

DYING BROTHER.

Lie me nearer, brother, nearer,  
For my limbs are growing cold,  
And thy presence seemeth dearer  
When thy arms around me fold,  
I am dying, brother, dying;  
Soon you'll miss me in your berth—  
For my form will soon be lying  
'Neath the Ocean's brainy surf.

Hearken to me, brother, hearken,  
I have something I would say,  
Ere this veil my vision darkens,  
And I go from hence away.

I am going, surely, going;  
But my hope in God is strong,  
I am willing, brother, knowing,  
That He doeth nothing wrong.

Tell my father when you greet him  
That in death I prayed for him;  
Prayed that I might one day meet him  
In a world that's free from sin.

Tell my mother (God assist her  
Now that she is growing old),  
That her child would glad have kissed her,  
When his hair was growing cold.

Listen, brother, catch each whisper,  
To my wife I'd speak of now;  
Tell, Oh! tell her how I missed her,  
When the fever burned my brow.

Tell her, brother, (closely listen,  
Don't forget a single word),  
That in death my eyes did glisten  
With the tears my memory stirred.

Tell her she must kiss my children,  
Like the kiss I last impressed;  
Hold them as when last I held them  
Folded closely to my breast.

Give them early to my Maker,  
Putting all her trust in God,  
And He never will forsake her,  
For he's said so in his Word.

O my children! Heaven bless them,  
They were all my life to me;  
Would I could once more caress them,  
Ere I sink beneath the sea.

'Twas for them I crossed the ocean,  
What my hopes were, I'll not tell;  
But I've gained an orphan's portion  
Yet he doeth all things well.

Tell my sisters I remember  
Every kind and parting word,  
And my heart has been kept tender  
By the thoughts that memory stirred.

Tell them I ne'er reached the heaven,  
Where I sought the precious dust,  
But I've gained a port called Heaven,  
Where the gold will never rust.

Urge them to secure entrance,  
For they'll find their brother there;  
Faith in Jesus and repentance  
Will secure for each a share.

Hark! I hear my Saviour speaking!  
'Tis, I know His voice full well;  
When I'm gone Oh! don't be weeping—  
Brother, here's my last farewell.

Tales and Sketches.

DEAD-HEADED.

"ALL aboard!" shouted the conductor.  
"Have you got everything?" asked a voice; and a girl's face appeared at the car window—a face with laughing eyes and pretty, wind-blown hair.

"Take care, Lotty," said the older lady within; "don't put your head too close. I heard once of a woman's chin being carried clean off by just such a piece of carelessness."

"Yes," chimed in another voice, manly and deep-chested, with a boyish squeak just discernible in it; "clean off, dimple and all! And the doctor, he made another chin out of gutta-percha; but the dimple was such a dead affair that—"

"Oh, mercy!" screamed his aunt; "the hornets' nest! I knew something was missing. My hornets' nest, Henry—it is in the waggon. Run—run and fetch it; that's a dear boy! I can't go without it."

Henry ran, while the group of girls on the platform exchanged smiles and winks, and, "a secret laughter tickling all their souls," volunteered advice of various sorts to their departing relative.

"Are you sure that's the only thing left, Aunt Sue?" suggested Dora. "I don't see the biggest book anywhere."

"Here it is," replied Aunt Sue, heaving up a substantial quarto. "I think I have everything. Let me see," counting on her fingers: "Figuer, 'Earthly Paradise,' umbrella, shawl, lunch-basket, moss—"

"Big box, little box!" cried Fanny. "Where is that lovely bag? Oh, Aunt Sue, whatever else you lose, don't lose that!"

"I have it safe," said her aunt, grimly; "but as for its loveliness—well, you know my opinion of it, girls, if you did give it to me. It is extremely pretty, but a most absurd gimcrack for a sensible woman to carry about;" raising from her lap, as she spoke a choice little article in crimson Russia, gilt-clasped and fur-trimmed, and exhibiting it to her nieces.

"Oh, aunty!" clamored an indignant chorus; "how base, how horrid of you! So pretty, so strong, so convenient!"

"And with a muff, too!" cried Lotty; "a muff to keep your ungrateful old hands warm. I really wonder at you, Aunt Sue."

"Muff, indeed!" sniffed her aunt, undauntedly; "a blue silk aperture! As if I ever put my fingers in such a thing as that! No, girls, depend upon it, at my age gimcracks—Mercy, the cars are going! Where is Henry? Why don't he come?"

