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Selected Poetry.

LITTLE BESSIE,
And the way in which she fell Asleep.

Hug me closer, closer, mother,
Put your arms around me tight;
I am cold and tired, mother,
And I feel so strange to-night!
Something hurts me here, dear mother,
Like a stone upon my breast;
Oh! I wonder, wonder, mother,
Why it is I cannot rest.

All the day while you were working,
As I lay upon the bed,
I was trying to be patient,
And to think of what you said—
How the kind and blessed Jesus
Loves His lambs to watch and keep,
And I wished He'd come and take me
In His arms, that I might sleep.

Just before the lamp was lighted,
Just before the children came,
While the room was very quiet,
I heard some one call my name.
All at once the window opened:
In a field were lambs and sheep;
Some from out a brook were drinking,
Some were lying fast asleep.

But I could not see the Saviour,
Though I strained my eyes to see;
And I wondered if He saw me,
Would He speak to such as me;
In a moment I was looking
On a world so bright and fair,
Which was full of little children,
And they seemed so happy there.

They were singing, oh! how sweetly!
Sweeter songs I never heard;
They were singing sweeter, mother,
Than our little yellow bird;
And while I my breath was holding,
One so bright upon me smiled,
And I knew it must be Jesus,
When he said, "Come here my child.

"Come up here, my little Bessie,
Come up here and live with me,
Where the children never suffer,
But are happier than you see."
Then I thought of all you'd told me
Of that bright and happy land;
I was going when you called me,
When you came and kissed my hand.

And at first I felt so sorry
You had called me; I would go;
Oh! to sleep, and never suffer—
Mother, don't be crying so!
Hug me closer, closer, mother,
Put your arms about me tight;
Oh! how much I love you, mother:
And I feel so strange to-night!

And the mother pressed her closer
To her overburdened breast;
On the heart so near to breaking
Lay the heart so near its rest.
At the solemn hour of midnight,
In the darkness calm and deep,
Lying on her mother's bosom,
Little Bessie fell asleep!

A. D. F. RANDOLPH.

A Thrilling Adventure.

One Woman and Two Husbands.

Many years ago a young Englishman, a medical student named Astley, went to Lima. The love of adventure was strong upon him, and all he met with in his own country was too tame to satisfy it. Proud of the profession for which he was studying, and trusting to it for subsistence, strong and healthy in body and in mind, he left England with a bold heart, and this was the life he led, and what came of it.

At a time when the difficulty of procuring subjects for anatomical study was great, and when to procure them honestly was impossible, and the prejudice against dissection was so strong that no one was willing to submit the body of any one connected with him to examination, it is well known that there were men who made it their business to obtain, at no small risk, bodies, generally those of the newly-burried, which they sold to surgeons, medical students, or indeed to any one who stood in need of the ghastly commodity.

This class, known as "body snatchers" and "resurrection men," has died out since there is happily now little prejudice against what has been triumphantly proved to be a necessary branch of scientific study; but at the time of our story their hideous work was a thriving and profitable one.

Richard Astley, in common with the rest of the profession, availed himself of their services, and many times in the black night his door was opened to those who did not knock, but who were expected and waited for, and who, entering silently, stealthily deposited a dead burden upon the table prepared for its reception. Old and young, men, women and children, all in time lay upon that grim table, and Astley's skillful instruments cut their way to secrets that were destined to benefit the living.

Though he was not hard-hearted, it was not unnatural that in time he should grow so much accustomed to the sight of his subjects as to feel nothing but a momentary pity, as he put aside the clustering curls of infancy, or uncovered the face of a man struck down in the glory of his years.

One night, as many nights before, the stealthy visit was paid, and Astley took his lamp to examine the new subject. Neither strong man nor tender child this time, but a young and beautiful woman. The dead face was so lovely that it did not seem possible that the light in the closed eyes could make it lovelier. The fair hair had fallen back, and gave no shade to the white brow, and the long fair lashes lay in a thick fringe upon the violet tinted underlids.

She was very tall and slender, and her hands—one of which hung down as she lay upon the table—were long and perfectly shaped. As Astley lifted the hand to lay it on her breast, he thought how beautiful it must once have been, since now, when there was not the faintest rose-tint to relieve the deathly pallor of it, it was so exquisite. She wore one garment, a long flannel shroud, very straightly made, through which scanty drapery her slender limbs were distinctly visible, and below which her delicate feet were seen, bare to the ankle.

