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Poetry.

THE NEW BINGEN.

An Injun sat in the garden,
Drinking lager beer;
He had left his wigwam on the plains,
And his squaw she wasn't near;
But a Dutch girl stood beside him,
To hear what he should say,
And replied to his Injun jargon:
"*Nix cum haraus wat nix verstay!*"
This beefy Injun blubbered,
As he took that Dutch girl's hand,
And he said, "Me never more shall see
Me own, me native land.
Bear some message and a scalp or two
To those distant friends of mine;
For I am a big Injun—
Big Injun over the Rhine.

"Go tell my brother warriors,
As they sit the camp-fire round,
And listen to my story,
All squatting on the ground.
That I drank my lager bravely
From morn till day was gone—
Beat the Dutch at their own game—
Beat every mother's son,
For sprawled among those empty kegs,
Were some grown old on beer;
Injun never tasted none
Until he first came here.
'Mid all that throng not one can say
He ever heard me decline—
I tell you I am big Injun—
Big Injun all the time!

"Tell my mother that her other son's
Must comfort her old age—
Chase the Buffalo, scalp the driver
Of the overland mail stage:
For my father was a warrior bold,
And o'en as a papoose
I joyed to know that the old man
Was sound upon the goose;
And when he died and left us
To divide his scanty hoard,
I let them take whate'er they would,
But kept my father's—gourd!
Then take and fill it high with beer,
Let's see the lager shine—
Grosser glass for big Injun,
Big Injun over the Rhine

"Tell my sister not to whimper
Because she misses one,
When the Injun delegation
Comes back from Washington;
But gaze upon them proudly,
And never shed a tear—
Her brother's the only Injun
As ain't afraid of beer.
And if some brave her love should seek,
Then it would please me much
If mingled with his Injun blood
Was just a shad of Dutch.
I'd drink his health in this old gourd—
My father's gourd and mine—
To the honor of big Injun—
Big Injun over the Rhine!"

His voice grew faint and hoarser.
His legs seemed limp and weak;
He beckoned feebly with his gourd.
Hiccoughed—and ceased to speak.
A policeman bent to lift him,
The task it wasn't light;
The savage from beyond the plains
Lay 'cross the table, tight!
And the soft moon rose up slowly,
As the lights seemed burning lower,
And the loud, Teutonic music
Was drowned in the red man's snore!
He fell early in the battle—
'Twas only half past nine—
This boastful, beery Injun—
Big Injun drunk this time!

THE ANGELS OF THE DEW.

MRS. MARY B. DODGE.

T'was late in June—a deepening twilight crept
Within the garden wall:
No shape familiar its own meaning kept,
But shadowy, vague was all.

A peace that scarce would do the heaven's wrong
Reigned softly and caressed
The yielding senses; while cicada song,
Unhushed the silence blest.

The very measure of the long-drawn notes
So unlike other sound,
And heard afar from myriad hidden throats,
Made rest the more profound.

The flowers had shut their eyes yet breathed perfume
As children do in sleep;
The subtle charm was theirs of living bloom
In slumber folded deep.

I saw through space an angel form descend
Or, in my sure repose,
I felt it, rather—slowly, gently, bend
Above a dreaming rose.

The sweeping wings were level, only bowed
The star-illumed head:
Rare vesture falling like a fleecy cloud,
Soft with the twilight wed.

Divinest lips one lingering moment rest
Where sleep a blush enfolds;
And after, sparkling as the angel's crest,
The rose a dewdrop holds.

All-favored rose, methought none other here
But hence will own thy power;
When, lo! more spirits, fair as this appear,
Each guardian of a flower—

Each with a glory set upon the brow;
Each with the lucent wings;
Each with benignant hands, and will to bow
In holy minist'rings.

No more one only rose her diamond wears:
The tiniest bloom that blows,
The lowliest shrub its dewy gem upbears,
While lustre overflows.

The twilight fades—unearthly splendor gleams
Of gardens bathed in light;
Suffused with radiance only known in dreams,
I wake and find it night.

Selected Story.

OUR STRANGE VISITOR.

THE LIGHTHOUSE KEEPER'S STORY.

It was a wild night in November. The wind raged and swept round the lighthouse in fitful gusts, driving the sand in showers against its wall. Below, the sea heaved, beathing against the rocks with an ominous roar. The sleet fell in blinding clouds, and not a star [illegible] be seen in the heavens. All was dark, and naught was visible save when a cloud of spray dashed up in a white wreath against the beseting cliffs, and the glare of our lantern gleamed fitfully on it.