In fact, the train began to move, though so slowly that it was easy for a walker to keep pace with its motion. The nieces rang along, exchanging last words with their aunt—saucy, merry words; for Aunt Sue was laughed at and teased and beloved by the gay bevy, quite as if she too had been a girl like themselves.

At the last second a figure came leaping along the platform, and a large gray sphere was thrust through a window—the wrong one as it happened—and into the face of an old gentleman, who shrank back aghast.

"Hornets!" he ejaculated. "Ugh! ugh! take it away! What do you mean, young man?"

"I beg your pardon," said Henry, splitting with laughter. "I made a mistake. Here, aunty, here's your precious commodity." This time the object popped through the right pane, and landed in Aunt Sue's lap. The cars moved out of reach.

"Good-bye, good-bye," responded from behind, Aunt Sue waved her handkerchief, and then, quite regardless of the glare of offense directed at her spine, proceeded to tie her treasure to the netting above, and make herself generally comfortable.

"There's the change at the river," she thought, "and then I can settle down for the day." And she proceeded to look out and mark certain pages in "Figuer," to point a pencil, and otherwise prepare for a course of entomological research as soon as circumstances permitted. By this time the old gentleman behind had recovered breath and power of remonstrance.

"I suppose you are aware, madam," he said, touching her shoulder sharply, "that nest is full of hornets in a dormant state, who are very likely—very likely indeed—to come to life again in this heated air?"

"Oh dear, no, that is quite a mistake," replied Aunt Sue, facing round upon him. "Figuer entirely contradicts that notion. He says—"

"Madam, I do not know who Vigger may be, nor do I care what he says," interrupted the old gentleman. "All I say is that the hornets are there. If you do not credit my word, you have only to look into that hole." And he pointed with his finger at the great gray nest.

"Well, that is lucky," cried Aunt Sue, cheerfully. "I was just wishing for an insect to examine in connection with my book. Thank you, sir. You see he is quite dead," extracting the hornet with her pencil point, and holding him up triumphantly. "Figuer was right."

The old gentleman, with offense, rose and changed his seat for one at a distance. He recked Aunt Sue, deep in the study of the hornets; nor did she look up until the conductor appeared and it became necessary to produce the "through ticket," and have the first strip torn from its complicated foldings.

The river reached, it became necessary to transfer her impediments to another car. Assistance was volunteered by a gentleman nearby, and accepted almost as a matter of course. Good-looking and well-dressed maiden ladies travelling by themselves rarely lack this sort of offer, and our maiden lady was unusually good-looking. Tall, commanding, with bright black eyes, and cheeks whose roses sound health and hygienic living rendered perennial in bloom, with a thirft for facts, and a certain frank and kindly ease of manner, which pleasantly suggested both Boston and Chicago, Aunt Sue wherever she went attracted notice, and a fair share of admiration; and, as she herself would have phrased it, "Providence always sent a man to carry her bundles."

Providence was no less kind than usual on this occasion. Bag, umbrella, shawl, books, were safely transferred, and with a cordial smile of thanks she repointed her pencil, and prepared for a day after her own heart, for digesting "The Insect World" at leisure, noting her fellow-travelers and their peculiarities, and sweetening fact by an occasional sugar-plum from the latest poet.

The entrance of conductor No. 2, disturbed her reverie. She felt for her purse, and jumped up aghast.

"Conductor, I have dropped my purse in the second car behind this—my purse, with all my tickets in it! Is there time to go back and get it?"

"No, ma'm, there is not. That car switched off for Boston five minutes ago.

"The purse was lying on my lap. It must have fallen when I rose to change cars. What can I do? Could I telegraph. But I haven't any money to pay for the telegraph."

"No matter for that, ma'am," said the conductor, politely; "I'll telegraph and the answer will reach you at Exeter. I'm afraid, though, somebody else will have picked the purse up before the conductor on the up train gets the message."

"What did he say?" inquired an old woman across the aisle, as the conductor moved on. "Was he ha'h with you, or did he act clever?"

"The conductor?" said Aunt Sue, in her grandest tone. "Most kind and courteous, people always are." By way of stemming the tide of popular sympathy which seemed likely to set in, she opened her book and began to read.

"It is very provoking," said her inward thoughts. "How those girls will laugh at me! I wish I could recollect how much there was in the

purse," and she entered into a mental calculation, which left her widely astray of the real sum. Figures were not Aunt Sue's strong point.