Astley was troubled as he had never been before. The idea of treating this beautiful corpse as he had done all others brought to him in like manner was repulsive to him, and he recoiled from it as from the thought of sacrilege. But how could he rid himself of the lovely incubus? It was possible that the men who had brought it might be bribed to take it back again, and if they should refuse—but he was incapable of distinct thought upon the subject, and could only determine that in any case the beautiful thing before him should be treated with reverence and respect. He gently covered it from head to foot with a long white cloth, and locking the door of communication between his bedroom and the room in which it lay, threw himself upon his bed without undressing, for the night was nearly gone.

But his sleep was broken, and his dreams were feverish, and in some way all connected with what lay in the next room. Now it seemed to him that she glided in through the locked door, with hands folded on her breast, and eyes still fast closed, and stood by his bedside, and now the dream was that he had opened a vein in one of the delicate arms, and that warm blood poured from it fast; and finally he awoke with a cry of horror from a ghastly dream that he had entered the room,and found that some unknown hand had anticipated him in the work of dissection.

The horror was upon him after he woke to know it was a dream, and opening the door he looked in upon the table. No change there of any kind. The long sheeted figure lay in the half light of dawn as he had seen it before in the lamplight, very straight and still.

It was not until nearly noon that Astley raised the covering to look once again upon the lovely dead face, and when he did so saw with wonder, not unmixed with terror, that a change had come upon it. He could not tell what it might be; the deathly pallor was there still, but in some way the face was not the same. He looked into it long and curiously. Surely a change had passed over the eyes, for though they were still fast shut, they looked now as though closed in sleep rather than in death He lifted an eyelid tenderly with his finger; there was not death in the eye; unconsciousness, trance, there might be, but not death.

He was certain now that she was not dead, though he could find no life in her pulses. For hours he strove to call back the spirit, until at length color returned, and warmth, and life, and she lay before him sleeping tranquilly like a child. He had placed her on his bed, and now sat by her side with a throbbing heart, to await her awakening.

She slept so long, and in the waning light looked so pale that he feared she was again about to fall into the strange deathly trance from which he had with so much difficulty recovered her. In his terror of that he cried out to her to awake, and the sound of his cry awoke her with a start.

He had prepared a speech that was to calm and reassure her when she awoke bewildered to find herself so strangely clothed and lodged; but she no more needed calming and reassuring than an infant too young to know its mother from any other woman. She looked round with a wondering gaze that was almost infantile, and her eyes resting upon Astley she sat up in the bed and asked him in his own language for food. It was evident that she had no recollection of illness and neither anxiety nor curiosity as to her present position.

She ate the food that was brought to her with appetite, and would have risen from the bed apparently unconscious that she wore no garment but a shrowd, had not Astley persuaded her to lay down and sleep again.

He left her sleeping, and went on to another room profoundly puzzled. Here was this beautiful woman, ignorant, and almost helpless as a child, thrown upon him for protection, as it was clear that she did not remember anything which would lead to the discovery of her friends. It was possible that her senses had left her altogether, never to return; the lovely creature might be a harmless idiot all the rest of her days. Her speaking English was another puzzle. She might be an English woman—her beauty was certainly of the Saxon type—or she might only have learned the English language; but if so how came that knowledge to have been retained when all else seemed gone?

His perplexity was interrupted by the entrance of the cause of it. She stood at the door wrapped round in one of the bed coverings, looking at him with a sweet, childish vacant expression that was touching in its helplessness. I must call her something, he thought, as she stood apparently waiting for him to speak; "her name shall be Mary."

"Are you better, Mary, and will you sit in this chair?"

She paid no attention to the inquiry, but took the offered seat and began silently rocking herself to and fro. It had such a ghostly effect to see her there by the lamplight, robed in the long white drapery, with her beautiful face still pale, no longer deathly, rocking herself in silence, that Astley felt a sensation very like fear thrill through him, for he could not bear this. He took up a book, the first that came to hand—it was an English one—and offered it to her, asking her if she would like to read.

She took it with a childish smile, and laying it upon her knees began to flutter the leaves backward and forward, playing idly with them.

"Good heavens!" said Astley to himself, "she is mad, imbecile at any rate; I must do something with her."

But it was impossible to think with her before him, and, taking her by the hand, he said:

"Now, Mary, you must go back to bed, and to-morrow—"

She did not wait for the end of the sentence, but rose at once to do as she was bidden, threw down the book, and letting fall the coverlet that had enveloped her, walked quietly back to the inner room.

