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The Madrigal.

Once, as I walked in woodlands green,
I chanced on Love where he sat alone
Catching the motes of the air, and sheen
From sunrays broken and downward thrown.

"What are you do ng Love?" quoth I—
For Love and I have been comrades true,
And I speak him freely when none are nigh,
And he answers me as he might not you!

"I am making a madrigal," he said;
"I need but a rhyme to close it well":
And, lo! it seemed that a spider's thread
Glanced in the light and he caught its spell.

Wonderful, beautiful, rare, and sweet
It lay there, perfect, upon his hand:
It throbbed with a murmur, soft, complete—
I could not describe; I could understand!

"And how will you send it, Love?" quoth I.—
Ah, how he smiled! but he said no word;
But he beckoned me, and I followed, shy,
And we came on a Poet, all unheard.

There, as he dreamed, did Love bestow
The little song on his ear, content;
And so fled quickly that none might know
Where it was written and how it was sent!

A WICKED CONSPIRACY.

Detective Conrad Garber's story:

"In April, 1872, Mr. Joseph Helmbold came to me with a sad tale of a domestic nature. He had been in business for five or six years, which proved so extraordinarily remunerative that at the age of thirty—a period when most men first embark in business—he had retired, and was accounted a very wealthy man.

"He had married a few years previous, and now resided in one of the most pretentious mansions in Sacramento, and contemplated taking 'a good, long rest,' as he remarked to a friend.

"I will not give his story as he related it to me, but give the substance of it in a more condensed form.

"The girl he married was a handsome, accomplished and gentle creature. She was of humble parentage. Both parents were dead when he took her for his wife; but he had indisputable evidence that both the girl and her parents were highly respectable.

"Her father came from Boston when his daughter was but five years of age. He had some money when he settled in California, but, Yankee-like, he looked about him to increase his fund, and concluded to go to the mines.

"He was fatally injured by some mining accident, and died shortly after he was brought home to his wife and child.

"His wife survived him twelve years, and Elinor Harding was alone in the world at the age of seventeen.

"Mr. Helmbold met her at the house of an acquaintance, and at once took a liking to her, which ripened into a tenderer feeling as he came to know her better, and finally terminated in a wedding.

"He found his wife all he could desire the first eighteen months of their marriage, but of late she had become a source of perplexity which was quite unfathomable. Her habits, once so frugal, had become extravagant in the extreme. She spent, or at least obtained, several thousand dollars from him inside of six months. This was exclusive of the liberal allowance he made her of pin money. He once questioned her in regard to these extraordinary demands. He did so in a quizzical manner, not wishing to offend her or wound her feelings. Her answer was rather vague, and he regretted having questioned her.

"The money will be used, my dear husband, to secure your happiness. Of that rest assured," said she, with a countenance both sad and troubled. 'If it were not, believe me, I would not ask you for it. Were it exclusively for myself I would not care, God knows, but your peace of mind is to me paramount to every other consideration.'

"This may not be very explicit," added she, smiling ruefully, "but it is the only explanation I can give, at least for the present; no one can tell what the future will bring forth."

"She was the same affectionate creature after that enforced explanation—nay, she seemed rather more tender towards her husband, but he noticed that she had her periods of sadness, which continued for several consecutive days, after which she would gradually resume her customary spirits.

"These spells of sadness usually occurred directly after her request for money, which was the more surprising, Mr. Helmboldt thought. In ordinary cases obtaining money should be a source of satisfaction, rather than otherwise; with her it was just the reverse.

"If I could only discover what use she makes of the money," observed Mr. Helmbold, "I might find a means to lessen her trouble, whatever it may be, but I can see there is no use pressing her to confide this secret to me; she can be very obstinate when she wishes.

"I have a half-formed plan," continued he, and his face flushed as he spoke the words, "which, I think, may secure the object in view, yet I hate to act the part of a spy on my wife's movements.

"However, my excuse will be similar to her own when I questioned her. I do not regard the money I gave her, for I would gladly give her ten times the amount if I thought it would make her happy.

"But since it has just the opposite effect I think I am justified in endeavoring to discover the reason why the possession of money affects her in so singular a manner. Don't you agree with me, Mr. Garber?" he asked, quite earnestly.

"Certainly I do," answered I. "But before I venture a decided opinion please tell me what is your wish with me—what do you desire me to do in this case?"

"My half-formed plan I spoke of," said he, "is this: When next she asks me for a couple of hundred dollars I want you to watch her subsequent movements; possibly you may find out what she does with it—to whom she gives it and her object in doing so. Then, perhaps, we may know how to act and apply a remedy."

"She may have some poor relation—some one of whose existence you know not, and she may be too sensitive to tell you of it," I ventured to remark.

"After a few moments reflection, he said:

"I was thinking of something like that, also. I'll tell you why. Only a short time before these perplexities began she informed me that she had a brother—a sort of wild fellow, some ten years older than herself—who ran away from home while they were living in Boston. It was supposed he went to sea and was probably lost, for they received no tidings of him from the day he went away. Now, it is fair to presume that this young man has, by some means, discovered his sister, and she may be ashamed of him and keeps him at a distance by bribing him. How does it strike you?"

