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The River Path.

No bird-song floated down the hill;
The tangled bank below was still;
No rattle from the birchen stem—
No ripple from the water's hem:
The dusk of twilight round us grew,
We felt the falling of the dew:
For, from us, over the day was done,
The wooded hills shut out the sun.
But on the river's farther side
We saw the hills-top glorified—
A tremor glow, exceeding glare,
A dream of day without its fears,
With us the damp, the chill, the gloom;
With them the sunset's rosy bloom,
While dark, through willow vistas seen,
The river rolled in shade between.
From out the darkness where we trod
We gazed upon those hills of God.
Whose light seemed not of moon or sun:
We spoke not, but our hearts were one,
We gazed, as if from that bright shore
Behest our dear ones came before;
And stilled our beating hearts to hear
The voices lost to mortal ear.
Sudden our pathway turned from night;
The hills swung open to the light;
Through their green gates the sunshine showed,
A long, slant splendor downward flowed,
Down glade and glen and bank it rolled;
It bridged the shaded stream with gold,
And, borne on pliers of mist, allied
The shadowy with the sunlit side!
"So," prayed we, "when our feet draw near
The river dark with mortal fear,
And the night cometh, chill with dew—
O Father! let thy light break through!
So let the hills of doubt divide;
So bridge with faith the sunless tide;
So let the eyes that fall on earth;
On thy eternal hills look forth,
And, in thy beckoning angels, know
The dear ones whom we loved below!"

TO LET.

I should like to describe my hero as a young and gallant cavalier of this nineteenth century, with the beauty of an Apollo and the wisdom of a sage, but truth compels me to acknowledge that Rupert Smithson, in spite of his fine Christian appellation, was not one of the other. His nephew and namesake, who was called by the bosom of his family Rupert the Second, said that his Uncle Rupert was a crusty old bachelor, and I hammer my brains in vain for a better description.
A crusty old bachelor, it is said, was more than fifty years of age, with grizzled hair, heavy gray beard, and a rough voice and manner. It is very true that he was always careful to keep the crustiest side of nature on the surface, and had been discovered in the act of committing several deeds of charity and kindness, that belied utterly his habitual surly tone and abrupt manner.
Twenty years before, when the gray hair was not brown and clustered in waves, and had been shown with the fire of ambition, the clear voice was true and tender, Rupert Smithson had given his whole heart to Katie Carroll, neighbor and friend, little sweet-heart from childhood.
"I was in love as well as by ambition, he had been in love with her in small town, and gone to New York to win a name and fortune to lay at Katie's feet. The fortune and fame as a successful merchant came to him, but when he returned to Katie he found she had left her home as a wife of a wealthy pork dealer in Cincinnati.
Nobly told, Rupert, of the devotion of slanders circulated, and parental authority stretched to the utmost in favor of the wealthy suitor. He had no record of the slow despair that crept over the loving heart, when the pleading letters were answered, at the dull apathy that yielded at last, and gave away the hand of the young girl, when her heart seemed broken.
All that the young, ardent lover knew was the one bitter fact that the girl he loved faithfully and fondly was false to her promise, the wife of another. He spoke no word of bitterness, but was turned to the home he hoped was his stepping-stone, and a life of loneliness.
Ten years later, when his sister, with her son and daughter, came to live in New York for educational advantages, Rupert the First was certainly not his sassy nephew called him, a crusty old bachelor. Yet into that sore, disappointed heart Katie's desertion had so wounded, the bachelor uncle took with warm love and great indulgence his nephew and niece, bright, handsome children of ten and twelve, who, child-like, imposed upon his good nature, rioted over his quiet, orderly house, his staid housekeeper declared they were worse than a pair of monkeys, and pointed over some refusal for a monstrous indulgence the next, and treated him generally as bachelor uncles must expect to be treated by their sister's children.
"Rupert was so set in his fidgety old bachelor ways," she said, "that it would be positive cruelty to disturb him."
Probably young Rupert and Fannie did not consider their bright young faces disturbers of their uncle's tranquility, but it is quite certain that out of school hours, No. 43, their uncle's house, saw them as frequently as No. 43, where their mother resided.
With the intuitive perception of children they understood that the abrupt, often harsh voice, the early words, and the demonstrative manner, covered a heart that would have made any sacrifice for their sakes, that loved them with as true a love as their own dead father could have given them.
As they outgrew childhood, evidences of affection ceased to take the form of dolls and drums, and cropped out in Christmas checks, in ball dresses and bouquets, a saddle horse, and various other delightful shapes, till Rupert came of age, when he was taken from college into his uncle's counting house and a closer intimacy than ever was cemented between the young life and

