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Miscellaneous.

MONDAY.

The wide river blazed with sunset light, the air was full of the scent of magnolias. There was no sight that was not beautiful, no sound that was not sweet, at Vue d'Liere.

A pink glow fell over Emma Haughton's figure as she stood on the window lawn among the cape-myrtles, all in a pink flower, the hem of her white dress sweeping the sward.

Nothing could have been more exquisite than the pure curves of her face, nothing more perfect than the infantile gold of her clustering hair. And her beauty suited the delicacy and sweetness of her spirit.

She was waiting for her husband. You would not have thought that she had a husband, she was so very young, so girlish, so flower-like. But she had been Guy Houghton's wife for six months, and he was young and handsome and happy as she. But she had always lived in seclusion at Vue d'Liere. It had been her patrimony.

Guy Haughton, who had moved in the great world for five-and-twenty years, knew more of its evil than she had ever dreamed.

As she stood there under the rosy branches of the cape-myrtles, a great dog, with a curly chestnut coat, suddenly bunded out of the shrubbery. He paused at sight of her, paused with one foot uplifted, eying her wistfully.

Then a young man, in his shirt-sleeves, came out of the shadows of the trees.

"Lon," said Mrs. Haughton, "whose dog is this?"

"Mine," replied Lon Mackenzie, advancing.

"He is very handsome. I did not know you had a dog, Lon."

The gardener—a dark, wiry, handsome fellow—smiled.

"I went in town yesterday with Mr. Haughton, to get an order for some young trees. Gentleman going away on the Liverpool steamer offered him to Mr. Haughton—he gave him to me. I call him Monday, for the day I got him, you see."

Mrs. Haughton smiled, indulgently.

"I'm very glad you have him, Lon. It's lonely sometimes on the sands, isn't it?"

Lon crushed his straw hat uneasily.

"Yes," he answered.

"How are your father and mother?"

"About the same."

"They are very old and infirm. You are a good son, Lon."

Lon smiled his dark, brilliant smile. The dog fawned on him, standing half way to his shoulder.

"Down, Monday!"

"His coat is fine and chestnut-colored, like the beautiful hair of a lady," said Mrs. Haughton.

A buggy whirled up the drive. Guy Haughton had arrived.

That night, his young wife dreaming innocent dreams, Guy Haughton was arrested for forgery. The stern arm of the law drew him from the delights of his home to the cell of a prison.

It was a direful day. No light could be seen to lift the pall of darkness.

A check had been presented at one of the principal banks of the city, signed by a name which proved to be falsely rendered. It had been received from Mr. Haughton's gardener, Lon Mackenzie, and Lon, on being searched for, was discovered missing.

In the night, but a few hours previous to the arrest of Mr. Haughton, he had left his home, a cottage on the sandy banks of the river.

But no one believed that the young gardener was guilty. The trick was too bold, of too great magnitude, for the work of an uneducated man. He had been a tool of others—of that sharp, brilliant master of his, they said. And with part of the notes found in Mr. Haughton's office-desk, who could doubt it?

Only, Lon had *discovered* his danger, and run away.

So the community said. Flint the detective, knew better. He came and stationed himself on the outskirts of the city, and did a little trading between the freedmen who had "truck patches" and the shippers of Southern fruits to the Northern markets.

By-and-by he found a beautiful quadroon girl cultivating strawberries. She spoke sweetly—she could read and write.

Flint managed to see her every day for three weeks.

She had told him that her name was Rosy. She and her mother owned the cabin and the strawberry patch. She was industrious, modest, respected, yet she looked sadder than most of her class.

Professionally, she was an object of great interest to Detective Flint. He watched her face, he listened to the tones of her voice, to her very breathing, when he questioned her.

She talked with him in a simple, modest, fashion. She showed little interest in the trouble at Vue d'Liere, even though she had occasionally sold strawberries to Mrs. Haughton. She had seen the missing gardener, Lon Mackenzie, once or twice, she said.

She always went on with her work steadily during these conversations.

Flint knew that a Southern girl, either black or white, seldom does that—seldom or never chats and labors.

His watch of Rosy grew more vigilant.

He went to the cabin one day, making an excuse of wanting washing done by Rosy's mother.

