

A POET'S MAIL.

Four letters and a poem, this one showing a certain hand, it bears the name of the poet, and is full of interesting observations on the art and craft of the poet.

And this one, well, I cannot quite describe. It is quite the absolute writer who is meant. It's quite the absolute writer who is meant.

And here a short poem tells her friends. It's a short poem, just as her lover is. Wearing a wreath of many-lined ruses.

And here is one in glowing expectation. I have it only by guessing a part. I'll be with you with a fluttering heart.

Two colorful words have great my reason. Two simple words, expressive and defined. And yet they speak me with their own power.

Their next polite "Respectfully belated." I take up tenderly my little writing.

I had written with such loving care. I had written with such loving care. I had written with such loving care.

I had written with such loving care. I had written with such loving care. I had written with such loving care.

I had written with such loving care. I had written with such loving care. I had written with such loving care.

I had written with such loving care. I had written with such loving care. I had written with such loving care.

I had written with such loving care. I had written with such loving care. I had written with such loving care.

I had written with such loving care. I had written with such loving care. I had written with such loving care.

I had written with such loving care. I had written with such loving care. I had written with such loving care.

I had written with such loving care. I had written with such loving care. I had written with such loving care.

I had written with such loving care. I had written with such loving care. I had written with such loving care.

I had written with such loving care. I had written with such loving care. I had written with such loving care.

I had written with such loving care. I had written with such loving care. I had written with such loving care.

I had written with such loving care. I had written with such loving care. I had written with such loving care.

I had written with such loving care. I had written with such loving care. I had written with such loving care.

I had written with such loving care. I had written with such loving care. I had written with such loving care.

I had written with such loving care. I had written with such loving care. I had written with such loving care.

I had written with such loving care. I had written with such loving care. I had written with such loving care.

I had written with such loving care. I had written with such loving care. I had written with such loving care.

I had written with such loving care. I had written with such loving care. I had written with such loving care.

I had written with such loving care. I had written with such loving care. I had written with such loving care.

I had written with such loving care. I had written with such loving care. I had written with such loving care.

I had written with such loving care. I had written with such loving care. I had written with such loving care.

I had written with such loving care. I had written with such loving care. I had written with such loving care.

I had written with such loving care. I had written with such loving care. I had written with such loving care.

I had written with such loving care. I had written with such loving care. I had written with such loving care.

I had written with such loving care. I had written with such loving care. I had written with such loving care.

I had written with such loving care. I had written with such loving care. I had written with such loving care.

I had written with such loving care. I had written with such loving care. I had written with such loving care.

I had written with such loving care. I had written with such loving care. I had written with such loving care.

I had written with such loving care. I had written with such loving care. I had written with such loving care.

I had written with such loving care. I had written with such loving care. I had written with such loving care.

I had written with such loving care. I had written with such loving care. I had written with such loving care.

I had written with such loving care. I had written with such loving care. I had written with such loving care.

I had written with such loving care. I had written with such loving care. I had written with such loving care.

I had written with such loving care. I had written with such loving care. I had written with such loving care.

I had written with such loving care. I had written with such loving care. I had written with such loving care.

I had written with such loving care. I had written with such loving care. I had written with such loving care.

I had written with such loving care. I had written with such loving care. I had written with such loving care.

I had written with such loving care. I had written with such loving care. I had written with such loving care.

I had written with such loving care. I had written with such loving care. I had written with such loving care.

I had written with such loving care. I had written with such loving care. I had written with such loving care.

him every Sunday at a neighboring restaurant. They were never known to have even a dispute, except an occasional squabble about Madame Marie. She being the wife of M. Agrepoint, and a very magnificent creature, who M. Bijot and her husband by the nose. Madame Marie and her maid had been at Agrepoint's for about a year. She had written M. Bijot to lead Agrepoint a thousand francs to buy stock of a jeweler in the Paris Royal, but he had refused, saying that they might do as they pleased with his fortune after his death. She further stated that on the evening before only Agrepoint had visited M. Bijot, and he had not left till midnight. On every previous occasion M. Agrepoint had spoken to her, but had evening he had not seen her. Although she did not see her face, she knew him from the fact that his dog Bruno was with him.

