TO MY WIFE.

Come to me, dearest, I'm lonely without thee;
Daytime and night time, I'm thinking about thee;
Night time and day time in dreams I behold thee;
Unwelcome the waking that ceases to fold thee.

Come to me darling, my sorrows to lighten;
Come in thy beauty, to bless and to brighten;
Come in thy womanhood, meekly and lowly;
Come in thy loveliness, queenly and holy.

Swallows will flit around the desolate ruin,
Telling of Spring and its joyous renewing;
And thoughts of thy love and its manifold treasure,
Are circling my heart with a promise of pleasure.

O, Spring of my spirit! O, May of my bosom!
Shine out on my soul till it burgeon and blossom;
The past of my life has a rose-root within it,
And thy fondness alone to the sunshine can win it.

Figures that move like a song through the even';
Features lit up by a reflex of heaven—
Eyes like the skies of poor Erin, our mother,
Where shadow and sunshine are chasing each other.

Smiles coming seldom, but childlike and simple,
Opening their eyes from the heart of a dimple;
Oh, thanks to the Saviour, that even thy seeming
Is left to the exile to brighten his dreaming.

You have been glad when you knew I was gladened;
Dear, are you sad now to hear I am saddened?
Our hearts ever answer in tune and in time, love,
As octave to octave, and rhyme unto rhyme, love.

I cannot weep, but your tears will be flowing;
You cannot smile but my cheek will be glowing;
I would not die without you at my side, love;
You will not linger when I shall have died, love.

Come to me, dear, ere I die in my sorrow,
Rise on my gloom like the sun of to-morrow;
Strong, swift and fond, as the words which I speak, love,
With a song on your lips and a smile on your cheek, love.

Come, for my heart in your absence is weary,
Haste, for my spirit is sickened and dreary;
Come to my heart that is aching to press thee,
Come to the arms that would fondly caress thee.

—Joseph Brennan.

HE BEGGED FOR MERCY.

DURING the month of February, 1853, Seth Damon, of Acton, instituted an action at law against Gabriel Butterworth, of the same town, for the recovery of thirty thousand dollars, of which he claimed that said Butterworth had defrauded him. The circumstances were these

Butterworth owned and kept the principal store in Acton, and though he had never been regarded as an exemplary gentleman, his honor in business had not been impugned. Those who had the faculty of looking upon the undercurrent of human actions decided that he was a man not bound by honor, but who understood the laws of self interest too well to be guilty of small meannesses in business. What he was capable of doing on a grand scale was not mooted until the occurrence of which I am about to speak.

Seth Damon had removed from Edson to Acton in the fall, and had purchased the iron works. Shortly ofter concluding the purchase he had a payment of £30,000 to make, and late on a Saturday afternoon he arrived from New York with the money—part of it in bank notes and part of it in gold. When he arrived he found that the parties to whom the money was to be paid had left town, and would not return till Monday. Mr. Butterworth had the only reliable safety vault in town, and to Mr. Butterworth Damon took the $30,000 asking permission to lodge it in his vault over the Sabbath, which permission was readily and cheerfully granted.

During Sunday night the people of the village were aroused by the alarm of fire; and upon starting out it was found that the alarm came from Butterworth's store, but Mr. Butterworth had been active. He had discovered the fire in season, and, with the assistance of his boys, had put it out before much damage had been done. Upon looking over the premises it was found that the fire had not only been the evident work of an incendiary, but that it had been set in several different places.

"How fortunate," said the owner, "that I discovered it in season.

But very soon another discovery was made. The safety vault had been broken open and every dollar it had contained stolen away! Here was alarm and consternation. Gabriel Butterworth seemed fit to go crazy.

"For myself I care not," he cried. "A few hundreds were all I had in there; but my friend had a great sum!"

Immediately search for the robber or robbers was instituted, and word was sent far and near to all sheriffs and their deputies and to the police of the cities.

Now, it had so happened that on that very Sunday evening—or, I may say, Sunday night, for it was near midnight—I, John Watson, had been returning from my brother's, in Dunstable. I had left my hired team at the stable, and on my way to my boarding house I passed the store of Mr. Butterworth. In the back yard of the store was a horse trough, and, being thirsty, I stepped around that way to get a draught of water.