"Ten—twelve—fifteen dollars it must be," she thought. "I'm glad it's no more; but, to be sure, a good many nice things can be got for that." She began to think them over, until, that with subscriptions to magazines, donations to one thing and other, and the purchase of carbon photographs, chronos, wood-carvings, and what not, the fifteen dollars had been made to do the work of fifty, and was grown correspondingly important in its owner's eyes. Exeter reached, the conductor returned.

"No message, ma'am. I leave the road here, but I've telegraphed to have the purse sent on if it is found; and if you'll give me your address, I'll see that it reaches you safely."

"So the address was written, and pretty soon the conductor appeared once more.

"Here is a paper, ma'am, for you to show to the other conductors. I guess it will take you along as far as Springfield, but after that I have no influence, and you'll have to manage for yourself. You understand?"

"Yes, and thank you a thousand times," murmured Aunt Sue, expressively; and she said to herself, "If that man had been dead (had would never have exerted himself in this way. It's a perfect confirmation of my theory, and I shall write to Dora about it the moment I get home."

Now Aunt Sue's theory was that light-haired men are always attracted and drawn out by dark-haired women, and vice versa. She had clung to it under many discouragements, and on the present occasion found a certain satisfaction in the opportunity afforded of testing its correctness.

"Not that it needs proof," she thought. "Haven't I tried it a hundred times?"

The "paper" was a sort of circular addressed to whom it might come, or rather to the conductors of the Y. M. and O. Railroad, and setting forth that Miss Susan P., of Bunbrook, having been so unfortunately as to lose her purse and tickets, those officials would please help her along as they could, and oblige G. W. Lansing, 2nd Division. It was a little like a free pass, a little like a begging letter; and with some trepidation Aunt Sue prepared to fire it off at conductor No. 3, who now entered.

"Black hair!" she only gasped. "Oh dear!" "This is all I have to offer by way of a ticket," she said, in quiet tones, feeling, as she afterward confessed, like a hand-organ man or a blind mendicant passing round a hat.

"Black hair proved propitious. His eyebrows elevated themselves a very little to be sure; but that might have arisen from sympathy; and his questions were polite and to the point. Aunt Sue grew more comfortable, and began to be intensely grateful to G. W. Lansing, 2d Division. "Thank you, ma'am," she thought, "if he does find my purse, I must send him something. Such kindness ought to be encouraged. I owe it to other women to do so. Let me see. It shall be a book, I think, something practical, and at the same time entertaining." She composed the note which should go with it, and passed in review before her mind all the books she had ever heard of, from the Koran to Froude's "History of England."

"I wish I knew a little more about conductors and their tactics," she mused, "so as to be able to tell what he would like best."

No. 4 was also a dark-haired man, and gruff in manner, which, though disagreeable in itself, afforded a triumph to the theory. But No. 5, a decided blonde, light-haired as Ananias the son of Anan, was so much gruffer that the theory suffered a violent collapse. And when No. 6 entered, brown-haired, brown-bearded, and devotedly polite, Aunt Sue became so confused among the colorings that she abandoned theory, and gave herself up to the enjoyment of civil treatment. It was both interesting and exciting, this temporary trial of the charities of a cold world. "I shall always know now," she meditated, "how to sympathize with those poor creatures who go about with papers; and it is worth the experience to have found out just how they feel."

Still the position was an embarrassing one. Her well-to-do life had never encountered such a phase before. She was conscious that her voice instinctively softened and "honeyed" as she made again and yet again her little explanation, and that a certain dread mingled with the curiosity with which she anticipated the "coming man." And he came very often indeed, the Y. M. and O. being a road of many divisions and frequent changes. No one was less than civil, on the whole; but Aunt Sue was accustomed to more than bare civility, and her eye, sharpened by wounded amour propre, noted every slight token of surprise, doubt, or scrutiny, and found them infinitely annoying, though to a more experienced "tramp" they would doubtless have seemed less than nothing.

And now a raging desire to buy seized upon her, born of the fact that she lacked the means of buying. The route was a familiar one. Often before had she passed over it, and found its temptations in the way of pop-corn, Boston Advertiser, seed cakes, Ballou's Monthly by no means irresistible. Now she longed for them all. She studied the outside of the "prize package" thrown into her lap, and fairly hankered for twenty-five cents with which to test the delusive promise of a possible one dollar greenback within, not to mention "attractive articles of jewelry" and unlimited stationery. If she could only buy it, and there was a one-dollar greenback inside, then, she thought, she should be able to give something to the hurdy-gurdy man, the harmonica boy, and the

little cripple who, punctual as fate, boarded the train. She had never wished to assist these worthies before that she could remember—but now she did. These, too, was the blind man, discriminating so wonderfully between the sexes, and always saying "Thank you, ma'am," and "Thank you, sir," in the right places. He, too, ought to have something. Worst trial of all came in the Springfield depot. The train, for the first and only occasion on record, was exactly on time. Sniffs and savors of unutterable fragrance breathed from the kitchen of the neighboring Massasoit. Aunt Sue felt herself dying of hunger; there were twenty-five minutes to spare, and not a crumb to be had!