This was all that could be learned from the detective. The detective then led the house and hastened to the Quai des Celestines, where Agrepoint was imprisoned, and he was at once admitted to the prisoner. From him he obtained nothing save the confession of his guilt. Even then he could not dissuade himself but that there was some mystery buried in this strange affair. After several unsuccessful attempts to bewilder the prisoner, the detective asked: "Where did you buy the revolver you used to commit the crime?" "I had it in my possession for some time," he answered. "What did you do with it afterward?" "There it is over the other boulevard," he said. "Search will be made and it will be found. But why did you let your dog follow you?" "I forgot," he said. "What dog?" "Bruno," he said. "Bruno?" "Bruno," he said. "Bruno?" "Bruno," he said.

Leaving the prisoner the detective turned toward the Rue Vivienne, determined to see Madame Agrepoint and obtain from her all she might know concerning the murder. First, he determined to find out in what estimation the Agrepoints were held by their neighbors. From the neighboring shopkeepers Guillet learned that Agrepoint bore a excellent reputation here, and Madame's character was above reproach. Not a breath of scandal reached her good name.

"Strange," said the detective to himself, "that such people should get mixed up in such an affair as this." Having arrived at a shop over whose door hung the sign, "Agrepoint, Gold and Jewelry," Guillet entered. He was shown into the back shop, where Madame sat at a deep mahogany desk. In her hand she held a stamped paper. It was a summons to appear at the Palais de Justice before the examining magistrate.

"Madame," said Guillet, "I am sent here in the service of the law. I am a detective. As you know, your husband has been arrested charged with the murder of M. Bijot." "Madame," she replied, "he is innocent. But see, I have received this summons. What can they want of me?" "To obtain information which I hope will prove your husband's innocence. Don't look upon me as an enemy, Madame. I wish to ascertain the truth. Will you answer me frankly?" "Question me, Monsieur," he began. "You know, Madame, he began, "that last night at eleven o'clock, M. Bijot, your husband's clerk, was murdered."

"Yes," she replied. "Where was Monsieur Agrepoint at that hour?" "My God, it is a fatality," she said. "Where did your husband spend last night?" "He went to one of our workmen, who had broken his word and failed to bring us an article which we were to sell today. You know we are poor and could not afford to lose a sale, no matter how small the profit. At about nine o'clock he went out and I accompanied him to an omnibus, which he entered, before my eyes."

"That your workmen will be able to swear to saw M. Agrepoint at his house at eleven o'clock?" "Also, no?" "And why not?" "Because he had gone before my husband arrived."

"But the concerns see him?" "Our workman lives in a house where there is no concern." "At what time did your husband return?" "A little after midnight." "You thought he had been absent long?" "O, yes, I would him. He said that strolling along he had stopped at a cafe to drink a glass of beer. This was his excuse."

protected the weapon did not come from this collar." Guillet expressed himself satisfied, then he ascended to the shop. On entering, the detective was met by the dog, who, snarling savagely, refused to let him pass. Guillet, to quiet him, called: "Bruno, Bruno." The dog, showing his teeth, drew back. "It is useless to call him," said Madame. "He is not savage, but he obeys only my husband and myself."

