

POETRY.

ELDER LAMB'S DONATION.

By Will Carleton. Good old Elder Lamb had labored for a thousand nights and days, And had preached the blessed Bible in a multitude of ways; Had received a message daily over Faith's celestial wire, And had kept his little chapel full of flames of Heavenly fire; Had raised a numerous family, straight and sturdy as he could, And his boys were all considered as unaturally good; And his slender salary, kept him till went forth the proclamation— "We will say him up this season with a generous, large donation."

So they brought him hay and barley, and some corn upon the ear; Straw enough to bed his pony for forever and a year; And they strewed him with potatoes of inconsequential size, And some onions whose completeness drew the moisture from his eyes; And some elder—more like water in an inventory list— And some apples, pears and peaches, that the autumn gales had picked; And some strings of dried-up apples—mummies of the fruit creation— Came to swell the donation of old Elder Lamb's donation.

There were biscuits whose material was their own secure defence; There were saucers whose contents bore the sad purport of a feast; There were jellies undissolved, there were mystery-laden pies; There was bread that had waited for the signal to arise; There were cookies tasting clearly of the dear and musty past; There were dumplings that in justice 'mongst the metals might be classed; There were chickens, geese and turkeys, that had long been on probation, Now received in full connection with old Elder Lamb's Donation.

They gave his wife a wrapper made for some one not so tall, And they brought him twenty slippers, every pair of which was small; And they covered him with sack-cloth, as it were, in various bits, And they clothed his helpless children in a wardrobe of misfits; And they trimmed his house with "Welcomes," and some bric-a-brac brought, And one absent-minded brother through five dollars in cash; Which the good old pastor handled with a thrill of exultation, Wishing that in fifty years might have come his whole donation.

Morning came at last, in splendor; but the elder, wrapped in gloom, Knew small decaying produce and the ruins at his home; And his pity had never till that morning been so bright; For he prayed for those who brought him that unexpected plight. But some worldly thoughts intruded; for he would not permit himself to be so trifled with; And they'd say that day at auction what they gave the night before; And his fervent prayer concluded with the natural exclamation: "Take me to Thyself, in mercy, Lord, before my next donation!"

SELECT STORY. DRUSILLA'S ADVENTURE. BY MARY KYLE DALLAS. Drusilla had finished making the gay new dresses for the four Misses Scott—honey, red-haired, freckled young ladies, who had no taste whatever in colors, but had been very kind to her, paid her well and promised her plenty of work. And now, as she came along the road with the pattern for the embroidery on Miss Janet Scott's mantle in her hand, which she had selected from the small stock in the widow Wilkin's store, she was thinking how nice it was to be rich and comfortable, and able to do good to other people, as those ladies did. They were very plain, but they had such kind faces, that it was no wonder that they were all to be married at the same time that fall.

"I wonder if I shall ever be married?" said Drusilla to herself. "Oh, dear, I suppose not, for I shall never meet the sort of man I like, and I will not marry for the sake of marrying. How nice it would be to be like those Misses Scott, rich and able to do good, and nothing to do but to take a check, if you want ever so much money. I suppose I shall stich away until I break down, and then go to the poorhouse, though I know I am not ugly."

That was a mild way of putting it. Drusilla was actually a beauty. She had velvet-brown eyes and golden hair, and, somehow, in her pretty purple merino, she put one in mind of a pansy. All the hours she had spent learning her trade and working at it had not dimmed her eyes or bent her shoulders. To be sure, she was very young yet, and this was the first discontented word she had uttered in her life. But two weeks at the Scott mansion, where she had a beautiful little room to herself, and the sight of luxury and happiness combined—for it was a very affectionate household, and full of good feeling to all the world—had made her think sadly of the hall bedroom at Mrs. Grimme's, which she shared with Sarah Spratt, who was not tidy, and told coarse stories. She longed for refinement and a pretty home, and books to read and time to read them, and pleasant, loving companions.

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Mrs. WINSLOW'S SCORING STRENGTH has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething. If disturbed at night and broken of rest by a sick child crying with pain of Cutting Teeth send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures Diarrhoea, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind, Colic, softens the Gums and reduces Inflammation. It is pleasant to the taste. The prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is sold at 25 cents per bottle by all druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup."

