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MANHOOD.

How Lost How Restored

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MY GARDEN.

I have twelve pretty garden beds
Where green things greenly blow;
Where, soldier-like, the cabbage-heads
Are ranged in many a row;
Where radishes and sugar beets,
By pearly showers nursed,
With pease and other garden sweets
Upon my vision burst.

I often pause and fondly muse
Upon those sprouts galore;
But all the garden trade we use
I purchase at the store.

It's pleasant, in my slippers feet,
When smiles the rosy morn,
To linger at the garden seat
And watch the bannered corn;
To note within the rustling tree
The merry piping wrens,
And from my egg-plants, blowing free,
To chase my neighbor's hens.

Then to the grocer, smiling gay,
I say in tones polite:
"Bring in two cans of pease, I pray,
And three of corn to-night!"

The air's as flower-sweet as wine
Through which the gold bees flash;
I love to linger on my spine
And watch the succotash.
I never work when I can play,
Or e'en when I can fork
Out twenty dolls. per moon to pay
The gentleman from Cork.

It is a garden for the eye
That every passer sees,
For my real garden I must buy
All ready-made in cans.

My garden is a spot serene
Where blows the mixed tea-rose,
And apples drop from bowers green
And dislocate my nose.
I love to watch the butterfly
Tilt on the flower-cup;
But when my garden bright I spy
On paper figured up—

And how I buy store beets and pease,
I have to shout: "Great Scott!
'Twould cost no more upon the seas
To run a pleasure yacht!"

—R. K. Mumkittick, in Puck.

THE SENATOR'S STORY.

A Hasty Speech for Which He Dearly Paid.

"Well," said the Senator, as he selected a fresh cigar and reached over for a match, "you may not think it, but I came mighty near being hung once."

The whole party stared. Any one less likely to be accused of serious crime than our host—a distinguished lawyer and State Senator of California—it would have been hard to imagine.

"How was that?" I asked.

"When I was a young chap I got my sheepskin from Dartmouth, and as I had a few dollars, I made my way out to this State. I mined for awhile, and then went to Sacramento, where I hung out my shingle and waited for business. It was literally a shingle, too, painted by myself. I soon after met a girl, Polly Sinclair, the daughter of Robert Sinclair, a builder. There were not so many girls there then, and Polly had plenty of fellows after her. But somehow she took a shine to me, poor as I was, and I was as much in love with her as a man could be. Her people did not like me, though, and naturally enough, too, for I was only a poor, struggling lawyer, and they thought Polly could do better. Her brother was specially against me. Poor Bob, perhaps I was to blame most in the matter. Anyway, Polly and I had found out that we cared for each other, and one night, when we were walking together, we met Bob. He began by calling me all the names he could think of, and my temper being none of the best, I got mad.

"Polly kept begging me not to quarrel, and at last I turned away, leaving her with him. As I left I said to him that we would meet again, when I would make him explain his words.

"I was so excited that I could not go home, and I walked along the road for, I should think, five miles from the town. Then I turned and walked back, went to my room, and, being tired out, went to sleep.

"In the morning I was waked up by the sheriff, and arrested for murdering Bob. The poor fellow had been found in the street with his head crushed in by a blow from behind, and every thing he had with him taken. There were a dozen witnesses to what I had said to him and to the quarrel. No one had seen me during the evening; my boarding-house keeper had not seen me come in, and altogether things looked rather black for me. The only thing in my favor, and that was little enough, was that there was nothing of poor Bob's found in my possession.

"Well, I was locked up in the old jail, and to tell you the truth, I didn't see my way out of the trouble. Every one in town believed me to be guilty, and there was some talk about lynching me out of hand. When I say every one, I must make an exception. Polly, bless her, believed in me still, although her father was one of the bitterest, naturally enough.

"I had been in jail about ten days, when one day the door of my cell opened, and Bolly came in. How she managed to persuade Sheriff Hughes to let her see me, I do not know, but she did somehow.

