

A YOUNG NEMESIS.

Detectives' stories are rarely devoid of interest, and when truthfulness is a prominent element of their matter, they acquire positive importance in the eyes of the general reader. The one told by the officer, in the New Orleans *Picayune*, and printed below, is no exception to the rule. As a record of facts, giving prominence to the keenness and courage of a woman, it will be found worthy of perusal:

In 1848, a circumstance occurred in New Orleans which, at the time, created an excitement which affected the entire population. An old merchant, highly connected, wealthy, and of distinguished social position, one night mysteriously disappeared. His family were in infinite distress, and his business in consequent disorder. He left his store at a late hour, ostensibly to go home; but before going, contrary to his usual practice, he put in his pocket a large sum of money. His way led along Peters street, on the bank of the river, far down in the Third district of the city. His life may have been sacrificed and his body thrown into the flood that rolled at his feet. Police regulations at that time were bad, and crimes of this description were not unfrequently perpetrated. A little way back from the street was a ruinous building, half tumbling to decay, and inhabited by a number of people, men and women injured to vice, and living by robbery.

Among the notes Mr. Conlay was known to possess was one for \$500, with the word "Canal" written on the back. The rest were of various denominations and without peculiar identity.

Mr. I—and myself visited the residence of the missing man, at the request of his wife, and by her we were charged with the duty of tracing out and bringing to justice his supposed murderer. She was a tall, elegant-looking lady of commanding presence and great culture. The wealth of her rich beauty and fine mind were inherited by her daughter, a young girl scarcely twenty. The terrible bereavement had paralyzed the senses of the mother, but had aroused the energy and fire of the young girl's nature. More like a beautiful Nemesis than an ordinary woman she appeared to us. As we entered the room she was in the act of consoling her mother. The long black hair had escaped from its confinement and almost enveloped her person in its ebony tresses. The great, luminous eyes were tearful, but flashing and full of fire. The face was dark with the blood of her Spanish race, but the figure was gracefully slender, and faultless as a model. The glorious beauty of this young girl fascinated while it bewildered you. Rare in its exquisite loveliness, the eye delighted to rest on the willowy outline and graceful symmetry. Starting up as we entered the room, she inquired hastily, almost fiercely, "I thought—'Are you the detectives?'"

"We are," and I mentioned our names. "I must speak to you in private," she said, and led the way to an adjoining apartment. "What do you think of the matter?" she asked, when out of hearing of her mother. "As yet an opinion would be mere guess work," I replied. "Nevertheless, I have come to one. I have no doubt he has been murdered, and that the deed was committed somewhere near that old ruinous building by the river."

"Some such idea has crossed my mind, but there is no trace as yet which can lead to proof of it."

"We will find it, rest assured," she said, "and to this end you must co-operate with me. And now listen to what I have to say: To-night, at twelve o'clock precisely, do you visit the old building. I will be there. Ask for the young woman who applied at nightfall to them for shelter. Let your object be, apparently, to arrest her."

"But I do not understand."

"But you will. I am going there at dusk, disguised as a beggar girl. By the time you come my information will have been collected." She rose to her feet as she spoke, and now indeed she wore the appearance of the Nemesis I had likened her to at first. Beautiful, but rigid as fate, looked that set, determined face. The beautiful eyes had lost their softened lustre, and shone with a passionate

light almost cruel. The lips were pale, but rigid as iron, and the beautiful nostrils dilated with an expression of heart-consuming vengeance. "I will read the guilty secret," she said, "if the criminal is there, however, deep in his heart he may bury it."

Strange as it may appear, I made no attempt to dissuade her from her purpose. I could not. I felt as if the beautiful creature exercised over me a magnetic control. And with this understanding we took our leave, to prepare for the night visit to the old house and its dangerous inhabitants.

Those acquainted with the city at that period can form some idea of the danger of the plot we had formed. To us it was a matter of daily occurrence. But for the young girl, inexperienced and tenderly nurtured, to thrust herself into the very house of the unscrupulous and desperate wretches who were suspected of this crime was simply appalling. It would not do, however, to go to the place before the hour appointed for our coming, for that would defeat the object in view. It was, therefore, with many misgivings, and an uneasiness but poorly concealed, we bided our time. But we determined to be there at the very moment, and the clock was on the stroke of midnight when we knocked at the door. The outside of the house gave no signs of life within. The shutters were securely fastened, and no ray of light penetrated the darkness; but the muffled sound of voices reached our ears, until our knock hushed them to a whisper. There was a momentary hesitation as if consulting together, and then the door was opened wide.

