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UNDER THE VIOLETS.

Her hands are cold, her face is white;
So more her pulses come and go;
Her eyes are shut to life and light—
Fold the white veils, snow on snow,
And lay her where the violets grow.

But not beneath a green stone,
To plead for tears with alien eyes;
A slender cross of wood alone,
Shall say that here a maiden lies
In space beneath the peaceful skies.

And gray old trees of longest limb,
Shall wheel their circling shadows round,
To make the mourning sunlight dim,
That dobs the gossamer from the ground
And drop their dead leaves on her mound.

When o'er their boughs the squirrels run,
And through their leaves the robins call,
And piping in the Autumn sun,
The scorns and the chortling fall,
Doubt not that she will heed them all.

To her the morning chime shall ring
In music from the iron-hoed high,
And every minstrel-voice of Spring
That thrills beneath the April sky,
Shall greet her with its carol cry.

When, turning round their dial-track,
Eastward the lengthening shadows pass,
Her little mourners clad in black,
The ennetts sliding through the grass,
Shall pipe for her an evening mass.

At last the rosettes of the trees,
Shall find the prison where she lies,
And bear the burden that she seized
In leaves and blossoms to the skies,
So may the soul that warmed it rise.

If any, born of kinder blood,
Should ask what maiden lies below,
Say only this: A tender heart,
That trod to blossom in the snow,
Lies withered where the violets grow.

A Hidden Chapter of Crime.

Daniel Pereira was an Israelite, verging on three score years and ten. He had never been married, and resided alone in an old dwelling on the Rue St. Quentin. He was reputed to be immensely wealthy, and such was undoubtedly the case. For years he had been one of the most successful merchants of Paris, and had had for his customers the most famous residents of the city, from royalty downward. The back parlor of his residence was his place of business, and there he had a safe containing jewels of immense value, and goblets of gold, whose history made them more precious than if they had been gigantic gems. For years he had been collecting these treasures of the past, and piled himself on their possession, having repeatedly refused offers for them.

On the forenoon of August 20, 1862, a cab drove up to the door of Daniel Pereira's residence, and a gentleman with a valise alighted.

On ascending the steps he confronted the servant, and asked: "Is Monsieur Pereira within?"

"He is, Monsieur," was the response. "Your name and business, if you please?"

"Here is my card," the gentleman said, adding, in a low voice, "I come from the Emperor."

The servant bowed and admitted the visitor. At the same moment two men alighted from the cab and ascended the steps. The door was immediately opened by the gentleman who first entered, and the two men passed in rapidly, and the door was closed. The servant had entered the back parlor an instant before the men were admitted. The three strangers passed noiselessly along the corridor, and the two latest comers placed themselves on each side of the door of the diamond merchant's private room.

As the servant crossed the threshold of the door, he was seized, gagged, and disarmed in an instant. The merchant hearing the scuffle, approached the door. The gentleman who was first admitted sprang in and grasped him by the throat, at the same time drawing forth a handkerchief and placing it to the old man's nostrils. The merchant's limbs grew limp, and his assailant suffered him to fall gently to the ground. The three men then ransacked the precious plunder, and filled the valise with the value with the golden goblets and gems. Then the man with the valise passed out to the cab, one of the men bowing to him obsequiously as he quitted the door, and then retiring within the house. The cab immediately drove off. A minute afterwards another of the robbers was politely shown out by his companion, and walked leisurely down the street. In a short space the third man passed out, and departed in another direction.

At 8 o'clock that evening, when the night watchmen reached the dwelling of Daniel Pereira, all was dark within and their summons was unanswered. After a brief delay they opened the window and entered.

The servant lay in the hallway, bound and gagged. In the back parlor the old merchant lay on an old-fashioned couch, dead. By the direction of the Chief of Police the affair was kept secret until the Emperor should be communicated with, and the fact that no particulars of the tragedy were ever made public would indicate that such was his pleasure.