I had just come down from my watch, and was thinking of turning in, congratulating myself that duty did not call me to go out on such a night, when, borne to me on the gale, came the sound of a cry—something between a shout for help and a cry of distress. I listened. Could it be a boat in need of help? No; it came from landward. I listend again, but nothing further caught my ear.

I tried to persuade myself that my imagination had deceived me, and that it was only the cry of some sea-bird that I had heard, or a more than ordinarily unearthly wailing of the wind. But, do what I could, I could not get over the feeling that the cry I heard was of a human being in distress. The feeling grew so strong that, at last, seizing a stout stick, and taking up a lantern, I prepared to face the gale and make a search round about to landward.

I searched, waded through the sand-hills that lay behind us, stumbling over bushes and pieces of loose timber, half blinded by the drifting sand and sleet, but could find no one. I was preparing to return again after my fruitless hunt, when, as I got within a hundred yards of the lighthouse, a man—gaunt, tall, wild and dishevelled beyond description—advanced, or rather tottered toward me.

He stretched out his arms to me with an imploring gesture, and, uttering a half inarticulate cry, fell at my feet insensible. I had my flask with me, and poured some brandy down the wretched man's throat, and when he was somewhat revived, guided him with difficulty to the lighthouse.

When the light fell upon him, I beheld one of the most fearful sights I have ever witnessed. The man before me was almost a skeleton; the skin seemed scarcely to cover his high cheek-bones, his hair hung over his forehead in unkempt locks, and the lower part of his face was covered by a beard of a fortnight's growth. The few garments he had on hung in rags, and his feet and head were bare. He cowered by the fire without uttering a word, while I went to get food and drink for him; his eyes wandered restlessly and suspiciously around, and I half feared I had picked up some escaped maniac. He ate ravenously, as a man eats who has not tasted food for many hours, or, may be, for days, and then sat gazing into the fire again without a word.

"Well, mate," said I, "how do you feel now?"

He started, passed his hand over his forehead, and for a reply burst into a passion of tears and sobs. I was dumfounded.

"Come, come, mate, don't take on—the worst's over now! You're safe with us, and will be strong in a few days time; but it's been nigh too much for you this time—eh" I said, at length.

"Ay, indeed," he muttered; "I could not have held out another night in this weather. I owe you my life," he added, after a moment's pause—"I owe you my life;" these words he repeated several times very slowly, and with his great hollow eyes staring vacantly before him.

"Queer chap this," I thought. "The world's been too hard for him, I fancy."

"Well, mate," I continued, in a cheerful voice, "it's full time we should turn in; here's a shake-down for you."

"What, can I stop here to-night?" he interrupted, in a tone of surprise.

"Why, friend," said I, astonished in my turn, "I wouldn't turn a dog out of doors such a night as this, let alone a fellow-creature. Stay, and you're welcome. You'd best bide with us till you're a bit healthy again, for it's but poorly you look"—and I gave a pitying glance at his emaciated face and great, hollow sunken eyes.

He moved uneasily on his seat.

"Can I stop safely? I mean will any one come? Are you expecting any one?" and he eyed me keenly.

"No one," said I, with a laugh. "Why, in weather like this, we're cut off from the mainland sometimes for days."

He nodded, and looked more satisfied, and muttered a few words to himself, which I didn't catch.

"Queer customer," I thought; and taking an old mattress from beneath my bed, I gave it to him, together with one of my blankets, to make a bed with, and then turned in myself.

I didn't go to sleep at once, however. I wanted to keep an eye on my strange guest for a bit. He rolled himself quickly in the blanket and lay down before the fire, and in a few minutes seemed to be fast asleep, and I was just dozing off, when, with a cry of terror, he started from the ground.

"Mercy! mercy! Don't touch me!" he cried.

Then, with a shivering sigh, he covered his face with his hand.

"Blood, blood, blood!" he muttered.

"Hello, mate!" cried I. "Nightmare, I guess. Wake up!"

The sound of my voice aroused him, and looking curiously around the room, mumbling a few broken excuses, he arranged his blanket again and settled himself to sleep, and I did the same.

When I woke for my watch my curious visitor was still wrapped in his blanket, and seemed to be slumbering as peacefully as might be, before the dying embers of the fire. I looked at his face—the face of a man about forty, or, may be, a year or two less; he was so emaciated I couldn't say exactly. He didn't look like a working-man; his features were regular and refined.

Well, two or three days passed over. The gale had spent itself, but the weather was still unsettled, and we were on the look-out for more storms. No human being, except our waif, had come near us for more than a fortnight, and, for all we knew of what had taken place in the world during that time, England might have become a republic, or France a monarchy again.