"A very plausible theory," remarked I.

"Very well, then," rejoined he, in an earnest tone; "we'll take that for granted. Now you have a possible ground to work upon. When she asks me for money again I'll put her off until the following day, and send you a note in the meanwhile to hover about the vicinity of my house and await her coming forth, then you'll have your task before you."

"But suppose she sends the money in a letter?" observed I. "Her object of charity may not reside here."

"In that case you must try and see that letter and to whom it is addressed," said he.

"I said I would do all that could be done in this serious matter and he left me.

"A week passed before I received a note from him. She had received fifty dollars from him five hours after he had dispatched the note to me and I was at my post when she came out of the house. Mr. Helmbold watched for me from an upper window, but I do not suppose he recognized me, for I was deeply disguised.

"I followed her to the postoffice, where she dropped a letter in the box. She was deeply veiled, as if she did not wish to be recognized by any one.

"By a quick movement I was at the box when she dropped the letter and could see that there was but one letter in the basket—her letter.

"I beckoned to the clerk inside and by some specious story and a golden bribe he permitted me to see the address on the envelope. I was deeply surprised when I read this superscription, 'Mr. Walter Corney'—one of the most notorious gamblers in the city.

"Was it possible that she was on friendly terms with this rascal,' thought I; 'or, worse, was she addicted to gambling and was she, in this manner, paying her debts of honor."

"Either case did not reflect to her credit, since it was done without her husband's knowledge. I slowly walked away, undecided whether to tell Mr. Helmbold what I had discovered or wait for further developments.

"I suddenly came to a decision and instantly re-entered the post-office. I would see Corney call for the letter, then follow him and find out what I could.

"He came for the letter half an hour after it was deposited and eagerly opened it. A muttered curse escaped his lips when he counted the notes; there were three of them—two twenties and a ten.

"Only fifty, my lady!" I heard him say, "Very well; I think I can fetch the other one hundred and fifty before this month is a week older!" With these words he hastened away.

"I did not follow him. I had no desire to do so now, for as he carelessly thrust the letter in his pocket, after taking the money from it and reading its contents, he accidentally drew it out again when he withdrew his hand and it fluttered at my feet.

"I placed my foot upon it. I was determined to possess that letter, even should he miss it on the instant and return to look for it.

"I felt relieved when he disappeared. I picked up the letter and hurriedly left the post office. Half an hour later I was sitting in Mr. Helmbold's private room, while he was perusing the letter. I had first told him all I had discovered. I did not read the letter, and so informed him, hence I knew not how it would affect him.

"I felt greatly relieved when I saw merely a perplexed look on his face after he had read the letter. It augured well, I thought, for, presumably, there can be nothing criminal in her correspondence or connection with this disreputable fellow; possibly the letter explains itself.

"You have not read this letter, you say?" said he, abruptly.

"I did not."

"Then read it now, and see what you can make of it. The mystery only deepens to me after reading it."

"I took it and read these ambiguous words:

"SIR: Enclosed you will find fifty dollars. More I cannot give you now. Have some mercy, at least if ever you expect mercy from your God. If you go too far you may kill the goose that lays the golden eggs, for at times I am sorely tempted to reveal all to my poor, deceived husband. I think he will be less cruel than you and that woman, for in the sight of heaven I am innocent of any intentional wrong save that by force of cruel circumstances, I am obliged to deceive him in order to spare his feelings. In a month from now you may hear from me again, not before."

"There was no signature, but Mr. Helmbold knew his wife wrote the letter.

"Well, what does it reveal to you?" he asked, after I had laid it on the table.

"Nothing very definite," answered I, "only it is quite evident by the tone of it that your innocent wife, from some cause, has fallen into the toils of a pair of unscrupulous schemers—this rascal, Walter Corney, and some equally vile woman. Now take my advice," added I, seriously, "open the letter this villain will probably send to your wife, and we may get at the root of this devilish conspiracy, for such I believe it to be, and our course will be plain. I can procure you the handwriting of the fellow before night, and that will enable you to tell which letter to open."

"He promised to do as I suggested, and by four that afternoon I placed in his hands a few lines written by Walter Corney.

"Next day Mr. Helmbold sent for me. When I reached the house the servant conducted me to his master's private apartment, but he was not alone as I had expected; his wife was with him.

"He introduced me, but did not mention my calling. She apparently did not have the slightest suspicion of what was to come.

"My dear," said he, in a pleasant tone, addressing himself to her, "Mr. Garber thinks he has a remedy which will effect a radical cure of those unpleasant fits of sadness that at certain periods overtake you.'

"She regarded him with a glance of surprise in thus revealing what she regarded as a strictly private family matter to a stranger to her. But seeing her husband's kindly smile, she was affected to tears as she said:

"You are mistaken; there is but one who can cure that."