The secret police and detective force were employed on the case. It was found that on the night of the murder one Jean Favier, a driver in the employ of Henri Dinour, a cab proprietor, threw up his employ very unexpectedly and disappeared. This man, Favier, had been in trouble more than once for alleged theft, and it was thought more probable that he had been selected by the three men to convey them to Daniel Pereira's house.

On the 29th of September, one month and five days after the murder, Favier was recognized as he was getting into a private cab at the Opera House. The detective who saw him was too late to capture him if he had felt so disposed, as the cab was immediately driven off. The officer sprang into a cabriolet, and gave instructions to the driver to follow the private cab. It was driven at a rapid pace to an aristocratic neigh-

borhood, and stopped at an elegant mansion. The officer in pursuit jumped from the cabriolet, as the cab stopped, and made towards it. As he approached he was somewhat surprised to see an elegantly attired lady alight and enter the mansion. He looked inside the cab, expecting to find there the man he wanted, but it was empty.

"Who is that lady?" the detective asked the cab driver.

"That is Madame Du Torville," the driver answered. "The wife of the wealthy speculator."

Turning away the officer returned to the cab and said:

"You missed your quarry; you followed the wrong cab."

"What?" the driver exclaimed. "The wrong cab! I never took my eyes off it the whole time."

"Your eyes are not worth much," the officer said, and he sprang into the vehicle, and was driven away.

In the meantime the house previously occupied by Daniel Pereira had been sold by his heirs. A short time after the incident just recorded the detective who figured in it scoured down to the scene of the crime without any fixed object. He entered the wine shop opposite and smoked a cigar, meditating on the mystery of the deceased merchant's death. The landlord, observing that the officer was a stranger, got into a conversation with him, among other things referring to the death of the wealthy Israelite, and pointed out the house which he had occupied for so many years.

"It has been sold," the landlord remarked.

"Do you know who has bought it?" the detective asked, more for the sake of saying something than anything else.

"I did know but forgot the name," was the reply, "but my wife will remember, I dare say. The gentleman's servant came in here to drink, and mentioned his master's name. Wife, come hither!" the landlord called out.

The woman came and courted to the stranger.

"What is the name of the man who has bought the old Jew's house?" the landlord asked his spouse.

"Monsieur du Torville," was the woman's answer. "He is a speculator on the Bourse."

That was the name of the husband of the woman whom the stupid cabman had followed by mistake instead of the man Favier.

The officer drank his wine and paid his score, lighted a fresh cigar, and departed.

"Where is Monsieur du Torville?" the detective had an idle hour and he wanted to find out.

On the street most frequented by the stock brokers and speculators there was a small building, the first floor of which was occupied by a banking firm. In the rear was a door, with these words on it:

AUGUST RAUCHEZ, ACCOUNTANT.

Twenty minutes after the detective quitted the wine shop, he was tapping at the door of Monsieur Raucuez. A voice within told him to enter, and he did so.

A short, stout man, of middle age, sat at a desk, smoking.

"Good morning, Monsieur Raucuez," the detective said.

"Now, then, be quick," Monsieur replied, puffing out the smoke. "What is it?"

"I am Frederick Roulet of the secret police," the detective said.

"I know you," Raucuez said. "Say on, and be quick."

"You know Monsieur du Torville?" the detective asked.

"Well," was the reply, "is it business of the bureau?"

"It is," Roulet answered. "I want to know all about Du Torville."

"Sit down," Raucuez said. "A year ago Du Torville came on the Bourse. He is the Emperor's broker. That is enough."

"Where did he come from?" the officer asked.

"How much is there in this?" Raucuez inquired.

"A hundred thousand francs," the detective replied.

"And you want my services," said Raucuez.

"As the greatest of Paris' detectives," the officer replied bowing.

"A fair half, then?" Raucuez said.

"Then be quick, and tell me the whole story," Raucuez said.

Roulet unfolded the whole story of Daniel Pereira's murder.

"This is hardly in my line," replied Raucuez. "I'm employed entirely on financial crimes."

