

In Cincinnati there is said to live a man so bow-legged that he has his trousers cut with a circular saw.

A MERCHANT advertised for a clerk "who could bear comment," and received an answer from one who had been seven years in jail.

There is one kind of second-hand article that I shouldn't object to," said Softkins, "and that is a young, handsome, amiable and rich widow."

There is a man in Kent who is so fond of money that it is said that, after paying a man a bill, he walks home with him, so as to be near the money as long as possible.

There is only one paper in Illinois that did not thrill the world with the announcement that "the old year is dead," and that one said, "To-morrow the old year dies."

A WESTERN editor was recently requested to send his paper to a distant patron, provided he would take his pay in "trade." At the end of the year he found that his subscriber was a coffin-maker.

"We will meet in Heaven, husband, dear," is the affectionate inscription which an Arkansas woman has had carved on the tombstone of every one of her five departed husbands.

BEKVOLENCE.—A clergyman commenced a charity sermon by saying:—"Benevolence is a sentiment common to human nature. A never sees B in distress without asking C to relieve him."

"Honesty is the best policy, my boy," said old Jones to young Jones. "How do you know, father?" asked the anxious son and heir. "Because I have asked both," said the worthy tradesman.

A STUDENT of the Wesleyan University at Middletown, Connecticut, who is near-sighted, began a banterish flirtation with what he thought a beautiful young lady in the street; but on coming nearer it proved to be his mother.

SOME one ill-naturedly says that the reason why very young girls are so apt to take the prizes at fairs for making good bread is because their mothers make it for them, while the older girls, thinking they can manage alone, fail miserably.

THE Boston Post is responsible for the following on the marriage of Thomas Hawk to Miss S. J. Dove:—"It isn't often that you see

So queer a kind of love. Oh, what a savage he must be, To Tommy Hawk a Dove."

THE ROMANCE OF PHOTOGRAPHY.—A photographer says:—"We often take a picture of a young lady, sometimes a group of two; then the bride in her wedding dress, with its long train; then in due time the baby—first in its long clothes, then in its short ones, then in his first trousers, then as he goes away from 'ma' to boarding school, when she cultivates his first moustache and whiskers; then his intended, and again on through the same routine. So you see the romance."

A married woman in San Francisco has lately been trying to make a prodigal son of herself. She ran away with another man, and after enjoying a season of good time, her paramour slogged, and she suddenly came to her senses. She resolved to go right back to her husband and tell him just how much the fellow had used her. She saw no signs of a fatted calf being killed, but on the contrary, there was a wedding going on at the house. Her husband had obtained a divorce, and was taking another chance in the lottery of life. She says she has lost all faith in these men—just as soon as you leave them for a little while, they will get mad.

OUR PUZZLER.

19. DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

A comic journal full of wit and jest, Proudly it towers over all the rest; No ribald libel stains it honored pages: May its bright star sparkle and shine for ages.

- 1. A famous man well known in Spain.
2. A Swiss canton; find out its name.
3. He led the Greeks before fair Troy.
4. A domestic pet, an old maid's joy.
5. One of the sons of bold Rob Roy.

JOHN S. FRASER.

20. ANAGRAMS.

- 1. Life won't I Death spared Walter C. B.
2. Longing to discover T.
3. I write handy dramas, L. E. L.
4. Her sly, true that, K.
5. He likes radie-a-lis, R.
6. The bonds—a rich lord.
7. R draws deer in dales.
8. H. B. H. daring sailor prince feels shy.
9. Let not Dieraeli mawl a W. G.
10. Speak, warn in Catholicism.

W. GODBY.

21. CONUNDRUMS.

- 1. Why is Broddingnag like Olympus? 2. Why should riddlers like the letter P?

T. PINDER and PIP C. WEE.

22. SQUARE WORDS.

- 1. Acid; a tree; to bring out; running matches; a town in France.
2. Confidence; a horseman; a town in Lombardy; a river in Belgium; large plants.
3. A turner's tool; tapestry; a bundle of hay; to hurry; an English county.

R. W. D.

23. DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

A man whose fame will never die The finale call to mind; And primals, when you pass them by, One of his works you find.

- 1. The schoolboy stays in to us with grief.
2. A neighboring race, 'tis my belief.
3. This is the name of my lady's art.
4. She's bright blue eyes, and golden hair.
5. A German wine, I now understand.
6. To wear 'hip high in the land.
7. If I had those, how happy I'd be.
8. I've heard this of the bright blue sea.
9. This is to fancy, scheme, contrive.
10. This about, I'm sure, will never thrive.
11. To mediate, or pass between; Now the acrostic will be seen.