"And he will assuredly not do so," rejoined her husband, still smiling.

"How," gasped she, paling, "how do you know of whom I spoke?"

"Come, my dear," said he soothingly, "I know to whom you allude. Confide all to me, and this terrible incubus shall be forever removed."

"Oh, God, has he dared to tell you—." She interrupted herself at this point, and buried her face in her hands.

"No, Elinor," said he, "he knows better than to kill the goose that lays the golden eggs."

"A faint shriek from her followed these words, then the woman's dignity and self-esteem asserted itself. Said she:

"I see that he has betrayed me, for I wrote those words in a letter to him to-day. Is it not so?" asked she, in stern tones.

"Mr. Helmbold was about to explain the true state of affairs—how the letter was obtained—when I hastened to prevent it. Quickly approaching him, so that Mrs. Helmbold could not see my face, I did some vigorous winking as I said:

"Show your lady the letter she sent him this morning."

"He produced it. One glance was sufficient; she would not read it, but said:

"I know its contents too well; they are imprinted in indelible characters on my memory, and since he has given you cause to suspect terrible things of your wife, I shall, in justice to myself, tell all—that is, all that has been told me, for I know nothing more than that, since it took place when I was a babe if it is the truth."

"She then made the following statement:

"Some six months ago she was accosted by Corney, who pretended to be startled at beholding her, then asked her if her name was Louise Simmons. She informed him of his mistake, when he smiled and said:

"What a dunce I am, to be sure. How should you know the name you bore in your infancy, when it was changed for another when you were a year old? Your name is Elinor Harding, is it not?" then asked he.

"She said that was her maiden name, but now she was called Mrs. Helmbold.

"Not the wife of Joseph Helmbold, the wealthy retired merchant?" asked he.

"The same," was her reply.

"A prolonged whistle escaped the man's lips as he eyed her curiously, filling her mind with an undefined fear that she was about to hear something dreadful.

"Madam," said he, in a most respectful tone, "I am sorry to hear that you are married to so worthy a man, for your true name is Louise Simmons, and your mother is still living, and resides not six blocks from here."

"She told him her mother died in her presence, but he gazed at her commiserately and said:

"She whom you always took for your mother is dead, I grant, but your real mother is living and in this city, longing to see her child."

"Then he told her how Mrs. Harding's child had died, and she subsequently adopted that of Mrs. Simmons, and by his specious pleadings Mrs. Helmbold was persuaded that he was speaking the truth. She took Mrs. Simmon's address, and promised to call on her the following evening.

"She went to the house—a mean frame shanty—and saw the woman who claimed to call her daughter. The first sight of her filled her with loathing, and when she spoke her disgust of the woman was extreme. She was a tall and muscular woman of about fifty, and very-slovenly looken. Her language betrayed her coarse nature, and Mrs. Helmbold could have shrieked out like a mad woman when she thought of this woman as her mother.

"After telling the unhappy young lady the same story Corney had told her, Mrs. Simmons observed:

"On course, now as you are a fine lady you don't keer to have your poor mother 'round you. You'd be ashamed of me, but children should never forget their mothers, and I'm a poor creetur, and money is awfully skeerce with me, so as you wouldn't keer to see me callin' at you're fine house I'll expect you to call on me once in a while and not forffet to bring money with you."

"Poor Mrs. Helmbold gladly promised anything so that this creature would not come to the house and proclaim herself as her mother. The bare thought of such a possibility was misery.

"She gave Mrs. Simmons what money she had about her, and promised to call on her frequently.

"She called the next day and made the woman take an oath on the Bible never to let Mr. Helmbold know that she (Elinor) was other than the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harding.

"The woman took the required oath after Mrs. Helmbold gave her her sacred promise to give her ten dollars per week while she lived.

"This I would not have minded so much," said Mrs. Helmbold, in conclusion, "although I placed myself in a very questionable position—robbing my husband to purchase her silence, but another calamity came upon me. This monster, Corney, stopped me on the street one da and began in a roundabout way telling me that Mrs. Simmons was a very disreputable person, having served several terms in prison, and her presence in California was owing to some crime she had committed in Boston. "Not a very desirable mother-in-law for Mr. Helmbold, I should think!" he added, with a malicious laugh. He then said that he needed money occasionally — pretty large sums—and if I valued his silence at the estimate he put on it she might trust to his honor to keep her unpleasant family secret from Mr. Helmbold. He has written five or six letters already, demanding more money with each letter, and in the last one I received he demanded two hundred dollars. I sent him fifty. I expect he will rave at this and send me a threatening letter. But I have broken the chain he had thrown around me—I have told you all, my poor, wronged husband, and now I defy him, no matter what your decision may be."

"My decision, my dear little woman, is just this," said her husband, as he tenderly took her hand and pressed it to his lips, "you should have told me of this at once and saved yourself much unhappiness and me a deal of painful perplexity. This is Mr. Conrad Garber, the detective," he added. "who will, as I have remarked, relieve you by attending to this Walter Corney."

