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3 "	4.00	6.00	8.00	10.00	12.00	14.00	16.00	18.00	20.00	22.00
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Poetry.

[Written for the GLEANER.]
Advice to Girls.

You may talk about your lovers who swear,
To love you forever and a day,
And say you are the fairest of fair,
And sweet as the rose in May.

Perhaps he may think so, who knows,
For a month or two,—maybe a year,
If he tarries that long then he goes
And never again comes he near.

There's a lover who's constant and true,
And who sticks as close as a brother,
Whose love you'll never have cause to rue,
That lover, dear girls, is your mother.

She'll love you "till death do you part,"
And prove it by tenderest love,
You may pillow your head on her heart,
And find sweetest comfort there.

She will soothe all your troubles and griefs,
Girls always have more than their share,
She will give you the sweetest relief,
And make them all seem light as air.

So, girls, if you must be in love,
As you all are at some time or other,
Don't let your dear hearts longer rove,
But fall dead in love—with your mother.

UNE FILLE.
Graham, Aug. 22, 1881.

EQUAL TO THE EMERGENCY.
BY E. H. H.

A bank in a western city had been robbed of twenty thousand dollars in gold, and two young men, strangers, who had failed to give a good account of themselves, were arrested and detained on suspicion. The bank, meantime, was doing its utmost to recover the money, and got it at last. Then immediately the word was passed through the city that the suspected parties would be brought out on a writ of *habeas corpus*, and their release demanded, on the ground that there was no evidence of their having been in any way connected with the robbery.

This announcement brought a large number of the leading businessmen to the court house immediately. A great crime had been committed, which was, as they believed, about to be covered up, and the offenders permitted to go unpunished; an arrangement of that kind having been regarded by the interested parties as the most ready and convenient way to recover the missing money.

The prisoners were accordingly brought out and their release demanded, when the attorney representing the State proceeded to examine in a brief and hasty manner, half a dozen witnesses, including a couple of deputy sheriffs, also some of the officers of the bank, not one of whom, according to the testimony elicited, knew any facts that would connect the defendants with the alleged robbery. The money had been restored in full, it having been handed by a stranger, who, not having been carefully noticed, could not be minutely described.

The sheriff's deputies had as they stated, taken the defendants in a close carriage, at night, to a spot on the lake shore three miles away, they indicating the spot to be visited, but the officers not knowing for what purpose they were taking them there. Meantime, two other witnesses, equally sagacious and reliable, had seen the carriage stop in the night over a certain spot on the shore. The carriage remained stationary for a few moments, and after it was driven away, the men proceeded to the spot and found a pocket handkerchief, which either dropped from the carriage or not they did not know, but they immediately proceeded to dig at that spot to the depth of four feet, where they found a tightly closed tin box, which they did not think best to open, and, of course, had no knowledge as to its contents. They brought the box away, however, but after carrying it some distance, gave it to a stranger who met them, and saw it no more.

Other testimony of a similar character was added, including that of the man who took the box to the bank in the night and handed it to a person who was waiting to receive it through a rear window. None of these witnesses were able to tell what was in the box, nor the names of the parties for whom it was received or to whom it was given, but when the box was received and opened at the bank, the stolen money was recovered and opened at the bank, the stolen money was found there all right.

The judge, while listening to this testimony, had readjusted and arranged his spectacles a dozen times, as if trying to get them in a position that would enable him to discover the relation between the different parts of the evidence.

ing from one to another of the spectators, while all were anxiously waiting to hear what order the judge was preparing to give.

"There does not appear to be any legal reason for holding the prisoners," his Honor finally remarked; and he would have said at the next moment, "the sheriff will therefore release them" but these words were not spoken.

"Hold on right there, your Honor!" rang through the court room, with a thrill like a stroke from an electrical battery.

"Order! Order!" cried the judge, rapping loudly, while the other officers of the court re-echoed the cry. But their words were not heeded, for another order, "Go on, Glendon! we are with you!" at the same instant rang through the place. Springing suddenly forward, and placing himself in a more prominent position, Telford Glendon continued:

"In the name of the State I protest against the farce now being enacted, and demand the return of the prisoners to the jail from which they were taken. When brought out again, I will appear on behalf of the people, and intend to convict them on the testimony of the same men to whose caricatures of what actually occurred your Honor has been listening."

"Go in, Glendon!" was again responded, as if with one voice; the rappings and calls for order being in the meantime disregarded.

A few days later the defendants were again arraigned for trial; the prosecution being conducted by young Glendon. A verdict of guilty was obtained, and the men were sentenced to prison for several years.

