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## The Deserter.

Well! an' 'supposin' he did desert?  
What's that to thee, merrily Dan?  
Thou hast no lads in thy own cot,  
Or thou wouldn't talk so, my man!

But stop till thou'rt heard it all out, Dan,  
Till you know how it ended down there,  
An' you won't blame the lad nor the widow  
When you hear what they both had to bear.

I was down at the cottage this mornin'  
When the soldiers marched up to the door,  
An' said as they'd got the Queen's orders  
To take away George once more!

An' in they all come, the Queen's soldiers,  
With their handcuffs for poor George's wrists;  
The Queen's got more right than the mother—  
Neither him nor his mother resists!

Poor lad, he warn't fit for a soldier,  
With his nineteen years only just told;  
He was mad with his loss when he listed,  
An' his life for a shillin', he sold.

Yes, sergeant, he'll stick to his bargain,  
He's there, in the room at the back,  
An' as truly as blood under ye'seemed  
An' followed the lad on his track!

But he starved for a week in the marshes  
Afore he crawled in at that door!  
An' weary, broke down, an' half-dyin',  
He dropped, faintin', dropped, on the floor!

So step gently, sergeant, step gently,  
For God's sake, men, don't let your guns  
clank,  
An' the mothers who bore ye, an' nursed ye,  
For this mother's sake shall ye thank!

An' the big bearded men laid their muskets  
Alongside the old cottage wall;  
An' we all 'us' went in so softly  
You couldn't 'a' heard a footfall!

An' there he was, bent o'er his pillow,  
His face hidin' his from our sight,  
An' her hands in his black hair was twinnin',  
An' lookin' like dead hands, so white!

The sergeant's hand placed on her shoulder,  
The sergeant's voice whisp'rin' low,  
Made her start, made her rise, made the hot  
tears

Down her pale face quickly flow!  
"What will ye?" she wailed: "want ye  
George?"

"Come ye an' see an' poor lad, between?"  
"He musn't," says the sergeant, "go with us!  
He belongs to his country, his Queen!"

"Stand off!" he is mine! come not near him!  
He has breathed in these arms his last  
breath;

No Queen nor no army can claim him,  
He belongs to his mother, and Death!"

An' my heart 'most stopped in its beatin'  
As I looked on the widow's white cheek,  
While the soldiers with bent heads stepped  
backward,

An' the sergeant in vain tried to speak!  
The light in his young eyes had darkened,  
His voice with Death's silence was dumb:  
Never more, Dan, shall poor George answer  
Friend, mother, or trumpet, or drum!

Once more he cried out, "Get ye gone, men!  
Your comrade no longer does heed  
Your words, or your threats, or your lashes:  
My poor lad from this oath Death has  
freed!"

An' she fell on her knees by his bedside,  
An' kissed the dead face o'er an' o'er,  
Thou needn't be 'shamed o' thy tears, Dan!  
Let 'em come, if they ne'er come afore!

It was said as young George had 'scaped 'em.  
So he has! the Queen's order is naught.  
No laws nor court-martials can touch him;  
The Lord his discharge, Dan, has bought.

## IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

I was horribly lonesome. What could  
I do with myself? It is only about  
Christmas time that the responsibility  
of my individual hangs heavily upon  
me; my business engrosses me for the  
most part, for I had been more suc-  
cessful in money matters than in any other  
interest in life. But now the holidays  
were here. Everything in my neat  
chambers were orderly and comfortable,  
and I had a real satisfaction in the feel-  
ing that they belonged to me. But how  
lonesome I was. A fellow just  
passed my window with a covered  
basket on one arm, and on the other a  
happy looking woman chattering gaily  
as she walked. Well, I might have had  
a wife, if it had not been for Charley's  
perfidy—yes, and Emma's too, for I  
suppose she was as much to blame as  
he was.