"At this juncture the door-bell rang and Mr. Helmbold remarked:

"This may be the bold rascal, coming to reveal the whole matter in revenge for not being paid the sum he demanded."

"I hope it is him if that is his object in calling," said the lady, with a beaming look on her hitherto sad face.

"A gentleman wishes to see Mrs. Helmbold," said a servant, who entered at this moment and handed her a card.

"She glanced at it and then uttered an exclamation of joyful surprise.

"Show Mr. Harding in," said she, glancing at her husband with a countenance radiant with happiness.

"Mr. Harding!" said her husband, looking at her. "Who is he?"

"My long-absent brother, whom I can scarcely remember," replied she.

"A tall, handsome, sun-burnt young man of about thirty was ushered in.

"He glanced at Mrs. Helmbold, then advanced, half-shyly, extended his hand and remarked:

"I cannot be mistaken, you are Elinor, my sister!" In a moment they were in each other's arms.

"I will not prolong my story by recounting the adventures of Arnold Harding, nor dwell upon the supreme happiness of the brother and sister. A single glance at their faces pronounced them kin. Hence, if she was the daughter of Mrs. Simmons her brother must likewise be the woman's son.

"But the young man put this perplexing matter at rest. He was nearly six years her senior, and knew, he said, that no death occurred in their family while he was at home, that he never had but one sister, and Elinor was that one.

"Walter Corney escaped arrest and imprisonment only by being fatally wounded in a gambling hell, and died within an hour; but his confederate in this blackmailing scheme was speedily taken into custody and convicted of conspiracy.

"On the trial it transpired that the woman was a common prostitute employed by the scheming gambler for a share of the proceeds to play her part as I have stated it.

"A happier couple than Mr and Mrs. Helmbold could not well be found when the wicked conspiracy was exploded, and their gratitude to me for bringing their unpleasant family secret to a happy termination manifested itself both in lifelong friendship and a heavy purse.

A Keeper of the Truth.

A man, dressed in greasy overalls, went into a newspaper office and asked to see the editor. When asked if the city editor or some other man on the force would not do as well, he replied that he had come on very important business, and must see the editor-in-chief. When at last his persistence had forced an entrance into the room where great policies were outlined the editor said:

"You were determined to see me; now, as quickly as possible, state your business."

"All right, sir. I like your paper and I want you to have a chance of saying something that will startle the country. For some time I have been engineer at Grayson's mill"——

"Go to the city editor if you want to hand in a piece of news."

"I thought that I would give you a chance to write a startling editorial."

"Editorial the deuce! We have such accidents nearly every day."

"No, you don't. Just give me a chance to get done, and you will thank me. No one was killed when this boiler exploded."

"That's nothing strange."

"And," continued the visitor, "no one would have been hurt had the boiler exploded five minutes before it did."

A strange expression settled upon the editor's face. "Will you please repeat that?" he asked.

"I say that no one would have been hurt had the explosion occurred five minutes before it did. All other explosions that I ever heard of would have been five times as disastrous if they had occurred a short time before, for a party of young ladies or a committee of gentlemen, or some important personage had, of course, just left the mill when the explosion occurred."

The editor's eyes had grown wonderfully bright. "My dear friend," said he, "dear because you have chosen me to be the original recipient of this great piece of intelligence, lead on, and I will follow you. A man with such a glorious appreciation of the truth is a rare jewel. Come, sit down beside me, that I may feel your presence as I write. Stay by me, gentle keeper of the truth, for my mind is stirred up, and I fain would muse."

A Historic Kiss.

It would be difficult to name among the women who shone in the aristocratic circles of the last century a lady more distinguished by personal and mental endowments than Georgiana Spencer, the eldest daughter of John, first Earl of Spencer, born in 1757. After her marriage to William Cavendish, fifth Duke of Devonshire, in 1774 she became the centre of a brilliant circle in the world of fashion where her wit taste and accomplishments rendered her society powerfully attractive, rallying around her the political and literary celebrities of the period. Besides being a leader of fashion the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire made her mark as a poetess. Georgiana's beauty was of a kind which attracted humble folk as powerfully as her own select circle.

Wherever she appeared in public, at election times, on race courses, etc., she met with the most cordial reception. Her adventure with the butcher whose vote for Fox she purchased with a kiss, is well known, and the ecstacy of a young farmer, who stood close to her at some races, and rapt in admiration exclaimed: "Ah, if I was only God, the Almighty, she would be the queen of heaven," is but one tribute among many paid spontaneously to the charms of her appearance. Even time dealt tenderly with the beauty of the Dutchess of Devonshire, preserving the attractions of her lineaments in face and figure to an advanced age. Unfortunately she lost one of her eyes shortly before she died, in 1806.

Not a Very Good Boy.

In writing of his youth to an autograph collector Gen. Lew. Wallace says: "I fear you wouldn't have called me a good boy, as I hunted, fished and ran wild generally until I was 18, and then I became a student, and that is the course I would lay down for every life."