I had striven to make friends with our guest and to find out what sort of a fellow he might be; but I found that, at the end of three days, I knew him no better than I did on the first, he was so cautious and reserved. I began to think that he was really a bit queer in his head, his ways were so strange. He would sit all day long by the fire, never stirring, eating but little, and talking less, but muttering uneasily to himself at times; and if the door opened suddenly, or an unexpected noise was heard, starting with a look of terror painful to behold. He was quite inoffensive; yet, on the whole, I could not like him. I distrusted his wavering, wandering eyes. He never looked one straight in the face, and this made me think he might be a bit out of his mind. But when I said this to my mate, he shook his head and said, "Look out for yourself, Tom!"

At last the weather settled down, and our visitor showed signs of making a move; I couldn't let him go forth in the rags I had found him in. So Will (my mate) and I set him up in clothes of our own, such as they were. And when he had trimmed his beard a bit, he didn't look so shabby. The day before he was to leave us, an old man who brought us our letters and odds and ends from the nearest town, when the weather permitted arrived.

Old Jim brought us a good budget this time, and as usual, came in to have a chat and smoke a pipe or two.

"What news, Jim?" said Bill.

"News? Why, not much; only Alice Grooves"—pretty Alice we called her—"has been murdered!" he replied.

"Murdered! How? When?" we cried.

"Aye, by her sweetheart, they do say; though, if he were her sweetheart, they kept their secret pretty close. I see 'em together, though, once or twice. A fine gentleman he was; too fine for an honest girl's sweetheart, I was thinking. But no one knows for sure who did it. Poor little Alice! I mind when she were a little thing, how she'd come a-trotting after my cart, and saying, 'Take me up a bit, old Jim, and I'll give you a posey;' and now she be's a lying there in the churchyard with a wound an inch deep in her bosom.

"Douglas Crofts, he were her sweetheart, a traveller for a large London business—jewelry and silk, and such like, for the women folk. He were a fine-looking chap, too, I mind; and twice last Summer I heard he were down at Halcomb, staying at the 'White Horse,' and 'twas at Jim Anson's, the miller, Alice met him, and they soon became friends, worse luck.

"But it's all in the papers here, better nor I can tell it. Take and read it. I'm no scholar. Ah, who is this?" said Jim, as our guest entered.

Seeing a stranger, the terrified look I had so often noticed passed over his face, and he drew back hastily, but Will shouted, "Come in, friend; it's only Jim;" and he entered unwillingly, shading his eyes with his hand, and looking Jim over from head to foot suspiciously.

Now Jim looks more foolish than he is. I saw him taking stock of our visitor when he thought we were not noticing him, but I never thought anything of it. The man was so queer. I thought it natural Jim should look at him. Suddenly Jim rose, saying:

"Well, I must be off to town again. Good day, mates."

"Off so soon, Jim? Can't you stay and have a talk and another pipe, man?" said Bill.

"No time to-day, friend; I've business and old Jim trotted off and Bill after him, and I had to go up and clean the reflectors; and it wasn't till supper-time we met together again.

Our visitor was more odd and disturbed than usual that night. He sat quite silent, hardly answering the questions we put to him; and after we had taken our food he would have left the place. But Bill said:

"Let's read about the murder Jim told us of."

He opened the newspaper. I looked at our visitor and saw him drop like a lump of lead into a chair. I felt uncomfortable. I didn't know why.

"Well, where is it? Begin Will," said I. "You read best. Read it out, man."

"Ay, ay," said he; "here it is, 'Shocking murder! Fifty pounds reward for the apprehension of the murderer!'"

I glanced across at our guest, who had made a slight movement. His eyes were fixed on Will's face with a look of terror I shall never forget.

"The villiage of Holcomb," began Will, "has been the scene of a foul and terrible crime, the victim being Alice Grooves, the daughter of the parish clerk, a girl well-known through the country for her beauty, and much respected and beloved in the villiage. The motive is unknown.

"The perpetrator is undiscovered, but strong suspicion rests on one Douglas Crofts, who is supposed to have left the country, but in whose company Alice Grooves was seen a day or two before her body was discovered in the pond known as the Black—"

Here Will let the paper drop. I looked at our guest. His eyes, widely dilated, were fixed on Will, and he seemed to drink in every word of the tale.

"Go on," he muttered, in a hoarse whisper, as Will took up the paper, "go on. They found the body in the Black Pool."

