



POETRY.

The Lesson of the Water-Mill.

Listen to the water-mill  
Through the live-long day;  
How the clinking of its wheel  
Wears the hours away.  
Languidly the autumn winds  
Stir the greenwood leaves;  
From the fields the reapers sing,  
Binding up the sheaves;  
And a proverb haunts my mind,  
As a spell is cast;  
"The mill cannot grind  
With the water that is past."

Autumn winds revive no more  
Leaves that once are dead;  
And the sickle cannot reap  
Corn once gathered;  
And the ruffled stream flows on  
Tranquil, deep and still,  
Never gliding back again  
To the water-mill,  
Truly speaks the proverb old,  
With a meaning vast,  
"The mill cannot grind  
With the water that is past."

Work while yet the daylight shines,  
Man of strength and will;  
Never does the streamlet glide  
Useless by the mill,  
Wait not till to-morrow's sun  
Beams upon thy way;  
All that thou canst call thy own  
Lies in thy to-day;  
Power and intellect and health  
May not always last;  
"The mill cannot grind  
With the water that is past."

Take the lesson to thyself,  
Loving heart and true;  
Golden years are passing by,  
Youth is passing too.  
Learn to make the most of life,  
Lose no holy day;  
Time will never bring thee back  
Chance swept away;  
Leave no tender word unsaid,  
Love while love shall last;  
"The mill cannot grind  
With the water that is past."

Oh! the wasted years of life  
That have drifted by;  
Oh! the good that might have been,  
Lost without a sigh.  
Love that we might once have saved  
By a single word,  
Thoughts conceived but never penned,  
Perishing unheard.  
Take the proverb to thine heart,  
Take and hold it fast;  
"The mill cannot grind  
With the water that is past."

Mr. Slusher, the largest man ever born in Tennessee, died at Greenville in that State last Friday. He was but nineteen years of age, and, had he not been bent by an attack of rheumatism, would have been nine feet high. His boot was 18 inches long, and one of his hands was about the size of four ordinary ones. He could sit on a chair and pick up anything three feet from him. His head measured about 14 inches, and his chest 7½ feet in circumference. His coffin was 8½ feet long, 28 inches wide, and 2½ feet deep.—*Exchange.*

The Regular Detective.

WHAT HE OWES TO SOCIETY AND HOW HE PAYS THE DEBT—SOME INTERESTING INCIDENTS.

A correspondent of the *World*, writing of the detective system gives the following interesting incidents:

It is very hard to make the detective understand that he owes anything to society. His moral sense is never cultivated. He quite as often prevents a criminal from reforming as he prevents justice from overtaking him. Captain Young once told me of several cases where the stupid indiscretion of the officer had loaded society with outlaws. One was that of the well known One-eyed Thompson, who early in his career was saved from the clutches of the law by some friends who raised a sum of money for him and sent him out West. He settled in a thriving town on the border, and, changing his name made a most praiseworthy effort to become a useful member of society. He opened a store, won the respect of the townspeople, was actually made selectman, and was in a fair way to live long and die honored for his many virtues when suddenly he turned up on the streets here again.

"Halloo," says Captain Young, "I thought you had squared it and was out West."

"Yes; I thought so, too," says Thompson. "But it was no use; one of your men did my business for me!"

It seems that this detective sitting on the new hotel, opposite to the store which the reformed man had opened, "spotted him." "Well I'm blessed if there isn't 'One-eyed Thompson!'" Some of the people guessed not. Oh, no! that was Mr. Simpson, a respected and prominent citizen.

"Oh ho! it was, eh? If that isn't 'One-eyed Thompson,' the burglar, then I'll go back and join the church!"

"All up," says Thompson; "I'm done for. Here I am, captain. It was one of your men that fixed me!"

And so well fixed was he that he became the most noted law-breaker of his day.

It is the easiest thing in the world to hunt a man down when he is trying to be honest with his own record against him.

There is a case on record of a young man in a prominent dry goods house in this city who, in a moment of temptation, forged a check on his employers. It was a peculiarly painful affair. The lad was well connected, when the detectives made the discovery it almost broke his parents' heart. However, after some trouble the matter was compromise. The father paid the money, and some mitigation of sentence was effected. With the stain upon him he started out to redeem his character, if he could. After wandering about for some time he obtained a situation in New Orleans as entry clerk, and at the end of the year saw a fair prospect of achieving success. His employ-

ers had confidence in him, and he had numerous reputable acquaintances.

One day, while on the sidewalk superintending the shipment of some goods, one of these New York men came along.

