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BY W. BLAIR.

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Select Poetry.



THE HAUNTED CHAMBER.

Each heart has its haunted chamber,
Where the silent moonlight falls!
On the floor are mysterious footsteps,
There are whispers along the walls!

And mine at times is haunted
By phantoms of the past,
As motionless as shadows
By the silent moonlight cast.

A form sits by the window,
That is not seen by day,
For as soon as the dawn approaches
It vanishes away.

It sits there in the moonlight,
Itself as pale and still,
And points with its airy finger
Across the window sill.

Without, before the window,
There stands a gloomy pine,
Whose boughs go upward and downward
As wave these thoughts of mine.

And underneath its branches
Is the grave of a little child,
Who died upon life's threshold,
And never wept nor smiled.

What are ye! O pallid phantoms!
That haunt my troubled brain?
That vanish when day approaches,
And at night return again?

What are ye! O pallid phantoms!
But the statues without breath,
They stand on the bridge overarching
The silent river of death?

Miscellaneous Reading.

THE MYSTERIOUS FRIEND.

In the town of Catskill, on the Hudson River, there dwelt, some years ago, an attorney of the name of Mason. He was in considerable practice and had 2 clerks in his office, whose names were Mansell and Van Buren. In ability these young men were nearly on a par, but they differed widely in disposition. Van Buren was cold, close, and somewhat stiff in temper; but in business, shrewd, active and persevering. Mansell, although assiduous in his duties, was of a gayer temperament open as the day, generous, confident and true.

Mason, without being absolutely dishonest, was what was called a keen lawyer, his practice being somewhat of the sharpest, and as the disposition of his clerk Van Buren, assimilated in many respects to his own, he was a great favorite—more intimately in his confidence, and usually employed on those delicate matters which sometimes occur in an attorney's business, and in which the honesty of Mansell might rather flatter than help.

Mason had a niece, who, he being a bachelor, lived with him in the capacity of housekeeper. She was a lively, sensitive and clever girl—very pretty, if not positively handsome. She had the grace of a sylph and the step of a fawn. It was natural that such a maiden should be an object of interest to two young men living under the same roof, and by no means a matter of astonishment, that one or both of them should fall in love with her; and both of them did. But as the young lady had but one heart, she could not retain the love of each. In making her selection, the choice fell upon Edward Mansell.

Matters went on in this way for some time; a great deal of bitterness and rancor being displayed by Mason and Van Buren on the one hand, while Kate and Mansell found in the interviews they occasionally enjoyed, more than compensation for the annoyance to which they were thus necessarily exposed.

It happened, at the time when Edward's engagement was within a month of its expiration, that Mason had received a sum of money as agent for another party, amounting to nearly three thousand dollars, of which the greater portion was sold coin. As the money could not be easily disposed of until the following day, it was deposited in a tin box in the iron safe, the key of which was always in the custody of Mansell. Soon after he received the charge, Van Buren quitted the office for a short time, and in the interim an application from a client rendered it necessary for Mansell to go up to the court-house. Having dispatched his business at the hall, he returned with all expedition, and in due time took the key of his safe to deposit therein the valuable papers of the office over-night—when to his inconceivable horror, he discovered the treasure was gone.

He rushed down stairs, and meeting Van Buren, communicated the unfortunate circumstances. He, in turn, expressed his astonishment in strong terms, and indeed exhibited something like sympathy in his brother clerk's misfortune. Every search was made about the premises, and information was given to the nearest magistrate but as Mason was from home, and would not return until the next day, little else could be done. Edward passed a night of intense agony—nor were the feelings of Kate more enviable. Mason returned some hours earlier than was expected, and sent immediately for Van Buren, and was closeted with him for a long time.

Mansell, utterly incapacitated by the overwhelming calamity which had befallen

him, from attending to his duties, was walking, ignorantly of Mason's return, when Kate came, or rather flew towards him, and exclaimed:

"O Edward, my uncle has applied for a warrant to apprehend you; and, innocent though I know you are, that fiend in human form, Van Buren, has found a web around you, that I dread the worst. I have no time to explain; fly instantly, and meet me at nightfall, in the Devil's Hollow, when I will explain all."

Mansell, scarcely knowing what he did rushed out of the garden and through some fields; nor did he stop till he found himself out of town on the banks of the river. Then for the first time, he repented of having listened to the well-meant but unwise counsel of his dear Kate. But the step was taken, and he could not retrace it now. He proceeded until he arrived at a thick grove, in the vicinity of the Devil's Hollow, where he lay completely hid, until night closed upon him.

