MONTROSE, PA., JULY 11, 1877.

GIVE HIM A LIFT.

Give him a lift. Don't kneel in prayer, Nor moralize with his despair; The man is down, and his great need Is ready help-not prayer and creed.

Tis time when the wounds are washed an healed,

That the inward motives be revealed; But now, what'er the spirit be, Mere words are but mockery.

One grain of aid just now is more To him than tomes of saintly lore; Pray, if you must, in your full heart; But give him a lift l—give him a start!

The world is full of good advice, Of prayer, and praise, and preaching nice; But the generous souls who aid mankind, Are scarce as gold, and hard to find.

Give like a Christian-speak in deeds; A noble life's the best of creeds; And he shall wear a royal crown Who gives 'em a lift when they are down.

A MOUNTAIN DAISY.

WE HAD traveled together for many a my usual summer retreat in the mouncoach my journey by steam had exhaust- to see harness that could hold Black in the hilarity of my fellow travelers. | colt was one piece o' stuff, for they was the hills to the paradise beyond; and while they talked and jested, and ha'd and ha'd as travelirs will, we kept an un-I-striving in vain to shut out the hubsolitude without; and the bond of symby climbing on the top of the stage.

climbed up among the luggage so insiderable as to prevent the usual accom-If you are not afraid of taking cold-"

perately, "but this gabble and din."

an old mail bag he compassed me com-

slight movement. I found that he was it was allers a word and and a blow with shield you from harm. Come, Mrs. M'- was done by himself, immediately on his bending forward, gazing eagerly, with Hugh M'Lean, and he held to Daisy Lean, put a shawl about you, and come his whole soul in his eyes, upon the win- right along through thick and thin. dow of an old farmhouse on the outskirts windows, half raised, and the head of here if it hadn't been for Daisy? Don't but as we slowly passed, an almost conyulsive sigh escaped the lips of my fel low traveler. He raised his hat from his head. Then I plainly saw the woman's face, for it seemed to start forward suddenly, and even the dim starlight revealed a surprise upon it that almost partook of terror. No longer young, but was going to turn out right. Old Mr. still beautiful that face was stamped with Hitchner he made him promise not to

his right shoulder at the moon; his face | for Hugh that he could get through with | other side of the bed. was full of strong emotion, and his hips more work in a day than any two men I moved. Then he turned to me, his face ever saw. - Everything went along as melting into one of those rare smiles slick as could be, and Daisy went singing that are so nice because they are so few, about the house like a medder lark." and stretched over his hand. "Thanks." he said as we rolled up to the door of the married poor Daisy took it into her head hotel, where Mrs. Aiken was waiting for she'd have some boarders from town- says' me, with her comfortable carry all filled she was naterally thrifty, and plenty o'

me, so taken up was she with my fellow then, and was as humorsome as if she passenger. Her comely motherly face was a baby; and I never shall forget, if was all agape upon his straight, stiff form I live to be a hundred, the first time I as he lifted me down and said good-bye. laid eyes on Major Jacques, when he came from that day to this nobody has laid cousin Charles, whom I met near the and disappeared in the corridor beyond. down with a lot of other boarders from

breath, "that's either Major Jacques or front winder, and the stage stopped at that don't go ahead !"

vouring curiosity. "Do, please, Mrs. saved. Aiken, tell me who is Major Jacknes?"

spite of everything, she would go and pale with excitement." Judge Bates' son-he that went off to came back again." Indy or somewhere afterward—he'c a over her, and she might 'a had a dozen b' em, though to my mind it d take a baker's dozen 'o them idler's to make one de-"But she turned her back on the whole