"Halloo! you here?"

"Yes," said this young man with his heart in his mouth.

"What are you doing?"

"Trying to earn an honest living!"

It seems incredible, but it is true. The officer went straight into the store.

One week later the young man was in New York.

"God knows," he said, "I tried as hard as anybody could to be honest, but it's no use!"

Of course a detective who had the slightest notion of his obligation as a man to society, to say nothing of his duty as an officer, would not have made this mistake.

And that reminds me of another case which ought to teach even police officers that discretion and kindness are not without fruits even in this business.

Everybody in the force remembers Johnny Maas. He was a pickpocket, and belonged to a mob that worked on the west side. How he got into the company of these people it would be hard to tell. But he was an adroit and rather amiable thief that scarcely ever caused the force any trouble. It was customary in the days of the metropolitan police to lock up all the pickpockets and "guns" when there was to be a great celebration or procession. They were merely ordered to the Central office, and there kept until the city was restored to its usual quiet. Johnny Maas only needed to be told to go to headquarters to report himself there promptly. He was a young man, rather slight in build, and somewhat taciturn.

To the surprise of the superintendent, he came to the office one afternoon and inquired when all the special men would be in. He was told he could see them in the morning. When the morning came he was there. After the roll was called the superintendent said: "Now, Johnny, the men are all here if you want to speak to them."

He got up from the corner from which he was sitting, and wringing out his cap with his two hands, proceeded to address them in a faltering and abashed manner:

"Well you see, I've concluded to square it. You've been pretty rough on me for some time, and I've got a sister that's got the heart disease, and she's got it inter her head that she'd live a bit longer if as how I'd do the right thing, and I told her I'd make a try of it; and if you men'll gimme a hand why I don't mind makin' it a go. I don't want to git 'the cholera' no more, and if the gal 'ill live a bit longer on my account I am willin'."

All the men went up and shook hands with him, and it was agreed that he shouldn't have "the cholera" unless he broke through his resolution.

About a year after that, in the dead of

a severe winter, the superintendent was coming through Crosby street into Bleeker, and he met Johnny Maas. The fellow was dressed in a thin bombazine coat. He was collarless, and his feet were out, and he looked hungry, pinched and wretched.

"I'm glad you've kept your word, Johnny. But its going pretty hard with you, I suppose, to be honest?"

"Awful hard, sir," said Johnny; "but I told her I would, and I did."

"That's right. Don't you go back of your word. Stick it out. You'll have better times by-and-bye."

"Do you see that bank over there?" said the young man, pointing to the marble building in Bleeker street. "Well, there s not money enough in that place to make me go back. I'd rather go cold and hungry and not be hunted—so I would."

The next summer one of the hotel proprietors at Long Branch sent up to the superintendent for a man to keep an eye on the thieves that hang around a watering-place. "I can get you a man," said the superintendent, thinking of Johnny, "but I'm bound to tell you he's been a thief."

"Then I don't want him."

Then the superintendent told the story I have told, only he told it better.

"Send him down," said the landlord. "A chap that'll do that ought to be helped."

It was \$25 a week to Johnny, and it made a man of him.

During that season there wasn't a robbery committed at the Branch. Johnny stationed himself at the railroad depot, and when he saw a former pal he warned him off. "It's no use," he would say, "I don't want to pipe none o' you boys, and I ain't goin' to do it if you stay away. If you come here it'll be awful hard for both of us."

And to their credit it ought to be said that they always went back.

Dying Expressions.

- "It is well."—Washington.
- "I must sleep now."—Byron.
- "Kiss me Hardy."—Nelson.
- "Head of the army."—Napoleon.
- "Don't give up the ship."—Lawrence.
- "Let the light enter."—Goethe.
- "Into thy hands, O Lord."—Tasso.
- "Independence forever."—Adams.
- "The artery has ceased to beat."—Haller.
- "Is this your fidelity?"—Nero.
- "This is the last of earth."—J. Q. Adams.
- "Give Dayroles a chair."—Lord Chesterfield.
- "A dying man does nothing well."—Franklin.
- "Let not poor Nellie starve."—Charles III.
- "What! is there no bribing death?"—Cardinal Reanfort.
- "All my possessions for a moment of time."—Queen Elizabeth.
- "It matters not how the head heth."—Sir Walter Raleigh.
- "Clasp my hand, my dearest friend: I die."—Alferi.
- "I feel as if I were to be myself again."—Sir Walter Scott.
- "Let me die to the sound of delicious music."—Mirabeau.
- "I know that my Redeemer liveth."—Horace Greeley.