Astley fastened the door, and felt as if he were going mad from sheer bewilderment. She must have clothes the very first thing, and how were they to be procured without taking some one into his confidence? Even if he knew where to go for them, he knew nothing of what a woman's clothes should be. It was evident then that some one must be told of the extraordinary adventure, and it was evident that it must be a woman in whom he confided, as he required practical help of a kind no man could give him.

The morning dawned before he could arrange any settled plan, and finally he decided that he could not if he would rid himself of the charge of her, therefore she should remain in his house, and he would tell all to the one acting as his housekeeper, who chanced to be absent at the time, but whose return he was expecting that very day. He would bind her to secrecy by the most solemn oath he could devise, and if she failed to keep it, why—at any rate he was in a terrible scrape, and this seemed the best thing to be done. The woman returned early in the day, and Astley at once told her all, and implored her assistance. To his great relief she agreed at once to do all that lay in her power for the unhappy young girl, and a few arrangements made, Astley left the house for the day, determined to shake off the unpleasant impression which the whole thing had made upon him.

Returning at night, he found Mary comfortably clothed and looking less pale and ill. His housekeeper told him that she had been dressed like a child, having apparently no idea of assisting herself at all.

It would be impossible to describe minutely how intelligence dawned and grew swiftly in the poor girl's mind. It was not a gradual growth from infancy, but came in fitful snatches. The greatest change came first, when her face brightened from its sweet, blank vacancy of expression at Astley's approach, and then she began to wait upon him like a loving child, and he with infinite patience taught her to read and to write. She also learned to sew, and was not unskillful in such woman's craft; but what he taught was learned quickest, best.

Two years passed and Mary had developed so rapidly that she was much like other women in knowledge and acquirements, but she had no memory of anything before her trance. Astley told her the whole story, and urged her to try to recall something of the time before; but it was in vain, her memory was gone. And the present time was so happy that they cared little for the past. She was something belonging so entirely to him, even her life she owed to his care, and loved him so intensely, there being no one in the world whom she knew or loved besides, that he could not fail to be very happy; and the mystery of the bond between them enhanced its charm.

They were married, and still she lived in the same privacy as before; her husband and his love sufficed for everything, and she shrank from entering a world of which she knew so little.

Astley's acquaintances had long ago decided that if he was not mad, he was at least eccentric enough to make his society undesirable, and had fallen off one by one, leaving him none but a profession. He had the reputation of being skillful, and his practice was a large one; his spare hours were devoted to his home which was his heaven.

Two more years passed, years of most perfect happiness. Mary differed now in nothing from other women, save for that blank existence of more than twenty years. Her memory of that time never returned. She lived entirely within doors; Astley had one evening taken her for a walk, and the unaccustomed sights and sounds of the streets had terrified her so much that he never repeated the experiment.

At times a longing to introduce his beautiful wife to his old friends and relatives in England was very strong, but the difficulties of explanation, or of deceit, which it would involve, combined with her extreme aversion to the project, always prevailed, and the idea was dismissed as if the thing was impossible.

Six years had passed since the eventful night when Mary had been brought as dead to Astley's door, when walking one day in the streets of the city, he had met an old friend whom he had not seen since his departure from England. The recognition was mutual, and Astley insisted upon his friend's returning with him to dinner. The invitation was cordially given and willingly accepted, and thinking to surprise Mr. Holt by the sudden sight of his wife's loveliness, he said nothing of his being married, picturing to himself what his astonishment would be when he saw her.

Though he had anticipated some evidence of surprise, he was quite unprepared for the excess of emotion displyed by Mr. Holt upon his introduction to Mrs. Astley. The color left his face for a moment and then returning violently dyed it crimson, and the words of acknowledgment were stammered out almost unintelligibly. Recovering his composure by a strong effort, he offered his arm to lead Mrs. Astley to dinner, but she quietly declined it, laying her hand upon her husband's. During the whole time of dinner, Mr. Holt scarcely moved his eyes from Mary's face, who did not seem at all disturbed by his intense gaze, and took no notice of her guest beyond what hospitality demanded.

Astley's suspicions were excited long before the meal was ended, and his heart took a jealous leap as he thought it possible that his friend was falling in love with his beautiful wife. He cursed the impulse that had induced him to bring Holt home with him, and busily invented excuses for ridding himself of his guest as soon as possible.