"Where was the dog last evening?" "I don't know," she stammered. "Perhaps he followed your husband?" "Why, yes, now I seem to recollect." The detective looked her straight in the eyes and said: "Then, Madame, he is trained to follow strangers?" She was silent. Not being able to ascertain more, Guillet withdrew. At a neighboring cafe, over a cup of coffee, he reached the following solution of the problem. He was sure that Madame had not entered from the house at the evening of the murder. But it was clear that she was aware of the crime, and consequently acquainted with the assassin. If Agrepoint committed the deed, it was clear that he would not leave such incriminating proofs behind. Who, then, was the assassin? A man whom the dog would follow as it would fly, officers, since the dog was at the Rue de la Loi on the evening of the crime. So it was some one intimate with the Agrepoints. He must hate the husband, since he had planned all to throw suspicion on him. On the other hand he must love the wife, since, knowing him, she would not give him up, at the same time sacrificing her husband. Conclusion: Madame, being his reputation, undoubtedly had a lover.

"Bruno," he said to himself, "the dog must be utilized." The clock struck three. It was time for Madame to depart for the Palais de Justice. Going to the door of the back shop, she saw her other giving a few parting instructions to the little servant, leave her shop. Hastily crossing the street he entered the shop, the little servant was there alone.

"Where is Madame Agrepoint?" he asked. "She has gone out, Monsieur." "How unfortunate. How sorry poor Madame will be. But perhaps you can take your mistress's place, little one. I came back for the address of the gentleman she asked me to visit."

"What gentleman?" the servant asked. "You know very well, Monsieur—there, now, I have forgotten his name. The gentleman that the dog obeys so well."

"Oh, you mean Monsieur Andre?" "Yes, that's his name. You can certainly tell me when the gentleman lives?" "Oh, yes, he lives in the Rue de la Loi, No. 25."

"Caugh," muttered Andre, then said: "Thanks. You have done Madame a great service. She will be delighted. Good-by, little one." So saying the detective hastened to the Palais de Justice, and obtaining a warrant, left at break-neck speed for the Rue de la Loi. In fifteen minutes he was at the door of No. 25.

"Monsieur Andre," he said to the entrance. "Fourth floor, right hand door." "Is he in?" "Yes." "I must trust Monsieur Andre to a bottle of wine. To what shop does he go?" "To one opposite." "I'll see him in the name of the law." "The man turned livid." "A bottle of wine, if you please—the great seal." The wine was brought, and the mark being examined, it was found to be a genuine of the one in the detective's possession.

A TWIST OF ROSES.

"You are really in earnest, Miss Barbara?" said Hugh Grosvenor, without marked surprise in his tone. "I am." Never answer prompt, more decided, notwithstanding, Hugh Grosvenor stood above his papers with an incredulous, bewildered air.

"I am to understand then, that you do not accept Bonnifield's offer, that you will not accept yourself of any part of your rich property, that you sacrifice all?" A flash of her black eyes, an impatient foot-tap, interrupted him. "All," she said. But the little lawyer was not to be thus felled. "My dear Miss Barbara," he continued, "this is a delicate matter, but I beg you to reflect, if not on this proper offer, at least upon the—primary condition of the will. You understand your grandfather, of course; he possessed you would not find this hard, and as far as Herbert—"

The black eyes flashed more vividly; again the cry spoke. "Mr. Grosvenor, spare your pains; I will not marry Herbert Bonnifield; I will not take from him these estates. For both, this is my last will and testament. So please let the subject drop."

"She finished with her hand on the door-knob, and swept from the apartment down the hall and into the charming little lumber room which, until this evening, had seemed to her a paradise; into which, however, she had brought some a disturbing thought. Her face showed a burst of tears would have been the speedy sequel to her indignation, but for an object that met her eyes. A bar object to look upon; a twist of roses, gracing the bracket whither, a few hours since, this same Barbara had bent over them with bleeding lips, and touched them with her lips. Poor flowers! now beholding them her lover bent; pitilessly she seized them, and flung them far out on the lawn. This action was a relief; with it returned temporarily faded, and she seemed lost in temporary amazement.

"Who would have believed I would do that this morning?" she murmured. "But truly since morning life has changed. Then I was near to loving Herbert Bonnifield; now I think I am as near hating him as ever I did like to be. And he—"

She did not finish; she stood staring vacantly down the hallway, as if seeking the signal them—down where the flowers had fallen, where they lay waiting, revenged agent, though Barbara dreamed it not.

