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BY W. BLAIR.

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Select Poetry.

FORGET THEE.

Forget thee! Ask the violet blue,
In yonder flowery bed;
If it forgets the pearly dew
That trembles on its head.
Forget thee! ask the vesper star
That gilds the evening skies,
It, in the blazing amplitude,
It e'er forgets to rise.
Forget thee! ask the bird of flight,
With rich and glossy wing,
It forgets the moorland green
Of sweet and early spring.
Forget thee! ask the blushing rose
That opens its petals fair,
It forgets the rain that throws
Its fragrant moisture there.

Forget thee! ask the blighted heart,
Bereft of every friend,
It forgets the holy spot
Where weeping willows bend,
Forget thee! ask the mother now,
With sad and tearful eyes,
It forgets her cherub's brow,
So guileless in the skies.

Forget thee! ask the harping throng
That fill the courts on high,

If they forget to sing their song
Of triumph through the sky.

Forget thee! ask the child of light,
Wreathed with undying flowers,

If it forgets the wreathlet bright,
Culled from celestial bower.

Forget thee! I can ne'er forget
A face so sweet as thine;

Thine image is forever set

Within this heart of mine;

And when 'neath other skies I be,

And brave the ocean's foam,

Josie, my thoughts will turn to thee—

Too the and thy bright home.

Miscellaneous Reading.

WHAT WAS STOLEN.

About five years ago I received information that a larceny of great magnitude had been committed in the residence of Mrs. Hillheight, on Rovat St. My first inquiry was, "How was the larceny committed?" and next, "What was stolen?"

The last was answered by Mrs. Hillheight, who furnished a list of the missing articles, among which was a miniature breastpin of peculiar make. It was in the shape of a hand holding a small gold fan open, and when a concealed spring was touched the fan closed and revealed a miniature of a gentleman. This and a large number of valuable diamonds were among the articles taken.

From one of the servants I learned that about seven o'clock in the morning a middle-aged woman, with a masculine cast of features, had called with a letter for Mrs. Hillheight, saying it was of the greatest importance, and must be delivered by herself to the lady, and that in private. This woman was shown the way to, and was permitted to enter the room where Mrs. Hillheight was sleeping. In a little while she came down stairs, and without saying a word to either of the two servants who were busy in the main hall, passed hurriedly out of the front door into the street.

Mrs. Hillheight did not come from her room at the usual hour that morning, and one of the servants fearing that she was sick, went to her bedside, found her in a profound slumber, and the same time discovered a small vial which had contained either on the bed. A physician was sent for, who, by the use of proper remedies, brought the lady to, and after that it was discovered that the jewelry had been stolen.

When I heard the truth of the matter flashed through my mind in an instant. A man disguised as a woman had entered the house under pretext of handing Mrs. Hillheight a letter, had placed her under the influence of ether, and then robbed the jewel casket, which was found with the lid forced off.

That it had been done by some one well acquainted with the lady and her mode of living, I had no doubt in my own mind, and when I suggested to the lady that it might be some friend of her family, she laughed at the idea, for according to her statement, her friends were all wealthy and necessary would not prompt them to commit such an act.

Again I questioned the servant who had admitted the visitor, but the only description I could obtain from her was that the woman was rather tall, was dressed in a maroon-colored dress, with over-skirt of the same color and material, and further that she wore short curly hair, and that there was a small scratch, apparently a fresh one, on the right cheek.

It was not long before I chanced to get "on a track of the jewelry," as we call obtained a clew, and in a small jewelry store kept by a Polish Jew, who was known to be a "fence" for receiving stolen goods, we found some of the jewelry in a highly demoralized state, for the valuable diamonds had been removed from the settings.

Said Sanog, the jeweler, to me in answer to a question, "So help me mein godness, I didn't know what dings was steal goods; If I know dot, I never buys dem, but I dell you dot was a mans mit curly hair, und ein scratch on dot right side von de face, vot sells dese dings."

This corresponded in a measure with the description of the woman by the servant girl, and now I was satisfied beyond a doubt that my conjecture about the thief being in disguise was correct.