Holt's agitation increased to positive illness before long, and rising, he asked Astley to accompany him to another room. He was scarcely able to walk, and Astley took him by the arm and asked him if he were ill.

"Ill!" he groaned. "I wish I were dead." He sat down and covered his face with his hands.

"You will think me a fool, Astley, but the likeness of your wife to mine has overcome me. I was married eight years ago I married an English girl with your wife's hair and eyes; brought her over here directly of our marriage, and we lived the happiest life in the world for two years—and then she died."

Astley was silent. He could think of no words of consolation that would not be a mockery to a man who had lost such a wife as Mary.

"Died," Holt continued, after a pause, "while I was away from her. I had gone a three days' journey, leaving her in perfect health, and I returned to find that she had died suddenly immediately after my departure and was already buried."

"How long ago?" asked Astley, hoarsely. A horrible light was beaking in upon him.

"Six years. I left Lina the following day. I never even visited her grave, but returned to England at once; and now after these years I find your wife so like her in every feature that my old wound is torn open a fresh, and intolerable anguish has made me cry out in this way."

Astley started up and laid his hand upon his friend's shoulder with a grasp like a vice. His voice was harsh and dry, and his eyes were bloodshot and staring.

"Holt, for God's sake, let us do nothing rashly! Come with me to your wife's grave, and let us be very sure."

Holt looked up and saw all in Astley's face.

"Speak," he shouted; "she is my wife! Tell me how you met her, speak quickly while I can hear you, for there is a sound of a cataract in my ears that deafens me!"

And he fell in a swoon at Astley's feet.

He might have died in it for Astley could revive him. He stood blindly staring at the pale face, but was incapable of so much as holding out a hand to him.

Holt came to himself before long, and rising up, haggard and wild, repeated his demand that Astley should tell him where he had met his wife.

And he did tell him, sparing nothing; saying plainly out that she had been brought to him by the body snatchers as a subject; that she had lain as dead upon his table for a night, sheeted and shrouded like a corpse.

"And you dared—" burst in Holt, who was almost beside himself.

"I saved her life," said Astley, gently; he had softened as he thought of that restoration. "Will you come with me to the grave that we may be very sure?"

"No, no, no," Holt moaned; the fury was passing away, and giving place to a dull sorrow. "I can bear no more. It is certain, more certain than death, that your wife is mine. God help us!"

Which of the men was the most to be pitied?

There were some moments of horrible silence, in which each heard the beating of his heart, like a heavy drum. Holt spoke again.

"Ask Edith to come here. Surely she cannot have forgotten me?"

"Mary—I call her Mary. It will only distress her. I give you my word of honor that she has no memory of anything before the trance."

But when he saw the passion in Holt's face he judged it best for his sake that she should come. Since he chose to hear from her own mouth what he had refused to believe from his friend's, he should do so.

She came quickly at the sound of the loved voice and glided into the room, looking like an angel of peace between two evil spirits. She stopped short as she caught sight of Astley's face all drawn and set with the effort to suppress his emotion, and then threw her arms round his neck with a cry of love and terror.

But he unwound her arms, and for the first time drew back from her embrace.

"Mary, my love"—Holt's eyes flashed fire at the tender words and tone—"tell Mr. Holt, if you remember anything in your life before you awoke from your trance in this house?"

"I do not," she said; "I remember nothing. I have said it so many times."

"Swear it," cried Holt.

"I swear it," she said; "by my husband, Richard Astley."

Poor Holt! He threw himself at her feet, clasping her knees, and crying passionately:

"Edith! have you forgotten me your husband, David Holt? Oh, my darling, you must remember me, and how happy we were for that short two years?"

But she broke from his grasp, and threw herself into Astley's arms crying out:

"Send him away! What does he mean! Send him away!" She was pale and trembling with terror.

"Let her go!" shouted Holt; "or by—" The oath was stopped by Astley.

"Holt, God knows I will try to do what is right, and for her sake I ask you to be calm." He placed her in a chair, where she sat weeping for very fright, and went on:

"You shall say all you can to bring the past to her memory, and if she can remember in the faintest degree, I will give up my claim to yours. But if she does not—oh, Holt, I saved her life!" The struggle was an awful one, and shook him as the wind shakes a reed.

"You tell her," said Holt, bitterly; "perhaps she will believe what you say. At any rate, she will listen to it!"

It was hard to begin the cruel task; yet for her sake he undertook it, his voice trembling, though he tried with all his will to steady it.

