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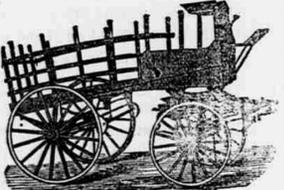
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### IN THE EVENING.

The night has come with all her silver train,  
The moonlight sleeps the sea,  
The hour is come that I can rest again  
And dream of thee.

The air is still, the western sky is gold,  
And far on lawn and lea  
The shadows bring the happy thought of old  
And dreams of thee.

The sweetest hour of summer day is ending;  
The song of bird and bee  
To the still time their influence is lending,  
And sing of thee.

The rest serene on earth and heaven, ringing  
No rest to me;  
No song to me the lonely night bird singing,  
Weary for thee.

Thy shadow haunts the balmy summer even,  
By land and sea;  
Between me and the happy moonlit heaven  
Rise thoughts of thee.

I stand beneath the stars, whose quiet shining  
But brings to me  
The thought of olden times, the weary pining  
For thee, for thee.

The lime tree's breath comes wafted from the river--  
The same old tree  
Where, in the happy years gone by forever,  
I stood with thee.

O God! to see the calm, familiar faces  
Of sky and sea;  
To see all things unchanged in the old places,  
But only thee.

To feel the longing will, the yearning weary,  
The face to see;  
To feel earth's brightest scenes grow pale and dreary  
For want of thee.

And know that while the stars shine on in heaven  
No sun shall bring to me  
Thy presence. Only as it came this even,  
In dreams of thee.

—Blackwood's Magazine.

### THE MISSING VALISE.

I was returning to Petersburg, after an absence of some weeks. As our train stopped at Twiss a young man got in, who, while not particularly shy looking, had the air of a big school boy out for a holiday. In taking his place in the compartment he first, with great care, put in the netting a leather valise, which evidently contained something precious, as he scarcely took his eyes off it during the first hour of the journey.

You know how tediously monotonous a railway is—one quickly tires looking through the window of the coach at the straight line of road flying past in the midst of plains of a weary sameness of aspect—and to relieve the tedium of the long, uneventful journey the passengers naturally began to chat and exchange opinions and confidences, prompted alike by enmity and curiosity, and our young man would have found it a difficult matter to escape from his share of interrogation. His great anxiety lest an accident should happen to his valise was so apparent to all that one of the passengers remarked on it to him in a jocular way.

He reddened a little and replied: "It is true, I do feel anxious, for I am a traveler for a large jewelry establishment and am held responsible for a large sum, the value of some diamonds in that valise, which I am charged to deliver in Moscow."

This answer astonished me not a little, I confess. The first principles of prudence should have consoled him to conceal the nature of these valuable articles. It seemed to me that he was decidedly a novice in his business, thus to disclose before so many strangers the fact of his having a fortune in his possession. I do not know why—for his explanation was plausible—but I felt a distrust of him, and set myself to watch his movements from that time on. There was an affectation of too much calm in his manner, I thought.

During the chatter and pleasantries common among fellow travelers, when people talk without considering what they say, the conversation turned upon wonderful cases of theft and diamond robberies, and, little by little, instances were cited wherein the skill and rapidity of the thief were marvelous.

The young jeweler was advised to keep a sharp lookout for his diamonds. Was not Gen. Somaroff recently a victim to the cleverness of a robber, who actually abstracted a bundle of rubies from the inside pocket of his coat?

"Oh," said the young man, "I am not uneasy; I am used to this sort of thing"—a statement which I did not believe. I could not help feeling he was not accustomed to the charge of gems of such great value; he had the face of a child, with a child's soft, sweet, innocent expression, unfamiliar with care or responsibility of any kind.

On reaching Kiln we all got out to stretch our legs by a stroll on the platform, and the young jeweler, evidently not wishing to make himself remarkable, followed our example, taking his valise in hand as though unwilling to part with it for an instant. As the passengers crowded toward the door he was pushed violently forward by some one in the throng. At the same moment the conductor appeared and refused to allow us to leave the carriage. The train was behind time, he said, and instead of the usual stoppage at Kiln a halt of merely a minute's limit was made. While he spoke the locomotive whistled for the train to proceed.

As we regained our compartment in somewhat straggling order the young jeweler uttered a cry of fright, which, notwithstanding all effort at control, was one of agony.

"I have been robbed!" he cried.

It was true. Some bold operator, who from an adjoining compartment had overheard our conversation and been allured by what he thus learned, had attempted, with success, the robbery of the jewels. They were gone—the thing was done!

The young man still held in his grasp the handles of his valise, which had been adroitly cut, and in the pressure of the crowd he had not felt the loss of weight. He gazed around with an indescribable expression of terror. His despair was truly pitiable, and it was as much through sincere sympathy for the unfortunate youth as the excitement of an incident thus breaking the tiresome journey that the passengers surrounded him with extreme interest and curiosity. The theft had been accomplished with surprising skill and rapidity, and each

one had something to say on the subject.