"Yes, yes," said Will, turning over the paper; "whose is it? Yes, in the Black Pool—I know the place—with a fearful wound in the breast. The corpse presented a shocking spectacle. All traces of Douglas Croft are lost. He is a tall man, from 30 to 34 years of age, with black hair and whiskers, gray eyes and regular features. A reward of £50 is offered for his apprehension. Jealousy is supposed to be the motive for the crime.

"The brute!" said I, with an oath; "if I could lay hands on him, he'd have a hard time of it."

"Or if I could, either," returned Will "To serve a bonny good girl so:"

"The old blackguard!" I continued. "Poor little Alice!"

"Well, here's some more," said Will. Our visitor looked up with a start.

"Well, read on, old chap," said I.

"Ay, ay; but let's find the place again. Ah! here we be! 'Latest intelligence. The police have discovered a clew to the whereabouts of Douglas Crofts, whom there now seems little cause to doubt is the murderer, and—"

Here our visitor rose suddenly with an exclamation, took a few steps toward the door, stopped irresolutely, and then, with great drops of perspiration rolling down his brow, said to Will:

"Go on; why keep a man in suspense?"

"Why, mate," said Will, looking at him in surprise, "I didn't know as you'd take such an interest in this affair. As for Tom and me, why, we have known the poor girl, child and maid, and are keen about it. Here, take the paper and read it for yourself, then."

He snatched it, and with avidity devoured the contents. I watched him—a slow suspicion taking hold of me.

"The police on his traces? How did they find out, I wonder?" said he, half to himself. "More than a fortnight ago. No: I don't believe they ever will."

"No? And why not?" said I.

He looked at me suspiciously, then, forcing a ghastly laugh, replied:

"Oh, they never do find out things, now."

"Hum! Well, I don't know that," I replied, filling my pipe. "Sometimes a very little thing leads to discovery. I remember, when I was a boy, a fellow being traced just by his having a limp, and his left boot being made a bit different to his right. In another case—one rather like this, by the way, only she was a grown woman and a mother, not a girl—she clutched so hard at the murderer's coat, that a wee bit was left of the cloth in her grasp, and that led to the identification of the murderer, and—"

"Stop your memories," interrupted the man, angrily; then, changing his tone, added, "I remember—O, yes I remember it all!" and his face resumed its usual expression of dull preoccupation.

I gazed at him in astonishment. Yes certainly our visitor was a very queer party. I didn't half like him—who could he be? I wondered how he ever came here? Why had he never told us anything of his past history? I think some such ideas struck Bill, too, for I saw him looking sternly and inquiringly at the scared being before us We exchanged glances, but gave no words to our suspicions.

After perusing the account of poor Alice's death several times, the man laid the paper on the table, and sat staring vacantly at the fire, with a strange quiver in his features. I determined not to lose sight of him that night; he looked so wild, so devilish, I doubted he might do either us or himself a mischief.

The wind began to rise again; we seemed likely to have another wild night; this appeaned to decide our guest who gave up his intention of leaving us, and settled himself in the chimney corner, as was his wont, for the evening. Will took up the paper, and I began to write a letter, and was soon absorbed in my occupation, when our visitor, who had fallen asleep, aroused us by muttering:

"Alice, Alice! you were false—false—false! You must come with me now—with me, I tell you. Ah!"

And he shuddered.

"Blood!—blood!—all on her white bosom! Alice, awake!—ah! the pool—the pool!"

Will and I exchanged glances. The wind sighed mournfully round the tower, and the sea-birds fled wailing by in flocks. For the first time it fully dawned on us that the wretch we had rescued from starvation was no other than Douglas Crofts, who, flying from the face of justice, had nearly met the death he so richly deserved. In awe-struck silence we listened to his vague words. All the details of his crime passed before him, and were re-enacted by him in his dreams. What a fate!

The storm increased, and the wind swept in a hurricane over the sand hills. In the far distance our practiced ears detected the sound of voices. Who could be coming to us at such a time? Will went to the seaward window, and partly opened it. No, the voices were not from seaward. The wind blew off-shore. These were voices coming to us from landward, across the sand-hills. We listened.

At length a loud knocking was heard at the door and voices below calling on us to open. With a start and a scream of terror our wretched guest awoke.

"Only a dream!" he muttered.

But the knocking was repeated, and Will, who had gone down to unbar the door, opened it to a posse of policemen, who demanded entrance in the Queen's name. Behind them followed old Jim the letter-carrier. Up stairs they rushed and into the room where we were sitting.

The inspector, a tall, powerful man, sprang to the window and wrenched it open, precipitated himself into the raging sea below. With a dull thud we heard his body strike on the ledge of rocks, from which it bounded off and was swallowed up by the angry deep. A great awe fell on us, and for a moment no one spoke.