Rosy came to the door. She wore a white bluse, a red ribbon at the throat, and a skirt of dark worsted stuff.

As she stood in the doorway, shading her black-lashed eyes with her slim hand, the sun fell full upon her dress.

"I suppose now you have to keep a dog to prevent the niggers from stealing your strawberries?" said Flint.

"No," she answered, quietly, "we keep no dog."

"Don't like them, perhaps?"

"*Some* dogs," replied Royse, looking sadder than before.

"What colored dogs, now?" persisted Flint, in a careless manner, as he lit his pipe.

A faint crimson stained her creamy cheek.

"I think brown dogs are prettiest," she said, thoughtfully—"brown and curly."

At midnight all was still about the humble cabin.

The salt tide swelled up the river. The white sailed boats flitted noiselessly down.

The trumpet vine stirred in the breeze on the old sea wall. The bushes stood in dark clumps on the dusky banks.

Under these bushes a man lay smoking.

At a slight sound he turned the fire from his pipe down among the dewy grasses.

A dog came running down the shore. He leaped up the bank, sprang past him, and scratched at Rosy's cabin door.

He was instantly admitted.

Half an hour and he was noiselessly let out. A small basket was hung about his neck. He trotted down the shore.

Flint crawled out from under the bushes, and followed the dog.

It was Monday!

Faithful, sagacious Monday!—he was licking the hand of his master, hidden in a deserted fig-thicket, when they came upon him—strong officers of the law, against whom resistance is useless.

Detective Flint had been joined by two other men.

Lon Mackenzie was drawn from his retreat, and conducted to prison.

There he confessed to the forgery. He was singularly gifted with the power of imitating penmanship. He had implicated Mr. Haughton by placing the bills in his desk.

He had coveted the money to enable him to marry Rosy, he said.

Rosy and Monday had fed him for nearly a month.

He had made his confession, clearing Guy Haughton, and then—liberty is sweet! Love laughs at prison bars—Monday came into the prison with a tiny file hidden in his brown, curly coat.

The prisoner was missing next morning, and Rosy and Monday were missing too.

And this time Detective Flint was balked.

"How did you find the clue before?" he was asked.

"I saw the dog's hair on the girl's dress. A peculiar color. I knew he had been fawning on her. But the fellow is off this time for good and all. Gone over the water."

So spoke Detective Flint, out of his knowledge of the guild.

Printers' Devil.

BY J. B. C. HERR.

"Devil" is the term applied to the boy who does the drudgery work of a printing office, and is not of recent origin; for in former years it was commonly used, but of late its use has become less frequent, owing to the number of boys employed. On newspapers, the boy who waits on the editor for copy is generally termed the devil. In some offices each new apprentice in turn, during the earlier period of his service, acts as "devil."

Various accounts have been given of the origin of this phrase, all of which seem to have an equal foundation. One is to the effect that the early printer, being supposed by superstitious persons to produce copies of manuscript with marvelous rapidity by the aid of the black art, the Devil was deemed his natural assistant, and this word was, on this account, applied to printers' apprentices. Another story is that the term originated with Aldus Manutius, who, when he commenced the printing business in Venice, had in his employ, or rather in his possession, a small negro boy, who became known over the city as the "little black devil,"—a superstition having been circulated that Aldus was invoking the aid of the black art, and that the little negro was the embodiment of Satan. Aldus, to correct this opinion, which was giving him much annoyance, publicly exhibited his negro, making, at the same time the following characteristic speech: "Be it known to Venice that I, Aldus Manutius, printer to the Holy Church and Doge, have this day made public exposure of the printer's devil. All those who think he is not flesh and blood may come and pinch him."

The following, although it does not have such universal approval as the others, is nevertheless claimed as the origin of the phrase. In the year 1561, a book was published entitled "The Anatomy of the Mass." It had only one hundred and seventy-two pages, but the author, a pious monk, was obliged to add fifteen more pages to correct the blunders, so very inaccurate were the works of printers at that time. These mistakes he attributed to the special instigation of the Devil to defeat the work.