—A man in Thomaston, Ga., is said to have caught 507 chimney swallows in one night by putting a board over the chimney where they came to roost.

CURED BY A MISTAKE.

Heroic Treatment Unintentionally Applied Saves a Young Woman's Life.

It is not generally known that the recent recovery of Miss Lydia Jordan Cincinnati, from diphtheria was the result of a fortunate accident. Outside of a few, the family and a few friends, the serious condition of the young lady was not generally known.

Miss Jordan is one of the most popular young women in Walnut Hills society, and it is said that she will shortly marry a young Avondale man.

About two weeks ago she went to see a friend who was sick with diptheria, and, unthinkingly, sat in the room for over an hour. In a few days she began to show symptoms of the disease, and it soon developed that she had it in the most virulent form.

The family physician, Dr. Disney, began to lose hope, so strong a hold had the disease taken upon her system. Miss Jordan kept getting worse and worse, until finally the doctor found to his utter consternation, that a false membrane was forming in her throat. This is regarded as the worst possible form of the disease, and one which is absolutely incurable.

The rapid growth of the membrane was attended with increased difficulty in breathing. It was gradually closing the air passage. The doctor informed Mr. and Mrs. Jordan that the struggle was over, and the disease had won.

The unhappy parents were almost wild with grief. The girl had been an especial favorite with them on account of her handsome face and sunny disposition. It hardly seemed real to them that she could be lying on her deathbed, with her young life slowly fleeing away with each laborious breath.

The doctor said that in a few hours all would be over. Already the membrane had grown over the throat so that only a hole the size of a large needle remained.

The girl was lying with her head thrown back. The veins in her forehead were swollen, and her face was fiery red. In every curve of her form, in the clutching of her fingers, one could read the agony she was enduring.

Dr. Disney had been very fond of Miss Lydia, and seeing that nothing more could be done he left a phial of medicine "to be used when the breathing had about stopped," and started away. He fully expected never to see the girl again until she lay in the coffin with the whiteness of death in her features. The medicine was some simple restorative that might compel the soul to fret a little longer in the body, but could not do any good.

The medicine was placed on a small table n ear the bed among a lot a pivals of similar size and shape. The father and mother sat close by the bedside of their dying child. Soon the sound of the breathing grew louder and harsher. The writhing of the frame showed that the end was very near.

Mrs. Jordan started up, took from the table what she thought was the last phial the doctor had left, and measuring out a dose poured it quickly down her daughter's throat.

The effect was instantaneous and horrible. The girl writhed and quivered as she had not before. Her finger nails tore into her flesh. Her face grew black and her wide, staring eyes fairly started from their sockets. No scream issued from the lips. It was the personification of mute agony. This only lasted for a minute.

Suddenly there was a sharp cracking sound. The girl's body lifted itself from the bed. There was a terrible gasp, a groan, and then a fit of racking coughing. The swollen veins began to subside, the black color of the face changed to a dull red, the eyes slowly closed and the girl began to breathe again.

While this was happening and the girl was at the very height of her suffering, the mother looked at the bottle whose contents had produced this terrible effect. To her horror she discovered that, by mistake, she had given the girl a large dose of aqua ammonia, a sufficient quantity to have suffocated a well person.

The doctor was immediately sent for, and when he arrived was told what had been done. To his astonishment he found the girl resting easy and looking far better than she had for a week. Her lips and the lining of her mouth were burned by the ammonia, as her throat must have been also. An examination into Miss Jordan's condition showed that although she was very weak, yet her throat was comparatively clear and there was every indication of certain recovery.

On the cover in front of her the doctor found the false membrane which had been the cause of all the trouble, and which the girl had ejected in that last paroxysm.

New Kind of Luncheons.

A very gorgeous novelty in society is called the "Rainbow Luncheon." Two o'clock is the hour that has been fixed upon as most suitable, though oddly enough an accompaniment of the event is a gas lighted lunch room, with the jets shaded by globes of various tints, curtains of silk being employed to shut out the obtrusive daylight. At one of these rainbow parties a group of mandolin players, half concealed by tall flowering plants, gave an Oriental touch to the entertainment. Over the oriel window was filled a rainbow arch four feet long and composed of roses of seven different shades,

There were three tables, and at each plate was a hand painted menu card with the guest's name and a miniature rainbow on the back. The first table was all in yellow, with glittering cut glass and silver decorated in a repousee of Marguerites. The brass candelabra in the center rested in a flat basket of yellow wax tapers and yellow shades. The fringed doylies were embroidered in gold threads and the damask napkins in yellow roses. The china for the ten courses was all in yellow, but different in design for each course. The second table was decked in red, with napkins embroidered in red roses, and the bisque candelabra set on a base of jacqueminot and lighted by red tapers shaded by red globes. The china for each course was also of shaded red. The third table had blue appointments. The napery was worked in blue forget me nots, and the tapers and shades were blue, with a flat basket of white roses. The blue points came on in cut glass dishes, and there were rainbow ices in miniature pyramids, and punch glasses filled with ices of various colors.