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How a Clever Lawyer Carried a Jury. "One of the most remarkable men I ever had in Springfield was Josiah Lamborn," said Judge J. H. Matheny the other day. "He belonged to that brilliant array of men who lived here in the first half of this century, the associates and peers of such men as Lincoln, Douglas and Baker, and then passed from the stage to be forgotten by after generations. "Lamborn was the most wonderful actor I ever saw. While he was in the height of his power two leading citizens of Mendon County quarrelled over politics and one killed the other. The man who did the killing was arrested and indicted for murder. His friends came to Springfield and employed Edward D. Baker to defend him. Baker was just becoming known to fame as a criminal advocate. He was young and ambitious, and gladly embraced the opportunity to add to his reputation by taking part in a trial that was to attract such general attention. Lamborn was to prosecute, and he felt that Baker was a foe man worthy of his steel. "At that time I was studying law with Baker, and being somewhat skilled in the preparation of defences and the selection of juries, Baker took me with him. We found the whole county in wild excitement. The case had assumed a political aspect. The man on trial was a Whig and the man killed was a Democrat. Party lines were closely drawn, and the friends of the dead man were clamorous for the blood of the man who had killed him. The trial took place at Petersburg in an old frame building used as a Baptist church and as a courtroom. The jury was impelled and the evidence taken. The killing was admitted, and the defence was "JUSTIFIABLE HOMICIDE."

"Baker arose for the defence. He was one of the handsomest men I ever knew. His appearance as he addressed the jury was simply magnificent. Brilliant, eloquent and magnetic, all hearts were impulsively drawn to him. For nearly two hours that enraptured audience listened, trembled, smiled and wept. Beneath the magic power of his eloquence all hearts were subdued, all angry passions hushed, the fierce cry of blood was stilled, and the verdict as plainly written on the face of every man in the room (except Josiah Lamborn) was:—"Let him go free."

"While Baker was addressing the jury I was watching Lamborn. He sat perfectly still, calm and motionless, his dreary, far-away look on his face. When Baker sat down, and a murmuring ripple of approval had ceased, Lamborn arose in a weary, listless way and asked the court to take an adjournment until after supper, stating that he did not feel well and that he wanted a little time to prepare an answer to the powerful defence made by Baker. Court adjourned until 7 o'clock, and the spectators moved slowly out. Lamborn came to me and asked me to go with him and see the sheriff. It was difficult for him to walk without support, and, taking me by the arm, we called at the sheriff's house. The sheriff invited us in, but Lamborn declined, and said:—"Mr. Sheriff, I am not well, and my eyes are so weak that I cannot bear the light. Now I want to ask a favor of you. When you open court to-night put out all the lights but one candle, and place that on the little stand in front of the jury. "The sheriff replied: "I doubt if the judge will allow that. It will leave the room so dark."

"I will speak to the judge about it," Lamborn replied. "I know it will be all right," said the sheriff, "if the judge does not object." "I looked at Lamborn in utter astonishment. What he could mean by this request was beyond my comprehension. On our way to the tavern I glanced several times at him, but his imperturbable countenance disclosed nothing. At 4 o'clock he took my arm and we walked slowly to the courtroom. As soon as we entered the room I understood it all. The room was completely filled.