"And who, now, was this Telford Glendon, who came so suddenly to the front at that critical moment? A young lawyer, scarcely twenty-five years of age. He had been admitted to the bar about twelve months before, but his quiet and reserved demeanor had given the impression that there was not quite enough 'snap' in him to make a Western lawyer, and up to that time he had had but little to do. But his bold and intrepid rush to the rescue of justice and right in that perilous moment, furnished the key note to his whole subsequent life, and although the time never came when he was called upon to perform a similar act, yet every one knew that when a bold, resolute and relentless exposure of injustice and fraud was required, Glendon was there.

The above story is no fancy sketch, but an actual occurrence that took place about thirty years since; names changed, of course. If the true names were given, the hero of the story would be recognized as a well-known jurist and author, now living.

Elegance of Home.

I never saw a garment too fine for man or maid; there never was a chair too good for cobbler or cooper, or a king to sit in; never a house too fine to shelter the human head. These elements about us, the glorious sky, the imperial sun, are not too good for the human race. Elegance fits man. But do we not value these tools for house keeping a little more than they are worth, and sometimes mortgage a house for the mahogany we bring into it? I had rather eat my dinner off the head of a barrel, or dress after the fashion of John the Baptist in the wilderness, or sit on a block all my life, than consume all my life before I got to a home, and take so much pains with the outside that the inside was as hollow as an empty nut. Beauty is a great thing, but beauty of garment, house and furniture are tawdry ornaments compared with domestic love. All the elegance in the world will not make a home, and I would give more for a spoonful of real hearty love than for whole ship loads of furniture, and all the gorgeousness all the upholsterers in the world can gather.

"By Gawge, fellows, I had a delightful dream last night. I dreamt you know, that I was invited to a banquet. The table was just swathed down with tempting grub and costly wines. Ah! it was a delicious dream."

Just at this moment a hungry looking tramp, who had paused to listen, bawled out:

A Glimpse of Schandau.

Correspondence of the Hartford Courant.
To the most of the readers of the Courant, the name at the head of this letter will suggest little or nothing; but to the few who have tasted the beauties of what the Germans, with a little pardonable exaggeration, have called the Saxon Switzerland, the name will recall the central point of interest in that wild picturesque, and most attractive region, on the banks of the Elbe, above Dresden and just on the border of Bohemia. It seems a good way off from Hartford, and I can hardly convey to you what a remote feeling one has from all the world indeed, in these distant solitudes, close by the sides of the dark, broad, strong river, which every hour sweeps by the rafts and barges from the Bohemian forests. I have visited this place twice before, but it has an unending charm and as a freak of nature, it is quite as wonderful as the Rhine region. For in the distant days of the world's history the Elbe must have formed a great lake above here, where it had no outlet to the sea, and either by the force of the accumulated waters, or by some outbreak of volcanic forces, the river has carved a winding passage through the mass of sandstone which blocked its way, and has left, in some places, long lines of wall, hundreds of feet in height, in others great fortress-like masses, which are singularly grand and majestic.

As you sail up the river from Dresden you approach the region by no easy transitions, but all at once, about three hours sail above the Saxon capital, you enter the chasm which the Elbe has made. First there is the great sea, the walls being about three or four hundred feet high, in some places with green fields and vineyards climbing up the sides a little way, but generally bare and gaunt. But ere long you come in view of the first great wonder, the Bastei, or Bastion, a bold headland of rock with 550 feet of direct descent. The rim is protected by an iron fence, and from it you can toss a stone into the Elbe at your feet. Never have I had a view so full of the weird charm which is gained from this high point; for I have never stood so near the edge of a wall over five hundred feet in height before.

But not even this great height is the chief wonder of the Saxon Switzerland. Just across the way, and over the river rises a rock more than a thousand feet in height, on the summit of which stands the only fortress in Europe which has never been taken by an enemy. This is the famous Königstein, or Mount Royale, and within its walls the immense treasures of the Saxon royal family have been secreted for immemorial times, during eras of war. This was done even as lately as 1766, when Saxony sided with Prussia against Austria and when had the latter not been conquered at Koniggratz, this Saxon fort must inevitably have yielded. For though it stands on a block of stone more than a thousand feet high, it too is dominated by the huge block called the Lilienstein, which is more than eleven hundred feet high and it would not have been impossible to draw heavy cannon to its summit and chatter the old fortification of Konigstein. For strong as the fortress seems, yet it is only so for the inability of any enemy to attack it with the old fashioned means of assault. Against the tremendous engines of modern times, it would offer very little resistance. But it is a great curiosity. It contains supplies sufficient to maintain a garrison of a thousand men for three years; it has a well 1,300 feet deep cut through the solid rock; and the approach through the wall is so crooked and guarded that one gets the impression of a strength which is quite overwhelming. But the view from the ramparts quite repays the slight effort required to reach the spot. A long and circuitous, but gently graded and thoroughly finished road leads from the river side to the top; and you may walk, or you may ride as ease and energy may dictate.

