

## TROUBLE.

*From manuscript left by the late Gov. Gen. L. Curry.*

With aching hearts we strive to bear our trouble,  
Though some surrender to the killing pain—  
Life's harvest fields are full of wounding stubble,  
To prove the goodness of the gathered grain.

With aching hearts we struggle on in sorrow,  
Seeking some comfort in our surest need,  
The dismal day may have a bright to-morrow,  
And all our troubles be as "precious seed."

As precious seed within the heart's recesses  
To germinate and grow to fruitage rare,  
Of patience, love, hope, faith of all that blesses,  
And forms the burden of our daily prayer.

With aching hearts we cling to heaven's evangel,  
The beautiful, the good, the true, the pure,  
Communing with us always like good angels,  
To help us in the suffering we endure.

Indeed, to suffer and sustain afflictions  
Is the experience which we all acquire,  
Our tribulations are the harsh restrictions  
To consummations we so much desire.

With aching hearts life's battle still maintaining,  
The pain, the grief, and death we comprehend,  
As issues we accept without complaining,  
So weary are we, anxious for the end.

Alas, so weary, longing for the ending,  
For that refreshing rest—that precious peace,  
That common heritage, past comprehending,  
When all our heart-aches shall forever cease.

## ENDEAVOR.

BY J. T. MORRISON.

As the world moves on, a weary sigh  
Escapes the lips of the passer-by,  
And under clouds or sunny sky  
Floats sadly out the moaning cry,  
Will disappointment ever  
Be the fruit of care and toil?  
The only product of the soil  
But pain for our endeavor?

As the world moves on, how little gain  
Comes from the labor of hand or brain;  
Man seldom doth the goal attain,  
His grandest efforts often vain;  
Appreciated never.  
Yet, mid the darkness and the gloom,  
The valued chaplet yet may bloom,  
If we but still endeavor.

As the world moves on, we still will strive,—  
With true courage keep our hopes alive,  
For without effort none can thrive.  
A useless drone in manhood's hive  
Should be abhorred forever.  
We'll gird our armor for the strife,  
And nobly battling with life,  
Continue our endeavor.

## THE DIAMOND PIN.

BY FRANK INMAN.

The detectives of the New York police force can tell many a curious tale of the doings of their light-fingered enemies, the professional thieves who infest that city. Among them is the following true story, narrated to the writer by an experienced official, now in charge of a precinct, but formerly

one of the "Chiefs' shadows," as the detectives were familiarly called :

The event occurred some years before the late civil war, when the celebrated Astor House was the headquarters of the political men, great and small, who visited the metropolis. A gentleman from a neighboring city (whom simply to designate we will call Mr. Drayton, although that was not his real name) was stopping at the famous hotel while engaged in some political business, and one afternoon he strolled into the office and happened to meet a friend who was of the opposite political faith. At the period in question there was much excitement in the country over some election—excited discussions of the political questions before the people were of common occurrence whenever men met at hotels, in the cars, and in all ber-rooms and other places of resort. As was to be expected, therefore, Mr. Drayton immediately became involved in an argument with his friend, they standing near the clerk's desk and not very far from the circle of arm-chairs around the office. As the discussion grew warmer, their voices were unconsciously raised until the loungers in the office began to drop their newspapers to listen to the really able remarks of our friend and his opponent, and at last a well-dressed person who had for some time been sitting quietly near the disputants, arose and coming forward with a courteous air apologized for intruding himself, and with a few well-chosen words ranged himself politically against Mr. Drayton and as an ally of the latter's opponent. The general appearance and manner of the man were so thoroughly gentlemanly that no offense was taken at his action—on the contrary he was welcomed by Mr. Drayton as an intelligent and worthy antagonist, and by the other gentleman as a timely assistant. As the conversation progressed, this stranger gradually took upon himself the whole task of confronting the arguments advanced by Mr. Drayton, and finally by his firmness of tone and eloquent presentation of argument almost silenced the latter gentleman, who listened with real admiration to his opponent's powerful logic and polished language. Of a sudden the stranger paused a moment, looked hurriedly at his watch, and remarking that their interesting conversation had

caused him to forget a business engagement, he frankly held out his hand to the two gentlemen; and then, just as he was leaving, he turned again and putting his left hand in a friendly way upon Mr. Drayton's coat lappel, he offered a final and conclusive remark on the topic of discourse, at the same time emphasizing his words by tapping gently with the fore-finger and thumb of his right hand on Mr. D.'s shirt-front, in which blazed a very large and valuable diamond pin, which had for many years been in the possession of its owner.

The stranger then gracefully bade the gentlemen good-day, and left the hotel. In the course of the day Mr. Drayton discovered that his diamond pin was gone! He searched everywhere for it—called the chambermaid and questioned her—made known his loss to the clerk of the hotel and to his friends, and finally went to a newspaper office and inserted an advertisement offering a large reward, with "no questions asked," for the return of the gem.

The next afternoon Mr. Drayton received a note requesting him to call, alone, at a certain house in a low and dangerous portion of the city, near the notorious "Five Points," then well known as the lurking place of the very worst class of law-breakers. The note stated that if he came in good faith, unaccompanied by any police officer, and with the stipulated reward, he would receive his pin and would be permitted to return uninjured—but that if any trickery was attempted on his part, it would be detected, and failure of his mission would certainly ensue.

Being a man of courage, and animated by a strong desire to recover his jewel, he went at the hour named, alone, with just the amount of the promised reward in his pocket, and on arriving at the designated house, or rather shanty, he tapped at the door in the manner indicated in the note. In a few moments the door was opened from the inside, and to the utter astonishment of Mr. Drayton there appeared the bland countenance and gentlemanly form of the courteous stranger with whom he had held the political argument the afternoon before at the Astor House!

For a moment Mr. Drayton was un-