"Well," said the inspector, at last, "he's gone; escaped us and cheated the hangman. A more cold-blooded murder I never heard of. Now, you, Thomas Ridley, say how this man came to be here."

So, forthwith, I had to tell my tale to the inspector. I afterward learned many particulars of Douglas Crofts and his relations with poor Alice Grooves How she had loved him, and clung to him against the advice of her friends; how he had betrayed her, and then, in a fit of jealousy and rage, put an end to her life.

Jim, the letter-carrier, got the fifty pounds reward, but it was the price of blood—though the blood of a murderer—and it did him no good. He never prospered. He was found, not many months afterward, by the roadside, his pony and cart close by where he had left them, and he all alone under the hedge—dead! So he didn't long enjoy his gains.

I am still in the old lighthouse, and often Will and I talk over the murder of Alice Grooves and the fate of our strange visitor.

TEMPERANCE DEPARTMENT.

EDITED BY THE
Women's Christian Temperance Union.

IF Temperance is right, fight for it with all your might.

WHO can tell the value of a smile? The bar-tender.

Is it not too much to say that the greatest obstacle temperance has to encounter is the indifference of the people?

WHAT is your opinion of a man who goes to church and prays God, loud and long, to have mercy on the poor drunkard, and while he is praying, the clerk at his drug store is selling whiskey to the boys on Sunday as they go fishing.

A young gentleman, having called in his physician, said, "Now sir, I want no trifling; I wish you to strike at the cause of my disease." "It shall be done," replied the doctor, and, lifting up his cane, he smashed the decanter of wine upon the table.

ANOTHER strong reason for prohibition is found in the fact that liquor dealers and their friends in the legislature always vote to repeal prohibitory laws and substitute license in their place.

ONE of the strongest reasons that "Prohibition does Prohibit" is found in the fact that every liquor dealer and sympathizer with the liquor traffic is steadily, bitterly and persistently opposed to it.

THE number of people who think they must have stimulants to help them through emergencies is much greater than is usually thought of. They are opposed to drink and drinking, of course, but something to warm up the blood and start the currents flowing they think is necessary if for any reason there has been exposure to a chill or a cause of depression, and brandy, therefore, must be on hand, ready for immediate use. But a brandy-bottle in a pocket or satchel, or even on the side-board, with a disposition in a person or household to take a little for the stomach's sake, as Timothy was once advised to do, is likely to beget the habit of drinking to an extent that it will be hard, even under earnest trial, to break away from. There are church members who trifle with drink to the perpetual risk of their own sobriety and safety, and who thereby set an example, also, that makes them responsible for a great amount of evil doing.

DR. CROSBY AND THE SALOONS.

The following article we clip from the State *Prohibitionist*: The brewers understand the power of literature. But we need have no fears: "The Chicago *Brewer* in a recent issue republishes the Rev. Dr. Crosby's "Calm View" with the following heading. "Rev. Dr. Crosby's great sermon. One million copies to be circulated by brewers." Then after stating it has stereotyped the sermon and can furnish unlimited copies to its patrons, adds "you can afford to circulate this sermon. Its circulation is worth more to you than money in government bonds, and will bear better interest." The spectacle is curious. Rev. Dr. Crosby as President of the New York "Law and Order Society," doing his best to close the saloons in New York, the keepers of which buy his "Calm view of temperance" as a choice investment admirably calculated to increase their patronage. By the fruits of a theory its character may best be known."

A BAD INSURANCE RISK.

Here is something for boys to make a note of. The medical examiner of one of the great life-insurance companies, who is not a total abstainer, in talking about the use of liquor the other day said substantially this; "Young men frequently make application for insurance who testify, in answer to the inquiry on the blank which they are required to fill, that they take a glass now and then," or words to that effect. No such applicant ever gets insured by me. I throw him out in a minute. He who takes a glass now and then when he is young is sure to take it oftener, as he grows older, and the effect upon his health is almost certain to be injurious in the extreme. Speaking simply as a physiologist, and not as a moralist at all, I say that no person can afford to touch liquor before he is twenty-five years old. The young man who takes a social glass now and then is a bad risk for any insurance company.

Smallpox has appeared in New Jersey. It is gratifying to know that New Jersey is visited by something. We never did believe half that was said against the State, says the "Transcript."

"If you are in need, I will make you a present of fifty dollaas, but I will not pay higher rent," was the sarcastic proposition of a New York tenant to his landlord, recently. It was accepted!