Select Poetry.

Told By Twilight.

Come close to my side, my dear brother,
To-night I have something to tell:
You've been faithful and fond to me always,
And I have loved you passing well,
From the time we were children together,
And you in my arms oft have laid,
Until now—you are getting quite portly,
And I am "a scraggy old maid,"
'Tis true I've had one or two offers,
But nothing to tempt me from you;
Long ago I was smitten by Cupid,
And my heart to its first love prove true.
You remember your friend, Harry Raeburn,
With dark hair and tender blue eyes;
You would never have guessed that he loved me,
(I'm prepared for that start of surprise).
Yes, loved me! his eyes oft betraying
The words that his lips could not frame;
While I used to look for his coming.
And thrill at the sound of his name.
Tall, handsome, and straight as Apollo,
Yet lacked he the courage to speak,
Of the love which his looks told so plainly,
As to bring the warm flush to my cheek.
But I waited and kept my own secret.
So carefully hid in my breast,
Till at last he believe that I cared not,
Any more for him than the rest.
He left us, and Time soon effacing
The semblence of girlish fifteen,
Fled awistly all thought and remembrence
Of the past and, and what might have been.
There's a place in my heart yet remaining.
And of memories sweet still a store,
Where the love of my youth yet abideth,
As handsome and fair as of yore;
While Harry long since had been married
And calls three tall daughters his own;
Is gouty, of rubicund aspect,
And weighs nearly seventeen stone!
The hopes which are sown in Life's spring-time.
But seldom in Autumn we reap;
Don't you think it is best thus, my brother?
Dear me! he has gone fast asleep.

Miscellaneous

The Maniac's Last Card.

A Fearful Adventure in Chicago.

I have a "weakness for good hotels when I travel, and invaribly make inquiry before I reach a strange city in regard to the characters of its hostelries, in order to endevor to stop at the best one when I arrive.

Thus, by its fair repute, I found myself ascending the granit steps of the substancial as well as showy "Sherman House," on a recent visit to Chicago. Passing through the lofty vestibule, I entered the office, and under the eye of the affable clerk entered my name and requested to be shown to a room, or at least to have my baggage sent to a room rather under than above the fourth story, for I am not heavenly-minded in my desire for accommodations in cities where fires are frequent and disasterous to life as well as property. Why should I be, when my fairer-half will not let me get my life insur'd!

The polite clerk looked at my name and residence, and whether he knew it or not, evidently made up in his mind that I was *somebody*, for he courteously placed a room on the second floor at my disposel, and added that all the resources of their house should be drawn from to make the stay of *Colonel Minturn* agreeable. How the duce did he know that an eagle had ever graced my shoulder, when I registered only the plain *Mr.* before my name?

But no matter about that. As I turned, well pleased, from the office, I was met by a tall, very genteel looking young man, whose dress and address when he spoke to me were of a nature to attract favorable notice and receive respectful attension. His face, though exceedingly pale, was very finely featured and expressive, and his large, dark eyes had a strikingly sad, mournful look, which actually sent a saddening chill over me when I met his gaze.

"I beg your pardon, sir, were you not in Nashville, Tennessee, some years ago, boarding at the City Hotel?" he said.

"I was, sir," I answered, instantly.

"I met you there, sir, in company with General Zollicoffer," he continued.

"You were an intimate friend of his."

"Yes, sir."

"I remember well," continued the stranger, "a street difficulty that you had in consequence of your denouncing gambling very severely in General Zollicoffer's paper. And words uttered by you in the parlor of the hotel after you had foiled an attempt to assassinate you, struck me very forcibly—would to God I had acted upon the warning given. 'A professional gambler,' you said, 'was more dangerous than a thief, for he not only robbed his dupes of their money, but of their character, their self respect, their sense of honor, and in a little while brought them on a level with himself.'"

"I do not remember making the particular statement," I responded, "but I do not doubt that I did, for such has been my opinion all my life, and I have never been backward to express it."

