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Poetry.

Words of Strength.

There are three lessons I would write,
Three words as with a burning pen,
Put them in the shadow from thy brow—
Upon the hearts of men.

Have hope. Though clouds environ now,
And gladness hides her face in scorn,
Put thou the shadow from thy brow—
No night but hath its morn.

Have faith. Where'er thy bark is driven,
The calm'st disport, the tempest's mirth—
Know this—God rates the loss of heaven,
The inhabitants of earth.

Have love. Not love alone for one,
But man as man, thy brother call,
And scatter, like the circling sun,
Thy charities on all.

Thus grave these lessons on thy soul—
Hope, Faith and Love—and thou shalt find
Strength when life's surges rudest roll,
Light when thou else wert blind.

A STRANGE STORY.

The danger of circumstantial evidence,
Or how a man may be clearly convicted
Thereby of the murder of a man who
still lives:

In the winter of 1850 Congress for the first time extended the maritime and admiralty jurisdiction over the lakes in the same manner and to the same extent as on the high seas. Down to this period of time the several States of Michigan, Ohio, Indiana and Illinois, lying on the great lakes, bounded the several border counties by low-water mark, and thus left that portion of land covered with water on lakes Michigan, Huron, Erie and St. Clair lying within the limits of the several States, but outside of any of the counties, so that in case crimes were committed on the waters of the lakes they could not be punished because not within the *locus in quo* of any county. The act of Congress of 1850 it was supposed would correct this evil by giving jurisdiction to the Federal courts over all crimes committed on the lakes, in the same manner as upon the high seas. The result proved that this supposition was a mistaken one but such was the popular opinion in the early spring of 1851.

It was a very bright, beautiful morning about the last of May, 1851, the Detroit River harbor looked more lovely than ever, and the steamer Southerner, as she lay moored at the Central railroad dock, looked like the yacht of the Sultan on the Bosphorus. But something unusual seemed to have occurred, and a mystery hung over this beautiful craft. Capt. Pierce, her dashing commander, moved about as elegant and sailor-like as ever, but his brow was overcast, his form unusually upright and his step like that of a commodore on a ship-of-war going into action. Those diamond studs glittering on his faultless bosom; his jaunty hat hung over his right ear, while his stunning neck-tie and trim, white, roundabout told of a fresh water sailor or the old salt type in full dress, and on most important duty. All the sailors were called one by one to the captain's office then looked in, low muttering was heard, and as each returned to duty looks dark and bloody were exchanged. The hurricane deck was carefully examined and a large spot of blood midships on the port side examined by the microscope was studied from every possible stand-point. Finally a tall stranger, a passenger from Cleveland and Detroit, on the steamer Michigan Central railway was spied on the dock and was carefully shadowed by Capt. Pierce and crew as he went into the Cass hotel and secured room No. 46 in the upper story; and then Capt. Pierce, ordering the entire crew to quarters, gave one man to watch the stranger in 46, walked quietly, but very carefully, to the United States District Attorney's office, then in the basement of the old Farmers & Mechanics' bank on Jefferson Avenue, just above the Michigan Exchange. The Hon. Samuel J. Watson was then United States Commissioner, and occupied the front room, while the United States District Attorney had the back office, and these two gentlemen were then and there partners in the law.

Ushered into the back room, the door locked to keep away crows and eavesdroppers, Capt. Pierce made the following statement to the United States District Attorney: "That about 2 o'clock the previous day at Cleveland, Ohio, a stranger came on board the Southerner and secured state-room A, having two berths therein, for Detroit, saying that his companion would come later in the day and pay for his berth in that room; that this man who took the state-room was apparently a Quaker—dressed in drab clothes, with a drab hat and a drab satchel, which he left in his berth. That some three hours afterward another gen-

tleman, claiming to be his companion, came dressed in black, with a black hat and a black satchel inquired for berth No. 2, state-room A, paid for that berth and that about 9 o'clock that night the Southerner left Cleveland en route for Detroit; that she encountered a very heavy gale off the island, and that while rolling and pitching in the sea, with no one on deck, save the man at the wheel and the lookout clear forward, the two passengers from state-room A were seen on deck, seeming to be sea sick, and that while one of them, the drab man, was vomiting, the man in black struck him a heavy blow and then pushed him overboard; that as he sank in the lake the drab hat floated away, the man at the wheel and the lookout on deck heard a cry for help and saw him sink; but the sea was so heavy, the storm so fierce that nothing could then be done to save him; that a large spot of blood on the deck showed where the blow was given and the murder commenced which ended in the lake."

The captain's statement was reduced to writing by Commissioner Watson, sworn to by Capt. Pierce, and then the District Attorney repaired at once to the steamer, still lying at the Central Railroad dock, and there took the depositions of all the crew, who severally swore to their actual knowledge of these facts.