"I am not going to tell you what sort of a meeting that was; I could not if I would. Of course, I told her I was innocent of poor Bob's death, and she sobbed out her belief in me as I held her in my arms. At last she whispered her plan to me. I was to escape, and the dear girl shoved a file into my pocket as she talked.

"No one, she said, in Stockton would ever believe that I was innocent; and if I did not run away I would be hung. As for herself, she would try to prove my innocence, and if she succeeded we would be married. If not, then she would never marry any one else. Naturally, I said I would stand my trial, as I was innocent; but when Polly pressed me as to how I was to prove this, I did not know. She talked and begged, and at last I consented. So, as Sheriff Hughes came back, she had to leave me.

"I did not like the job, but still I worked away with the file, and as the bars were pretty poor stuff, I got one of them out. I crawled through and reached the street, and then made my way along it towards the edge of the town. I was to strike out across the plains, hiding in the day-time and traveling at night only. I reached the open country, and just about daylight lay down to sleep in a hollow, between two ridges. I could not sleep long, however, and after a time I was lying there wide awake. I got so nervous at last that I made up my mind to go on, and started once more. I had not been walking very long, and, as you may suppose, I was taking advantage of every bit of cover that I could get, when I saw a

long line of men riding over the plains toward me. With them were any number of dogs, for, although we had no bloodhounds in those days, there were lots of dogs who would bark at a stranger if they saw one.

"Gentlemen, my heart seemed to stand still. Although I didn't want to escape at first, now that I had, it seemed to me doubly bitter to be retaken. I do not know how to explain it to you, but the second capture was far worse than the first. But what could I do? There wasn't a tree for miles—

there was no broken ground nor rocks to hide in. Nothing but that wide rolling plain, and that line of men slowly riding towards me. It made me feel sick.

"I took the only chance I had, and lay down in a hollow place where they might overlook me, and so I waited. I could hear the shouts of the men as they came nearer, hear the barking of the dogs, and I could do nothing. I tell you I seemed to fairly melt with perspiration. At last they came quite close. A dog saw me and began to bark. I sprang to my feet, and as I did so a man fired at me and shot me in the shoulder, which is stiff yet. This man was John Bogart, the deputy sheriff. Of course there was no fight—I had nothing to fight with. Sheriff Hughes came up, put me on a horse, and back we went to town. This time I had shackles fastened to my feet. My case was worse than before, because every one was now sure that I had killed poor Bob. I tell you I paid dearly for that hasty speech to him.

"Naturally my capture soon became known, and Polly, as she has told me since, was nearly beside herself at the result. She blamed herself for it all, especially as every one told her that my running away proved my guilt. The poor girl got sick with anxiety and fear, and had to take to her bed.

"Meantime, the time for my trial was coming mighty near, and I do not believe that a juryman could have been found in Sacramento to say that I was not guilty. In fact, any twelve men would have sentenced me without hearing the evidence. My shoulder bothered me not a little, too, and Bogart, the jailer, used to tell me, with a grin, I must get well in time for the 'ceremony,' as he called the hanging. Cheerful, wasn't it?

"One evening, Polly, who was getting a little stronger, was sitting on the porch of their house, when she saw a man walking up the street. She has always said she does not know why she did it, but something made her follow him. She just could not help it. She did follow him down a by-lane, until he reached a hillock of sand just outside of the town. On the further side of this, she saw him dig some things up which he put into his pockets. Then, after filling in the hole, he made his way back, passing close to where the girl was crouching behind a pile of rubbish, so close that she recognized him. She followed him again, and saw him walk towards the jail. Reaching that building, he went into a little house at one side, and Polly crept softly up, and looked through a crack between two of the boards.