"Mary, love, listen. You know that you must have lived twenty years before you was brought here that night."

"I do not know," she said; "I cannot remember."

"But it must have been so, for you were a woman then."

"I cannot understand," she repeated. "I have no recollection of anything before that time."

Astly turned to Holt with a look of agony. "You see how it is; let us end this torture."

"Give me back my wife!" said Holt, fiercely.

"You will not take her," Astley cried, as the thought of his doing so against her will struck him for the first time.

"She is mine," said Holt. "Go on; tell her the whole story. If she does not understand it, she will believe it when you tell her."

The sneer with which the words were spoken was a cruel one, but misery had made him cruel, and scarcely knew what he said or did.

And Astly told her all in a few words. She looked bewildered.

"It must be true if you say so, but I cannot recollect; and oh, Astley, I love only you."

"She must come with me," shouted Holt, savagely. The demon had got the better of him, and the poor wretch, mad with jealous pain, spoke bitter and unjust words that made the terrified woman cling more closely to Astley for protection.

The scene must be ended for her sake, and Astley besought Holt to leave them till the next day, when, if they could but decide upon what was right it should be done. For her sake, too, he condescended to plead with the frantic man; and seeing that Mary had fainted in his arms, he laid her down, and led Holt from the room, that the sight of her might no longer madden him. His rage died out from simple exhaustion, and throwing himself into a chair, he wept like a child.

Astley roused him. "Holt, be a man. This is an awful tragedy; I wish to Heaven I had died rather than played my part in it. There are not upon the earth two men so broken-hearted as you and I. Let us accept what is inevitable, but let us spare what anguish we can to that unhappy woman. Leave me now and to-morrow I will see you again."

Holt rose passively. "Your are nobler than I," he said, as he turned to go.

It seemed to Astley that his grief was but beginning when he tried to explain the whole thing clearly to Mary. The torture of putting into words was so intense that all before was nothing compared with it, when at length she comprehended, and asked him if he wished her to leave him, even that agony seemed slight contrasted with what he endured in telling her he believed she ought to do so.

Loving as she was, she could not comprehend the sacrifice to duty which Astley was striving to make and her thorough ignorance of the world rendered it impossible to make her understand what her position would be if she remained where he was. And yet this was a case—so Astley tried to persuade himself—so extraordinary, so different from anything that had ever been in the world before, that no law, human or divine, could apply to it. But above all the thought rose dominant, that by whatever mysery of unconciousness deprived of memory, she was still Holt's wife and not his, and with this thought piercing him like a sharp sword, he said he believed she ought to leave him.

She rose up, cold and proud in a moment, and would have left him then, but at the threshold her spirit failed, and she turned again to throw herself at his feet with tears and sobs.

Night has veiled many sights of woe, the clouds of night have many times been pierced by cries of anguish, bitter cries for faith and patience, going up above the stars right to the feet of God, but night never shrouded deeper woe than this, bitterer cries never pierced the shuddering darkness.

When the morning dawned they were both very calm and still. Their tears were shed, and their eyes were dry. He had decided for the right, though his heart was broken in the conflict; and she, woman-like, had accepted the right, not because it was so, but because he said it was so.

"I shall die," she said, in a voice from which all passion had departed. "I can bear no more and live, but I can bear even this and die."

Who can describe that parting? When the sun set, it was upon Astley broken-hearted and alone. Holt had taken away his wife.

Seven days passed, and Astley never left his desolate home. He made no distinction of day or night, but lay down to sleep—if the stupor which from time to time rendered him unconscious could be so-called—at any hour that sleep came to him.

At the close of the seventh day he tried for the first time to look his fate boldly in the face. "I am not dead," he said, "therefore it is clear that this grief will not kill me." That night he undressed and went to bed.

The night six years ago, when the sheeted figure lay upon the table, and dreamed fantastic dreams of terror connected with it, came to mind more distinctly than it had ever done before. His sleep was broken and feverish, and haunted by wild dreams. Twice he awoke feeling certain that he had heard a knocking at the door and twice he slept again when he found that all was silent. But he awoke a third time in the gray dawn and heard the sound again, feeble knocking at the outer door, which ceased suddenly. He rose, determined to ascertain the cause; he unbarred and opened the door, and there fell forward across the threshold the dead body of Mary.

THE TWO VILLAGES.