the one treading the downward path to old age.
There had been a family gathering at Mrs. Kimberly's one evening in the month of March, and a conversation had arisen upon the traditional customs and tricks of the 1st of April.
"Senseless, absurd tricks," Rupert Smithson had called them in his abrupt, rough way, fit only to amuse children or idiots.
"O, pshaw, Uncle Rupert!" said Fannie, saucily, "you played April fool tricks too when you were young."
"Never! Never could see any wit or sense in them. And what's more, Miss Fannie, was never once caught by any of the shallow deceits."
"Never made an April fool?"
"Never, and never will be," was the reply. "There child, go play me that last nocturn you learned. It suits me. I hate sky-rocket music, but that is the dreamy, lazy way, I like it."
"The idea of your liking anything dreamy and lazy," said Mrs. Kimberly. "I thought you were all energy and activity."
"When I work, I work," was the reply; "but when I rest, I want rest."
"Uncle Rupert," broke in Rupert, suddenly, "what will you bet I can't fool you next week?"
"Bah! The idea of getting to my age to be fooled by a boy like you."
"Then you defy me?"
"Of course I do."
"I'll do it,"
"You're warned in fore-armed. But come, stop chatting, I want my music."
Pretty, saucy, mirth-loving Fannie, with her dancing black eyes and brilliant smile, did not look like a very promising interpreter of dreamy, lazy music, but once her hands touched the keys of the grand pianoforte, the whole nature seemed to merge into the sounds she created. Merry music made dancing elves of her fingers as they flew over the notes; dreamy music drew a mask of hushed beauty over her face, and her great black eyes would dilate and seem to see far away beauties at the room filled with the sweet, low cadences.
She would look like an inspired Joan of Arc when grand chords rolled out under her hands in majestic measures, and sacred music transformed her beauty into something saintly. When her fingers started, as if by accident, Cecilia became pretty, wimpled Fannie Kimberly again.
There were few influences that could soften the outer crust of manner in Rupert Smithson, but he would hide his face away when Fannie played, ashamed of the tears that started, or smiles that hovered on his lips as the music pierced down into that warm, loving heart he had tried to conceal with cynical words and looks.
So, when the first chords of the nocturn melted softly into silence, the old bachelor's eyes were left the house, bidding no one farewell.
They were accustomed to his singular ways, and no one followed him, but Mrs. Kimberly sighed as she said:
"Rupert gets more odd and crusty every year."
"It is so good," Fannie said, leaving her piano stool with a twist that kept it spinning around giddily.
"Why don't he get married?" asked Rupert. "It is a downright shame to have that splendid house shut up year after year, excepting just the few rooms Uncle Rupert and Mrs. Jones occupy."
"I need to ask him," said Fannie, impulsively.
"No, no," said Mrs. Kimberly, hastily, "never speak of that to your uncle, Fannie, never!"
"But why not?"
"I never told you before, but your uncle was engaged years ago, and there was some trouble. I never understood about it exactly, for I was married and left Wilton the same year that Rupert came to New York. But this I do know; the lady after waiting three or four years, married, and Rupert has never been the same man since. I am quite sure he was very much attached to her, and that you would wound him, Fannie, if you jested about marriage."
"But I don't mean to jest at all. I think he would be ever so much happier if he had some one to love, and some one to love him in return. It must be dreadfully lonesome in that large house with no companion but Mrs. Jones, who is 100 years old, I am certain."
"He ought to marry her," said Rupert, "she always calls him 'dearie.'"
"Don't, children, just about it any more, said their mother, "and be sure you never mention the subject to your uncle."
The first of April was a clear, rather cold day, the air bright and snapping, and the sky all treacherous smiles as became the coquetish month of sunshine and showers.
Uncle Rupert, finishing his lonely breakfast, thought to himself:
"I must be on the lookout to-day for Rupert's promised trick. He won't find it so easy as he imagines to fool his old uncle. Who's there?" The last two words in answer to a somewhat timid knock upon the door.
It was certainly not easy to astonish Rupert Smithson, but his eyes opened with an unmistakable expression of amazement as the door opened to admit a tall, slender figure in deep mourning, and a low, very sweet voice asked:
"Is this the landlord?"
"The—the—what?"
"I called about the house, sir."
"What house? Take a seat"—suddenly recalling his politeness.
"Certainly it is."
"I have been looking out for some time for a furnished house suitable for boarders, sir, and if I find this one suits me, and the rent is not too high—"
"But—" interrupted the astonished bachelor.
"O, I hope it is not taken. The advertisement said to call between 8 and 9, and it struck 8 as I stood on the door step."
"O, the advertisement. Oh, no, Master Rupert. This is your doing, is it? will you let me see the advertisement, madam?"
"Yes, have the paper in your hand, sir," she said, timidly. "I did not cut it out."
"O, you saw it in the paper," and he turned to the list of houses to let.