"Here is my card, sir—excuse a self introduction, but I am so glad to see you in Chicago, just at this time, that I cannot avoid requesting you to permit me to become better acquainted with you."

"*Sterret K. Leland*"—that was the name on the neatly written, not *engraved*, card which he handed me.

"A gentleman—no snob," I mentally ejaculated, as I took the card and replied: that being an entire stranger in the city I should be pleased to make his more intimate acquaintance.

"What will you do with yourself this evening?" he asked.

"I scarcely know," I replied, "my old friend McVicker has a place of amusement open."

"Oh hang the theatres. They are stale, flat and unprofitable, to what I will show you!" he cried. "You shall see some of the hidden life of Chicago, and like as not a tragedy may fall in your way, for they are common, *very* common here."

"Very well, Mr. Leland," I replied, "I will place myself in your friendly guidence for the evening, and should we meet with any adventures which will lay the ground-work for a sketch or a romance, both I and my publishers will feel obliged to you."

"You shall have it, colonel—you shall have it," he responded in an imperious tone. "I will be at your room at nine o'clock this evening, ready for a cruise, and if you have arms, you may as well see them ready for use. We may visit a class who make it a business to get *money*, the little care *how*, so that it *is* got."

And bowing, Mr. Leland left me, while I, decidedly pleased with him, made my way to my room to wash away the dust of travel and make some changes of apparel.

This done, I looked to a pair of revolvers, which have traveled over half the globe with me, and after seeing that they were loaded and capped, went down to the reading room to while away the time until tea was announced.

At nine o'clock precisely, Mr. Leland came to my room, and being ready, I have assented to his proposed to walk.

After reaching the well lighted street, he remarked that the house which he intended first to visit was some blocks distant, not far from the lake.

"It is the most fashionable gambling house in town," he said, "and you will here see some of the first men in social and political position, that we have men who have been infatuated like me by the fiendish passion for gaming, and who will be ruined—*ruined* as I have been!"

The startling emphasis with which he uttered this last sentence told *that* he had *cause* for the intense feeling which he exhibited.

Then, after hesitating a moment, he said:

"Knowing your aversion to those demons of cards and dice, colonel, I feel sure of your sympathy. Therefore, before we go in the hell of the gamblers I will show you what was once a heaven to me—show you the angel who has shed the only light upon my shadowed life—who has clung to me when despair was dark in my soul."

He hurried on while he was speaking, and, after we had gone a distance of four or five blocks, perhaps more, turned into a small neat door yard and, with a night key, opened the door of a small cottage.

It was evidently his home, for he passed in and beckoned me follow.

Entering a parlor, plainly furnished, yet clean and in perfect order, he bade me be seated, and at the same time called, in a loud voice:

"Emily! Emily!"

An instant after, a sylph-like form, dressed in plain white—a lady who did not seem out of her teens—so young, so very fair, and very pale—entered.

"My wife, Colonel Minturn. Emily, you have known this gentleman before, through his writings. Colonel Minturn of the ALBUM and WEEKLY."

"I am ever happy to see your friends, Sterret!" she answered, as she bowed to my respectful salution.

"We are going to spend an houre or two in seeing Chicago life, dearest," he continued. "But I could not refrain from bringing the colonel here first, that he might see what I had to live for."

A strange beseeching look passed over the face of the lovely young wife, and an almost inaudible sigh left her lips. But she only said:

"Please do not remain out very late, husband. You know how lonesome I am without you!"

"I never keep late hours, Mrs. Leland," I remarked, "therefore be sure that I shall send your husband home soon."

"Thank you sir," she answered, in the same low, flute-like voice and we then rose to start upon our tour of observation.

After leaving the house, Mr. Leland walked on a few steps silently and then said, in a husky voice, tremulous with emotion;

One year ago I owned that house and all in it. Now—*now*—I am within a breath of beggary. I am in it only by favor—could be turned from it empty-handed in an hour. And all this has been done by gambling and its greatest helper, strong drink."