"It is incredible."  
"We had only time to leave our seats and return to them again."  
"It seems like magic."  
One man declared that the conductor must be notified at once.  
"No—no," stammered the young jeweler.  
"Why not?" queried the other; "here you are with valuable diamonds stolen from you, and you do not wish it to be known. No one left the train at Kiln, therefore it is impossible that the thief has disappeared. Your valise is still in one of the carriages; no doubt hidden beneath one of the seats."  
"No, no; do nothing," implored the unhappy youth. But the other did not stop to listen; he had already started to inform the conductor, and in a moment returned with that functionary, to whom he offered a string of suggestions as to the best means of recovering the lost jewels.

The conductor hesitated to take action in the matter, but upon reaching the next station secured the assistance of two police officers, whom he put in charge.

"The baggage of the passengers should be searched," said the man who had constituted himself the leader in the affair, and so the officers ordered.

At once a vigorous search began as the train rolled onward. The news spread quickly from the locomotive to the baggage wagon, and every one yielded with good grace to the examination. The young jeweler alone betrayed an uneasiness; his face became livid, and he swayed back and forth as though on the verge of fainting.

The search was unsuccessful, and the officers shook their heads in a doubtful manner.

Suddenly our obliging neighbor, who had shown decided instincts as a detective, and who entered into the work with ardor, caught sight of a passenger who, wrapped in a voluminous cloak, had seemed to sleep during the turmoil. Approaching him, he threw aside the cloak, and disclosed to view the missing valise!

"Ah," said he, with a triumphant air, "I knew well it was not far off."

The passenger thus disturbed did not, however, appear put out by the discovery.

"Leave me alone," said he; "the valise is mine."  
"Yours!" cried the man; "why, the handles are missing! You are too cool by far. What do you think of the impudence of your thief, my young sir?"—turning to the jeweler, proud of the role he had so successfully played—"you recognize your valise, do you not?"

The poor young fellow lost his head. He should have thanked the man for his zeal, taken back his property and thus terminated the affair; but he obstinately replied, "No; it is not mine."

The thief breathed again, the perilous moment passed. "You see," said he, with a superb disdain.

But our amateur detective was not convinced—he would not give up the battle. "I recognize it myself," he cried; "I am not blind; for the matter of that, it is easily determined if this be the missing valise or no. We know that the one we seek contains diamonds—here will be incontestable proof. Hand me your key, sir; we shall soon arrive at the truth of this matter. I cannot comprehend your doubts on the subject."

But at this moment a terrible cry was heard. The young man rushed madly to the platform of the coach and threw himself headlong under the wheels of the train, which crushed him into a bleeding mass.

As you will have divined, the young man who passed as a traveling jeweler was, in reality, an agent of the Nihilists, and the valise he guarded with so much care and anxiety contained, not diamonds, but models of newly invented explosives which were to be tested for the first time by a committee in Moscow, whither he was taking them. The wretches who had given him this abominable commission had evidently chosen a young student fresh from college.

At the next station the valise was opened and found to contain the infernal machine, which explained the resistance offered by the unfortunate youth to the discovery. He had no doubt come to the conclusion that all was lost. In his desperation he did not consider that he could have prevented the opening of the valise by acknowledging the property; he possibly saw in a vision the result of finding its contents. He feared arrest, and that it would force him to break vows implicating others, and being unable to cope with it he rushed to his destruction.—True Flag.

### Strange Telephone Wire.

Whether we shall ever be able to see our friends at a distance, as we now talk with them, is something for the science of the future to determine, but if we ever do so it will doubtless be through the mysterious connection between light, electricity and the element selenium.

Selenium belongs to what is known as the sulphur group of elements. It is remarkable for the wonderful property by which its electrical conductivity varies according to the amount of light falling upon it, just as the chemical relations of silver are altered by the same means.

By this singular property of selenium Professor Bell was enabled to construct an optical telephone, and actually transmitted words and sentences between two distant points which were not connected in any way except by a beam of light, which faithfully carried the vibrations of his voice to a selenium disk, by which they were transformed into electric energy and reproduced in an ordinary telephone.—Youth's Companion.

### How to Eat Cheese.

Whether or not to eat cheese with the knife and fork is a somewhat vexed question, but the best authorities on etiquette proclaim this as inadmissible, excepting in the case of the soft, creamy cheeses, such as Brie and Neufchatel. Rochefort, Gorgonzola and other cheeses of a similar consistency do not necessitate the interference of the knife or fork, but may be safely taken in the fingers.—Jeune-Miller Magazine.



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