Sure enough there it was.
"To let, furnished—three story, brown front, basement," and rather a full description of the advantages of the premises, with the emphatic addition, "call only between 8 and 9 A. M."
"So as to be sure I am at home, the rascal," said Rupert Smithson, laying aside the paper. "I am sorry madam, but you see, that you have had the trouble of calling upon me for nothing."
"Then it is taken?" said a very disappointed voice, and the heavy crape veil was lifted to show a sweet, matronly face, framed in that most saddest of all badges, a widow's cap.
"Well, no," said the perplexed bachelor, "it is not exactly taken."
"Perhaps you object to boarders?"
"You want to take boarders?" he answered, thinking how ladylike and gentle she looked, and wondering if she had long been a widow.
"Yes, sir; but I would be very careful about the matter, and you must have you ever kept boarders before?"
"No, sir. Since my husband died, six years ago—he failed in business, and brought on a severallness by mental anxiety—my daughter and myself have been sorrowing, but we have both been in ill health all winter, and I want to try some way of getting a living that is less confining. I have kept house several years, but I have no capital to furnish, so we want to secure a house furnished like this one, if possible."
Quite unconscious of the reason, Rupert Smithson was finding it very pleasant to talk to this gentle little widow about her plans, and as she spoke, was wondering if it would not make an agreeable variety in his lonely life to let her make her experiment of keeping boarders in the room he had just vacated. Seeing his hesitation, she said, earnestly:
"I think you will be satisfied with my references, sir. I have lived in one house and have worked for one firm for six years, and if you require it, I can obtain letters from my husband's friends in Cincinnati."
"Cincinnati?"
"He was pretty well known there. Perhaps you have heard of him, John Murray, — street?"
"John Murray?"
Rupert Smithson looked searchingly into the pale face that was so pleadingly raised to his gaze. There was the ruddy cheeks, the dancing eyes, the laughing lips that he pictured as belonging to John Murray's wife? Knowing now the truth, he recognized the face before him, the youth all gone, and the expression sanctified by sorrow and long suffering.
"You have children?" he said, after a long silence.
"Only one living, a daughter, seven years old. I have buried all the others."
"Will you let me have the house on one condition," he said, his lip trembling a little as he spoke.
"She did not answer. In the softened eyes looking into her own, in the voice suddenly modulated to a tender sweetness, some memory was awakened, and she only listened with bated breath and dilating eyes.
"On one condition, Katie," he said, "that you come to it as my wife, and my mistress. I have waited for you over twenty years, Katie."
It was hard to believe, even then, that the little widow let him careers her, and sobbed upon his breast.
"This gray-haired, middle-aged man was so unlike the Rupert she had believed false. Even after the whole past was discussed, and Rupert knew how he had been wronged, but not by Katie, it was hard to believe there might be years of happiness still in store for them.
Rupert Smithson didn't put in an appearance at his counting house that day, and Rupert the Second went home to his dinner in rather an uneasy state of mind regarding that April fool trick of his.
"I must run over and see if I have offended beyond all hope of pardon," he said, as he rose from the table.
But a grief voice behind him arrested his steps.
"So, so," you have advertised my house to let," said his uncle, but spite of his efforts he failed to look very angry.
"How many old maids and widows applied for it?" inquired the daring young scapgrace.
"I don't know. After the first application my housekeeper told the others the house was taken."
"Taken!"
"Yes, I have let it upon a life lease, too."
Here he opened the door.
"My wife!"
"Very shy, blushing and timid "my wife" looked in her slate-colored dress and bonnet, as her three-hours' husband led her in.
After a moment's scrutiny Mrs. Kimberly cried:
"Katie Smithson!" said the bridegroom, with immense dignity, and my daughter, Winifred."
There was a new answer to this call, but a warmer welcome was never given than was accorded to these by their new relatives, and to this day Uncle Rupert will not acknowledge that he got the worst of the joke when his nephew played him an April fool's trick by advertising his house to let.