Twenty-five minutes! Nothing was left but to sit in the car, and await the last of the conductors. And, though she, "Mr. Lansing said his note would be of no use on this branch road, so no doubt I shall have a dreadful time. Still, if the worst comes to the worst, I could walk twenty-five miles."

But when this august personage made his appearance Aunt Sue gave a deep sigh of relief. Her lips almost relaxed into a whistle of surprise and joy. "Bless me," she said aloud, "it's Tommy Bliss!" Tommy had, in the days of his youth, been a scholar in the Bunbrook Sunday-School, and Miss P., his quondam teacher, had no fears that her ex-scholar would prove less amenable to influence now than in the days of Westminster Catechism and the Second Question Book.

Her anticipations were confirmed. From this point on she was treated like a princess; and by eight o'clock, stowed safely in a hack by the devoted Tommy, she was driving homeward through the Bunbrook streets, murky with November fog. Arrived and welcomed, she plunged at once into explanation of her difficulty.

"Some one of you must lend me half a dollar," she said; "to pay this man with. I haven't a penny, because I lost my purse this morning—tickets and all!"

"How did you get on?" asked her sister-in-law. "Very nicely—thanks to the politeness of the conducting fraternity. Half a dollar, please, James."

"Tick, instead of ticket," laughed James, as he searched his pocket-book for the needed coin. "What was that you said, Aunt Sue?" asked a younger Susie—namesake and favorite—who was turning over the bundles on the table.

"I said that my purse was lost, pet." "Oh, but why, no, it isn't," rejoined Susie; and from inside the blue-lined muff, in the despoiled red bag, she drew forth the veritable purse which had been the cause of such much adventure.

Aunt Sue dropped into a chair. "It really isn't," she gasped. "It was there all the time; and what lies I've told! Oh, that fatal muff!"

"But didn't you look for the purse?" "Of course—but not in the muff. How could I suppose it was there? I never use it, and forgot its existence entirely. I suppose those girls will never have those laughing at me; but I shall always say it was their own fault. If they had not inflicted that wretched slit which they call a 'muff' upon me, it is evident I couldn't have mislaid my purse thus. But, after all," she went on, turning over her long strip of uncut tickets, "I'm rather glad that it happened, and I shall just inclose these to that good Mr. Lansing, and thank him over again. I don't believe there is any country in the world but this where a lady would be so beautifully taken care of by every body as I have been, or where, upon the whole, so much kindness is shown to unprotected females who travel about and need assistance."

In this belief Aunt Sue rests to this day.

THE THREE CRIMES.

AN EASTERN TALE.

Hamet Abdallah was an inhabitant of a grotto on one of the slopes of Mount Olympus. When he stood at the entrance of his humble dwelling, he could embrace, at one glance, all the territory originally possessed by Osman, the founder of the Ottoman Empire and, as he five times a day offered up his prayers to Allah, he invoked blessings upon the head of Solyman the Magnificent, the reigning Sultan in whose time he lived. Indeed, Abdallah was renowned for his sanctity; and the inhabitants of the vicinity of his dwelling treated him with the most marked respect.

He was not, however, entitled to this excessive veneration by his age, for he had scarcely attained his fortieth year when the incident of this tale took place. His venerable father, who was himself a dervise of great sanctity, and whose years amounted to foreseer, resided with him in the same grotto; and fortunate was deemed the individual who, on his way along the slopes of Olympus, was allowed to join the prayers of the two dervises, kneeling upon the ground at the entrance of the cave, and turning their countenances toward the holy cities of Mecca and Medina.

Hamet Abdallah was one morning roving among the groves and woods which extended up the mountains far above his grotto, and pondering upon the passage in the Koran which he had been perusing but a short time previously, when his foot suddenly struck against something hard upon the ground. He looked downward, and saw an iron ring fastened to a small brass plate, which was let into a square of stonework, and seemed to cover a hollow place or well. Obeying a sudden impulse of curiosity, Hamet applied his hand to the ring, and pulled it with all his force. After many vain exertions, the brass plate yielded to

his efforts, and he fell backward with the sudden shock.