"Wait a little," the other said, and proceeded to relate how he had pursued Favier enter, and how the cab driver up at Du Torville's mansion, and Madame du Torville alighted.

"There is no Madame Du Torville," Raucuez said; "she keeps a mistress, and her name is Jeanette Fonier."

"My God!" Roulet exclaimed, "then she is the sister, without doubt, of Favier, the cab driver."

"Very probably," was the reply, "and you think there is a mystery. Wait; I will help you to clear it up. Du Torville's real name is Trappe. He was a political prisoner in the fortress of Ham when the Emperor was imprisoned there. He aided Louis Napoleon in the fight, and the Emperor did not forget it. Trappe was in the *bagne* at Toulon for forgery. There was also a suspicion of murder against him. News does not reach a prisoner rapidly, and not until about two years ago did Trappe learn that his tormentor, the Emperor, was Emperor of the French. He managed to communicate with Napoleon, and was released. He is clever, and has been successful. If you ask me how, I reply, he has made money otherwise than on the Bourse."

"Do you suspect—"

"Do," interrupted Raucuez, "and that the Emperor suspects or knows it to be so; hence the order to keep the matter secret, and the desire on the

part of the Jew's nephews to let the crime be condoned on condition that they get back the plunder."

"And Favier?" the detective said, inquiringly.

"Favier is in concealment," Raucuez said, "in Trappe's house, and the Madame du Torville, whom you saw alight at the door, was Favier!"

"I see it all," Roulet said; "he had his disguise in the cab, and seeing that he was followed, used it."

"You're right, without doubt," said Raucuez.

"Well, we must get back the diamonds, Emperor or no Emperor," said Roulet.

"Wait," said Raucuez, and he unlocked a drawer and took out a note book. After examining it for a minute he said: "Du Torville was absent from the Bourse all day on August 21, the day of the robbery. I will see him; he knows me well, for I arrested him for the forgery, for which he was sent to the *bagne*. Come here to-morrow."

The detective quitted the place, muttering to himself: "I am a child and I know nothing."

The next day when Roulet called at the office of Raucuez, the latter handed him a letter and pushed him from the room, saying: "Read that and be quick about it."

When Roulet reached his apartments he opened the letter and read as follows:

"I have arranged it all with Du Torville. He will deliver the diamonds and other property for 300,000 francs. At 11 o'clock to-morrow Madame Du Torville will be at home. Show this letter to Madame Fleury, of the secret police, and place the money in her hands. She will wait on Madame Du Torville, pay the 300,000 francs to her, and receive a box containing the property, which she will satisfy herself is correct. Give her an accurate list of the jewels and other things. See her take a cab, deposit the box in it, and come to my office immediately."

Next day at eleven o'clock Madame Fleury alighted from a cab at the mansion of Monsieur Torville. A servant showed her into a magnificent *salon*, and in a few minutes Madame Du Torville appeared, followed by a servant carrying a large leather satchel. The servant retired, and Madame Du Torville opened the satchel. It was filled with sparkling gems and goblets of gold. Madame Fleury produced her inventory and compared it with the contents of the satchel. It was correct.

"Here are 300,000 francs," the female detective said, and she counted out the bills to Madame Du Torville.

"This satchel is heavy," said Madame Fleury.

"My servant shall carry it for you to the cab," Madame Du Torville replied.

The servant was summoned and bore the precious freight to the cab, closely followed by Madame Fleury. Then he retired.

"Madame," said the driver of the cab, "have you far to go?"

She gave him the direction of Monsieur Raucuez.

"I shall carry this for you, then," the driver said, "for my harness has broken, and I shall have to leave my horse and cab here until I return."

"Call another cab," the female detective said, in an angry and disappointed tone.

"They are hard to find around here, Madame," the driver replied, "but I will carry the bag around until you find one."

"Go on, then," Madame Fleury said, and, with an apologetic bow, "I carry a pistol, and if you attempt to quit me I will shoot you."

The driver assumed a look of surprise and horror, and then moved off, closely followed by the female detective.