I knew from his tone that he spoke the truth, and when I thought of that beautiful, frail-looking child-wife, my heart ached to think what she might suffer if driven forth from the home which had once been so happily her own.

But while I was sadly pondering this thought, he paused before a dark looking brick house, with the shutters closed before every window.

"Here we are!" said he, "follow me but say nothing to signify your opinion of what you see at present."

And after ringing a bell and whispering a pass-word, when the door opened, he passed in with me close by his side.

It was like most houses of its class. First after passing the porter, we went through a hall and up stairs to an ante room in the second story, where a second cerberus kept guard. He seemed to know Leland, for we were at once passed on to the elegantly furnished and brilliantly lighted rooms beyond, where I found even at that early hour filled with the mad children of *chance*.

Faro, roulette, dice—all were ready in different parts of the elegant rooms, while still farther up, the clatter of glasses and plates told that the usual enticements and incitements of the gambling house were to be found.

For a little while we wandered about the rooms looking at the men, old and young, but mostly genteel and well dressed, who were in the vain search for "luck," and then Leland in a low, quivering voice, said:

"Colonel, this night decides my fate. To-day, I obtained without *her* knowledge, all her jewelry—the gifts of myself and of dear friends in other and better days. I have got an advance on it, and I am going to try to break that bank. God help me if *I* get broak instead, and God help my poor Emily!"

I would have remonstrated with him and led him away if I could, but a single glance at the fire in his dark eyes told me how useless any attempt would be in his then mood, to offer a man's sympathy and honorable services in her hour of misery and need.

I found no difficulty in going directly to the house. When I reached it, I found the doors open and a crowd of excited people inside. The body of Sterret Leland had been carried home with inconsiderate carelessness. There it was on the rude door which had been used for a bier, and with a sheet over it down upon the blood-stained breast, there lay the sylph-like creature whom I had seen the night before.

No sound came from her lips, there was not even a tremor in her form. Could it be that she was frozen with this sudden and terrible grief? A female friend, a neighbor, spoke to her. No answer—she did not even move when spoken to.

A physician bent down and laid his hand kindly on her wrist.

"God has been merciful!" he said solemnly, as he dropped the pulseless hand. "She can know no more suffering."

It was true. Her great misery, so sudden, had broken her already overburdened heart, and *she was dead!*

Oh ye, who in the mad moments, with fiendish art, have striven to ruin with cards and with drink, think, if think ye can, whom else besides your dupes you drag down to misery and to death!

A Thrilling Revolutionary Story.

God is everywhere. His words are in the heart. He is on the battle-field or in our peaceful home. Praise his holy name.

It was in the wilds of Wissahicon on the terrible day of battle, as the noonday sun came through the thick clustered leaves, that two men met in deadly conflict near the reef that rose, like some primeval world, at least a thousand feet above the dark waters of the Wissahicon.

The man with the dark brown face, and dark grey eyes, flashing with deadly light, and a muscular form clad in a blue frock of the Revolution, is a continental named Warren.

The other man, with the long black hair, drooping along his cadaverous face, clad in the half military costume of a tory refugee, this is a murderer of Paoli, named Dehaney.

They met by accident, and now they fought not with sword and rifle, but with long and deadly beating knives they struggled, twining and twisting on the green sward.

At last the tory is down—down on the turf, with the knee of the continental on his breast—the uprised knife flashed death in his face.

"Quarter! I yield!" gasped the tory, as the knee was pressed on his breast. "Spare me, I yield!"

"My brother" said the patriot, in a tone of deadly hate, "my brother cried for quarter on the field of Paoli, and even as he clung to your knees, you struck that knife into his heart. O, I will give you the quarter of Paoli!"

And his hand was raised for the blow and his teeth were clenched with deadly hate. He paused for a moment, and then poised the tory's arms and with a rapid stride dragged him to the verge of the rock, and held him quivering over the abyss.

