

MY GREAT-GREAT-GRANDSIRE.

My great-great-grand sire tilled the soil
And felled tall pines on slope and hill,
His homespun garments but the foil
That swathed a man of iron will.

And yet when winter's race was run,
And came the springtime's first gleams,
His nature warmed before the sun
And melted into tenderness.

He knew the fields, he knew the woods,
For nature was his guiding star,
And sermons found in solitude
Where only nature's teachings are.

He marked the germination of the brooks
And paused where honeysuckles hang,
And rested where in wildest nooks
The lone arbutus trailing clung.

Where towered up the bristling head
Of some colossal of the pines,
Like a great stag with antlers spread—
The monarch of a thousand tines.

And with his rod or flintlock gun
He whipped the pools or led the chase,
Tracked the black bear till set of sun
And slew him in his hiding place.

And thus he lived an outdoor life
With sight of flower and bird and bee,
With yoke of oxen, and a wife
With children playing at his knee.

A murrain on your coats-of-arms—
He did his best, as mortal can,
Wrung a rough living from the farms
And lived and died an honest man.
—Ernest McGaffey, in N. Y. Truth.

THE COUNT DE LOME.

BY SYDNEY REID.

"YES," said the warden, "women are strange creatures. I could tell you many queer things that happened through them right in this old prison. You never heard of the duchess who came every day to bring flowers to Szechi, the Polish murderer? She would sit and cry an hour with him each time. He was a little, dark man, with a little goat face and goat beard. He used to spend an hour before the glass getting ready for the duchess. Why did she come? Oh, sympathy gone mad. Did you never see an engaged young couple lavishing maudlin sympathy on each other. Well, there are women who are in that state of mind all their lives. It is necessary for them to have hysterics once a day, and they go to see a person who is or ought to be, suffering, to gratify their craving for emotional intoxication.

"But it was not about the duchess I was going to tell you, though; but about a young woman who sat in that very chair where you are sitting now one afternoon not more than ten years ago. She was a handsome and very dignified young woman, and she told us Gospel truth the oddest story I ever heard.

"When she first entered she had asked me if I knew that I had under my care Count De Lome, a peer of France. I looked at her a few minutes, but she was earnest and calm. I replied that I was not aware that we had any such distinguished guest.

"That is his sensitiveness and modesty," she exclaimed. "He would rather die than expose his family."

"What is his offense?"

"He is charged with burglary, but it is all a dreadful, dreadful mistake, of which only he and I know the explanation."

"Describe his appearance."

"He is of medium height, has very dark, curling hair, black eyes and heavy black mustache."

"I knew the man at once as 'Handsome Charley,' who had come to New York from Chicago, leaving a streak of crime stretching out behind him like the tail of a comet. I told the young woman that I knew the man.

"I am afraid that you are prejudiced against him," she said; "but, oh, Warden, if you could only hear his story as I have heard it, your sympathy would go out to him as the most unfortunate of men. It is impossible for anyone to look in his eyes and disbelieve him."

"Yes," I asked, and then, after a pause, "May I inquire what is your name, madam, and why you are so interested in the prisoner?"

"The name she gave me was that borne by one of the oldest and wealthiest families in the state. 'I am a woman of property,' she said, 'living in Tarrytown. I am interested in this poor young man, because I know his sad story; how he has been victimized; how he has struggled and how an irresistible power has dragged him down.'"

"Do you know that he was caught in the very commission of this last crime?"

"I know that so appeared."

"But the circumstantial evidence was positive. He was caught in the dining-room of a mansion in Madison avenue with a heap of plunder about him and a bag into which he was putting it."

"That is the saddest part of his trials. Even to fair, unbiased minds he must always appear guilty. I myself thought him guilty when I first looked upon him two years ago in the kitchen of my own house, where the coachman and butler who had captured him were holding him down. I had been awakened by a terrible commotion and had hastened downstairs to find my servants holding the stranger, who, they said, was a burglar. Everything seemed to indicate that their conclusion was correct. A window had been forced, and the stranger had before him a bag filled with plate and jewelry gathered from all over the house. When he saw me he immediately spoke:

"Madam," he said, "I appeal to you not to decide too hastily. I am a gentleman and not a robber, but am the victim of the strangest and most cruel fatality that ever persecuted a mortal. Could I but engage your kind attention for a few minutes I would, I am sure, be able to persuade you that instead of reprobation I deserve the deepest and sincerest sympathy and the pity of every true Christian of whom I perceive you are one."