At the end of the street there was a place where he could secure privacy, and, with an apologetic bow, the driver turned into it. The cross street was crowded throughout, otherwise the female detective would have followed the driver into the retreat despite the annoyance. As it was, she had to wait outside until he returned, which he did in a moment or two. Madame Fleury gave a sigh of relief as she saw the precious satchel under the driver's arm. A few blocks on they went at empty cab, and the female detective and her satchel were transferred to it.

When Madame Fleury reached the office of Monsieur Raucuez, she saw the driver of the cab carry the satchel inside.

"Is it all right?" Raucuez asked.

"Yes, thank God!" answered the female detective.

She unlocked the fastenings with a nervous, gratified smile on her face, and threw open the satchel. It was filled with broken pieces of glass and bricks.

When the disappointed and astonished woman had told the history of the satchel from the time she quitted the office of Monsieur Du Torville, Raucuez said:

"I see it all; they bribed the driver while you were inside, and when he turned into that place whither a lady could not follow him there was some one waiting there who changed satchels with him. That's all."

When Madame Fleury and Detective Roulet returned an hour later to Du Torville mansion they found it in the possession of a furniture broker, who had purchased the contents the day before. Monsieur Du Torville disappeared from Paris, and a week afterwards, when certain of his creditors attempted to attach his property, they found that the house purchased by him from heirs of Daniel Pereira had been conveyed to one August Raucuez. When Detective Roulet found this out a long time afterwards, he made inquiries and discovered that the deed of conveyance was drawn on the very day when Raucuez handed him the letter of instructions as to how the stolen property was to be recovered.

Nothing further has come to light about the Emperor's broker and his clever confederates.

A hungry man sees far.

How Green was Sold.

Sam Green owed his friend, Bill Smith, a grudge. Bill had often played pool with him much to Sam's disgust, and the merit of the other boarders in the house. Sam and Bill occupied the same room together, and the last joke that Bill played upon him was after this fashion: Sam perceived a shadowy figure approaching him one night after he had retired, having in his hand a huge carving knife, which glittered in the uncertain light as the figure swung it wildly over his head; this proved too much for Sam's nerves—he gave a yell that would have done honor to a Mordoc, and sank to the floor, calling pitifully for help. This brought the whole household speedily to the scene, and they assisted the poor fellow to his feet and then, of course, demanded to know what the uproar was all about. He was on the point of telling them all about the horrible specter that had menaced him, when he looked up and beheld Bill Smith, with a broad grin on his face, holding the same carving knife (which, by-the-by, was only an imitation one, made of tin foil) that he had seen in the shadowy hand. Sam saw at once that a joke had been played upon him, and so got rid of the astonished boarders the best he could, at the same time vowing vengeance on that rascal, Bill Smith.

The next morning he fixed a cigar, with a fire-cracker inside of it, so that it would explode when about half smoked. This he placed in his pocket with another one, and went down stairs where he found his tormentor sitting on the back stool, reading the morning paper.

"Hello, Bill!" said he, as though nothing had happened.

"Hello, Sam!" said he, as though he had never played a joke upon anybody in the world.

"Have a cigar, Bill!" he asked, handing him one.

"Ah, thanks!" said Bill, taking the cigar and lighting it, while Sam did the same.

"He won't be so thankful after he has smoked awhile," thought Sam.

Bill continued to read and smoke, and in about ten minutes something went up with a bang. Bill looked up from his paper and saw Sam standing before him, both of his hands and helping about like a crazy man. Alas! Sam had kept the wrong cigar himself and given his tormentor the innocent one.

"Sold, by thunder!" he growled, as he started up stairs, thinking how the bitter had got bitten.

A Story of the Revolution.