A BIT OF HISTORY.

The Death of Washington.

"Washington is dead," were the appalling words which with the fading of the 19th century brought home to every Amarican heart the solemn lesson of life—that all men are mortal."

On Thursday, Dec. 12, 1799, George Washington spent seven hours out in a sun shower examining his farms.—On Friday he surveyed the ground between his house and the beautiful Potomac, and marked some trees that he wished cut down. That night he awoke his wife, with the remark, "I have an ague." He refused to allow his wife to get up for fear she would take a cold; but on the morning of December 14, he ordered the family to send for Dr. Craik and asked Rawlins, one of his overseers, to bleed him. Rawlins' hand trembled as he undertook the task, but the General said, "Don't be afraid," and when the flow of blood alarmed his wife, so she begged it to be stopped, the General exclaimed, 'more, more."

When the doctor arrived he did all in his power to relieve the soreness at the General's throat and to ease his heavy and labored breathing. To an old and trusty servant he remarked, "I am very ill." To his wife he said, 'go to my desk—in the drawer are two private papers, bring them to me." This was done. He said, "These are my wills, keeps this one and burn the other." During all the afternoon he suffered greatly, but complained in no way. In the evening Dr. Craik and Drs. Dick and Brown came into the room. He raised his head and said to them, "I feel myself going; I thank you for your attention; but I pray you to take no more trouble about me. Let me go off quietly, I cannot last long." Late in the evening after 10 o'clock he said to Tobias Lear, his private secretary, "I am just going. Have me decently buried; and do not let anybody be put into the vault in less than three days after I am dead." Mr. Lear bowed his head and wept. Washington asked him, "Do you understand me?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Lear.

"'Tis well," replied Washington; the last words he uttered on earth. His grief stricken wife exclaimed when he died, "All is now over; I shall soon follow him; I have no more trials to pass through."

His sudden death fell like a domestic sorrow upon the hearts of the people, lamentations and solemn obsequies filled the land. Not only in his own land but in every land his death produced the deepest emotion.

Napoleon announced his death to the French army; announced that black crape should be suspended from all French flags and standards for ten days, and directed M. DeFontanes to pronounce a funeral oration. Napoleon himself declared, "The measure of his fame is full. Posterity will talk of him with reverence as the founder of a great empire, when my name shall be lost in the vortex of revolutions."

Layfayette said to Maria Antoinette, Queen of France, "He is greater than all kings; Washington is the general of a free nation."

Lord Erskine wrote, "I have a large acquaintance among the most exalted classes of men; but you are the only human being for whom I have ever felt an awful reverence."

In 1780 Frederick the Great, King of Prussia, sent Washington his portrait with this inscription: "From the oldest general of Europe to the greatest general on earth."

And so having been in life "first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen," he became in death,

"The first, the last, the best,
The Cincinnatus of the West."

Mr. Cobb and His Corn.

An amusing story is told of how Mr. Cobb, a citizen of the United States, built the only machine mill in Morocco. Mr. Cobb's application for the authorization of his mill was rejected. The Prime Minister would not hear of it; the Sultan absolutely forbade the new-fangled method of grinding corn. Mr. Cobb, however, went "right ahead." He built his mill; he put in his machinery. Only one finishing touch was necessary. The grinding stones were duly delivered at the wharves. But this gave the authorities their opportunity, and they calmly impounded them. It was useless going to the Moorish Government, so Mr. Cobb applied to the United States representative. He got a formal reply informing him that since the Prime Minister and the Sultan had both forbidden the execution of the project it would be idle for him to expect any assistance from the formal representative of the United States.

The letter was all that Captain Cobb needed. He took it to the local authorities, who had his grinding stones in charge, and asked them if they could read English. "No!" "Then read this," cried Captain Cobb. There was the arms of the United States; there was an undoubted official signature, and Captain Cobb said he was going "straight ahead" with his mill. Nobody knew what complication might ensue if this determined American were disappointed. The stones were given up, the mill was finished and the next time the Sultan came that way he sent all his corn to be ground by machinery.

It Was All There.

The joker who makes a bad joke deserves to have it turned on him, as it very often is.

A man who had dined at a restaurant was asked by the waiter what he would have for dessert.

"You may bring me baked apples and cream."

"Yes, sir."

"Only let us have them without the cream."

"Yes, sir."

"And without the apples please."

"All right, sir."

The waiter disappeared, and soon returned with a plate on his salver, on which lay a spoon, and a little powdered sugar. The customer looked surprised.

"It's your baked apples and cream, sir, without the baked apples and without the cream," said the waiter.

The item figured on the bill just the same, and the customer felt bound to pay it.

PREPARED chalk is about the only dentifrice that should be used, and this not to exceed once a week. Orris root is also a pleasant and harmless agent for cleansing the teeth, and frequent good brushings with pure water is as good as anything.

A German Legend.