Mansell turned, and lingered on the skirts of the grove, until the sound of a light footstep on the gravelled path which led to the place announced the approach of the loved being whom he felt he was about to meet for the last time. The poor girl could not speak a word when they met, but bowing her head upon his shoulder, burst into a flood of passionate tears. By degrees she became more calm, and then detailed to him a conversation she had overheard between Van Buren and her uncle; and gathered thence that the former had succeeded in convincing Mason of Edward's guilt, by an artful combination of facts which would have made a *prima facie* case against the accused—the most formidable one being the finding of a considerable sum of specie in Mansell's trunk. Knowing that he could not satisfactorily account for the possession of this money, without the evidence of a near relative who had departed for Europe a week before, and whose address was unknown and return uncertain, Edward, to avoid the horror and disgrace of lying in the county jail in the intermediate time resolved on evading the officers of justice, until he could surrender himself with the proofs of his innocence in his hands.

The moon had now risen above the hill which bounded the prospect, and warned the lovers that it was time to separate.

"And now, dearest," said he, "I leave you with the brand of thief upon my fair name, to be hunted like a beast of prey, from one hiding place to another. But, O Kate, I bear with me the best assurance that one being, and that being the best loved of my heart, knows me to be innocent; and that thought shall comfort me."

"A remarkably pretty speech, and well delivered!" exclaimed a voice, which caused the youthful pair to start and turn their eyes in the direction whence it proceeded, when from behind a solitary tree that grew in the hollow, a tall figure wrapped in an ample cloak walked towards them. The place as we have before said, had an evil reputation, and although Edward and his companion of course were free from the superstitious fears which characterized the country people, an undefinable feeling stole over them, as they gazed on the tall form before them.

Mansell, however, soon recovered himself and told the stranger that, whoever it was, it had become him to overhear conversation which was not intended for other ears than his own.

"Nay," was the rejoinder, "be not angry with me; perhaps you may have reason to rejoice in my presence, since being in the possession of the story of your grief, it might be in my power to alleviate it. I have assisted him in much greater straits."

Edward did not like the last sentence, nor the tone in which it was uttered; but he said:

"I see not how you can help me; you cannot give me a clue by which I can find the box."

"Yes, here is the clue," replied the other, as he held forth about three yards of strong cord. "Here is a line; go to the river at a point exactly opposite the hollow oak; wade out in a straight line until you find the box; attach one end of the cord to the box, and the other to a stout cork, but remove it not yet."

"The devil!" said Mansell. "Whether he really believed himself to be in the presence of the evil one or that the ward was merely expressive of surprise, we know not."

The stranger took the compliment, and acknowledging it with a bow, said, "The stealing is at the bottom of the river, and you will find that I have spoken no more than the truth."

Mansell hesitated no longer, but accompanied the stranger to the spot, and in a few minutes the box, sealed as when he last saw it, was again in his possession. He looked from the treasure to the stranger, and at last said, "I owe you more than life for regaining this; I shall recover my good name, which has been foully traduced."

He was proceeding towards the shore, when the other cried:

"Stop, young gentleman! not quite so fast; just fasten your cord to it and replace it where you found it, if you please." Edward started, but the stranger continued: "Were you to take that box back to your employer, think you that you would produce any other effect on him than the conviction that filching your delinquency discovered, you wished to secure immunity by restoring the property? We must not only restore the treasure, but convict the thief. Hush! hear a foot-fall!"

As he spoke, he took the box from Edward, who now saw his meaning, fastened the cord to it, and it was again lowered to the bottom of the river, and the cork on the other end of the cord was swimming down the tide.

"Now follow me in silence," whispered the stranger, and the three retired and hid themselves behind the huge trunk of the tree, whence by the light of the moon they beheld a figure approach the water looking cautiously around him.

"That is the thief," said the stranger, in a low voice, in Edward's ear. "I saw him last night throw something into the river, and when he was gone, I took the liberty of raising it up; when, expecting that he would return and remove the booty, I replaced it, and had been unsuccessfully watching the place, just before I met you in the hollow."