Moses Harris was born in Dutchess county, New York, in 1749, but his father moved to Washington, and at the outbreak of the Revolutionary war, a mile south of Fort Ann village, and remained there until the spring of 1777, when the advance of Burgoyne compelled him to remove back to Dutchess county. The son was a staunch patriot, but was in the habit of visiting a toy uncle named Gilbert Harris, who lived on a farm in the town of Kingsbury, known as "the thousand apple-tree farm," now owned by Thomas O'Connell. It so happened that both Schuyler and Burgoyne wished to procure the services of a confidential messenger. Harris was recommended to Schuyler, and was employed by him. He was also sent for by his Tory uncle and at midnight was aroused by him, and asked if he wanted to engage in the service of the King. Harris responded in the affirmative and followed his uncle to the barn, where his sword and pistols were deposited in a chest. He then moved off, closely followed by the female detective.

At the end of the street there was a place where he could secure privacy, and, with an apologetic bow, the driver turned into it. The cross street was crowded throughout, otherwise the female detective would have followed the driver into the retreat despite the annoyance. As it was, she had to wait outside until he returned, which he did in a moment or two. Madame Fleury gave a sigh of relief as she saw the precious satchel under the driver's arm. A few blocks on they went at empty cab, and the female detective and her satchel were transferred to it.

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suspicious revived, and they determined to recapture him.

Swift Indian runners were put on his track, but being feet of foot and possessed of great powers of endurance, he outstripped his pursuers, and reached Vanhugh's Corner, in the town of Kingsbury, before he was overtaken. At this point he was so fatigued and hard pressed, that in passing an old building, used for boiling potash, he dodged in, and clambering up the ladder, hid himself behind a large chimney. A moment after the Indians came around to the place where he had just entered. One of them ran up the ladder, but seeing no one, gave a grunt, and rejoined his companions. The Indians were not seen again; and it is supposed they went on to visit Gil Harris, who lived half a mile west. Harris' stratagem, in not pulling up the ladder after him, probably saved his life; for had the savages suspected the fugitives to be in the garret, they would have set fire to the garret and thus destroyed him. In the evening he made his way to the woods, where he was arrested as a spy, and closely guarded until his true character became known. The dispatches of the Canadian authorities, which he had managed to preserve, he delivered to Schuyler in person, as his friend Fish was sick, and unable to act as the "go-between."

Finally he was watched so closely that he had to abandon Burgoyne's service entirely, and took to officers' dispatch with which he was last entrusted to Gen. Washington. Schuyler gave him 100 guineas for his services, and Washington offered him a position in the Southern Continental Army, which he declined to accept. He returned to Kingsbury, saying that "all the Tories this side of Hell couldn't drive him away from his home." He, however, in 1787 got a large tract of land in Queensbury, to which he removed, and on which he continued to live until his decease, on the 20th of November, 1838, having attained the advanced age of 89 years.

The Toilette.

Cosmetics, as a rule, injure the skin to such an extent that should the modern Juliet whose countenance is daily calomined, chance to be caught some early morning by her love-lorn Romeo before she had put on her "good complexion," that worthy youth would stand appalled, and might well mutter, "The world is white, and my face is black as white!" Late suppers and rich food have more to do with pimply and muddy complexions than all the cosmetics in the world can undo. To preserve the greasy look which many faces wear, wash often in some mild acid, such as diluted lemon or tomato juice, and rub the face several times a day—not roughly—with a towel. A piece of flannel is better to wash the face with than a sponge; the slight roughness cleanses the pores of the skin, and prevents most little black specks that so many complain of, and for which they try every remedy except the right one—soap, water and towel snasion. To keep the skin smooth and soft, make a linen bag large enough to hold a quart of bran; put it in a vessel and pour two quarts of boiling water on it; let it stand all day, and on retiring at night, take this bag and wash in the bran water. If this is persisted in, the coarsest skin will soon become as soft as velvet. It is well sometimes to apply cold cream mixed with water, to the hands and face at night during the winter season, and in summer to use oat meal water instead. For those whose household cares roughen and chap the hands it is well always to keep a bottle of glycerine on the toilette table and every time they wash, rub a few drops on your hands while they are yet wet, and your wife will soon become as soft as velvet. A little borax in the dish water will cleanse the dishes far better than soap, and save your dishes. If you would keep a dish of coarse bran in your wash-bowl, you would find it an excellent substitute, and almost a sure preventive of those troublesome and often painful skin diseases to which many hands are subject in cold weather.