'Twas none of His Funeral.

I left my Polish friend, reached Emos-nas street just as I saw a man with a curly head of hair and a slight scratch on his right cheek.

He looked at me for a moment, and suddenly threw up his right hand to his face in such a manner as to hide the scratch from view. I then advanced toward him, when he suddenly turned and crossed to the other side of the street. "That's my man," I said to myself, and in a few moments overtook him and had him in the detective's office.

The man was about thirty-seven years of age, spoke several languages fluently, and was evidently well educated. When I charged him with the crime the color forsook his face, and for a moment he was speechless; but when he recovered the color returned to his cheeks. He indignantly

denied the accusation. He claimed to be almost a stranger in the city, having only arrived the day before by steamer, and offered to exhibit letters as recommendation, but I declined to see them at that time.

"That is the old respectability dodge," I remarked to the brother officer who was present: and then, turning to my friend, said: "You run a fine chance of being just where the dogs won't bite you for some time," for I felt sure that I had the right man.

Placing him in one of the cells below, I started for Mrs. Hillheight's residence to get the servant to come to the prison to see if she could recognize in the prisoner the person who had visited the house in female attire; but I had been gone but a short time, when my attention was attracted to a notorious woman of the town seated at the window of a house, and noticed that a lace collar which she wore around her neck was held together by a breastpin, which corresponded with the description furnished of the one stolen.

Entering the house I made myself known, and asked permission to examine the pin which the woman said had been given her as a present by a friend. The jewel was passed into my hand, and I was looking for the secret spring, when the door of the room in which we were was unceremoniously opened by a man who, the moment he saw me, attempted to retreat, but I stopped him the instant I caught sight of his features, for he also had curly hair and a slight scratch on his right cheek.

While talking to him and examining the jewel I touched the spring which I had been looking for, and the little gold fan closing exposed to view a portrait of the husband of Mrs. Hillheight.

A brief inquiry followed, when I learned enough to satisfy me this time beyond the question of a doubt, that I had the right party, and therefore took him into custody, and also the woman. He made a full confession of the larceny, and implicated the woman, saying that she, as we term it, "put up the job" and he executed it.

My next step was to take the prisoner, who gave the name of Charles Wellward, and confront him with Mrs. Hillheight and the servant. The moment the lady saw him she extended her hand in a cordial manner, saying, "Why, my dear nephew, how do you do? when did you get back?" He made no reply but hung his head as all guilty ones do when detected, and I informed the lady that he was the thief. She was loth to believe it at first, but his own admission convinced her of the truth of what I had said. The master was hushed up, and Mrs. Hillheight was not anxious for newspaper notoriety, and with means which she furnished her nephew he left the State.

Shortly after making the arrest I returned to the prison and caused the release of the unfortunate young man who had fallen under my suspicious eye. Everything was fully explained to him after I ascertained that he was the person he represented himself to be, and among his letters of recommendation was one from a particular friend of mine. He said he had come here in the hope of finding employment, but had not offered his services. I apologized for the indignity I had heaped upon him in placing him under arrest, and told him I would do what I could to make reparation. Through my influence I obtained for him a situation as book-keeper in Richbox's bank, which place he fills to the present day.

A Hindoo priest called in all the members of large family, one of whom was known to have committed a theft, and thus addressed them: "Take each of you one of these sticks, which are of an equal length, and put them under your pillows to-night. I do not at present know the offender, but you must return the sticks to me to-morrow morning; and the one belonging to the thief will have grown an inch during the night." The family retired to rest; but before he went to sleep, the man who had committed the theft, cunningly cut off an inch from his stick, firmly believing, by this means, to attain the length of the others by next morning. The sticks were returned, and, by comparing them, the priest was instantly able to pitch upon the offender, to his great surprise and dismay.

TESTING IT BY PRACTICE.—A party of gentlemen in a saloon disputing over the question whether the American system of treating or the European system of not treating, was preferable couldn't settle the matter by talking, so they went to work testing it by practice. First each man took a drink by himself. Then each man invited a single friend to drink. After that each single friend returned the compliment. And finally each man in the party—there were six of them—asked all the rest to drink. When that was all accomplished, not a soul in the room could tell where the discussion originated, or what it was about.