By the time the man reached the river's brink, and after groping some time through the water, he found the box, but started back in astonishment on seeing a long cord attached to it. His back was turned to the witnesses of the transaction so that Edward and the stranger had got him securely by the collar before he could make an escape. The surprise of Mansell and Kate may be more easily conceived than painted, when as the moon-beam fell upon the face of the culprit, they recognized the features of Van Buren, his fellow clerk.

Mansell's character was now cleared while Van Buren, whom Mason, for reasons of his own, refrained from prosecuting, quitted the town in merited disgrace. The stranger proved to be a gentleman of large landed property in the neighborhood which he had now visited for the first time in many years, and having been interested in the young pair whom he had delivered so opportunely from tribulation, he subsequently appointed Mansell his man of business, and thus laid the foundation of his prosperity. It is almost needless to add, that Kate, who had so long shared his heart, became his wife, and shared his good fortune.

On an average it requires from three to four hours to digest a meal. At the end of that the stomach should have rest. But if, during the digestion of a meal, fresh food is introduced, the stomach is called upon to exert itself anew before it has power to do so. One meal is so blended with another, that the gastric action is uninterrupted and of course it is well done. Besides, under these circumstances, the regularity of the digestive process is broken up by the fact that blood is introduced in a different condition from that already contained in the stomach. Almost all persons violate the law of health in this particular.

There are multitudes who use their own expression, "are not particular, they can eat at any time," which means generally *all the time*. They partake of three meals a day as a matter of course, but they are tasting and innocting continually some business to transact, and although they have just taken either breakfast or dinner, yet they must settle the business over a "stew" or a "plate of fried."

It is common to confine the term "intemperate," to those who use alcoholic stimulants, but the truth is that those who indulge in over-eating and gormazing are just as intemperate as drunkards. Temperance means moderation, hence men who either eat or do anything else, immoderately, are intemperate.

Again: We violate the law of health by eating late at night. After the day is over and the stomach has performed the digestive process for us three times, it needs a night's rest as well as the other members of the body. When it is allowed this right it is in a condition to perform its duty on the following day with power and success. Unfortunately a large number of persons deny the stomach this much needed relaxation by eating between the hours of eleven at night and two in the morning, an excessive meal of indigestible food. The man tired and exhausted wants rest himself, but asks his poor stomach to stay up all night and perform a most difficult task.

If a man treated any other organ of his body thus he would be called a lunatic. If he retired at one o'clock in the morning, and would say to his eye—"Eye, good-night—I am used up and want to go to sleep. You watch and work and I'll be up in time for you in the morning," his friends would recommend Dr. Kirkebride's hospital for the insane. And yet this is the implied language addressed by every gourmand to his stomach under similar circumstances: "Stomach, work regularly three times a day; work between meals; work in the evening; work all night."

Is there a reader of this paper who imagines that the stomach can be treated in this manner without evil, misery, and death resulting? Don't believe the scoffers. Gluttony is sensual indulgence, and soon enslaves a man past all hope of remedy. It reduces the power, influence, and acuteness of the intellect, excites the passions, provokes gout and apoplexy, and sinks the individual to the level of the brute.—*Exchange*.

IF WE WOULD.

If we would but check the speaker,
When he spoils his neighbor's fame,
If we would but help the erring,
Ere we utter words of blame;
If we would, how many might we
Turn from paths of sin and shame.

Ah, the wrong that might be righted
If we would but see the way;
Ah, the pains that might be lightened
Every hour and every day
If we would but hear the pleadings
Of the hearts that go astray.

Let us step outside the stronghold
Of our selfishness and pride;
Let us lift our fainting brothers,
Let us strengthen ere we chide;
Let us, ere we blame the fallen,
Hold a lifeline to cheer and guide.

Ah, how blessed—ah, how blessed
Earth would be if we'd but try
Thus to aid and right the weaker,
Thus to check each brother's sigh,
Thus to talk of duty's pathway
To our better life on high.

In each life, however lowly,
There are seeds of mighty good;
Still, we shrink from souls appealing
With a timid "if we could."
But a God who judges all things
Knows the truth is, "if we would."

Home.

When the summer days of youth are slowly wasting away into the nightfall of age, and the shadows of past years grow deeper and deeper as life wears to its close, if it's pleasant to look back, through the vista of time, upon the sorrows and felicities of earlier years. Then what calm delights, what ineffable joys, are centered in the word "Home!" Friends are gathered around our fires, and many hearts rejoice with us—then, also, shall we feel that the rough places of our wandering have been worn and smoothed away in the twilight of life, while the sunny spots which we have passed through grow brighter and more beautiful to memory's eye.