MADRELA G.

ANSWERS.

- 15. BORN PROVERBS.—Be slow to promise, but quick to perform.
16. ENIGMA.—The letter L.
17. CONUNDRUM.—Deathless.
18. GEOGRAPHICAL NAMES.—BIR, O. W. UR, O. C. S. E. L. N. A. L. A. I. P. E. K. I. N. A. B. O. R. T. R. E. S. O. R. T. T. O. R. O. N. T. O.
19. BUONAPARTE.—WELLINGTON.

"ONLY WASTE-PAPER."

"Only waste-paper!"—for the manly hand That traced the lines upon the faded page Has long since mouldered, on that foreign shore Whereon 'twas cast by ocean's furious rage.

"Only waste-paper?" yet the father's heart Poured out its love upon the surface clear, And from the far-off shore of India, sent Affection's message to his children here.

"Only waste-paper?"—though the mother's tears Have rained upon the once pure snowy sheet, As, thinning of the loved but absent one, She weariel, counting Time's slow, lagging beat.

"Only waste-paper?"—for dreary, dreary months— As sped this letter o'er the ocean's foam, How prayed for by the sailor's anxious wife, The gladsome tidings: "Our passage home."

GUILTY, OR NOT GUILTY?

PART THE FIRST.

"Can you tell me where Mrs. Hardy lives?" The speaker was a lady, tall and slight, with a figure that was shown to great advantage by a simple, flowing, black serge dress, neither too short nor too long, and a dark grey waterproof cloak, which hung in graceful folds about her. She wore a small black hat, and black gauze veil thrown back. A neat tie of blue ribbon round her throat showed that she was not in mourning, and there was an air of self-dependence, a quiet phlegm look that almost told what she was—a district visitor.

The man she addressed was a wagoner, who forthwith jumped down from his perilous seat on the shafts, pulled up his horses with a jerk, and with such politeness as might be expected from him, answered his interrogator with these words:—"What d'ye say?"

"Can you tell me where Mrs. Hardy lives?" the lady repeated; and this time she tapped her foot with her umbrella a little impatiently.

"Ardy," echoed the man, leaning on his whip with one hand, and scratching his head with the other, by way of assisting his memory. "Ardy; widow woman—longish family?"

"No," replied Miss Forrester, "I know she is not a widow; she is ill; she has been hurt by Farmer Johnson's cow." "Oh! her"—and the man grinned—"Bill Ardy's wife; it must have been a brave beast as 'ud meddle w' she; ha, ha, ha!" and chuckling, he pointed down the lane. "She do live in that there cot—the red 'un; and fine mischief do go on there, I count;" then reseating himself, he cracked his whip and went on his way.

Miss Forrester was almost sorry she asked the question. She had rather rejoiced that suffering gave her an excuse for a first visit, for however much it may be a duty, it is not always agreeable to knock promiscuously at strangers' doors, when not by any means sure of a welcome.

It was early in November, about four o'clock in the afternoon, and the shades of evening were gathering. Nevertheless it was a pleasant time to be out; some rain had fallen, and the clouds were chasing each other quickly through the sky, driven by a soft south wind; and she was accompanied by a large mastiff of the Pyrenean breed.

"I did fly very well, but I lighted bad," was the graphic account given by Mrs. Hardy of the accident, when questioned by her visitor; "and 'tain't very often as I do go out nowhere, with all these terrifyin' childern. Give out, Annie, coming so close to the lady, and she a stranger. The dog 'll bite ye sure!"

"No, he won't, Mrs. Hardy," and Miss Forrester laid her hand upon the huge head.

"I do like to see people as is fond of dumb critturs," remarked the invalid, in a querulous tone; "some can't seem to starve and ill-use 'em; but my husband can. Now, that there cat"—and she pointed to a thin, wizened creature that was crouching under the clock, with eyes all pupil, staring at the dog—"he'll turn 'im out, bless ye!"

"Hush, mother," interrupted a tall, stout, surly-looking girl, with red hair, who had hitherto remained silent. "Father don't starve and ill-use the cat, no more than you do beat and starve me, when ye've got a mind."

"I can't give you what I haven't got, and I'd as soon ye were out of this, earnin' ye're own bread, as idling here, and soomer."