Before he had time to arise and examine the aperture thus laid bare, a dense volume of smoke issued from the hole, and ascended in the air to the height of several thousand feet.

Hamet gazed with astonishment upon this strange apparition; but how much more was his wonder excited when he saw the smoke gradually become more and more palpable and dimply, and and at length assume the form of an immense giant, with a long, flowing, white beard, and a tremendous pine tree in his right hand.

Hamet fell upon his knees, and was about to put up a prayer to Heaven, when the terrible apparition addressed him in a voice of thunder: "Nay; mention not the name of the Deity, or I will cut thee into ten thousand pieces!"

"Who art thou?" demanded Hamet, rising from his suppliant posture.

"I am Kera, an evil Genie, whom a victorious power shut up in that accursed hole, where I have languished for two thousand years. It is an evil day for three that brought thee hither."

"And wherefore, proud Genie?" demanded Hamet.

"Because I am about to kill thee, in order to avenge myself upon some one for this long captivity."

At these words, Hamet trembled very much, and besought the Genie to spare his life. For a long time the Genie was inexorable and ordered him to prepare for immediate death; but at length he suffered himself to be moved by the prayers and entreaties of the virtuous dervise.

"Hark ye," said the Genie, "I am willing to spare your life upon one condition."

"Name it," said Hamet, his heart leaping with joy.

"I will grant your request, I say," proceeded the Genie, "on condition that you perpetrate some crime which may diminish your overweening pride of conscious virtue. Do not interrupt me, or I will kill you upon the spot, but listen. I give you your choice of three of the most heinous crimes which I can imagine. You shall either violate the law of the Prophet, and drink your fill of good wine, or you shall murder your venerable old father, or you shall curse the name of that Deity whom you worship. Choose between these three crimes."

Then Hamet was very sorrowful, and he endeavored to melt the heart of the evil Genie; but all his prayers and entreaties were unavailing. He accordingly went to reason within himself.

"If," said he, "I assassinate my father, no contrition can wipe away my crime; and, moreover, the law will overtake me with its vengeance. If I curse the name of the great Allah, I may sigh in vain for future happiness, in the gardens of Paradise. But if I become inebriate with the juice of the grape, I can expiate that fault by several mortification, penitence, and renewed prayer."

The turning his countenance upward toward the Genie, he said: "O thou art determined upon this injury; I have made my choice, since thou art determined upon this injury."

"Name the object of that choice," said the Genie.

"I will get drunk with wine, as the least of the crimes which you propose," answered the dervise.

"But it so," cried the Genie; "this evening, after the hour of prayer, thou wilt find a jar of Cyprus wine upon thy table; when thy father has retired, fulfill thy promise then. But woe unto thee if thou deceivest me!"

The Genie gradually became less palpable as he spoke these words and by the time the concluding menace issued from his lips, he had vanished altogether. Hamet retraced his steps toward the grotto with a sorrowful heart; but he would not confide his anticipated disgrace to the affectionate parent who welcomed his return.

The day passed rapidly away; and in the evening, Hamet and his sire knelt down as usual at the door of the grotto, with their faces toward the South, to raise their voices in prayer. When their vespers were concluded the old man embraced his son tenderly, and retire to the inner part of the grotto.

As soon as Hamet knew that his father slept, he lighted a lamp; and, as the Genie had told him he saw a large measure of wine standing upon the table. The unhappy dervise raised it to his lips, and drank deeply of the intoxicating draught. A glow of fire seemed to electrify his frame, and he laughed as he set the vessel down upon the table. Again he drank, and he felt reckless and careless at the consequences. He drank the third time; and when he had emptied the measure, he ran out to the door of the grotto, and threw it down the slope of the mountain. Then, as he heard it bounding along, he laughed with indescribable mirth. As he turned to enter the grotto, he saw his father standing behind him.

"Lyn," said the old man, "the noise of revelry awoke me from my slumbers, and I rise to find my beloved Hamet drunken with wine! Alas! it is this merely one of many night orgies? and have I now awakened to the dread truth of thine impiety for the first time? alas, thou hast cast ashes upon the gray head of thy father."

Hamet could not brook this accusation, and the implied suspicion that he was accustomed to indulge in wine while his father slept. He felt suddenly indignant at the language of his sire, and cried: "Return to your couch, old dotard! Thou knowest not what thou sayest!"

And, as he uttered these words, he pushed his father violently into the grotto. The old man resisted, and again remonstrated with Hamet. The brain of the son was confused with liquor, and