kit and boodle of 'em, and stuck to Hugh M Lean. It was a dreadful spite to the Hitchners, for the M'Leans warn't thoit much of herebouts; they'd allers lived away on the top of the mountain, and Hugh grew up as wild as a young wolf He raised black colt up there, that atween you and me, Mrs. Smith, was a spawn 'o Satan; fire used to fly out 'o its weary mile. I was on my way to eyes and snake off its hoofs, and not a We joited and plunged and crawled over part and parcel o' one another, and I guess wherever one is 'tother is, now; leastways it seems to me only natural. But as much as he thought o' that colt, broken silence—this fellow passenger and he used to cuff and kick it in his tantrums; and one day, when I was down to bub within by gazing upon the sweet Hitchner's a quilting that star pattern patchwork for Daisy I was looking out pathy between this straight, stern, mid. the winder, when Hugh rode up, and he dle aged man increased when I found got mad at suthin, and drew his whip that he was determined to rid himself of clean across the critter's face fit to take the good humored confusion about him out his eyes, and I told Mrs. Hitchner While we were changing horses he see Hanner in her grave than belong to flying out the gate with Hugh on his and it was given out that the hand that Hugh M'Lean. But you see, he was as back. Soon after that she heard a low gentle as a lamb to Daisy, and always sobbing sound, and looking down, there modation for deck passengers, and my had since she was a little mite o's thing, face must have shown a sort of despar- and he used to board down in the village ing envy, for he looked over and said: to get his winter schoolin'-for you might | ting it to her face, crying and sobbing as "There is room, if you will venture up as well be out o' the world as up on the if her heart would break. here; but the evening air grows chill. mountains in winter; there's freshets there too in the spring that shut 'em off, her, when she heard the click of the gate "I am atraid of nothing," I said, des- and Hugh was down here a good part of and in walked the major, and up he went his time. And he used to just own little to Daisy as straight as a string. He put down his hand, and up I climbed. With his portmanteau and shawl and see him skating along, drawing that little over, and a blaze like lightning in his ling some simple remedy, for which a prefortably about, and presently the stage birch sled he made for her. He was and put you under your father's protect prisoner to have made up. This the latjolted on. I was alone with my moun- handsome enough-there warn't no fault tion'." tains, with the night and the stars, and to be found with his looks, only to my my fellow passenger, who counted for mind handsome is as handsome does, nothing, because he neither moved nor Mrs. Smith. Wa'll, he put in a claim to spoke; his side face was as rigid as if Hanner then, and no boy durst stand in carved from one of the boulders by the his way. There was my poor Zekel, he came home with a black eye only for It must have been five miles after this sharpening her state pencil, and Hugh to my head by his brutaiity. But now ed continuously in the prisoner's possessthat this bis of boulder started me by a hadn't a knife ready to do it with; but he'll find I care enough about you to ion till the first was administered, which

> for me as it is for you, for I hate to set. him. tle down here worse than poison; but I do it, and I won't."

"So they let 'em get married, for what else could they do? And for quite a spell there it did seem as if everything

"But the second summer after she was house was running to waste. Hugh he God's sake. I think it's best. But she could not find a welcome for let her have her own way in everything "Wa'al," she said, drawing a long town. I was sitting at Mrs. Hitchner's

eyes like the stars up there, and the city bush, and Hugh got to comming in and wanted to be buried by his horse Dan, preceding that fixed for the trial, indulg-tentiary nevertheless."

dear, good body she was, never halting there, and got out of his way all she Jacques himself. Queer, ain't it?" with her story. - "She had plenty o' could, but Hugh was as black as a thunder chances to settle, I needu't say. David cloud, and Miranda said that he and drove in at the open gate. Hichner, was a forehanded man, and Daisy would both be glad when the there warn't chick nor child but Daisy. | boarders all went away and never

given his eyes for Hunner; and as for one night the men were out late in the them painter chaps, they just went wild hay filed, and Daisy went out in the barn to help milk the cows. It was only play to her, she'd bin used to it at home, and I dare say the poor child was so sick and sad she was glad to be busy. But what he said. "It was a good omen; and the Mr. Courtney's murder. But what is must that jackanape do but follow her next time I see a new moon over my right more important, I have ascertained that out there and take the pails from her shoulder, I shall wish for your happiness, Charl hands to bring them in! She couldn't with, I hope, the same success that I did coal; get courage, you see, to tell him to go about his business, but if he'd an eye in his head, he could see show things was agoing. Howsomever, Hugh came in at the big gate and saw Daisy, empty fingered, walking along, by the major's side, while he had a pail in either hand; and as the major set 'em down on the stone living soul could get on its back but floor of the wide room, and turned with tains; but even before I took the stage Hugh M'Lean. As for harness-I'd like some plessant word to Hugh, the pails went flying out in the stubble, the milk ed me, so that I was in no humor to join Dan. It seemed as if Hugh and that streamed at his feet, and Miranda saidfor she was standing by—she never saw him the old gentleman resolved to give have been so mysteriously substituted?" such a surprised look in a face before as the bulk of his estate. in Major Jacques. Then he flamed up and got mad, and Hugh got madder, and had inherited a handsome fortune from if it hadn't been for Daisy there might his father, and, moreover, by his uncle's have bern murder there."