"I was greatly afraid of the man at first, as a young lady naturally would

be, but his quiet tone and the deep, melancholy, truthful expression of his eyes produced in me a longing to bear his story. I therefore directed the butler to loosen him and let him sit in a chair. This the servants were very unwilling to do, insisting that the man should be immediately turned over to the police. However, when they saw I was in earnest they let their prisoner rise:

"Madam!" he said, "strange as it may seem, the purest and best actions of my life are those which have brought me to this terrible pass. In the unfortunate being who is now before you surrounded by hideous circumstances the world would never recognize Count Hubert De Lome, inheritor of one of the greatest names and descendants of one of the proudest families of France. Yet such is my title and my family. Pray pardon me for showing emotion.

"At the outbreak of the late war between France and Germany I was a lieutenant of infantry, not yet arrived in my twentieth year. The purest fires of patriotism burned in my heart, and in the battles where we were engaged I was remarked for the heroic manner in which I exposed myself. I passed scathless through storms of lead, which dealt death on every side, and escaped without the least injury till the battle of Gravelotte, where a round shot mutilated both my legs and a rifle bullet destroyed my right arm.

"When I awoke, after the battle, I was in the German field hospital with a boy of the cleverest surgeons in Europe about me. I soon found that I was the center of attraction as the most extensive case of limb-grafting in the annals of surgery. They had found a dead man of my proportions on the field of battle, and from him they had transferred to me a right arm and two legs, and they were watching with deep interest the experiment of their growth.

"For two weeks the result was doubtful, but at last science and nature triumphed over all obstacles, and it became evident that I was going to be able to use the grafted limbs as well as I ever used my own.

"By the time I could stand, the war was over, and I returned to my home in Brittany, to recover amid rural scenes from the rude shocks I had received. Here, as I grew stronger, a strange and awful thing happened. I found that my grafted limbs had a will of their own, and that that will was evil. Legs that could hardly be persuaded to move in the daytime, became at night restless and tireless as those of a predeceous animal. Many a time I awoke at midnight to find myself being carried abroad. Many a time my relatives, hearing my cries, have rushed to my room and found me clinging to the bed by means of my jaws and my left hand, while my right hand and both legs were struggling to carry me off.

"I always resisted to the utmost, because I knew from certain intimations what the upshot of these midnight excursions proposed by my limbs would be—theft, odious, horrible, vulgar—not the romantic theft of the bold highwayman, but the low and brutal pilfering of the burglar and sneak thief. Theft by myself in spite of myself.

"You can easily imagine, dear lady, that my discovery caused me the keenest anguish. The cruellest thing of all was that I must suffer in silence. Who would believe my story? So skillfully had the operations on my mind been performed that there was no scar to be seen, and, even were I able to prove that the limbs I used were grafted, how could I satisfy anyone that they had retained their individuality and were seeking to make of me an accomplice in these nefarious undertakings?"

"The constant struggle in which I was engaged gave me a wild and haggard look. I became the victim of nervousness and melancholy, and the people of my estate began to avoid me. When I came upon the road, riding or walking, those whom I met whispered and drew aside. They knew that I had given my servants orders to watch me at night and restrain me by force if I sought to go out. They therefore looked on me as a madman or at least a man with a mystery.

"This feeling was not confined to the peasants; my equals also possessed it, and I could see by their averted looks, their silence when I approached them, that I was feared, if not disliked.

"One only remained true to her childhood's beliefs and memories, but that was the one whom, above all others, I desired to please—Louise, daughter of Marquis De Campazany, whose estates adjoined my own.

"Even to her I dared not explain, yet her love and sympathy were mine through all and in spite of all.