The wheelmen and lookouts each swore that they saw the drab man go over the ship's side, heard his cries for help, saw his hat floating on the waves and found in the morning fresh blood on the very spot where he stood ere he went overboard. In addition to all this, it turned out that the murderer, then in 46 had with him the drab satchel, a new one brought on board by the man in drab, then supposed to be at the bottom of Lake Erie.

Here was a clear case of circumstantial evidence of murder on the high seas, outside of any county, and the evidence was conclusive—apparently. The United States District Attorney applied for a United States warrant from Commissioner Watson for murder on the high seas against John Doe, then in No. 46, Cass hotel—obtained it—and, taking a special deputy United States Marshal, he went in person about 9 o'clock p. m., to the Cass hotel to arrest the murderer. By this time the various whisperings and movements attracted public attention and quite a crowd gathered in front of the Cass hotel, understanding that something important would occur.

The United States District Attorney proceeded to room 46, knocked very peremptorily and demanded admission, which was at first refused, but the inmate being assured that the door would be broken in, finally partially opened it, when the District Attorney entered and at once perceived that the murderer had on as a disguise a pair of blue spectacles and a wig, and that he had the drab satchel, in which he was evidently concealing something. Locking the door on the inside, he at once read the United States warrant for his arrest. Told defendant he was arrested for murder on the high seas, and demanded the opportunity to search his person and baggage, which he peremptorily refused to permit. But finally it was done, and the satchel contained a beautiful set of dentist's tools a letter addressed to defendant's wife, at Cape Cod, and on his person was found the sum of \$884 in gold coin, all supposed to be the property of the murdered man. During the examination and when finally charged with the murder, the prisoner, who was a Cape Cod man, said through his nose in a squeaking voice:

"Now, Squire, this is a mistake—there is no man murdered, Squire. I am the man missed." The district attorney vigorously denounced him as a murderer. He squeaked out:

"Squire, this is all wrong—I'm the man. I have a wife Squire, at Cape Cod, and she gives me hell, and I was going to run away to California, and so I took both berths on the Southerner, changed my dress, went up on deck and pretended to kill myself."

At last the truth flashed upon the public prosecutor, and he asked the prisoner if there was any one living in Michigan who could identify him as the supposed murderer man, to which he replied "that he had a brother living in Pontiac, a mason by trade, and who had been there many years and could vouch for him as the identical murdered man." The United States Marshal was now called up and ordered to take the prisoner to Col. Whistler, commanding the United States infantry in Detroit, to lock him up in the guard-houses, where no man could communicate with him and keep him there until his examination the next day.

Very early the next morning, and af-

ter the publication in the papers of a very full account of the murder on the steamer Southerner, the clearness of the testimony to convict and very strong commendations of the United States District Attorney for his zeal and skill for working up the case, the prisoner's brother, who happened to be in town from Pontiac and had read the account, called the district attorney out of his bed and told him, "that the murdered man was his brother, from Cape Cod, and he wanted to be present a 10 o'clock a. m., and attend the examination of the murderer," and he was directed to be at the United States district attorney's office where he could see the murderer of his brother. At ten o'clock promptly, the United States Marshal, accompanied by a file of soldiers, marched the supposed murderer down Jefferson Avenue, accompanied by a mob of curious boys and men to the office. There sat Commissioner Samuel L. Watson, very dignified, cold and stern to hear the testimony and dispose of the first case under the act of Congress extending maritime admiralty jurisdiction over the lakes.

The supposed murderer trembling with fright, was ushered into the back room of the district attorney's offices, and there putting on the blue spectacles and the wig he was again disguised, as he supposed. The brother from Pontiac was soon admitted to see as he supposed, the murderer of his brother, and instantly recognized him as the murdered man, and leaping into his arms he exclaimed:

"Why this is my brother he ain't murdered at all."

This over, the parties went before Commissioner Watson in the front room, and then the district attorney stated to the court:

"That the circumstantial evidence made a clear case of murder against the defendant on which he could be hung, but there seemed something strange about the case, and that as the body of the murdered man had not been found and the defendant claimed to be that identical murdered man himself, he might discharge the defendant if he chose so to do, on such terms as he thought best."

Judge Watson, with great dignity and severity, said to the defendant in the presence of the crowd, "The circumstantial evidence is clear enough to convict you of murder. It appears that you and another man took two berths on the steamer Southerner; that you were dressed in black—black hat—and had a black satchel, that he was dressed in drab—drab hat—and had a drab satchel; went on board, and you attempted to escape with the drab satchel. You say that you were about to run away to California from your wife, at Cape Cod, and that you assumed both characters to deceive her and make her believe that you were dead and that she was a widow and here, sir, is your letter in a feigned hand to your wife, telling her of your pretended death, and that God would be a husband to her and a father to her children. This, sir, is worse than murder; but under all the circumstances the court will discharge you, on the sole condition that you will go instantly back to your wife at Cape Cod, and tell her of this vile trick you have resorted to to cheat and desert her. I shall write your discharge on the sole condition that you consent in writing so return."

Thereupon he wrote on the warrant the condition and his acceptance of it, and then handed the pen to the prisoner or to sign his name.