"Mercy!" gasped the tory, turning ashy pale by turns, as that awful gulf yawned below. "Mercy! I have a wife and child at home—spare me!"

The continental, with muscular strength gathered for the effort, shook the murderer once more over the abyss, and then hissed his bitter sneer in his face.

"My brother had a wife and two children. The morning after the night of Paoli that wife was a widow; those children orphans! Ask mercy from them."

The proposal made by the continental in mockery and bitter hate was taken in serious earnest by the terror-stricken tory. He begged to be taken to the widow and her children, and to have the privilege of begging for his life. After a moment of serious thought,

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the patriot soldier consented [illegible] bound the tory's arms still tight[ly] glanced him on his feet, and led [him] through the woods. A quiet cott[age] embosomed among the trees, broke [upon] their eyes. They entered the cour[t] There beside the [illegible] at the widow and her children.

She was [a] about 28 years [old], a deep, dark [eye] hanging in [dark] shoulders. [Her] haired boy of [some] other six years; on [her] with light [hair] the mother's knee.

And the patriot told to[ry] hung his upon his knees, and confessed that [he] had butchered her husband on the [field] of Paoli, and begged his life at [her] hands.

"Spare me for the sake of my [wife] and child!"

He had expected this pitiful [appeal] would touch the widow's heart, but one relenting gleam softened her

"The Lord shall judge between [us]," she said, in a cold, icy tone, that [chilled] the murderer's heart. "Look the [widow] in my lips [and] and let my fierce son place his finger [on] random upon a line, and by that [line] shall it be or die."

This was a strange proposal [to make] good father of a widowed dark [eyed] sition of children times. For a [moment] the tory pale as ashes, was wrapt deep the sight, then in a faint voice signified his assent.

Raising her large eyes to heaven, mother prayed to the Great Father direct the finger of fate. She [then] the book—she handed it to the [tory] whose clutch reddened with horror, the gazed upon his mother's murderer. He took the Bible and opened it [at] pages at random and poised his finger upon a verse. There was a silence. The continental stood there, who had to avenge his brother's death, stood dilated eyes and parted lips. The prit, kneeling upon the floor, with face like discolored clay, felt his leap to his throat.

Then in a clear, bold voice, the widow read this verse from the Old Testament; it was short, yet terrible:

"That man shall surely die."

Look! The tory sprang [up] to plunge the knife into the widow's heart; but the tory pinioned arms clings to the widow's knees. [He] that one more trial may be made, little girl, that child of five years with golden hair and laughing face.

The widow consents. [There] awful pause. With a smile on [her] and without knowing what she did, the little girl opened the Bible [and] on her mother's knee; she turned face away and placed her finger on a line.

The awful silence grows deeper, deep drawn breath of the [tory] the broken gasp of the murderer disturbed the stillness. The [little] dark haired boy are breathless. The little girl, as she caught a glimpse of awe from those around, looked at her face turned aside, and her fingers resting on the lines of life.

At length, gathering courage, the widow bent her eyes upon the line and read. It was from the New Testament:

"Love your enemies."

O look of terrible majesty, [of] love of simplicity that crushed [him] with rapture; in a verse so [familiar] by than there; in that long [ago] Wissahicon, when it saved the [tory's] life.

Now look, how wonderful are the ways of Heaven. That very [tory] the widow sent by her fierce [son] with a crushed heart and [heart] thinking of her husband [who] on the drenched field of [Paoli] was a tap at the door. [Oh] and that husband living, [returned] ed with wounds, was in [her] arms.

He had fallen at Paoli [among] death. He was alive, and [was] ing on his bosom.

That night there was [a] thanksgiving in that [woodland] cottage of Wissahicon.

Mother.

From our earliest infancy [we] cling to our mother. She [is] all times. Night after night [we] are tossing upon a bed [of] watches over us with [untiring] ole fare, thinking of [nothing] which relates to our [comfort] upon the battle field, [after] a victory, and all is [silent] [illegible] upon [the] and [illegible] to light [illegible]