"The only human being who knew my secret was the chief of the German surgeons, who performed the grafting operations. I sought him out and called him to my side for consultation. His advice to me was to wait with patience. 'My friend,' he said, 'I ask you to wait not only for your own sake but for the sake of science. I could rid you of your troubles now by taking off the limbs above the grafts, but that would leave you a helpless wreck again. It might be that other grafting operations would succeed as well as these have done, and you thereby become possessed of limbs which have good habits. But that such would be the case no one has assurance. Besides, my friend, what a loss to science that it should be debarred from witnessing this struggle; this survival of habit; this proof of mentality in limbs; this evidence of the permanence of impressions made by the governing brain of muscles.'

"Must I always be at war with myself?" I inquired. "No," the surgeon said, "as time went on the struggle of the limbs to bear me away on predeceous errands would become weaker and weaker. 'The physical structure of man,'" continued the surgeon, "is renewed every seven years. Therefore, in seven years from now, if you

have patience, the legs of the dead man which we grafted on you will have entirely disappeared; the limbs that will have replaced them will be entirely your own, subject to your will and permeated by your own mental impressions."

"Thus, in an evil hour I was induced to continue the lamentable associations. Oh, Louise! Louise! Fair saint in Heaven, thy young life was sacrificed to my folly!"

"Here!" said the lady, "the stranger was compelled by his emotion to pause. He covered his face, and there was no sound but that made by his choking sobs."

"Pardon me, lady!" he resumed, regaining his self-control. "I can never think of that fatal night without weakly giving way to unavailing tears. For her I had lived and hoped. There was no dream of my future in which she was not the central figure, and yet it was I—who caused her death. No, not I—no! never! But the hideously wicked grafted limbs.

"I swear that I knew nothing of the events of that night till I was awakened by the sound of voices and the flashing of lights. I found myself standing in the chateau of Campazany. It was the dining-room. There was a black mask on my face and a bag of plunder at my side. I knew well what it meant. The lights and voices were approaching. It was the marquis and his servants approaching. Desperately I rushed to the windows. They were securely fastened. I must have entered elsewhere. I turned to dash through the door opposite to that by which the marquis and the others were entering. They saw me and pistols were leveled. I saw a white figure spring between me and my pursuers. I heard a voice cry 'Henri! Henri! It is you but you are innocent!' Pistol shots rang out; there was a wild shriek, and, looking backward, I saw my love lying dead—dead—dead, her fair hair dabbled in her blood. With the laugh of a maniac, I fled away through the darkness.

"What happened in the years that followed I know not. I was dominated by one impulse—to fly from the scene of horror which was always in my memory. What I did, how I lived, I have no knowledge. Quite probably my limbs took advantage of my mental infirmity to involve me in the crimes for which they thirsted. Quite probably a large part of the time which is a blank to me was spent in prison. I know not. At length my mind began to assert itself again. I was no longer dazed; sanity had returned.

"I found that I was living in America, in the city of Chicago, the inhabitant of a room in a low tenement house; an ex-convict, a man whom the police feared and watched; whom the criminals admired. Dreadful awakening, with what terror did I realize my position! Thinking to escape I came here to New York, but, as you see, the evil influence still continues. In an unguarded moment, I have been abducted from my home and borne here to pose before you as a criminal and a wretch. Lady, this is more than I can bear.

"Again the stranger shed tears. I looked upon him with the deepest pity. His tears, his youthful beauty, his frank speech, all convinced me of the absolute truth of his narrative, which, though surprising in some respects, was not more so than some tales which juries accept as truth.

"I believe you," I said; "not only do I believe you, but I will make others believe you. You have but two more years in which the evil grafted upon you can continue. Go free to-night. Strive against misfortune, and if in an extremity you need a friend, call upon me."

"The noble face of the count was illuminated with thankfulness. Heaping blessings upon my head, he departed and I saw him not again nor heard of him till I received a letter telling me that he was in prison here and desired to see me."

"Ah!" said I, "you wish to see him?"

"I do, indeed; I desire to comfort and strengthen him, and, above all, to give him this pie. The seven years of evil domination are almost over, the wicked individuality of the grafted limbs has gone, and with it the strength. The count, above all things, now needs building up. In a few days I will tell his story to the press, to the governor. I will get him released and will send him back to his estate in France as happy as a man with such a history can be."