Over the river, on the hill,
Lieth a village white and still;
All around it the forest trees
Shiver and whisper in the breeze;
Over it sailing shadows go
Of soaring hawk and screaming crow;
And mountain grasses, low and sweet,
Grow in the middle of every street.

Over the river, under the hill,
Another village lieth still;
There I see in the cloudy night
Twinkling stars of household light;
Fires that gleam from the smithy's door,
Mists that curl on the river shore;
And in the roads no grasses grow,
For the wheels that hasted to and fro.

In the village on the hill,
Never is sound of smithy or mill,
The houses are thatched with grass and flowers,
Never a clock to toll the hours;
The marble doors are always shut,
You cannot enter in hall or hut;
All the villagers lie asleep,
Never again to sow or reap;
Never in dreams to mourn or sigh,
Silent, and idle, and few they lie.

In the village under the hill,
When the night is starry and still,
Many a weary soul in prayer
Looks to the other village there;
And weeping and sighing longs to go,
Up to that home from this below;
Longs to sleep in the forest wild,
Whither have vanished wife and child;
And hearing, praying, this answer fall;
"Patience! that village shall hold ye all."

Poor Rich and the Rich Poor Man.

Young men cannot learn too early that money alone does not make a fortune. A bag of doubloons was no bing to Robinson Crusoe. Whole chests full of gold were worth less than a single rough plank to the returning Californian when the great steamer was on fire.

Money is only worth what it will buy. Old Ben W—— was counted a rich man in my childhood. He had money in stocks and many farms with old buildings on them. He lived in one of the worst and rented the others. A few old straggling currant bushes decorated his front yard, and there were several wild cherry trees which bore abundantly around the place. He made butter and cheese, and raised fat cattle for the market, which all brought him in ready money. Hard drudgery was the order of the day at his house from January to December. He was a hard man to deal with, and furious at every new demand for clothing from his large family. The boys learned early to shift for themselves, and the poor girls married unhappily to escape from the dismal home tyranny. Ben. W—— died rich, as the world called it, but who would covet such riches?

There was a poor miller who lived just across the stream, who only owned his house and little farm, but oh, how much richer and happier than the churlish miser! His house was buried in roses, and before it were two well-kept flower-beds, with no uncommon flowers in them, but just the ones the children love best. A grand row of locust trees shaded the sidewalk, and on the sunny, southward slope were such cherry trees as we seldom see now-a-days. The garden abounded with well-pruned currant and raspberry bushes, red and white and black, and a fine grapevine ran over a pleasant arbor. It was thirty years ago, and the modern cultivated small fruits were unknown, but Mr. Mather had made the most out of common material. He had a succession of delicious fruits from the time the gooseberries came until the winter apples were gone, and many cups and jars of preserves and bags of dried fruit were stored away in the capacious pantry for winter use. Within doors thrift and taste and neatness combined to make the house one of those sunny pictures which the mind delights to recall. When his day's work at the mill was over, you might always see the cheery miller at work in his garden with hoe, or pruning-knife, and though quite poor and compelled to dress most plainly, there was not a family in the place whose table was supplied so luxuriously, and all from the fruit of his own industry.

Remember, young men, it is the little comforts of life that make you independent rich men; you may be poor with millions—you may be rich on four hundred a year.

If you own a little farm, a beautiful home, though it may be small, a cow, a horse, a garden full of fruit and vegetables, a poultry-yard and such like luxuries, you may count yourself among the rich men. If you would have such an estate, remember you must delve for it.

☞ When a man dies, people ask "how much property has he left behind him?"—But the angels, as they bend over his grave, inquire "what good deeds hast thou sent before thee?"—*Mahomet.*

Proving an Alibi—A Shrewd Trick.

Many years ago, a gentleman, followed by a servant in livery, rode into an inn in the West of England, one evening a little before dark. He told the landlord that he should be detained by business in that part of the country for a few days, and wished to know if there were any amusements going on in the town to fill up the intervals of time.—The landlord replied it was their race and assize week, and that he would, therefore, be at no loss to pass away the time. On the gentleman's making answer that this was lucky, for that he was fond of seeing trials, the other said that a very interesting trial for robbery would come on the next day, on which people's opinions were much divided, the evidence being very strong against the prisoner, but he himself persisted resolutely in declaring that he was in a distant part of the country at the time the robbery was committed. His guest manifested considerable anxiety to hear the trial; but, as the court would probably be crowded, expressed some doubt of getting a place, but that, to prevent any accident, he would himself go with him and speak to the sheriff.