"That night poor Daisy had her wish, for the city boarders were all scuttled away, and not a light was burning in the house at 9 o'clock; but my Mirandy she couldn't sleep, and no wondor, considershe saw Daisy in her white gown, dipping water out of the pen-stock and put-

"My Mirandy was just going down to

apple blossom alter him on the white eye, 'I've come to take you from this brute scription was written, and handed to the

said Daisy, holding up her hands, "'No; but I will, said the major. all this? Curse the scoundrel! I nev- a single wrapper. They were to be given er had a thought of you till he put it in- at intervals of an hour, and had remainwith me to your father's house. I'll deal "Why, he says, right up to David with him when he comes back." of the village. It was one of the upper Hitchner, do you spose I'd staid round Then, if you'll believe me, that poor was administered, the symptoms became child fell to begging the major not to tell | so alarming that a messenger was disa woman appeared in a shadow so deep you know I'd a been off to the North or her father, and declaring she'd rather die patched for the physician, who, on his

> hate worse to leave little Daisy. I can't better than my own life. I will stay. I am not afraid." said Daisy.

and went out the gate, and Hugh M'Lean had relieved the sufferer. An autopsy of I hung it up in the hall one day, and was brought home the next day with a the body and an analysis of the contents that evening just as I was coming into broken spine. He and Black Dan had of the stomach, left no doubt as to the the hall from dinner, I saw a chap getrolled down a gully together, and they cause of death. The presence of arsenie. a melancholy so profound that it haunt- take Daisy far away, and give him the had to shoot the beast to get him out of in a necessarily fatal quantity, was indied me. I looked at that of my compan- place by the mill, and furnished it from his agony; and they do say that but for cated by every known chemical test. It ion. It was sunk upon his breast, and top to bottom. There must have been Major Jacques Hugh would have died was further admitted by the prisoner that just then I saw the sweet young moon nigh on to a hundred yards of carpet in there, for the major was the one that he alone had access to his uncle's apartover the left shoulder. The thought that house. I helped Mrs. Hitchner sew found him. He was a good rider, you ment, or had handled the medicine from was so tormenting to me that I spoke on and color many a pound of them rags see, and could make his way where others the time it was compounded by the drugthe impulse of the moment. "Don't sir," myself. And the dimity curtains was would be afraid. And something he said gist until the coming of the physician, to Hugh made him gentle as a lamb. All after the second powder had been taken. at the moon. Look over your right ker coverings for the sofa and cheers the way home he held his hand in his, shoulder and wish. It is a good omen made everything look cheery like. Then and was with him after the doctor left .made everything look cheery like. Then and was with made everything look cheery like. The everything look cheery like everything look cheery look everything look cheery look everything look cheery look everything look cheery look everything look ever He started, paused as if to gather the 'em up with no less than thirty cows, he opened his eyes they fell on the major; to swear that by no possibility could any meaning of what I said, then looked over good milkers, all of 'em'; and I will say and Mirandy said that Daisy was on the mistake have occurred in putting up the the store where I got the first coat and

"So I'm going to die, said Hugh.-Well, I'm ready.' And then he put Daiher,' he said."

"To live, said Hugh. So much the respected. with the usual parcels and packages for help, and she felt somehow as if that big worse. In that case, major, get away, for

> "I think it's best,' said Hugh; and after something to afford a ray of hope, the major went away that morning, and "No one," he answered. "but my

his ghost. That does beat everything. Daisy's door; and out got that man; and for seven long years, and Daisy never left with him a little way; then went back After all these years-Lord o' mercy, if if it had been the good Lord's will that him night nor day save when he'd free for something; Edward waited his rehe'd been tumbled out somewhere else her to go, and, if you'll believe me, that turn; then walked arm in arm nearly fifty fellows with coats like mine, as be-"And who is Major Jackues?" I said and broken his leg, so's he couldn't get girl never seemed happy out of his sight; home, when Charles left. I also remindat last, finding myself the prey to a de away, a deal o' trouble might have been and my Miranda said it used to make ed Edward that, his uncle being dead, if amined it." "For Hugh M'Lean had kind o'scorned about with his big fierce eyes, that had enherit the whole estate. "Well, child, he made a sight of trou- most city folks that come our way, and plenty of fire in them yet for everybody "He did it! he did it!" the young man er?" ble here a good many years ago, but I had a fashion of smiling at them in a but Daisy. Miranda actually got to lik- cried, in a paroxysm of excitement too can't say as it was his fault. You may sort of contempt. But this Jacques was ing Hugh; and I never dared say a word earnest to be counterfeit. "He went out handed me the coat, and, taking my penblow your lungs out sometimes to boil a half a Frenchman, and had a deal of fire about that night nor the bruise on Daisy's to get the poison when he left me wait-kuife, I ripped the seam on the shoulder, kettle, and then, agin, a spark from a in him; he'd been all over the world or cheek to Mrs Hitchner, though I've been ing. He put it up to resemble the drug- and took out two small peas, There are pipe'll set a hay rick in a blaze. Good pretended he had, and, if you could be that burning sometimes that I've had to gist's parcel, for which he substituted it my initials, said I—'P. P.—Peleg Par-Lord! I wonder if he's come after Daisy lieve him, had as many lives as a cat to jump up and run out of the room. And when as we went along. Villain—I ker.'" M'Lean? He'll find her a poor broken lose. And Hugh, 'd sit there and drink now the old woman's dead and buried know it now! I carried the parcel in the than Daisy the sun never shone upon; and, for that matter, so would poor little went afore she did. Hugh outlived em on that side he walked !"