It was a long, low room, dusty and brown from age. About a dozen persons were seated around, but every eye was turned to the door. Two men had risen to their feet, and stood in an attitude, which might mean defence, before the fire-place; but the object that attracted our attention most was a young girl sitting in the centre of the apartment. Her face was dark as a gipsy's, and the long hair hung loose on her shoulders. Her dress was of poor material, ragged and unclean. Patches and rents had almost changed its hue and disguised its texture. She seemed too thinly clad for that cold night, and her slender frame shivered, as if from cold, as the chill air from the open door swept in.

"What do you want?" was the stern question addressed to us by one of the men at the fire.

Before I had time to reply, the girl sprang to her feet and spoke instead: "Arrest these men!" Her voice was low, but the face, flashing in the light of the fire, was that of the Nemesis I had seen that day.

There was a short, fierce struggle, and the men were in our power. The girl then walked to a place in the floor, and touching a concealed spring, raised a trap-door. She bade Mr. I. lift the box that lay in the hiding place. The lid was wrenched off, and in it were the old merchant's money, papers, and pocket-book. With the money was found the bill, and the word "Canal" written across it.

It was not long before the men confessed their crime. The old man had been murdered and his body thrown in the river.

The daughter accomplished her mission. She had carried out her design, and traced to their hiding-place the proofs of the murderers' crime. It is useless to relate what followed. Long years have fled since then, and the young Nemesis is yet among the living. Beautiful still, there are many hearts glad at her smile, and share with her the joys of the home she charms. But this strange incident in her life will never be effaced from her mind, or fade from the memory of those who saw her then.

The continuing rain in the sugar parishes of Louisiana has thrown planters far backwards in their crops. Apprehensions are felt that much seed will be spoiled, and fears are entertained that the Grand Levee will not stand. In some places there is six feet of water against it. The snag-boat Albert has arrived at Vicksburg. She has pulled up 44 snags within thirty days and chopped down about 1700 trees.

—Arrests of Carlists in Madrid, and in different parts of Spain, continue.

PERILS OF THE SEA.

Gallant Conduct of a Steamship Captain.

One of the most gallant instances of self-devotion, of which so many are on record in the history of seamanship and its dangers and sacrifices, was furnished recently by the commander of the passenger steamship *Columbia*, Captain Caruaghian, which is told in an English newspaper as follows: "But for the uncommon seamanship and self-devotion of Carnaghan we might have read to-day about another wholesale loss of lives and property to match that of the *Hibernia*. Exactly the same accident befell both vessels.

The propeller of the *Columbia*, like that of her ill-fated sister ship, broke loose in the shaft-pipe while in mid-ocean. Nothing can be more perilous; for the sharp and heavy metal blades, thus loosened, are banged and beaten about the stern post of the vessel, and the plates of the counter are sure to be stove in or the stern-post to be wrung away. The *Columbia* was in that fearful danger, and the captain saved his ship by sheer skill and pluck. After reassuring his passengers, and getting his boats clear and ready against the worst, he first tried to drop the screw by withdrawing the shaft. This plan only let the sea in, without getting rid of the propeller, so that the shaft had to be replaced and shoved in firmly.

The next hope was to lash the broken screw somehow, so as to keep it from battering the stern of the *Columbia*. But how could that be done when a heavy sea was rolling, barely leaving a moment to obtain a hold of the propeller, or even to see the restless blades? Captain Caruaghian did it himself. He made the men lower him over the taffrail by a rope around his waist, while he directed and guided with his own hands the necessary operations. The object was to have lashings made fast upon the blades on both sides; the difficulty was to get the bights of the chains over each upper blade.

Thirteen times the crew had to snatch the good captain up from the horrible waves which rose to choke him or dash him lifeless against his own rudder. Fourteen times he bade them "lower him away" again, till at the last the cables were drawn around the screw on both sides, "housed taut" with purchase blocks to ringbolts on the deck, and the *Columbia* was safe from any injury with which she had been threatened by her broken gear.

The frightful noise of the blades thundering against her stern plates was no more heard during the three weeks' sailing which the *Columbia* had to accomplish—the work was done "shipshape and Bristol fashion," but to finish it the first-rate sea captain had to go through a feat which all the imagination of a landsman can hardly compass—working at a most delicate trick of engineering in the pauses between wave and wave, a game of touch and go with death, in the fierce cold pillows of the North Atlantic at Christmas time.