How Counterfeiters Work.

When the rebellion broke out, a noted counterfeiter, says a reporter for the U. S. Senate Secret Service Bureau, saw an excellent chance to "make money," by imitating the postal and legal-tender notes which then appeared. He went into it on a wholesale scale, and in a few weeks had made himself immensely profitable. He got out fair counterfeit plates of the \$1's, the two \$2's, the \$10's, and the \$20's, which all succeeded finely; but his specially successful effort was an imitation fifty-dollar legal-tender, which proved the most dangerous counterfeit, as well as the most accurate imitation of all that ever were got out of that denomination.
After fully half a million dollars of this dangerous note had been put upon the market, Bill, the counterfeiter, was arrested suddenly, but so well had he covered up his tracks that nothing could be proved against him, and he was again released. His success with this operation led him to undertake a still greater venture; and he determined to go to work and introduce a bogus one-hundred-dollar compound-interest-bearing note, which were then greatly in demand and for which he thought he would find a ready market. Bill, consequently, by a liberal outlay of money, induced an *attache* of the Treasury Department, through the agency of a handsome woman—who acted as his intermediary in the affair—to break his trust, and take a wax impression of the back of the plate, from which the genuine note was being printed, from which an electrotype was subsequently procured. The young man who had been led into this crime by the handsome woman, was arrested in Washington, before he had been suspected of the crime of which he had been guilty.

Pity the Poor Printer.

A writer in *Our Monthly* has evidently been inside a composing room, if he has not "dug a living out of a case." He thus sums up the result of his experience:
"Working for forty editors and scores of authors, every one of whom is as sensitive as a sore thumb, and as lively as a porcupine, is no wonder that printing is a most unwholesome and unhealthy trade, and that the printers are generally afflicted with a variety of skin diseases, such as psoriasis, eczema, and other ailments."
"Happy infidel, early best!
Rest in peaceful slumber; rest!
Rescued from the thump and jeers,
Which increase with growing years."
"The writer wishes he could offer himself as an awful example of the perils which environ the man who meddles with cold-type. A thoroughly trained printer should have had a stepmother and then a stepfather, and then have been bound out to a tannery and then have had a scolding, and then lived in a smoking house, and have had a family of babies who were afflicted with the colic. He should have added to all this discipline a thorough knowledge of science, art, law, languages, theology, history and biography. If, in addition, he had a wife, a good-looking countenance and an amiable disposition, he may stand some chance with those authors and editors; but the probabilities are, after all, that they will worry him to death."
"How He Beat an Editor."
An October magazine relates the following incident of Cagliostro, the noted swindler of his day. It says:
Expelled from France, Cagliostro returned to London and Masonry. A newspaper quarrel, in that day of small things in Newspapers, made him temporarily famous throughout England. One De Morandi, editor of the *Compteur de l'Europe*, accused him of being a rascal. This editor was happily witty over a statement of Cagliostro's that, in his princely travels in Arabia, he saw pigs fed and fattened on arsenic-sprinkled food. When thoroughly saturated with the poison, the pigs were marched into the woods to be devoured by lions, tigers, leopards, and other carnivorous animals, who always died immediately after their poisonous repast. It is rather a tough story, and De Morandi made great fun of it, offering to eat any amount of the pork. But the Count turned the tables on his editorial persecutor by offering to put twenty-five thousand dollars that he would fatten a pig on arsenic, and that De Morandi and himself should eat at breakfast of it, the survivor to have the fifty thousand dollars. The pork, he told England, would kill De Morandi, but he was immortal. The editor declined the test, not caring to risk his life even in hopes of winning twenty-five thousand dollars.

Improvements in Iron Production.