An Atrocious Libel on Editors.

Yes, I am Mrs. Snow, an editor's wife. I well remember the day when Mr. Snow asked me to become his wife. I confess I liked Mr. Snow, and thinking it would be a fine thing to be the wife of an editor, I said "yes" as pretty as I knew how, and I became Mrs. Snow. I have seen ten years of married life, and find my husband to be an amiable, good-natured man. He always spends his evenings at home and is in that respect a model man; but he always brings a pile of exchanges, which is only limited by the length of his arms, and reads while I patch the knees and elbows of his pantaloons and coat. After we had a Quaker meeting of an hour's length, I broke the stillness by asking: "Mr. Snow, did you order that coal I spoke to you about?"

"Indeed, my dear, I am sorry, but I forgot all about it. It shall come to-morrow."

Another hour's silence, which is relieved by the baby's crying, and, rather liking a noise of that sort I made no effort to quiet him.

"My dear," says Mr. Snow, after he had cried a minute or so, "you had better get the baby some catnip tea to quiet him; he troubles me."

The baby is still. Another hour passes without a breath of noise. Becoming tired I take a lamp and retire for the night, leaving Mr. Snow so engaged with his papers that he does not see me leave the room. Towards midnight he comes to bed, and just as he has fallen asleep the baby takes a notion to cry again. I rise as quickly as possible and try to still him. Then another baby begins to scream at the top of his lungs. There is no other course but to wake Mr. Snow:

"Mr. Snow! Mr. Snow!"

The child then begins to cry up and cries, "What, Tom, more cry?"

Four Hours of Mortal Terror.

During a late voyage of the schooner Louis sailed from Bayaca to New York, a dreadful storm occurred, and the first Mate O'Donnell, was washed overboard. The incident is thus narrated by Capt. McDade.

"Cap'n O'Donnell," Capt. McDade heard his brother-in-law remark. It was a trying moment for the captain. His wife's brother-in-law, and his main boom whipping back and forth, his vessel careening, and his control over her almost gone. He tried to save the mate but his craft was gone sure.

"He's dead; it's no use, cap'n," Peterson shouted.

Capt. McDade did not answer, for just then, as the vessel lurched, the binnacle light went out, and an instant afterward a flash of light shone from the cabin windows. Steward Downey said that flash, "My God," he cried to the captain, "the ship's afloat." He leaped into the cabin. The three oil lamps were on the floor, and the fire was well under way. Downey sprang through the flame to the captain's stateroom, seized the blankets from the bunk, and throwing them on the fire stamped it out.

Meanwhile the crew had got the main-sail lowered, and the schooner was eased. Mate Peterson, however, had heard O'Donnell shout, and without waiting for orders groped his way forward and lowered his yawl into the water, and then Captain McDade heard him shouting away behind in the schooner's wake. Adrift in the boat, without an oar, and the schooner making 10 knots an hour. He could not even see the schooner's light, "waves ran so high. Peterson had given up hope. Suddenly he heard faintly away off in the darkness—

"Look sharp!"

It was poor O'Donnell, whom Peterson supposed to be at the bottom of the sea. Just then he saw the schooner's light. She had tacked, and was almost sweeping over him. He made fast to her as she scudded along, and shouted to the captain that he was safe. Just then they all heard again a voice out in the darkness. Downey seized the oars, and tried to catch an answer. Peterson supposed to be at the bottom of the sea. Just then he saw the schooner's light. She had tacked, and was almost sweeping over him. He made fast to her as she scudded along, and shouted to the captain that he was safe. Just then they all heard again a voice out in the darkness. Downey seized the oars, and tried to catch an answer. Peterson supposed to be at the bottom of the sea. Just then he saw the schooner's light. She had tacked, and was almost sweeping over him. He made fast to her as she scudded along, and shouted to the captain that he was safe. Just then they all heard again a voice out in the darkness. 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