"What she saw was enough to make her go to the sheriff's house as fast as she could walk. Hughes had gone to bed, but Polly insisted on his getting up and talking to her. When he heard her story, he put on his hat, went out and got three men he knew, and made his way with them to the house by the jail. Here they walked in, and quietly searched the room.

"I supposed you have guessed what they found. All of poor Bob's things—his watch, his money, a revolver with his name on it, and his pipe, were hidden away under a board in the floor under the bed. It was while they were looking at the things that a step was heard, and the door opened for a second. Before they could jump, the man had turned and run, only to fall into the arms of stout Mike Cassidy, the guard. Hughes had left by the door, with orders to let any one in, but no one out; and when they hauled the man back into the room where the light was, Hughes had the pleasure of looking at his own deputy and jail-keeper, John Bogart.

"To make a long story short, Bogart was the guilty man, and he took a more prominent part in the 'ceremony' than he had anticipated. As it afterwards turned out, he had embezzled some money belonging to the county, and hearing that Bob had several thousand dollars with him which he was taking home, he had stolen up behind him in the street and crushed in his head with an iron bar. He might not have done it had he not heard of the quarrel between Bob and myself. In the morning, when the body was discovered, he had suggested that I was the murderer, and, of course, the suggestion was taken up. He confessed every thing before he died.

"The next day Polly insisted on telling me the news, and, naturally, she was allowed to. I am not going to say any thing about that meeting, but after we had been together an hour Hughes came in, saying he wanted to congratulate me, too. It was not long before I was out on bail, and people could not do enough for me. I got cases as fast as I could take them, and it was not long before I was as prosperous as I had been poor before. As for Polly—why, if you have done smoking, we can join her in the parlor."—*Alfred Balch, in N. Y. Ledger.*

Instinct in Sheep.

About the middle of April last we observed a young lamb entangled among briars. It had seemingly struggled for liberty until it was quite exhausted. Its mother was present, endeavoring with her head and feet to disentangle it. After having attempted in vain for a long time to effect this purpose, she left it and ran away, bawling with all her might. We fancied there was something peculiarly doleful in her voice. Thus she proceeded across three fields, and through four strong hedges, until she came to a flock of sheep. From not having been able to follow her we could not watch her motions when with them. However, she left them in about five minutes, accompanied by a ram that had two powerful horns. They returned speedily towards the poor lamb, and as soon as they reached it the ram immediately set about liberating it, which he did in a few minutes by dragging away the briars with his horns.

Death-Giving Oxygen.

It is a curious fact, discovered by Dr. B. W. Richardson, that pure oxygen becomes demoralized by repeated inhalations. Animals confined in a current of freshly-made, pure oxygen were differently affected, but never became sleepy; but when the oxygen, once inhaled, was freed from all known impurities and again supplied, the animals invariably became drowsy, fell asleep, and, under successive inhalations of the purified gas, expired. It was evident that, in breathing, the oxygen had undergone some change unknown to the chemist. What the change is can only be conjectured, though Dr. Richardson has found that if the exhausted oxygen be electrically charged it is revitalized, and will again support life.

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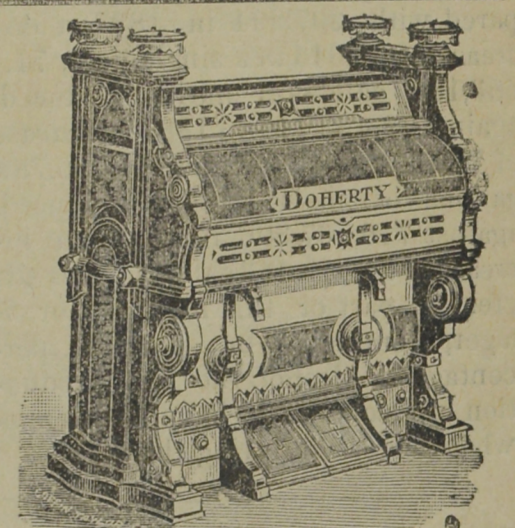
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