There are three points of the greatest grandeur, the Bastei, the Königstein and the Lilienstein; but easy walks and drives take you to natural bridges, to caverns, to points of wide and beautiful outlook; and the scenes of great historic interest in connection with the persecuted Moravians. Into one of these primitive settlements I penetrated twenty-six years ago, where still the earthly salvation was not as elsewhere, "Good morning; but Praised be Jesus Christ," to which the answer was "To all eternity; amen." This seems strange, perhaps incredible; I presume it has quite faded out by this time, but it tells of an epoch of religious persecution, when the popular speech was saturated with similar

phrases. Even we in our "Good bye; say God be with you;" but the old memory has quite gone from the words which were once fraught with piety.

Of course, it goes without saying, that this is a region full of tourists; where traveling is made delightful by all the expedients which music, good boats, excellent hotels, horses, carriages and guides can make a stay pleasant and restful. And down here in the valley, by the side of the river, there is a peculiar place. In front of the hotel are pleasant arbors, beneath which are many little tables, where the guests take their breakfast and tea; large gardens are in view, full of greenness and beauty; little booths are ranged along by the river side, where fruit and Bohemian glass-ware and all manner of dainty knicknacks can be bought; up and down the streets pass the German women carrying their huge baskets of provisions on their backs, for in this country the best beast of burden is the peasant woman; the steamers lie at the wharves, ready to go up the river to Bohemia and down the river to Dresden, and all around are the pleasant, well-dressed tourists from all parts of the world.

At Dresden was passed four days of almost American heat and we were glad to get away. But how beautiful it is! No wonder that the great current of travel sets toward it, for it is one of the most fascinating cities in the world. Who will forget the place where the old bridge and the brutal terrace, and the roval palace and the cathedral and the theater and the picture gallery, and the Belvedere hotel make a group which in architectural dignity and grace has perhaps no superior in the world? Who does not return to it with renewed delight? But it has been so often described that I shall not attempt it.

I should like to give the readers of the Courant an instance of red tapeism, of which I think with feelings of blended amusement and indignation. Routine is certainly the bete noir of this German nation. Last Sunday, for example, after two or three days of almost American heat, one of our own bursts of wind and rain visited the city. And while the torrents came down, it was droll to see the watering carts pursuing their ordinary functions, and swelling a little the torrent of water which for the time deluged the streets. Even the Germans thought it droll and admitted that without peril the driver might assume that it would be safe to stop till the shower had passed. But the German official has no margin afforded him, for discretion; apropos of which I will tell the little story which I threatened to recount a few lines above. I had ordered a picture from Leipzig, and had received from the dealer a post card saying that he had duly sent it through the mail and that I might remit to him the price. So going from the letter department to the package department, I gave the letter of my correspondent to the official in charge. He read it (it was in German), and then said: "The package is here, but I cannot give it to you merely on the strength of this." "What more do you require," I said, "than the original letter of the man who has sent me the package?" Then followed his list of what I must have in order to take my picture away. He spoke in an obscure and excited manner, but it was evident that nothing short of my passport would answer. "But I have no passport; I have, however, what is better, my letter of credit on the house of Barings in London." "Very good," he said, "but that will do nothing in this case." "Very well," there are letters just received from London addressed to me, will not they do to show that I am the right man to take away the package? Not at all; if you have no passport, you might bring some one to certify to your identity. "But I am a traveler. I have no acquaintance in Dresden, and want to leave for Schandau on the morning boat." "Well, I can't give you the package without a certificate of legitimation from the police. That began to look like a month's stay in Dresden to get a two dollar picture out of the post office. I expected to have to write to America to get certificates of birth, baptism, church membership, vaccination, also whether my father was white or colored, occupation, means of support, married or single, with my wife's original name if married, reason for traveling, whether in sound mind, and lastly whether I came to get my package of my own free will and deed. Fortunately the official, seeing my anxiety referred me to the director, whom I found in his stately quarters, not unsurprisingly however, and being a man of sense, on the sight of my letter from Leipzig, he instantly sent down the order for my picture to be delivered. Moral: in countries where no passport is required it is a good thing to have one; or failing that, any document will do, provided it is heavily freighted with sealing wax. Nothing moves red tape here like the sight of big wax seals.

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