It was a surprising development that which had surprised this day. Old Col. Holden had been three months dead, the search for his will, was, though vigilant, was about being abandoned, and at advertisement appointed, when, accidentally, the lost document came to light. After a starting document it proved, containing the Colonel's last grand estate, and, upon his grand-daughter, in addition that she married Mr. Herbert Bonnifield, which, failing to do, the same were to pass untrammelled into the said Bonnifield's possession. Either of which conditions Hugh Grosvenor, executor, was charged to see speedily fulfilled.

On the face, most arbitrary will. But to those acquainted with Col. Holden the matter was very plain. He had been through life an inveterate bachelor, his humor must needs ting his will. Nothing with a favorable eye young Bonnifield's attention to Barbara—as yet in their first bud—and priding himself on his capacity, he had, in a fit of jollity, revealed all former testaments and indicated this, checking to think that should be done things were settled, how delicately, under these arbitrary conditions, he had arranged for his "dear young folks." And he had died suddenly, leaving the surprise.

work of to-morrow, and still he did not come. A week, and then on the passenger list of a European steamer she read his name. It had been all a mistake; he had never loved her, he was only too glad to yield up the estates, that he might be freed from her. So reasoned Barbara as she read. Not strange, perhaps, since she lacked the hint that Hugh Grosvenor should have given her; ignored her last words; suspected not the flowers that lay in wait that night.

Amid her pain the realization of her late caprice flashed upon her; odd that it should be a comfort; but so it proved to Barbara and she clung to it persistently over and over she repeated: "I will never have the estates! Herbert Bonnifield shall take them, or the will will be forever void." In vain Hugh Grosvenor pleaded: Barbara was firm. The homestead was vacant, and with an old, faithful servant, she went to reside a few miles from thence. A year passed, and still the late comfortable home stood empty and ghost-like, and so did its lands. Barbara persistent; Hugh Bonnifield as one dead. Till one evening Hugh Grosvenor appeared in her cottage, with a letter in his hand.

"Read!" he said excitedly, pointing to its concluding clause. She read as follows: "I expect soon to be in W— with my wife. And in conclusion, if Miss Barbara has not then assumed her inheritance, if she still declines it, surely I may not be censured if I lay claim to it myself."

A moment's silence, then she landed the letter to him. "I understand, Mr. Grosvenor," she said quietly. "Surely he should not be blamed." "My dear Miss Barbara," he pleaded, "you will not pursue this whim? You will not reject your inheritance, now that the crisis has come?"

In vain. Life had gone hard with Barbara; she had but recently recovered from an illness nearly fatal in effect. But the old will was active. Determinedly she replied: "My decision remains unaltered. I decline the estates." Surely he should not be blamed. And yet there was something in that final sentence which the belief that he did not love her, than the fact that he loved her, that one's ideal fallen so low.

So missed Barbara, sitting, a few evenings later, in her little parlor—mused so absently that she heard not her servant's announcement, realized nothing till, turning, she saw Herbert Bonnifield at her side. Surprise, the charm of the old presence, despite her efforts, did their work. Barbara knew that her heart was bare.

"I have been very ill," she stammered, "and my nerves are still weak." He did not spare her; he gazed steadily down into her tearful face. She would have withdrawn the hand she had extended, but he clasped it tightly, as if he would never let go.

"Barbara," he said, "will you forgive me when I say that I realize that you have been very ill? For I do rejoice; otherwise I might have remained forever ignorant of what makes my joy tonight—of this: that I was not mistaken when I thought you loved me; that when you discarded my poor flowers it was not as I so bitterly flamed but because you misook my motive, and was offended at my course. I acted on my first impulse, Barbara. It seemed to me indecent to act otherwise, and I hoped that you would understand. But you did not; you indignantly declared you would not marry me. Still I was incredulous, and I was listening to you, determined to read your heart, when suddenly I found my fingers; I heard some children telling their story; my pride was now touched into belief, and—you know the rest, Barbara—I was foolish and went away."

