summer case. It is a branch parents often resort to.

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