The Lesson of Life.

When everything is counted, it will be found that the sum total of our lives resolves itself into but two things—anticipation and memory. The pleasures and miseries of the moment are ephemeral, and only to be taken note of as they leave their record in the past. In youth, life is richest in anticipation; but as years roll on, the mind acquires the habit of looking backward, and when old age has come, there is nothing left this side of the grave. Fortune is the man, who, in the midst of the cares and turmoils of a busy and often unsatisfactory life, has a happy childhood to look back upon—a picture gallery of loving faces that once formed a home circle, a record of sunny years, which includes gentle tones, kind actions, cheerful surroundings, smiling skies, twittering birds, blooming flowers and innocent amusements. Whoever robs a child of these, robs him of more than he can ever return to him in any other shape. A close hard narrow life, lived in childhood, only dwarfs the future man's whole moral and affectionate nature, but leaves him no memories to fall back upon when the present is unsatisfying. Make your little child happy. Provide for him what enjoyments you can, though great or small, and bequeath no money that you can spare him in securing him these. In doing this you are not only giving him present pleasure, which is a great deal, as in youth impressions are stronger and more rapidly received, and the capacity for enjoyment consequently greater; but you are really laying up a store of happiness for him in memories which shall last him all his life. Let the atmosphere which surrounds your children be impregnated with affection that they shall breathe it in, as it were at every inspiration, and their hearts will grow larger and their blood run clearer and purer for it. Let your own lives, mothers, and fathers, be so upright and pure, that when you have passed away, your memories shall be enshrined in their hearts and a halo will surround them like the aureola of a saint. Sitting, my friend, by the evening fire-side, sitting in your easy-chair at rest, and looking at the warm light on the rosy face of your little boy or girl sitting on the rug before you, do you ever wonder what kind of remembrance those little ones will have of you, if God spares them to grow old?

Why is a chicken just hatched like a cow's tail?

Never seen before.

TOO SOCIALE.

A western paper tells a story of a deaf gentleman's mistake. It seems that in the procession that followed good Deacon Jones to the grave last summer the Rev. Mr. Sampier, the new clergyman of East Town, found himself in the same carriage with an elderly man he had never before met. They rode in grave silence for a few moments, when the clergyman endeavored to improve the occasion by serious conversation.

"This is a solemn duty in which we are engaged, my friend," he said. "Hey! what do you say, sir?" the old man returned. "Can't you speak louder? I'm hard of hearing!"

"I was remarking," shouted the clergyman, "that this is a solemn road we are traveling to-day."

"Sandy road? You don't call this 'ere road sandy, do yo?" Guess you ain't been down to the south destrict. There's a stretch of road on the old pile that beats all I ever see for hard travelin'."

Only a week before Deacon Jones was taken sick, I met him drivin' his ox team along there, and the sand was pretty nigh up the hubs of the wheels. The Deacon used to get dreadfully riled 'bout that piece of road; and East Town does go ahead of all creation for sand."

The young clergyman looked blank at the unexpected turn given to his remark, but quickly recovering himself, and raising his voice to the highest pitch, he resumed the conversation:

"Our friend has done with all the discomforts of earth," he said solemnly. "A small spot of ground will cover his senseless clay."

"Did you say clay, sir? cried the old man eagerly. "Tain't high so good to cover sand with an meeder loan. Sez I to Mr. Brewes, last town-meetin' day, 'if you don't cart on a few dons loads, and there's acres of it on the river bank,' sez I—you'd make as pretty a piece of road as there is in Harford county." But we are slow folks in East Town, sir."

It was, perhaps, fortunate for the clergyman at that moment that the smell of new hay made from a neighboring field suggested a fresh train of thought.

"Look!" said he, with a graceful wave of the hand; "what an emblem of the brevity of human life! As the grass of the field so man flourisheth, and to-morrow he is cut down."

"I don't calculate to cut mine till next week," said his companion. "You musn't grass too 'arly; and then, again, you mustn't cut it too late."

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