But if the simplest story is always the most correct, this, the last one, must surely carry off the palm. The first errand boy employed by William Caxton, the first printer in England, was the son of a gentleman of French descent named De Ville, or Deville, and the word devil, as applied to printers' apprentices, in the English language, had this innocent origin. But from whatever source this word originated, we believe that no one class has ever done more honor to a word of such insignificance as the Printers' Devils have to the term that is applied to them, for surely—

"Legislators,
Great debaters,
Scientific men,
Have arisen
From the prison
Of the printer's den."

The Deacon's Boy.

These are some of "John's" stories in the New York Sun:

Eccentricity, stewed down, turned over twice, and done brown on the edges, abounds in California. For instance, I saw a fellow with an awful gun, and I interrogated him what his gun had such a huge bore for, and he replied "it was to carry his dog in, so the game wouldn't see him." A temperance man out here disinherited his daughter because she married a man of the name of Todd; he was bound his money shouldn't be used for her little Todds. I met a warm friend of mine. I call him a warm friend of mine because his name is Cook.

Says I, "Where are you going?"

Says he, "Going a fishing."

Says I, "What's that bottle for?"

Says he, "That's my reel."

I thought his remarks were *apropos*, for there is a good lot of reel in a bottle of whisky.

One meets with queer people everywhere. I was in Brooklin once. There was a stereoscopic show, given for the benefit of a little church around the corner, in Gates avenue. The Rev. Mr. D—— was explaining the pictures to the audience. "This picture," says he, "represents Sampson carrying away the gates of Gaza." Just then a little rascal near the door yelled out, "Cheese it, Sampson, here comes a cop." If that boy had been caught there would have been a drop scene.

Old Deacon D——s was a good man. In my opinion he was better than Deacon Richard Smith, of Cincinnati, and he had no wicked partners. Deacon D——s was a deacon in the Rev. Dr. C——s church, in Court street, in New Haven, Conn. He kept a taylor's shop on State street. Deacon D——s did dislike playing cards exceedingly. He wouldn't touch a pack with a ten-foot pole. His son George would, though.

George was a great boy. Once he took it into his head to play Robinson Crusoe, and he ran away with a lot of other boys. To show that George had good judgment, he thought it possible that he might get caught, so he took the Bible along with him. He thought, and he thought rightly, that when his sire found he had taken a Bible with him, it would save him a licking. George and his friends walked eighteen miles to Bridgeport, and got caught in a snow storm. They got enough of Robinson Crusoe, and were sent home. The Bible saved George from a licking. We used to go down to the shop in State street after the stores were closed, and play whist. One night we were having a quiet game, when some one knocked at the door. There was a piece of black broadcloth on the counter by my side, and I thrust my cards between the folds. A young man entered, who was not reliable on the mum question. We chatted a while, put out the camphene lights, and went home. The next morning George came rushing into the store where I was, and he yelled out, "We are all going to the devil."

Says I, "What in the thunder's the matter?"

Says he, "The old man says we are all going to the gallows."

Says I, "What's up?"

Then he told me what was up.

Says he, "Parson C—— came down to the store this morning to pick out a piece of black broadcloth for a coat, and the old man went to show him a piece that lay on the counter, when, by thunder, out flew a whole lot of cards, and it looked just as though the old man might have put 'em there when the parson came in."

We dident play any more cards in that shop, and George is now a minister. "All's well that ends well."

A Toast.—Woman: the last and best of the series—if we may have her for a toast, we won't ask for any but her.

An Indiana man was lately buried in a coffin made from a tree which he planted. How happy he must have been!

Charles Lamb in speaking of one of his rides on horseback, remarked that "all at once the horse stopped, but I kept right on."

The proposition to introduce ladies as railroad conductors is frowned upon in view of the fact that their trains are always behind.

The New Bedford, Mass., editors are collecting big eggs by means of artful little paragraphs praising the persons who send in the eggs.

Owing to the stormy weather on Saturday of last week, only five ladies went to be divorced in St. Louis.

A cynic says marriage is often a dull book with a very fine preface. Sometimes it is "half calf," too.

"Hypochondriacism" is an elegant word, for which the world is indebted to the Cincinnati *Gazette*.

The Catholic burying ground at Benicia, California, was burned on the 7th.

The hymn for the Centennial—Old Hundred.

When does a chair dislike you? When it can't bear you.