felks that came out here to board chris winding his little medder lack listening to and there they lie, up on the mountain ing in anything but sanguine expectatered her Daisy, though her name was some tale of the major's, her eyes per- together; and Miranda says that Daisy's tions, when a tap at the door announced Hanner-Hanner Hitchner; and, in baps full of silly tears and her cheeks all sworn to be put on fother side.— IIt's a visitor. It was a detective whom I had fit to make the shivers creep down one's employed. throw herself on Hugh M'Lean. They "Soon after that my Miranda was teach- back, the hull of it. And there she's do say that love'll go where it's sent, but ing school and boarding around the vil- lived ever since, all alone in the old house, it's a pity it should be so headstrong. lage, and she went to M'Leans to stay, save when school is keeping and Miran Get up Nig," pursued the farmer's wife, and she told me that Daisy had stopped dy's there. And yonder may be the ed, "and in the prisoner's possession found whipping up her horses, and, like the going in the room when the major's ghost; but it it ain't, it's Major this overcoat," undoing a package he had

"Very queer," I said; and just then we

The very next morning, as I was gather and he handed me a small parcel, which ing grasses a mile or two below, I saw a I opened. tall, straight form approaching me, his Inside were three papers folded as "But this was only mid-summer, and head bent, his eyes upon the ground. I druggists put up their prescriptions. could not step aside, for a ditch was The person with whom I found this there.

So he raised his eyes, and his face light.

ed up with that rare smile of his." "-God bless your womenly heart!" shoulder, I shall wish for your happiness, Charles Courtney is the owner of the last night for my own."

A LAWYER'S STORY.

Mr. Courtney was a rich old bacholer, and the uncle of a couple of nephewsthe one a brother's, and the other a sister's son. These two were his next of kin, legally entitled, in case he died intestate, to inherit his property.

son, was decidedly his favorite, and to

Charles Courtney, the other nephew, will, was entitled to succeed to that left to his cousin, in the event of the latter's dying without issue.

Old Mr. Courtney was one of the halest of bachelor's when it was suddenly announced, not only that he was dead, ing what he'd been through, and about but that foul play was suspected. A midnight she heard the clatter of hoofs, post mortum examination demonstrated then that if it was done to me, I'd sooner and just got up in time to see Black Dan that he had fallen a victim of poison; had administered it was that of his favorite nephew. The public mind was naturally both surprised and shocked.

It was not until Edward Horton had been fully committed for trial for his uncle's murder that I was retained to get up

the defense. His own statement was, in substance, this: 'A physician had been called in to see Mr. Courtney on the occasion of "And 'Madame,' said he, trembling all some apparently trifling illness, requir-"'Oh, vou haven't told my father?' tent druggist, who had put it up in his presence. The medicine consisted of three white powders, each folded in a Do you think I can look on and stand scrap of paper, and the whole inclosed in return from the druggist's. Mr. Courtney grew rapidly worse, and when, at the expiration of an hour, a second powder that no feature could be distinguished; South Pole afore this? It's as hard work at Hngh's hand than to live away from arrival, declared that the patient was suffering from the effects of poison. An ex-* As God is my judge, I love him amination of the remaining powder dis. closed the fact that it was pure arsenic.— It was too late for any antidote to be "Then the major turned upon his heel available, and in less than an hour death

> The druggist, who was known to be a man of extraordinary caution, and thor- said I, am I to be robbed with impunity?

that the amicable relations between the see if I can't identify this coat.' I buited sy's hand in the major's. 'Take care of uncle and nephew had been somewhat my trap with the new coat, and sure disturbed of late, by reason of an attach- enough the sneak thief came along and "But you're not going to die, said ment of the latter disapproved by the the major. You are to live the doctor former, who had gone so far as to threaten to change his will unless his wishes were

"Who was in company with you from the time you received the medicine till "Just as you say, Hugh,' said the you returned to your uncle's house?" I asked the prisoner, desperately groping

druggist's, and who accompanied me in."