A Strange Story.

A house in New Castle, Pa., is at present much disturbed over some mysterious manifestations, which some of the more superstitious do not hesitate to characterize as the work of ghosts. The house is an isolated two-story frame building occupied by a man and two women. In one of the rooms of the dwelling there has been hung a mirror. This mirror has been suspended on the wall by a cord. The bottom of the looking glass rests upon two pins, on the two ends of which are two knobs to prevent its slipping off. The top of the mirror inclined out from the wall like the majority of pictures are hung. Members of the family discovered that when they waken in the morning this mirror would always be found off the pegs, and held up only by the cord. The persistency of the looking glass in getting out of its place attracted their attention closely to its movements, and they placed it more firmly on the pegs before retiring for the night. It was no use. The southern mirror would not be hung properly. So long as daylight lasted it was a respectable mirror, and would conduct itself circumspectly—never getting out of place but the reveals of the night were too much for it, and down it would come. After the family had become thoroughly perturbed by the mysterious movements of the mirror, they were startled one morning to find it banging on the wall with its face shattered into a thousand pieces. No missile was lying in the room, and the doors were all locked as usual, the windows fastened, yet there the mirror hung on the wall shattered to fragments.

Shortly after this mirror-smashing, in the early morning hours, before daylight, the house was shaken from its foundation by a roof by a terrible crash, as if a rock weighing hundreds of pounds had been picked up bodily and thrown with gigantic strength against it. The house rocked back and forth for several seconds, as if it were floating on a tempestuous ocean. Of course the concussion and vibration awakened every one sleeping in the dwelling. Although the head of the bed in which one of the women were sleeping was found riven from end to end, no other marks of violence could be found. There were no dints found in the wood at the head of the bed, neither could a single mark of a missile be discovered on the outside of the building. The phenomenon was one that could in no way be explained.

The people who live in the house above spoken of are highly respectable, church-going members of our community, and their word on any subject would be taken without question. They do not pretend to account for the above manifestations on supernatural grounds, but merely say they can find no way to account for them. They say emphatically, however, that they are just as detailed above.

Slightly Mixed.

I once knew of two estimable gentlemen, partners in business, who were each affected with the same falling—they would at times drink more wine than they had any intention of drinking. One evening they were returning together to their homes, which were in the same block. Rogers halted in front of a house and said: "Good night, Thompson; I'm going to bed."

"Where goin' to bed?" he asked in surprise. "Going to bed in my b-house," replied Rogers with much dignity. "This ain't your b-house; my house," asserted Thompson emphatically.

After arguing the question with much earnestness for some time, the friends decided to leave the matter to the inmates of the house, and so rang the bell. A curl-paper decorated head obtruded itself from an upper window, and a female voice asked: "Who is there?"

"We're all here, madam!" said Rogers, "and would like to know who lives in this house." "Mr. Thompson lives here." "Then, madam, won't you be kind to come down here an select Misser Thompson, for Misser Rogers wants to go home." The mathematical and physical principles of M. Raouf's rapid ship now being made at Geneva, have been lately brought before the French Academy. It will be broad and comparatively flat, and the bottom will constantly receive an upward thrust, tending to raise it out of the water in proportion as the speed increases. It will be understood that, beyond a certain velocity, on account of the considerable increase of work expended with this velocity, there may be advantage in a vertical thrust diminishing the draught; the benefit will be represented by the difference between the excess of work expended to keep up this thrust and the diminution of the immersed surface. M. Pictet calculates that speeds of 80 to 85 miles an hour may be got thus (at present the average does not exceed 11 miles). The public will await with some eagerness the trial of the new ship.

The best rules to form a man's character are to talk little, to hear much, to reflect alone upon what has passed in company, to distrust one's own opinion, and value others that deserve it.