As I stooped to drink at the spout of the fountain I saw a gleam of light through a crevice in the shutters of one of the store windows. Curiosity impelled me to go and peer through, for I wondered who could be in there at that hour of a Sunday night. The crevice was quite large, made by the wearing away of the edges of the shutters where they had been caught by the hooks that held them back when open, and through it I looked into the store. I looked upon the wall within which the safety vault was built, and I saw the vault open, and I saw Gabriel Butterworth at work therein. I saw him put large packages into his breast pocket, and I saw him bring out two or three small canvas bags, and set them upon the floor by the door that opened toward his dwelling. As I saw him approaching this outer door a second time I thought he might come out, and I went away. It was an hour afterward that I heard the alarm of fire. And it was not until the following morning that I heard of the robbery of the safe.

I was placed in a critical position: but I had a duty to perform. I went to Mr. Damon, and told him what I had seen, and also gave him liberty to call upon me for my testimony in public when he should need it. Until I should be so called upon I was to hold my silence.

While the officers were hunting hither and thither, Mr. Damon kept a strict watch upon the movements of Mr. Butterworth, and at length detected him in the act of depositing a large sum of money in a bank in Buffalo. His action immediately followed, and Butterworth was arrested.

This was the way matters stood when I was summoned to appear before the grand jury at Wiltonburg. I went there in company with Mr. Damon, and secured lodgings at the Sabine house. It was a small inn, well and comfortably kept, and frequented by patrons of moderate means. There were two public houses of more fashionable pretentions in the place.

It was on the afternoon of the 14th day of February that I took quarters at the Sabine house, and after ten I requested the landlord to build a fire in my room, which he did, he also furnished me with a good lamp. It was 8 o'clock, and I sat at the table engaged in reading, when some one rapped upon my door. I said "come in," and a young man named Laban Shaw entered. This Shaw I had known very well as a clerk of Gabriel Buttterworth; but I had never been intimate with him from the fact that I had never liked him. He must have seen the look of displeasure upon my face, for he quickly said:

"Pardon me, Mr. Watson. I don't mean to intrude. I have come down to be present at the examination to-morrow—summoned by Butterworth's man of course—and I got here too late to get a room with a stove in it; and, worse still, I must take a room with another bed in it, and with a stanger for company. And so may I just warm my fingers and toes by your fire and leave my carpet bag under your bed?"

He laughed when he spoke of the carpet bag; but yet he did not know what sort of a faculty his stranger roommate might have for getting up and walking off in the night.

Of course I granted him his request, and he put his carpet bag under my bed, and then sat down by my stove, and we chatted sociably enough for half an hour or more without once alluding to the business which had brought the pair of us to Wiltonburg. His conversation was pleasant, and I really come to like the fellow; and I thought to myself thas I had been predjudiced against him without cause. At length he arose, and bade me good night, and went away, and shortly afterward I retired. I had been in bed but a little while, when another rap upon my door disturbed me; and to my demand of what was wanted I received answer from Laban Shaw. He bade me not to light a lamp. He had only come for his nightgown. He could get it in the dark. I arose and unlocked my door, and his apologies were many and earnest. He always slept, in winter, in a flannel nightgown, and he had thoughtlessly left it in his carpet bag. He was sorry—very sorry. He had thought to try to sleep without it rather than disturb me, but his room was cold and——

I cut him short, and told him there was no need of further apology; and while he fumbled over his bag I went to the stove to make double assurance that the fire was all right. I offered to light a match for him, but he said he had got his dress and all was right. He then went out, and I closed and locked the door after him, and then got back into bed.

But I was not to sleep. I had been very sleepy when Shaw disturbed me, but an entirely different feeling possessed me now. First came a nervous twitching in my limbs—a "crawly" feeling, as some express it—that sensation which induces gaping and yawning, but which no amount of yawning could now subdue. By and by a sense of nightmare stole over me; and, though awake, a sense as of impending danger possessed me. At length, so uncomfortable did I become in my recumbent position, that I arose and lighted my lamp, resolved to replenish my fire, and dress myself, and see if I could read away my nervous fit.

My lamp was lighted, and as I returned to the bedside for my slippers my attention was attracted by a string which lay upon the carpet—a string leading from the bed to the door. I stopped to examine it and found it fast at both ends. I brought the lamp and took a more careful survey. The string was a fine silken trout line, new and strong, one end of which disappeared beneath the bed and the other beneath the door. In my then present condition I was suspicious of evil, and my senses were painfully keen. Raising the hanging edge of the coverlet, I looked under the bed. The carpet bag which Laban Shaw had left lay there, partly open, with the silken line leading out from it. What could it mean? Had the man accidently carried the end of the line away with his night dress without noticing it? I drew the bag out from beneath the bed, and as I held its jaws apart I saw within a double barreled pistol, both hammers cocked, bright percussion caps gleaming upon the tubes, while the silken line, with double end, was made fast to the triggers! And I saw that the muzzles of the pistol barrels were inserted into the end of an oblong box or case of galvanized iron. And I comprehended, too, that a very slight pull upon that string might have discharged the pistols, and, furthermore, that a man outside of my door might have done that thing!