There was once a poor, but very honest, contented and merry kind of man in the village of Tilleda, who happened lo be giving a christening feast, for about the eighth time, to some of his neighbors. Desirous of showing all respect to the party at the christening, he set before them the best country wine he possessed, which, being quickly despatched, his guests seemed to be looking for a little more.

"Go, then," said the father to his eldest child, a girl about about sixteen years old, "go and bring us some better wine from the cellar."

"From what cellar, father?" inquired his daugter.

"What cellar, child?" repeated her father, merely in jest, "why, the great wine cellar, belonging to the old knights upon the Kyffhausen."

With perfect simplicity the young maiden took a firkin in one hand, and proceeded toward the mountain. About middle way, seated on an old deserted path leading down toward the spot, she found an aged housekeeper, dressed in a singular, quaint fashion, with a large bunch of keys hanging at her side. The young woman paused, not a little surprised at the sight; but the old lady inquired of her very kindly whether she had not come to fetch wine from the knight's cellar.

"Yes," replied the timid girl, "but I have got no money."

"Come with me," said the old housekeeper; "you shall have it for nothing; and better wine than your father ever bought in his life."

They both then proceeded along an old, deserted road, the old lady inquiring very particularly, by the way, what the appearance of things then was in Tilleda—who was alive, and who was dead.

"Once," said she, "I was as young and pretty as thou art, before I was kidnapped and buried under ground by the knights, or, rather, night-riders who stole me away from the very house that now belongs to thy father. Shortly before this, they had also seized four young ladies of these parts, who were often afterward seen about here on their richly-caparisoned steeds. They were entrapped and carried off in open day by these mountain knights as they were coming from church at Kelba. They made me, as I grew older, into the housekeeper, and entrusted me with the keys of the cellar, which, you see, I still wear."

By this time they had reached the cellar door, which the old housekeeper unlocked. It was a fine, spacious cellar, and on both sides it was well laid out with rows of vats and butts. Most of them were either quite, or more than half full, and broaching one of them with great dexterity, she took the little firkin and filled it up to the brim.

"There," she said, "take that to your father; and whenever he may happen to be giving a treat, you may come again; only see that you tell no one, besides your father, where you have it from. And moreover, take heed that you sell none of it, nor give it away, for in neither case will it be worth anything at all. If any one ventures hither too btain wine for sale, let him be warned; his last bread has been baked—now go!"

Unluckily, just opposite to them lived the landlord of the village inn, who dealt as largely as he could in adulterated spirits. He, among others had also a taste of the knights' wine.

"My friend, you might mix this with ten times its body of water and sell it for good wine still. Where can you contrive to get it from?"

He resolved to watch; and he followed the daughter as she went, for about the fourteenth time, with her little firkin, toward the Kyffhausen hills. He hid himself, and saw her come the exact way from the old cellar, with her firkin quite full shortly afterward. Accordingly, next evening he set out himself, having first rolled into a little cart one of the largest empty barrels he could find, intending to fill it with the same precious kind of liquor. He thought it would be easy to convey it down hill and he made a vow to return every night until the cellar became empty. As he approached the spot where he had marked the path the day before, the sky suddenly began to grow dark and lowering. The wind rose and whistled portentuously of the gathering rain, which soon fell in torrents. The tempest carried him and his barre rom one side of the road to the other. At last, down the hill he went, and continued to fall deeper and deeper until he finally found himself lodged in a burial vault.

Here appeared an awful procession before his eyes—a regular funeral, with a bier hung with black, and his wife and four neighbors, whom he recognized easily enough by their gait and garments, followed in its wake. At this sight he very naturally fainted away; and on recovering, some hours afterward, he still found himself in the dimly lighted vault, and heard the old familiar steeple-bells of Tilleda striking twelve. Now he knew that it was the witching hour and that he was then lying under the church and the burial ground of the village, in a gloomy vault. He was certainly more dead than alive, and scarcely ventured to breathe. But, see! a monk now approaches him slowly down the narrow steps, opens the door, and in perfect silence puts some money into his hand, and then, taking him up in his arms, he laid him down at the foot of the mountain. It was a cold, frosty night. By degrees the good host came a little to himself, and crept, without either wine or wine casks, as far as home. It struck one just as he reached it; and he felt himself so unwell that he must take to his bed. In the course of three days he died, and the money which he had brought home, given him by the ghostly monk, was just sufficient to defray his funeral expenses; his wife and the four neighbors, as he had seen them, following him to the grave.

The Carpet Must Go.

"The carpet is destined to go," was the recent comment of an upholsterer, "and sanitary science will accomplish it. It has long been acknowledged that carpets harbor dust, musty odors, and the poisons of such diseases as smallpox, diptheria and scarlet fever. Oiled floors are the proper thing, and are readily cleaned, as the oil becomes incorporated with the wood and makes a hard finish, becoming oxidized by contact with the air. Wherever coverings of any kind are necessary, for lessening sound, etc., rugs and mats can be used, and they have a pleasing, home-like look.

NEWS IN BRIEF.

—James Welch, of Portland, Me., was fined $900 and sentenced to 18 months in jail for liquor selling recently.