"So saying, she produced from a parcel she carried a huge pie.

"Well, it was a little irregular, to be sure, but the appearance of the lady and her simplicity were too much for me and I passed it in. Then she had five minutes' conversation with Handsome Charley in my presence, and went away looking satisfied, while I sat back in my chair and laughed to think how easy it is to pull the wool over a woman's eyes."

The warden rose, knocked the ashes out of his pipe and picked up his huge bunch of keys.

"But the sequel, warden!" I cried.

"Wasn't there any sequel?"

"Sequel? Yes, certainly there was a sequel," said the warden, turning to stride off. "Next morning we found a big hole through the wall of Handsome Charley's cell. He got away and I never heard of him since, or the Tarrytown young woman either, though we searched enough. That pie must have contained a blacksmith's shop."

Off stumbled the warden, rattling his keys, his rugged face settled again into gravity and gruffness, and I sat still and laughed till the tears came in my eyes to think how the clever sex had scored again.—N. Y. Ledger.

—A. R. Spofford, the librarian of congress, was a war correspondent during the late civil war. At one of the Bull Run battles he had for colleagues Murat Halstead, Villard, Boynton and White-law Reid. He was appointed librarian by President Lincoln, and for 35 years has held the office.

Heavy as Swimming.

Mr. Sloop (who has been accepted by Miss Wealthy, without inquiries as to his financial standing)—I wonder, my darling, if your parents will give their consent?"

Miss Wealthy (thoughtfully)—Ma has always been very particular about the moral character of young men I associate with, and I'm afraid she'll ask a good many questions.

Mr. Sloop (joyfully)—Oh, I can get references from half a dozen ministers.

Miss Wealthy (delighted)—That's splendid! Then after that all you'll have to do will be to get references from half a dozen bankers, and you'll catch pa.—N. Y. Weekly.

With Lights Turned Down.

"Do you notice any increase in your gas bills since your daughters are old enough to receive company, professor?"

"You have recalled something, sir, that is inexplicable to me. We regard mathematics as a fixed science, and yet it is a fact that I pay less for gas than when the entire household used to retire together. It's astounding."—Detroit Free Press.

Course of Competition.

"Twenty-five dollars a month seems a pitiful salary for a schoolteacher," sighed the applicant.

"I know it does, miss," replied the director of District No. 14, "but we kin git Miss Giddipin, of the Pine Ridge neighborhood, fur that, an' she's twice as big a young woman as you be."—Chicago Tribune.

That Clever Boy.

"Father," said a thoughtful little boy, "how many feet has a dog, if we call his tail a foot?"

"Why, five feet, my son."

"No, father, that isn't right."

"How so, my son?"

"Why, he would have only four feet. You see, culling his tail a foot doesn't make it a foot."—Madesan and Fabrics.

A Fellow Feeling.

"My brethren," said the minister, "you don't know how happy you will be if you only have a fellow feeling in your bosoms."

"Humph!" said one of the hearers, "I had a fellow feeling in my bosom last night and I've got no diamond pin this morning."—N. Y. Tribune.

Unlimited Chance for Fun.

Mother—Well, what did the minister ask you to-day, Willie?

Willie—He asked me what I'd hev done if I'd lived durin' the flood.

Mother—And what did you tell him?

Willie—I told him I wouldn't a' done a 'tug but fish and swim.—Odds and Ends.

Why She Couldn't.

"No, I didn't have a very good time," she said. "I wanted to talk, and there wasn't a man there."

"But there were plenty of other girls."

"Oh, of course; but that was no satisfaction, for they all wanted to talk, too."—Chicago Post.

Why It Was.

Husband—Why do your clothes cost you a hundred dollars more this year than they did last? Aren't things cheaper?

Wife—Yes, dear, that's just it. There are so many more bargains.—Demorest's Magazine.

Where It Is.

Her seal-skin coat's in paradise,
At least it's in a spot—
Unless she coughs and sneezes—
Where moth corrupts not.

—Chicago Journal.

HINDENSTEADT.

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