I wonder if either of them were to  
blame? Love goes where it is sent,  
they say, and I really suppose they  
were not left loving each other. Poor  
Emma! Proud, splendid woman; I  
should like to know what her fate has  
been. It seems strange that I have  
never heard one word from them since  
that Christmas eve on which they  
eloped. She was to have married me  
before another Christmas, but Charley  
was younger and handsomer than I,  
and there were such brilliant indications  
of genius about him. Strange that they  
have not been realized; and surely they  
have not, or I should have heard. O,  
if I could only see them again. I  
forgotten them both before the ex-  
piration of the first year, in my anxiety  
about them; for how could I forget the  
charge of my dying mother? "Take  
him, Paul," she said, "be good, and  
tender, and true to him all the days of  
your life. No matter what wrongs  
he may repay your kindness—for  
give him not only seven times but sev-  
enty times seven. Be to him more than  
a brother, my trusted child; fill my  
vacant place for him. Say to yourself—  
it will be true—there is no one on earth  
that would cause my mother to cast one  
of her children out. The more aban-  
doned, the more stretched they become,  
the more my affection shall comfort and  
solace them; until, at last, with a patience  
that never wearies, and a zeal that never  
flags, and a love whose strong wings  
bear all burdens upward, I will land  
them within the portals of that eternal  
home where sin and sorrow can come  
no more forever."

And now four years had slipped  
down the thread of time, each adding  
to my anxiety, until I felt that I would  
give all my accumulated wealth for the  
sight of their dear faces once more.

I will get away from these torturing  
thoughts, I said; I will go out and

seek some adventure, praying my good  
spirit to lead me where I can make a  
Christmas for somebody though I may  
not have one for myself. I put on my  
wraps and started. The streets were  
thronged; how brilliantly the lights  
shone and what an array of Christmas  
cheer they illumined. And then to see  
the toys—O, if I had only a child to  
make happy with a gift. Why, here is  
a whole bevy of ragged little urchins,  
shivering around a pastry cook's win-  
dow. Now, good spirits, whose duty  
it is to inspire us to generosity, I shall  
commit no act of disinterested benevo-  
lence to night; but will make these  
youngsters happy if you will grant me  
some reasonable recompense. So I  
called them in, and bought as they  
directed. They were so engrossed and  
so joyful that they forgot to thank me,  
and departed with arms full of good  
things for their different homes. But  
when they were gone the old lonely  
feeling returned to me, and I thought  
uncomfortably of my bachelor Christ-  
mas again.

I passed the next day somehow, I  
gave a good deal to friendless little  
ones on the street—God's children—  
still holding firmly by my compact with  
my spirit friends, and asking frankly  
for reimbursement. Why not? Have  
not we the promise that if we cast our  
bread upon the waters, after many days  
it will return to us?

On Christmas morning as I passed  
out of my door, I found a child sitting  
quietly on the steps eating a bunch of  
raisins. He looked hearty and com-  
fortably though poorly clad, that at  
first I thought he must belong to some  
of the neighbors. But no, I had looked  
at all of these longingly and so ten-  
derly, I knew them as well as if they  
had been my own. I thought I'd speak  
to him.

"How do you do, young man?"  
"Dood mornin'," he said, slowly, in a  
rich baby contralto.

"I don't know what to say next. No  
matter—he did. He took a way raisin  
from out his rosy mouth and handed it  
to me.

"Aint oo hungry, poor man?" he  
said.

I declined his hospitality, but his lips  
quivered, and tears came into his eyes.  
"Yes," I said quickly, seeing what  
ailed him, "I would like to have some  
raisins," and stooped down beside  
him. His face instantly cleared and he  
commenced feeding me—alternately  
putting one grape in my mouth and one  
in his. I thought I was doing him a  
favor; he knew he was doing me a  
favor, and the grapes disappeared  
began to look uneasily at me.

"Aint oo dot enough?" he said.

"O no, not half enough yet."

"Es oo dot enough now? dey'll make  
oo sick," and he actually put all the  
rest, a good-sized handful—into his own  
mouth. Well, it was not fair, but I re-  
sented my opinion of his conduct, and  
asked him his name.

"Dotty," he said.

"Where is your mother?"

"Don't know."

"Where is your father?"

"Don't know."

"Where do you live?"

"Me's down to live with oo."

"Es—my mammy told me so."

"Your mammy told you so? Where  
is your mammy?"

"Her don't off."

"What is your mammy's name?"

He looked me over from head to foot,  
muttering grudgingly the extent of my  
idiotcy, and then answered, scornfully:  
"Mammy named mammy; don't oo  
know dat?"

"And she said you were to live with  
me?"

"Es; she said if me would, oo'd div  
me lots of pretty sings."

I felt like the man who drew the ele-  
phant by lottery. "It's most deuced  
cool," I said.