Accordingly, they went into court the next morning, and the gentleman was shown to a sent on the bench. Presently after, the trial commenced. While the evidence was giving against him, the prisoner remained with his eyes fixed on the ground, seemingly very much depressed, till, being called on for his defense, he looked up, and seeing the stranger, he suddenly fainted away. This excited some surprise, and it seemed, at first like a trick to gain time. As soon as he came to himself, on being asked by the judge the cause of his behavior, he said:

"Oh, my lord, I see a person who can save my life! That gentlemen,' (pointing to the stranger) 'can prove I am innocent' might I only have leave to put a few questions to him."

The eyes of the court were now turned on the gentleman, who said he felt in a very awkward situation to be called upon, as he did not remember ever to have seen the man before, but that he would answer any question that was asked him."

"Well, then," said the man, 'don't you remember landing at Dover at such a time.

To this the gentleman answered, 'That he had landed at Dover not long before, but that he could not tell whether it was on the day he mentioned or not.

"Well," said the prisoner, "but don't you recollect a person in a blue jacket and trowsers carried your trunk to the inn?"

To this he answered that, of course, some person had carried his trunk for him, but that he did not know what dress he wore.

"But," said the prisoner, "don't you remember that the person who went with you from the packet, told you a story of his being in the service, that he thought himself an ill-used man, and that he showed you a scar he had on one side of his forehead?"

During this last question, the countenance of the stranger underwent a considerable change. He said he certainly did recollect such a circumstance; and on the man's putting his hair aside, and showing the scar, he became sure that he was the same person.

A buzz of satisfaction now ran through the court, for the day on which, according to the prisoner's account, this gentleman had met with him at Dover, was the same on which he was charged with robbery in the remote county. The stranger, however, could not be certain of the time, but said that he sometimes made a memorandum of dates in his pocket-book, and might possibly have done so on this occasion. On turning to his pocket-book, he found a memorandum of the time he landed from Calais, which corresponded with the prisoner's assertion. This being the only circumstance necessary to prove the *alibi*, the prisoner was immediately acquitted, amidst applause and congratulations.

Within less than a month after this, the gentleman who came to the inn attended by a servant in livery, the servant who followed him, and the prisoner who had been acquitted, were all three brought back together, to the same jail, for robbing the mail.

A Defence of Pretty Women.

After all the world is so very absurd in its love of pretty women? Is woman so very ridiculous in her chase after beauty? A pretty woman is doing a woman's work in the world, but not making speeches, nor making puddings, but making life sunnier and more beautiful. Man has foresworn the pursuit of beauty altogether. Does he seek it for himself, he is guessed to be poetic, there are whispers that his morals are no better than they should be. In society resolute to be ugly there is no post for an adonis, but that of a model or guardsman. But women does for mankind what man has ceased to do. Her aim from childhood is to be beautiful

Even as a school girl she notes the progress of her charms, the deepening color of her hair, the growing symmetry of her arm, the ripening contour of her cheek. We watch, with silent interest, the mysterious reveries of the maiden; she is dreaming of a coming beauty and panting for the glories of eighteen. Insensibly she becomes an artist, her room is a studio, her glass an academy. The joy of her toilet is the joy of Raphael over his canvas, of Michael Angelo over his marble. She is creating beauty in the silence and loneliness of her chamber; she grows like any art of creation, the result of patience, of hope, of a thousand delicate touchings and retouchings. Woman is never perfect; never complete. A restless night undoes the beauty of the day; sunshine blurs the evanescent coloring of the cheek; frost nips the tender outlines of her face into sudden harshness. Care plows its lines across her brow; motherhood destroys the elastic lightness of her form; the bloom of her cheek, the quick flash of her eye, fade and vanish as the years go by. But women is still true to her ideal. She won't know when she is beaten, and she manages to steal fresh victories even in her defeat. She invents new conceptions of womanly grace; she rallies at forty, and fronts us with the beauty of womanhood; she makes a last stand at sixty, with the beauty of her age.—She falls, like Cæsar, wrapping her mantle around her—"buried in woolen! 'twould a saint provoke!" Death listens pitifully to the longings of a lifetime, and the wrinkled smiles with something of the prettiness of eighteen.

"You have played the deuce with my heart," said a gentleman to a lady who was his partner in a social game of whist at an evening party. "Well, replied the lady with an arch smile, "it was because you played the knave."

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