—It takes 14,800,000 gallons of oil a year to keep the railways of Great Britain going, and the cost is nearly $2,000,000.

—Echoes of the cold spell are still being heard. The Newark *Journal* learns that it caused several dogs in Beverly to go mad.

—Dr. Buisson, of Paris, claims to cure hydrophobia by hot baths often repeated. He makes the patient remain continually in a hot room and the baths are made as hot as 142 degs.

—Silver mining has been added to the industries in Indiana, the Buck Shoals Silver Mining Company having begun to smelt ore at the mines on the White River, ten miles northeast of Jasper.

—Joseph Lippincott, of Burlington, N. J., is three months old, weighs less than two pounds, and is the smallest inhabitant of that place. When born the babe weighed one pound three ounces.

—The Stockton (Kas.) *Democrat* tells of a man in Rooks county, that State, who has been arrested for stealing a school house. He had removed the building to his own residence and converted it into a kitchen.

—"Tomah-Witch," pronounced the oldest member of the Passamaquoddy tribe of Indians in Maine, is seriously ill. He is said to be 107 years of age. He raised a good crop last year and engaged in hunting and trapping during the fall.

—An old widow, who had been supported by charity for twenty years, died lately near London, England. After her funeral there were found sewed in the pillow case almost two thousand dollars in silver and notes, some of the latter forty years old.

—Frank Moxie, of Dakota, was about to be married, but was busy with a game of poker. The minister who was to perform the ceremony went to inform him that the company was waiting, got interested and took a hand and the wedding had to be postponed.

—At the Minnesota State fair a curious clock is on exhibition. It is made of red cedar and is the work of an inmate of the North Dakota penitentiary. A jackknife was the only tool used. In the gable of a Swiss cottage sets the face of the clock, with balconies, piazzas and windows around it.

—Coldwater, Mich., has a schoolgirl of 14 years who is quite a trapper. She has a dozen traps set, and has already sold one or two fine mink skins. She has also toyed with a revolver enough to send one bullet through her finger and another into the calf of her leg.

—Tax Collector Thaxton, of Butts County, Georgia, has a copper piece coined in 1863, on one side of which is a Confederate flag, surrounded by the words "Our flag, 1863," and on the other side the word "Dixie," surrounded by the motto, "If any one attempts to tear it down, shoot him on the spot."

—An immense picture of the crucifixion was recently found painted in oil with a great deal of artistic skill on the wall of a cave on the island of Davaar, in Campbellton Harbor, Scotland. The discovery made a great sensation until a Mr. Archibald McKinnon acknowledged that it had been painted by him.

—A Hungarian historian, rummaging through the archives at Buda-Pesth, discovered over 500 wills dated between 1802 and 1874, which had been put away so safely that they had been lost sight of, and the estates to which they related have been treated as though the persons making them had died intestate. A dreadful crop of lawsuits is expected to follow.

—Several years ago watermelons were almost unknown in California. An old Missourian, who owned forty acres near Lodi and who had raised the fruit in old Missouri, planted his whole lot to melons. His neighbors laughed at the idea of melons growing without rain, and he was called the boss crank of the century. But the vines thrived and bore melons, 40,000 of them, and he cleared $20,000 from his forty acres, and now Lodi is the great melon district of the Pacific slope.

—There are now cables on almost every sea and ocean bed, the total length of wire laid, being nearly 113,000 nautical miles. There are nine cables connecting Europe with America, the first that was laid dating from 1858. So great also has the advance been in the operative aspect of cable telegraphy, that practically no more difficulty is felt in repairing submarine lines than in attending to defects in those on land. It is seldom that any serious derangement of the telegraphic system takes place. When it does, it is comparatively of short duration.

—A New London kitten tackled a rat not much smaller than itself, and to make the contest equal the kitten's master took a hand and stopped the rat when it might have escaped. Thereupon the rat ran up the man's trousers leg, and the kitten in hot pursuit followed. It went as far as it could, and then backed down. The rat and the man then had the battle out. The former is still able to give apparent proof of just where the kitten stopped and just how far the rat went.

—A few weeks ago some excavations at Pompeii brought to light a set of surgical instruments, many of which resemble instruments in use at the present day. Some days later four beautiful silver urns of fair size were found; also four smaller vessels, eight open vases, four cuts ornamented with leaves and figures of animals, and a very beautiful statue of Jupiter seated on a throne. Beside those silver objects, several gold ornaments, such as rings, earrings, etc., were also found.

—A young Australian near Bochara, after an unusually hard day's work sheep-shearing, went to sleep on the sitting-room couch after supper. Soon he arose, walked out into darkness, went through four gates, which he carefully closed, to the woodshed, and then hung up his coat and took down his sheep sheers and sharpened them. Then he caught a sheep and had just finished shearing it when some of the household came with a lantern. Then it turned out that he had been asleep all the time, and the light of the lantern awakened him. The sheep was sheared as well as though it had been done in broad daylight.