Happy are they whose intercourse with the world has not changed the tone of their holier feelings, nor broken those musical chords of the heart, whose vibrations are so melodious, so tender and touching in the evening of age. As the current of time winds slowly along, washing away the sands of life, like the stream that steals away the soil from the sapling on its banks, we look with a kind of melancholy joy at the decay of things around us. To see the trees under whose shade we sat in our earlier years, and upon whose ridges we carved our names in the lighthearted gaiety of boyhood, as if these frail memories of our existence would long survive us—to see these withering away like ourselves with the infirmities of age, excite within us mournful, but pleasant feelings of the past, and prophetic ones for the future.

The thoughts occasioned by these frail and perishing records of your younger years, when the friends who are now lingering like ourselves upon the brink of the grave, or have long been asleep in its quiet bosom, were around us, buoyant with the gaiety of youthful spirits,—are like the dark clouds when the storm is gone, tinged by the farewell rays of the setting sun.

How Briggs' Baby was Treated.

Thomas Briggs, of Detroit, has a boy baby about ten months old, who is admitted at the beginning of this article to look just like his father and to be the smartest boy baby of his age in Detroit. Yesterday morning the child was sitting on the floor, playing with five or six big coat buttons on a string, and taking an occasional nibble at an apple, to bring on his first crop of teeth. Mrs. Briggs and a neighbor were talking away as only women can gossip, when the baby hid the buttons under a mat and started to finish the apple. A bit of the skin got in his throat, and he gave a cough and a whoop and pawed the air and rolled over on his head. "Oh, then buttons!" he has swallowed them buttons!" cried the mother as she yanked him up and shook him.

"Pound him on the back!" yelled the other woman, trying to hold the baby's legs still. "Run for the neighbors!" cried Mrs. Briggs. "Oh, he'll die! he'll die!" screamed the other, as she ran out. And the neighbors came in and made him lie on his stomach and cough, and then turned him on his back and rubbed his stomach, and jugged him about all sorts of ways until he got mad and he went to howling. Then a boy ran for Briggs, and Briggs ran for a doctor, and the doctor came and choked the baby, and ordered sweet oil and a mustard plaster, and told them to hold him on his back. Everybody knew that those six buttons were lodged in the baby's throat, because he was red in the face, and because he strangled as he howled and wept. They poured down sweet oil, and put mustard across him, and vreet over him, and the mother said she could never forgive herself. Boys drove by calling out: "Slab wood for sale!" and the scissors man went by shouting "Sharp! Sharp!" but that distressed crowd held the baby down and shed their tears over his whole length. The doctor was looking serious and Briggs was thinking that he hadn't done anything to deserve such a blow, when one of the women pushed the mat and discovered the buttons. Then everybody laughed and danced, and they kicked the sweet oil bottle under the bed, threw the mustard plaster at the doctor, and Mrs. Briggs hugged the howling angel to her bosom and called him her "wopsy topsy hopsy drosy popsy little cherub."

Friends and Friendship.

Get not your friends by brave compliments, but by giving them sensible tokens of your love. It is well worth while to learn how to win the heart of a man the right way. We are not to number our friends by the visits that are made us, and not to confound the decencies of ceremony and commerce with the offices of united affections.

A friendship that makes the least noise is very often the most useful: for which reason I should prefer a prudent friend to a zealous one.

To be influenced by a passion for the same pursuit, and to have similar dislikes is the natural ground work of lasting friendship.

A man that hath friends must show himself friendly; and there is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother.

There is nothing that is meritorious but virtue and friendship, and, indeed, friendship is but is but a part of virtue.

Life is to be fortified by many friendships. To love and to be loved is the greatest happiness of existence.

Friendship is the medicine for all misfortune; but ingratitude dries up the fountain of all goodness.

Old friends are the best. King James used to call for his old shoes; they were easier for his feet.

Difficulty is not so great to die for a friend as to find a friend worth dying for. What friendship will not continue to the end that is begun for an end.

Kindred weaknesses induce friendship as often as kindred virtues.

A friend should bear with his friend's infirmities.

Friendship is made fast by interwoven benefits.

Sudden friendship, sure repentance.

Faithful are the wounds of friends.

Friendship is full of dregs.