"I don't want to be at home," retorted the girl, sulkily; "and 'tis allas father this, and father tother, when we shouldn't have nothin' to eat some days if 'tweren't for he."

"If ye could find a place for our Jenny, ma'am, I should be glad," said the woman, taking no notice of her daughter's words. "She's just about a good 'un to work, if she'll keep a civil tongue in her head; where she do get her sarce from I don't know, nor where she do learn it."

Miss Forrester smiled. She promised to do her best, but she thought she could give a pretty shrewd guess from whom it was inherited; and quite agreed in the mother's opinion that the girl would be better away.

She had scarcely left the cottage after paying her visit, when she encountered a big, burly man like a "navy"; he had a scowling, dogged expression of face, small ferret-like eyes, thick lips, and whiskers and beard all in one of coarse reddish brown. He was in a dirty working dress, and had a black and white tie, loosely knotted about a thick, muscular throat. Miss Forrester was half inclined to turn back; even the trusty, well-schooled "Lion" gave a low growl, and bristled up.

The man stopped, and looking at the dog, remarked, "A rum customer, that, to come across of a dark night."

"Yes," replied his mistress, timidly, and she thought crossed her mind, "You're another," but she nerved herself to the interview, and substituted "What is your name?"

"Bill Hardy, if ye do want to know," was the reply, and the man stalked off toward his home.

His first act on entering the house was—not to inquire after his sick wife, who was huddled up in the chimney-corner, with her leg on a rickety chair, by way of a sofa—but to walk up the crazy staircase to his own bedroom, which was a low, dilapidated-looking apartment, with light peeping in through sundry crevices where it should not, and in which were three wooden bedsteads. Raising the mattress upon one of these, he drew forth a large and somewhat tattered net. "Mother!" he shouted.

"I can't come up the stairs, I tell ye," was the answer to the summons from below; "the pain do go right throo my leg if I do move 'un, and I ain't a-coming."

Upon which a heavy, blundering step descended the stairs, and throwing the net down, the man exclaimed, "If that lazy wench, Jenny, don't mend these holes afore midnight, it will be the wus for her;" and the speech was flavored with an oath.

"Father, take I up," pleaded a little piping voice, while two fat, dimpled arms clasped the man's leg, "give I kiss."

The father looked down into the little chubby and not over-clear face, with its innocent blue eyes and rose-bud mouth, and softened. He lifted the little three-year-old in his arms, kissed the warm cheek that hid itself in his neck, and the ferocious, hardened look on his face melted away.

A loud knocking at the door disturbed Bill Hardy in his parental demonstrations, and hastily putting down the child, he admitted a short, thickset, jovial-looking man, who in his own rough way, courteously acknowledge the wife's presence; and then a whispered conversation of some duration took place between the two men; they were evidently making some appointment.

"The moon won't be up afore," said the newcomer, raising the latch as he spoke.

"All right," replied Hardy; "but stop and have a bit of supper, Jam."

"Not to-night, thank ye; the missus and the young 'uns is looking out at home," and he took his departure.

"We'll have a better supper nor this to-morrow night, please the pigs," said Hardy, taking his place at the frugal board.

A large dish of potatoes smoked in the centre, cooked as only cottagers can cook them, and from which emanated in some mysterious way a strong savor of onions.

"This ain't much for a man to come home to, after a hard day's work—nothin' but taters; we'll better this to-morrow, mother, or my name ain't Bill."

"Take care what ye're at," answered his wife, testily; "ye'll get catched some of these days."

"Not without a fight for it, ye may take ye're oath of that."

"The new visitor do want these here childern to go to school," said Mrs. Hardy, wisely changing the subject.

"Then the 'visitor' had better pay for 'em, and find the clothes to send 'em in; I ain't a-going to. What's the good of larnin'? Jack do make a few pence bird-keeping, and Molly's got enough to do to look after this 'ere chap;" and the softer look crossed the father's face once more, as he laid his hand tenderly on the curly golden head—a hand that would be raised to-morrow, should opportunity offer, for the commission of any deed of daring, or of crime.

"So don't let's hear no more about schoolin'; there's too many on 'em to do nothin'; and don't let that there spy of the parson's be hangin' about here, prying her nose into what don't concern her."

Then, supper being finished, he got up from his chair, swore lustily at a stool which crossed his passage to the door, and went out, to spend at the public-house a good portion of the time which must yet intervene before he could commence his poaching pursuits.