"Es, it is a fuy fool," said the young  
man, rising; "es's do in the house."

In the house, and divested of his  
wraps, he was as much at home as if he  
had always lived there. The first thing  
he did was to harness a chair at the  
head of the lounge with an old pair of  
suspenders, and then get on himself  
and commenced driving, "talking  
horse" most uproariously.

"Get ape, now, won't oo? Get ape.  
Whoo, Danbury! Do long dere, won't  
soo? Darn oo fool."

He was evidently all right; but what  
sort of a fix was I in? Well, to con-  
sider my opinion of the extent of my  
idiotcy, and then answered, scornfully:  
"Mammy named mammy; don't oo  
know dat?"

say, in passing, that though a little re-  
sponsible at first at what seemed an un-  
reasonable liberty in thus forcing a  
great responsibility upon me, I soon  
became not only reconciled, but in-  
definitely happier than I ever expected to  
be. My darlings grew in grace and  
beauty, and became the very life of my  
life. But from the moment of their en-  
tering my house I was haunted by a  
woman, whose image of all my efforts  
baffled every attempt to see her plainly.  
One summer eve, as I sat in my little  
sitting room with the children at dinner,  
I became conscious of some strange  
influence near me, and glancing around  
I saw her through the open window,  
just melting out of sight in the dim  
darkness. And many a time after I  
caught partial glimpses of a thin, wasted  
form, but never once was I in a position  
to catch or detain her. At last, moved  
by compassion for what I knew to be in  
that poor mother's heart, I posted an  
advertisement on all conspicuous places  
near my dwelling, which was some-  
thing like this:

"If the mother of Dotty and Lily  
will come to me openly she shall see  
her children without reserve. But in  
case she shall have reasons of her own  
for not coming, I would like to let her  
know that he to whom she gave them  
thanks her with a humble and happy  
heart for her precious gift, and will  
pledge himself never to prove recreant  
to so sacred a trust."

Now, so far from this producing the  
effect I had desired, it seemed to banish  
the mother entirely away, and it was  
nearly twelve years after the children  
came to me that the next event hap-  
pened.

There was an exhibition in Lily's  
school, and she was to have the leading  
character in some theatrical perfor-  
mance. She was pleased and excited  
quite beyond her natural self. She  
studied her part with avidity, and with  
the most thrilling and brilliant action  
rehearsed it again and again before me.

When the night came, she appeared on  
the stage in character, exquisitely  
dressed in court train and jewels. It  
was the first time I had ever seen her  
out of short dresses. Who was it that  
reminded me of? Surely I had known  
some one at some time of life just like  
my splendid darling. I listened to her  
and watched her, and I could not but  
can tell? Until the last act, when the  
curtain falls upon her in tableau—with  
hands crossed upon her breast, with  
tender eyes upraised, the whole wealth  
of her pale golden hair falling in one  
curling, misty tangle down to her  
waist, the innocence of angels radiating  
from her, and her girlish form with  
a gentle grace so wonderfully  
pure, so tenderly touching.

Through the happy tears that filled  
my eyes I saw a halo encircle her like  
a rainbow, and then the curtain fell  
and I heard a scream from some woman in  
the audience.

The audience, for I had not seen her  
like a knife, for I had not seen her  
self as I was by the intensity of my feel-  
ings, there came a perfect revelation of  
all the inexplicable events of the past  
few years—so full of quiet content for  
me, so full of agony to others. In vain,  
for some moments, I struggled to pene-  
trate the crowd weaving around the ter-  
rible cry. At last I reached her, pale,  
prostrate, lifeless. "Stand back," I  
cried, "she's mine! O, Emma,  
Emma."

There is little more to tell. I took  
her to her old home—to the very cham-  
bers she had brightened with her pres-  
ence when a child. She was faded,  
and old, and worn beyond her years.  
Her splendid fragrant hair, whose touch  
upon my cheek and shoulder had once  
tuned my pulse to the delicious mad-  
dening rhythm of love, was now "half  
gray, half ruined gold." She knew  
her children, and they brought her all  
the long-gathered affection of their fresh  
young hearts. But even that could not  
save her. She faded from us daily,  
and at last, with many promises of re-  
union in that world where we hope to  
rectify the mistakes of this, we parted.