A London inventor, named Crampton, has devised a furnace which is designed to resolve the three problems of the utilization of coal dust, the perfect combustion of fuel without smoke, and mechanical puddling. The furnace is now in operation at the Woolwich arsenal. It consists of a cylinder revolving about a horizontal axis, and divided into two chambers, upon four bearing wheels, into a bed plate on the ground. Around the furnace at one end is a toothed wheel, which gears into a pinion connection with a small engine, by which it is said to revolve. There is a circular opening in the bridge or partition between the two chambers, and into one of the latter, the combustion chamber, the comminuted coal dust mixed with air is blown, and there consumed. The interior is lined with fire-brick, to which the slag from the iron melted in the furnace forms a protective covering, being equally distributed over the surface as the cylinder revolves. The end of the working chamber is a fine leading to the chimney, and which is arranged with a counterbalance weight, so that it can be removed when the charge is to be introduced, or withdrawn. As in the common reverberatory furnace, the products of combustion pass from a first into the second chamber, where the heat is applied for the purification of the charge.

Tricks of a Smuggler.

The special attention of the Secret Service of the United States has been called to the fact that large amounts of valuable laces and jewelry found their way into this country in some mysterious manner, without paying duty, during the years 1866 and 1867. It was at last ascertained that these smuggled goods came through Boston. A "special" (Captain S—) was sent to the Custom House at that port to "work up" the case, and for several months this gentleman was on the *qui vive* watching the European steamers carefully, but without avail. One fine morning, however, this officer while on board of a steamer which had just come in from Havre, observed a large deal box, which was being transferred to the shore. His suspicions being aroused, he inquired what it contained, and was answered that it was a corpse—an American who had died abroad, and whose body was being sent home for interment in his native soil, at the request of his mourning relatives. Not quite satisfied with this explanation, the officer ordered the box to be opened. Inside was a handsome black-satin lined case, which was fastened by a lock, and the lid of the case to be unscrewed, and there lay the dead man sure enough, the body slightly decomposed. The case was quickly closed, and the box nailed up and taken away without further investigation.

Quite recently a similar occurrence took place. Another steamer arrived from France with another corpse aboard, it was said, addressed to other waiting, mourning friends in America. Somewhat confounded at the apparent mortality going on among American citizens in France, Captain S— ordered also this box to be opened, and leaving the ship. This was done, and there was another elegant casket with silver mountings, handles, etc. This unscrewed as before, and there lay the corpse—the cold blue face and head and neck—there could be no question about the fact, the body was closed, and opened a third of its length upon silver hinges, was just being turned back to its place when the officer insisted, to the surprise of the sailors, that the entire lid of the casket should be removed.

This was done at once, and, horrible to relate, the fact that within a few minutes after the death of the man, Mc Nutt had married the latter's widow, and had come into the whole of his property. This statement was suppressed at the request of Governor Foote, and Mc Nutt permitted to go unmolested. Byrd was hung, though there seemed to be a distinct order of the court that he should be hanged, and Mc Nutt afterward became Governor of Mississippi, and was a prominent candidate for United States Senator, but was beaten by Mr. Foote. In the case of Mc Nutt and Cameron were guilty of the most horrible treatment of their negroes. They beat them in the most inhuman manner, and murdered them without fear or restraint. The case of one is related who was held upon burning coals until the fire consumed his vitals.

The Dog and Prairie Wolf.

The resemblance between the dog and coyote, or prairie wolf, is the subject of an interesting paper by Dr. Elliot Coues in a recent number of the *American Naturalist*. A table of measurements of the two species shows a very close argument between them, even though one of the terms of comparison be so highly specialized a variety of dog as the pointer. Crosses of the coyote and the dog are frequent, with the resulting mongrel, the foxhound, and in every Indian community on the plains," says Dr. Coues, "there are mongrel dogs shading into coyotes in every degree, all having the clear wolf strain, and some being scarcely distinguishable from a prairie wolf. The most striking of all is the case of the coyote and the dog in their physiognomy." That of the coyote is characterized by Dr. Coues as being intermediate between the wolf's and the fox's, but more "doggy" than either. Audubon's figure of the coyote is said to be faithful enough, though the front view of the upper lip is somewhat more of the American *Naturalist*. A table of measurements of the two species shows a very close argument between them, even though one of the terms of comparison be so highly specialized a variety of dog as the pointer. Crosses of the coyote and the dog are frequent, with the resulting mongrel, the foxhound, and in every Indian community on the plains," says Dr. Coues, "there are mongrel dogs shading into coyotes in every degree, all having the clear wolf strain, and some being scarcely distinguishable from a prairie wolf. The most striking of all is the case of the coyote and the dog in their physiognomy." That of the coyote is characterized by Dr. Coues as being intermediate between the wolf's and the fox's, but more "doggy" than either. 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