GRACEFUL COMPLIMENTS.—Judge Story and Edward Everett were once the prominent personages at a public dinner in Boston. The former, as a voluntary toast, gave the following:

"Fame follows merit where Everett goes!"

The gentleman thus delicately complimented at once arose, and replied with this equally felicitous impromptu:

"To whatever height judicial learning may attain in this country, there will always be one Story higher."

—Regiments of the regular service and large numbers of volunteers daily offer their services to the Spanish Government for the suppression of the revolt in Cuba.

—A woman committed suicide in New York last week, by holding her head in a tub of water until she was drowned.

—Buffalo detectives amuse themselves by getting swindled by and then arresting "bogus guides" at Niagara Falls.

—King Ferdinand, father of the reigning King of Portugal, has accepted the candidature for the throne of Spain.

—A western paper has an account of the "shooting of a wild cat by a little boy five feet eight inches long."

—Wild geese are flying northward over New London, Connecticut.

ADVENTURE WITH SAVAGES.

From the Toledo Blade.

On Saturday morning last, a young man with a badly wounded hand, called on one of the clergymen of this city, saying he was a stranger in need of a friend and assistance, and had been recommended to him. He then related the following in regard to his history:

He had served five years in the army, in Company F, 18th regiment, U. S. I., and received three severe wounds in his body and limbs. When discharged, he was in the far West, where he sought and obtained employment on the Pacific railroad as brakeman on a freight train. On the 6th of July last their train, on which were seven men with two ladies and a child, was attacked by Indians, west of Omaha.

All the men were killed but himself and the conductor; while he was badly wounded by a shot through the hand, of which he bore ample and painful testimony in the hand crippled for life. The two ladies and the child were burned in the car where they were riding, and their awful screams sounded in his ears to this time.

The savages scalped alive the engineer, cut out his heart and ate it while the body was yet writhing in the agonies of death. They have the superstitious idea that it makes an Indian brave to eat a white man's heart, and if it is yet warm with life all the better. The narrator said the yells of the savages while doing their murderous work were enough to chill one's blood.

They delighted themselves, while the car was burning with its human victims by taking bolts of dry goods on the shoulder, and while riding rapidly away, letting the opening folds float out like streamers in the breeze behind them. He was compelled to witness these heart-rending scenes, and would probably have shared the same fate, and the conductor also, had not some soldiers come suddenly upon them and saved them.

From the "Bench and Bar."

Anecdote of Thomas F. Marshall.

The Hon. Thomas F. Marshall, of Kentucky, once a prince of good fellows, was defending a man charged with murder, in Jessamine County, Judge Lusk presiding. The testimony against the prisoner was strong, and Tom struggled hard on the cross-examination, but to little purpose, for the old judge was inflexible in his determination to rule out all the improper testimony offered on the part of the defense. At last Tom worked himself into a high state of excitement, and remarked that "Jesus Christ was convicted upon just such rulings of the court that tried him."

"Clerk," said the judge, "enter a fine of ten dollars against Mr. Marshall."

"Well, this is the first time I ever heard of any body being fined for abusing Pontius Pilate," was the quick response of Tom.

Here the judge became very indignant, and ordered the clerk to enter another fine of twenty dollars.

Tom arose with that peculiar, work-provoking expression that no one can imitate, and addressed the court with as much gravity as circumstances would permit, as follows:

"If your honor pleases, as a good citizen, I feel bound to obey the order of this court, and intend to do so in this instance; but, as I don't happen to have thirty dollars about me, I shall be compelled to borrow it of some friend, and, as I see no one present whose confidence and friendship I have so long enjoyed as your honor's, I make no hesitation in asking the small favor of a loan for a few days, to square up the amount of the fines that you have caused the clerk to enter against me."

This was a stumper. The judge looked at Tom, and then at the clerk, and finally said:

"Clerk, remit Mr. Marshall's fines—the State is better able to lose thirty dollars than him."

—The Massachusetts railways killed 75 out of 109,187,381 passengers they carried last year; and in doing this 155 employees were killed.

—The Brooklyn jail contains 280 convicts, of whom 135 are women.

—The latest Yankee invention is a machine for darning stockings.

—It cost \$1100 for soap and comb, to keep Congress clean at this session.