Charley had died before the twins  
were born, and poverty had pursued  
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the long-gathered affection of their fresh  
young hearts. But even that could not  
save her. She faded from us daily,  
and at last, with many promises of re-  
union in that world where we hope to  
rectify the mistakes of this, we parted.

Charley had died before the twins  
were born, and poverty had pursued  
her relentlessly. She was faded,  
and old, and worn beyond her years.  
Her splendid fragrant hair, whose touch  
upon my cheek and shoulder had once  
tuned my pulse to the delicious mad-  
dening rhythm of love, was now "half  
gray, half ruined gold." She knew  
her children, and they brought her all  
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## A FORGOTTEN CRIME.

A Corpse Supposed to be that of One of  
the McKeesport Murderers of 1857.

A man, giving as his name Luther  
Ballard, applied for work on Farmer  
Miller's farm, near Six-Mile Run, Mid-  
deltown county, N. J. After he had  
worked three or four days he went  
away, and was found dead in a clump of  
woods near the farm, an empty whisky  
bottle by his side, leading to the infer-  
ence that rum had been instrumental in  
his death. On his left arm was the  
name of "R. Stewart" picked in India  
ink. On his person was an old, soiled,  
and ragged envelope, addressed to  
"Benj. Brown, Calais," post-marked  
from Brownsville, Pa. A letter was  
sent to that point, and the evidence  
elicited revives the story of a tragedy  
of 1857, and points to the dead man as  
one of the principals.

In the latter part of April, 1857, an  
old man named Wilson and his sister,  
who lived near McKeesport, Pa., were  
found in their house horribly mangled  
and dying. In McKeesport suspicion  
pointed to Charlotte Jones, a niece of  
the murdered couple. She was watched  
closely, and having at length been  
thrown into the McKeesport jail, she  
made a confession, implicating Charles  
Fyffe of McKeesport and Benjamin  
Stewart, a coal host laborer, who lived  
alternately in Brownsville and in Mc-  
Keesport. She said that Fyffe, who  
knew that the old couple had money,  
had urged her to poison them. She  
consented, and bought a quantity of  
arsenic; but when the hour arrived for  
administering it her heart failed her,  
and she refused.

Afterward, at the solicitation of Fyffe  
and Ben Stewart, she accompanied them  
to her uncle's house. She knocked,  
and some one within inquired, "Who's  
there?" She answered, "It's me; let  
me in." The old man, recognizing her  
voice, opened the door. At this juncture  
both Stewart and Fyffe sprang into the  
room and attacked old Mr. Wilson,  
and soon left him dying. Miss Wilson  
threw her arms around her niece and  
implored her to spare her life, but  
Fyffe and his companion soon finished  
her. The three then ransacked the  
house, and secured \$1,400 in State  
money between \$500 and \$600 in gold.  
This they buried in McKeesport.

Fyffe and Stewart were soon after-  
ward arrested, and after a long trial  
sentenced to be hanged. Charlotte  
Jones and Fyffe suffered on the scaf-  
fold, Stewart having been taken with  
smallpox, was sent to the poor house  
under guard to await recovery. He  
escaped, and was invisible afterward until  
the fact of a man by that name having  
died in New Jersey was sent to Brown-  
sville. The dead man and Ben Stewart,  
the murderer, are believed to be iden-  
tical.

Cleaning Kid Gloves.

During this warm weather kid gloves  
are easily soiled, particularly as the pre-  
valent colors are quite light, and as it  
costs some time and money to have  
them cleaned at the dyer's, we let our  
readers into the secret of cleaning  
them at home, which can be done just  
as well as if paid for outside. Take a  
little warm milk and a piece of white  
or brown soap. Fold a clean towel  
three or four times, spread it over your  
dress, and spread out the glove smooth-  
ly upon it. Take a large piece of white  
flannel, dip it into the milk, then rub it  
upon the soap, and rub the glove down-  
ward toward the fingers, holding the  
smaller with a sponge dipped in the de-  
tergent. This process apply to both  
white and colored kid gloves. For  
black gloves that are soiled, turned  
white and otherwise injured, take a tea-  
spoonful of salad oil, drop a few drops  
of ink into it, and rub it all over the  
gloves with the tip of a feather; then  
wash with a sponge dipped in the de-  
tergent. This process apply to both  
white and colored kid gloves. For  
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