The prisoner had on his blue spectacles and wig all awry, and looked the very picture of despair. Taking the pen in his trembling hand he looked at Commissioner Watson, then at his brother, then "impromptly" at the United States District Attorney, and said in trembling accents:

"Squire Bates! Must I sign that and go back to her?"

Being assumed that there was no other alternative, he took the pen, wrote his name, and as he did so said in the agony of despair:

"Squire I'll do it, but won't she give me hell when I come back there to her?"

He went back and humbugged her with a story that it was a trick of the United States district attorney and the Detroit Free Press, and she believed him.

If you grasp a rattlesnake firmly about the neck, he can not hurt you, says a Western paper. To be perfectly safe, it would be well to let the hired man do the grasping.

Being sued for breach of promise by one girl just as he was about to marry another, a St. Louis young man committed suicide.

The Forty Mile Desert.

Twenty long years ago the great American Desert was the terror of the overland emigrant. It was impossible to go around it for it extended from the Colorado to the Cascades. All the routes that led to the land of promise crossed it and it was soon covered with the bleaching bones of stock and dotted with human graves. It is about forty miles from the lower end of the Humboldt Sink to the Truckee river at Wadsworth, and its name "Forty Mile Desert" given to the stretch has become known the world over. There is no water fit to drink on the whole distance. The road lies through a sandy sage brush plain, extending several miles west of the lake, where it strikes an alkali desert, in the center of which the railroad has a station that is appropriately called "White" Plains. This is the lowest point east of the mountain. Eight miles further is Mirage Station, which might serve as a memorial to the unfortunates who have been betrayed from their proper course by the picture of running water, waving trees and fields that existed only in the deceptive air. Near the middle of the journey is a boiling hot spring at the foot of the mountain and large beds of salt lie near, from which B. F. Leets and the Bonanza mine put up and ship large quantities to market. The deposit has killed all vegetation for a long distance around, leaving the flat, old lake-bed as bare as a floor. Between there and Wadsworth are some very odd formations. The body of the country seems to be a light yellow substance, probably diatomous, over which the high ridges of brown hills. The level places are strewn with heavy rocks of all sizes, as black as coal. There is no timber anywhere in sight and even the sagebrush is of inferior size. On either side are the ever monotonous brown mountains, carved and grooved by centuries of wear and frost into fringes of stony lace. The railroad has made frequent attempts to get water for its engines but without success. They bored 1,800 feet at Hot Springs, but got only a brackish mixture of liquid alkali. They haul water in tank cars for their section men between Lovelock's and Wadsworth and the engines make the run with one tankful, a distance of sixty one miles. They formerly carried an extra car behind the engine with two wooden tanks to draw from, but new engines have been built with tanks that hold 3,700 gallons. They frequently run seventy-five miles without stopping and Nick Cole made a hundred-mile run once. It is a very pleasant comparison for the rich "Aer" who rides in the palace-car over the ground where he walked along with sore and tired feet, urging his oxen out of the thirsty desert, half a lifetime ago.

New Story About General Grant.

It has just leaked out that while General Grant was traveling in Asia he expressed a desire to get a shot at a lion. Not wishing to expose him to danger the natives secured a stuffed lion, set it up in a jungle and then took the illustrious traveler out for a hunt. When the beast was sighted the General was all excitement, and crawling up to a favorite position began to blaze away at the animal with no perceptible effect. After firing about twenty times he began to get mad, and, taking off his coat, he settled down for a regular siege. Fearing his wrath when he discovered the sell, the attendants endeavored to induce him to give up the attempt to kill the beast, telling him that it bore a charmed life and that he could not possibly injure it. He told them to go to thunder; that he was after blood, and was going to have it. After a vain fusillade of half an hour he arose to his feet, gnashing his teeth with rage, threw his suspenders off his shoulders, rolled up his sleeves and grabbed his rifle by the barrel, so he could use it as a club. The attendants again begged him to desist; but he positively though, informed them that he would have that cuss or leave his honored remains strewn promiscuously all through that jungle, and with a wild cry of "I'll fight it out on this lion if it takes all summer!" he rushed upon the beast, and with one well-directed blow, laid it over on its side. Then he chased the native attendants for six miles, but being better acquainted with the country they got away from him in safety.

A Smart Young Woman.

Says the Visalia (Cal.) Delta: A young man in the neighborhood had lately taken up one hundred and sixty acres of land, built a house upon it, a barn, bored wells, dug ditches, sowed it in wheat, and in all spent hundreds of dollars upon it. It happened to be a dry season, and the crop failed. He became discouraged, and offered his claim at a sacrifice. A young lady gave him one hundred dollars for his right, title and interest in the land and everything on it. She let it lie. She sold the insufficient crop for hog feed. The hogs rooted and scattered it. The winter rains came, and with them came the volunteer crop, which matured and has recently been cut, yielding twelve bushels per acre on one hundred and twenty acres. She will clear at least \$1,500 besides having the land and the improvements.

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