"And the judgement of God was sore I drew from Edward the fact that on Hugh M'Lean. He lay in that bed | Charles saw the medicine put up; walked her cry to see the way Hugh followed her he also should die childles, Charles would

"What is it?" I enquired, after closing

the door. "I made an arrest to day," he answer-"Well?"

"In one of the pockets I found this "

coat," the detective continued, "confesses that he stole it from a billiard-saloon, the owner having laid it aside while playing: and the date he fixes corresponds with

"Let us at once proceed to the drug. giat's !" I exclaimed, springing from my chair and snatching up my hat.

We were soon there.

"Please examine that parcel," I said. outting it into the druggist's hands. He did so, carefully opening the papers and inspecting their contents. They contained three white powders!

How do they correspond with those Edward Horton, his deceased sister's you put up for Mr. Courtney," I inquired, "and for which others seem to "They do not correspond at all," he

answered; "they are the same." "By these figures," he replied, pointing to the inside of one of the papers. "I had made a calculation that day on the sheet of paper, part of which I used in putting up the prescription brought by Mr. Edward Horton. The remainder I have preserved, not knowing but it might become important. Here it is, and you see how this piece and the figures fit it."

They did exactly; the chain of evidence

was complete! I need hardly tell how the trial ended. Charles Courtney was called by the prosecution to prove some unimportant point, The counsel whom I had retained for the defence asked him but three questions on cross-examination:

"Had he accompanied the prisoner from the druggist's?"

"Had he lost an overcoat that day?"

"Was that it? The questions were very simple, but the effect on the witness was most remarkable. He trembled and turned pale. He knew his secret was out, and that lying was useless. He answered all three questions in the affirmative, but in a voice scarcely audible. Before the next witness was called he slipped from the

With the testimony of the detective and the druggist, not forgetting that of the thief who stole the overcoat, we made short work of what had promised to be "a beautiful case of circumstantial evi-

court and was never heard of afterward.

How Mr. Parker Caught a Thief.

"Did I ever tell you how I caught a thier once?" asked Mr. Parker of his friend Mr. Johnson, as he sat smoking, a pipe in Mr. Johnson's comfortable "place."

"No, tell us about it," said Mr. Johnson, filling the glasses with fresh ale.

"Well," said Mr. Parker, 'I don't mind if I do. You see, I bought me a nice overcoat, and I was rather proud of it. ting out of the door with my overcoat on. I rushed after him, but it was no go-he got away. Next day I met that fellow on Broadway and had him arrested, but when we came into court and I tried to identify that coat he had fifty other fellows there, and every blamed one of them had a coat just like mine and I couldn't swear to it, and the judge had to let him go. Perhaps I wasn't mad! 'Great guns!' and got one exactly like it. 'Now,' said I, To make matters worse it transpired Till set a trap for that young man and I'll marched off with it. I chased him, but the rascal got away, and I began to wish I hadn't been so sharp. Well, I looked for that fellow more than a week; at last I caughthim! Young man, said I, I want that coat."

"There's some mistake here,' said he." "Yes, sir, there is,' said I; 'you'v got

an honest man's coat on." "'Weil,' said he, bold as brass. The go to court with you. There's a thon: sand other coats like this in New York. There's no mark on it; you can't swear to it."

" 'We'll see' said I." "We went to court. There were the fore. The judge took the coat and ex-

"'I find no mark,' said he; 'can you identify this as your property, Mr. Park-

"'Giye me the coat,' said I. The judge

M'Lean; ne n nuc ner a poor proken lose. And Hugh, a sit there and drink now the old woman's dead and puried know it now! I carried the parcel in the "Well, I'm d—d!" said the prisoner down, humble critter, but a purtier gal all the nonsense in by the hour together; these three years, and Mr. Hitchner he right pocket of my overcoat, and it was "He wasn't (not just then at least)," conthat side he walked!" cluded Mr. Parker, with a benevolent her skin was as white as milk, and her Daisy. The major could talk a bird off a all; and a queer thing when he died, he I was seated in my office on the day smile, "but he got two years in the pent