For a little time my hands trembled so that I dared not touch the infernal contrivance; but at length I composed myself, and went at work. First, I cut the string with my knife; and then, as carefully as possible, I eased down the hammers of the pistol, after which I drew it from the iron case. I had just done this when I heard a step in the hall outside my door. Quick as thought I sprang up, and turned the key, and threw the door open, and before me, revealed by the light of the lamp, stood Laban Shaw. He was frightened when he saw me, and trembled like an aspen. I was stronger than he at any time, and now he was as a child in my hands. I grasped him by the collar, and dragged him into my room; and I pointed the double-barreled pistol at his breast, and told him I would shoot him as I would shoot a dog if he gave me occasion.

He was abject and terrified. Like a whipped cur he crawled at my feet, and begged for mercy. His master had hired him to do it with promise of great reward. It had transpired that my testimony before the jury would be conclusive of Butterworth's guilt, and Butterworth had taken this means to get rid of me. In his great terror, the poor accomplice made a clear confession, and when he told all I released my grasp. He begged that I would let him go, but I dared not—my duty would not allow it. I rang my bell, and in time, the hostler, who slept in the office, answered my summons. I sent him for an officer, and at length had the satisfaction of seeing my prisoner led safely away.

On the following day the carpet bag was taken before the grand jury and the iron case examined before an experienced chemist, assisted by an old armorer from the arsenal. It was found to contain a fulminate of mercury, mixed with bits of iron; and it was the opinion of both the chemist and the armorer that the power of the explosive agent, had it been ignited as it was placed, beneath my bed, would not only have been sufficient to blow me to atoms, but that it would also have literally stripped and shivered to fragments all of the house above it!

And a single pull of that silken string would have been sufficient to this horrible end! And but for my nervous waking—my incubus of foreboding—the destroyer would have come; the fatal cord would have been touched, the mine sprung, and I should have been launched into eternity as upon the lightning's bolt!

And so Gabriel Butterworth did not procure the destruction of my testimony, but through that testimony the grand jury found cause for indictment of far graver character than had at first been anticipated, and of those graver charges he was convicted. Seth Damon received back the full sum he had intrusted to the false man's care and shortly afterward I entered into business with him, and to-day Seth Damon and I are partners. Laban Shaw came out from prison and went to Idaho. I have not heard of him since. Gabriel Butterworth did not live to serve out his full term of sentence. —Chicago Ledger.

Economizing the Lay-Out.

Mrs. W. was a thrifty and practical soul, and she came of a family which through all the country side was renowned for being "near." In other words, she came of a race of people who were the reverse of generous, and in herself she was, it may be added, the flower of their qualities. She had an excellent husband, but he was stricken down with typhoid pneumonia, and one morning the physician in charge announced to the weeping wife that he could live only a few hours at most. In her way Mrs. W. was fond of her husband, and she was greatly affected by the verdict which announced her approaching separation from. The scene between her and her husband was affecting in the extreme, and the nurse, who was present in the background, was moved to tears by the fervor of Mrs. W.'s grief.

"George" the weeping wife said at last, "what clothes do you want to have on when— when—"

Tears choked her utterance, and her husband feebly murmured that it did not matter to him any more how he was arrayed.

"Then you won't mind, dearest," she said between her sobs, "if we put on your old pants? The new ones haven't been worn but once, and we can send them back to the tailor, and no one will notice what sort of pants you have on in the cof—cof—coffin."

Dear George was too far gone either to care what trousers were used for the arraying of his remains for the tomb or to appreciate the perfection of his wife's economy; he simply moaned and gave up the ghost, leaving his wife free to practice any economical device that should occur to her frugal mind in the arrangements which followed in doleful sequence.

He Ought to Have Sworn Off Sooner

From the Hartford Times.

An interesting case was received Thursday evening at Johns Hopkins Hospital, in Baltimore. The patient has animals in the shape of snakes living in his blood. He is from Charleston, S. C., and has suffered from his peculiar disease more or less for twenty years. Many times his blood has been examined under the microscope, and the snake-shaped parasites have always been found present. This is the first case of the kind to put in an appearance at Johns Hopkins Hospital. Only twenty-five cases of this disease are said to have been reported in this country.