EASE IN SOCIETY.—"I'd rather thrash in the barn all day, than go to this party," said Reuben Riley to his sister, as he adjusted an uncomfortable collar about his sunburnt neck. "I never know what to do with myself, stuck up in the parlor all evening. If the fellows would pull their coats off, and go out and chop wood on a match, there'd be some sense in it." "Well, I hate it as much as you do," said his sister Lucy. "The fact is, we never go nowhere nor see nobody, and no wonder we feel awkward when we do happen to stir out."

The remark of this brother and sister were but the sentiments of many other farmers' boys and girls when invited out to spend a social evening. But poor Lucy had not hit the true cause of the difficulty. It was not because they seldom went to any place, but because there was such a wide difference between their home and company manners. The true way to feel at ease in any garb is to wear it often. If the pleasing garb of manners is only put on upon rare occasions, it will never fit well and seem comfortable.

Those who think most, require the most sleep. Time gained from necessary sleep is not saved, but lost. Mind and body will both suffer. Most people, however do not think enough to make early rising particularly dangerous. It is hard working professional man, the close student, or the man of business, with many cares upon his mind, who suffers most from loss of sleep.

Be temperate in all things.

Terrible Scene in a School Room.

The Atlanta, Ga., Herald of September 4th, gives the following account of a terrible double murder recently committed in a school in Banks county in that State:

"The teacher of the school was Mr. Alfred Alexander, aged forty years, and the student, Mr. John H. Moss, aged about 21 years. Mrs. Alexander, wife of the principal, was, we learn, present of her own volition, but not in the discharge of any regular duty, as teacher or in any other capacity. Her custom, however, had been to observe the conduct and deportment of the pupils, and when she considered them guilty of any breach of decorum, to report them to her husband for reproof or other punishment. On this occasion the subject of her reportorial capacity was the young man referred to, Mr. Moss. When his attention was called to the matter in question, he denied the charge made by Mrs. Alexander, which led to an animated and angry dispute. Alexander became enraged at the young man for the part taken by him in the controversy, and advancing toward Mr. Moss drew his knife and stabbed him in the breast. Moss in turn drew a dagger and stabbed and plunged it into Alexander's breast. This was a fatal wound and the man fell. Just then Moss turned to the side of his husband, who was at the side of her husband, wrung the knife from his hand and administered one or two severe cuts in Moss's neck, near the region of the spine. The result was that they both lay mortally wounded on the scene of the conflict, and both expired in a short time, the one within three minutes of the other. It is not definitely known whether Moss died from the wounds received from the wife or husband, as all were severe and reasonably sufficient to produce death."

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EASTERLY CURRENT.—Prof. S. A. King went up in a balloon from Plymouth last week, to a height of three miles and three quarters. He found cold and snow and ice, but no easterly current. His general direction was northeast, and he came down about eighty miles from where he started, his voyage being made in two hours and twenty-six minutes. We were never able to credit much that easterly current theory which was to carry balloon travelers to Europe, with no means of getting back except by steamer.

Were the question asked of each individual whether he would prefer to live long or die early, it is not difficult to guess which way the votes would run; but it is, nevertheless, a paradox that practically none out of every ten people act as though their sole object was to ruin their health and shuffle off their mortal coil as soon as possible.

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WINDFALLS.—Politeness to the aged, it appears, pays. In Bennington, Vermont, there is a young man named Carr, who has been "uniformly kind and respectful" to an old gentleman named Cunningham. This old gentleman was reputed to be poor, as he was no more than a day laborer. But the other day the kind and respectful young person was most agreeably thunderstruck, for he was presented by the grateful old gentleman with the deed of a farm worth \$12,000. So it appears that old gentleman named Cunningham was a (pecuniary) angel in disguise. Moral: Be good to old people always and under any circumstances.

Dr. Draper, of Newark, N. J., was recently left \$250,000 by a Frenchman who died in California. He is indebted for this windfall to the fact that he once saved the life of the Frenchman, who was seized with a fit while standing upon the platform of a car, and would have fallen off if the doctor had not interposed.

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Each heart has its haunted chamber,
Where the silent moonlight falls!

Now follow me in silence, whispered
The stranger, and the three retired and hid

When the summer days of youth are slowly
Wasting away into the nightfall of age,

Get not your friends by brave compliments,
But by giving them sensible tokens

When the teacher of the school was Mr. Alfred
Alexander, aged forty years, and the student,

Politeness to the aged, it appears, pays.
In Bennington, Vermont, there is a young man

The liabilities of some men are won
Derful.