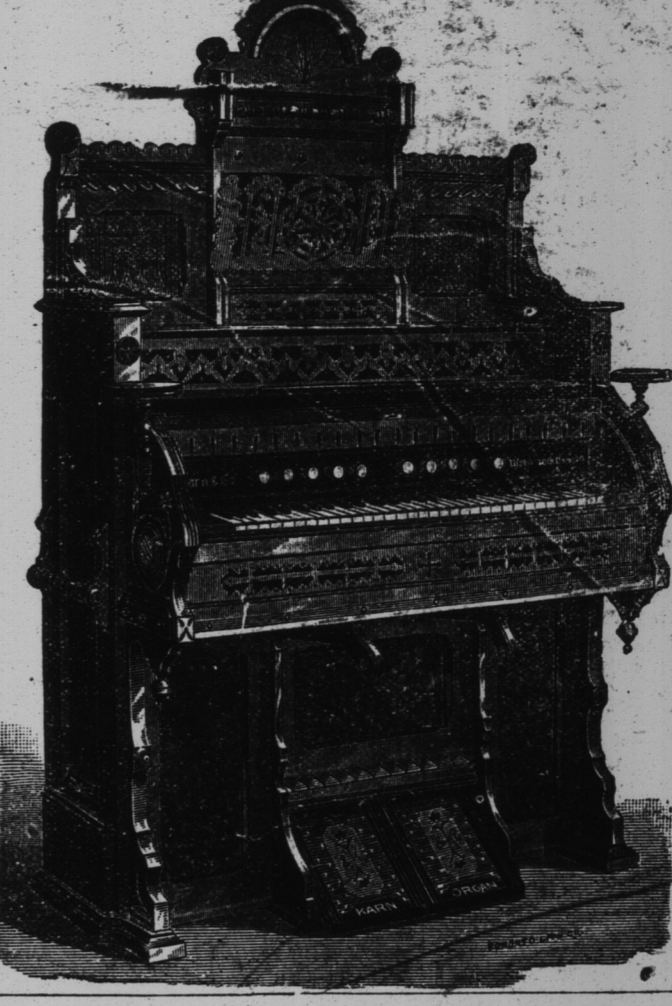
A SOLITARY CANDLE. sat upon a stand in front of the jury, and the wild ghostly light cast through the slits of the window, a revering chill all over me. Glancing at the jury I plainly saw that the same effect was produced upon them all. The eyes that became filled, the faces that spoke forgiveness in response to Baker's magic words—the feeling of mystery that thrilled in every nerve—all these had fled, and the jury sat, staring and motionless, as if in the presence of the ghost of the murdered man. "Lamborn arose slowly and deliberately in front of the jury, the candle casting its ghastly light upon his cold pale face, and bending forward leaned upon a chair in front of him. Thus he stood for twenty seconds, silent and motionless. Every eye was fixed upon him. Then in a cold and sepulchral voice he with awful deliberation asked:—"Whose sheddeth man's blood by man shall his blood be shed?" "He partly straightened himself up, pausing for perhaps half a minute, the shadows around him seeming to grow darker, and then he repeated:—"Whose sheddeth man's blood by man shall his blood be shed?" "He was again silent. The ghosts seemed to hover around him. The spectators held their breath for him to speak. He arose to his full height, staid and then in a low, hoarse, and then in tones as awful as death repeated:—"Whose sheddeth man's blood by man shall his blood be shed?" "He raised his arm, pointed his quivering finger at the jury, and with a voice that rang like a trumpet exclaimed:—"Such is God Almighty's awful decree! Disobey it if you dare!" "He sat down and said no more. It was enough. The work was done. A verdict of guilty followed, and the helpless victim passed on to his fate. In my time I have witnessed many wonderful scenes on the stake—but never have I seen anything that equalled that night's work in that humble court room.

THE WOODEN SHOE TRADE. "Are there many wooden shoes sold in Cincinnati?" was the query he reporter addressed to a dealer in the article. "There are 10,000 pairs sold annually, at an average price of 35 cents a pair." "Where are they made?" "In Indiana, chiefly. A solid block of poplar wood is shaped on the outside with draw-knives, and the cavity of the foot is gouged out with peculiarly shaped instruments." "Are they warm and light?" "Yes, more so than leather. A man with wooden shoes on his feet appears clumsy, but he is wise and feels comfortable."

"Do by most of them?" "On gardeners, street-car drivers wear where the feet will wear nothing is better on earth that can protect when walked by."

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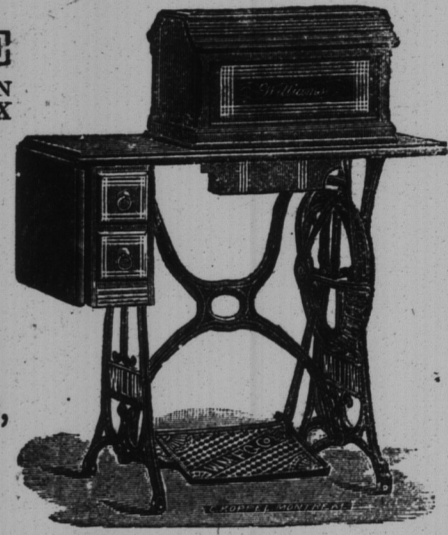
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