Cost of a Soldier.

The annual cost per man in some of the armies of Europe is: £64 in Great Britian, £52 in Austro-Hungary, £46 in Germany, £22.16 in Russia. Switzerland comes at the bottom of the list with an annual cost of £7 per man.—Chicago Times.

Instruments of Torture.

It is stated that the renowned collection of mediæval instruments of torture at Nuremberg has been sold to a London company. Prima facie we should doubt that the municipality of a town so famous for its antique relics would be willing—or, indeed, would be permitted—to dispose of a collection unique, so far as we know. Nor do the projects of the London company, as described, incline us to the faith. But the report is circumstantial. Our enterprising fellow citizens propose to exhibit their treasures in the chief towns of Europe, and then to put them up for auction. Furthermore, it is asserted that the authorities of Berlin already look forward to the sale, and meditate buying the lot in bulk.

Doubtless an exhibition of the appliances of torture, authenticated by at least the belief of generations, would draw prodidgiously. It is strange how few instruments of the sort survive possessing serious claims to confidence. Our own specimens in the tower are just as authentic as the block on which, as the worthy beef eater declares, Anna Boleyn lost her head. It is easy to understand that the governer or officials in charge of an old state prison would destroy such terribly irritating objects if they had time, when threatened by events that might lead to an exposure. Thus we are not surprised to learn that no machinery for torture was discovered in any of the Inquisition buildings that have been seized. But there are so many cases where it seems improbable that they would have removed or broken them up, that one is led to suspect the executioner may have kept his smaller instruments, at least, in his own quarters. —London Standard.

The Story of a Vicissitudinous Career.

At Saint-Gall, Switzerland, an old colonel named Martignoni has just died at the age of 80. He had abundant opportunity for acquiring a practical knowledge of men and manners. No romance-writer would dare to give to his hero a career so varied as that of old Martignoni. He began life as a lawyer. Then he turned soldier and fought in the war of the Sonderbund. At the close of that struggle he rose to the bench and served as a judge. Then fortune deserted him and he went down hill until he became a street-sweeper in New York, and afterward a waiter in a coffee and cake saloon. Soon afterward he managed to get to California, where he became a miner. Having been cured of gold fever, he went to England, joined the army, and served under the English colors in the Crimean war. At the end of that difficulty he went to the Argentine Republic. There again fortune deserted him and in a few years he returned to Europe. He labored as a railroad conductor, a policeman and a town clerk, and at last settled down to a quiet life in his native country. His final request was original and easy granted. It was that nobody, except the undertaker and his assistants, should attend his funeral.—New York Sun.

A Good Ghost Story.

New York World.

As I lay awake one night I saw coming through the door a small volume of smoke that gradually enlarged until it assumed the figure of a rather tall lady. It kept advancing backward until it reached the center of the room, the train fully extended the while. I viewed the apparition of smoke, and there was a bridal dress, a marvel of the dressmaker's art. I was so absorbed with the make-up of the trousseau I hadn't noticed the face, but when I did there stood my aunt, who had been in Europe for years. In that face I saw such terror, anguish and pain depicted that I could hardly refrain from crying with pity. Suddenly she turned her face full on me, lighted up with a heavenly smile, and then gradually faded away.

In about a fortnight I received word saying that on the date of my vision occurred the nuptial ball of my aunt, when she, with five others, was burned to death, their clothing having taken fire. Inquiry proved that my vision was a counterpart of her trousseau, even to her ornaments and the dressing of her hair.

The Squadron of Evolution.

Boston Budget.

In a certain would-be literary circle in Boston there is a lady who prides herself upon her intimate knowledge of things in general and of the English language in particular, and in her small but exclusive set she is looked upon as an authority. When the fleet was here several of her friends were gathered at her house, and one of them asked:

"Why do they call it the squadron of 'evolution'?"

"That is very simple answered the lady of the house;" the simplest thing in the world. For a long time they have been at work trying to devise the best kind of war ships, and this is the result; this is what has been, 'evolved.' And so they call it the 'squadron of evolution.' See?"

And then she lay back in her chair, satisfied that she had enlightened her visiters. And the best of it was that they thought, and think to this day that her explanation was correct.

The death of Walker Blaine is a startling illustration of the uncertainty of human life. For years the life of his illustrious father has hung upon a slender thread, and at times his condition has been so critical that his taking off would not have been a surprise to his friends. But his son, in the very prime of his vigorous young manhood, has seemed sure, if any one could be sure, of a long and useful life. Now he is stricken down, after a few days illness, while his father remains to mourn him.