Bill Hardy was always welcome at these nightly assemblies, where the affairs of the parish and the neighborhood were discussed quite as hotly as educated men discuss the affairs of the nation. His indomitable daring and courage made him an object of admiration, added to which he had worked for many years in the neighborhood of London, and had seen the world. Ill-natured rumor hinted that he had travelled a great deal farther than that at Her Majesty's expense.

More than a month had passed away. It was the depth of winter.

Many of the inhabitants of the village of Seton lay wrapped in peaceful slumber; but at one cottage there was a solitary watcher.

It was at Bill Hardy's. The children had been in their beds long ago; a few melancholy embers of the fire were still lingering in the ill-kept grate. Mrs. Hardy's chair was vacant; ay, and her bed too, for the matter of that. She was in the churchyard, sleeping sounder than her little ones, even with the clanging of the bells so close to her.

Jenny, her representative in the home now, had been standing at the half-open door, on tip-toe, with her fingers to her lips—listening.

She could just distinguish, in the far distance, the well-known step she had been waiting for. It was coming so swiftly; what could have hap-

pened? Her heart beat high, and then stood still with terror, as her father, his face haggard in the moonlight, came up the garden with rapid strides, and pushed by her roughly.

"Money, Jenny! all you have, girl! I'm off to Lannon; the beaks 'll be after me afore mornin'!"

The girl was equal to the occasion; with trembling hands, yet without a question or a moment's delay, she took something wrapped in a bit of dirty newspaper from a tea-caddy, the receptacle for all treasures, and put it into his hand. "That's all, father," she said.

Hardy snatched it eagerly, and turned to depart; but, by an impulse stronger than even personal safety, he ran up-stairs—snatched his youngest boy in his rough arms—and, with a heavy sob, kissed and blessed him, and laid him softly down again. Then, almost in the same breath muttering a curse at his unlucky fate, he threw the money upon the coverlid, and was down-stairs again. "I couldn't take the last mouthful of bread from the young 'un," he said; "take care of him, Jenny," and then he was gone.

The affrighted girl sank upon the floor, and hiding her face in her hands as she leaned against the comfortless wooden chair, sobbed aloud. Perhaps he would come back, she thought, and face it. She imagined she understood it all. He had been caught poaching, and he was in danger, so had fled. She would fain have followed him, for with all the devotion of her untrained heart she loved the bad, hard man—hard to all save one—but she did not dare. He might come back; she would wait, and watch. But she was young, had worked hard all day, and nature asserted itself. When two policemen, at five in the morning, lifted the latch of the cottage-door, Jenny was sleeping soundly.

The footsteps aroused her, and she was on her feet in a second, with the recollection of all that had happened clear before her.

"Where's your father?" said the foremost of the two men, peremptorily.

"Gone to work," replied the girl, stoutly.

"No, no, my lass, none of that; we've been a-looking for him afore we came here; he's hiding somewhere, but I'll lay a guinea we'll unearth him."

"So you may, and welcome," retorted the girl, sulkily; "ye may take every inch of him as ye'll find here."

The two men then proceeded to search the house and its surroundings; one going to the bed-room, whilst the other examined every corner and cupboard below, as though he expected to find a mouse rather than a man concealed in them.

Jenny Hardy stood where they had left her, never moving, until a terrified scream from the children up-stairs recalled her to herself. Then like a tigress she was bounding to the rescue, but the policeman who was descending took her coaxingly by the arm, and led her down again. "Come now," he said, "don't be frightened, my dear; tell us where he's off to—we ain't going to hurt him."

"Ain't ye, though?" laughed the young girl, incredulously. Then suddenly she clasped her hands together tightly, and looking eagerly in the speaker's face, whispered, "What d'ye want with him? What ill has he done?"

The policeman bent his head closer to her, and lowered his voice a little, as he pronounced one word, "Murder."

Afterwards, when Jenny went up-stairs—heavily, for years seemed to have passed over her in those few minutes—she found Joe, the father's darling, sobbing and shivering, stripped of the little ragged night-shirt she had put on him the night before; and on the pillow where the curly head had rested, was a stain that made her shudder.

PART THE SECOND.

It was one of the visiting days at St. Thomas' Hospital, London. About two years had elapsed since the fatal night when, in a desperate poaching affray, Sir Michael Forrester's keeper had been brutally murdered.

Two of the gang had been apprehended and imprisoned, but from evidence given by the under-keeper, it was decided that the cruel death-blows, inflicted with the butt-end of a gun, were dealt by the ring-leader, Bill Hardy; but hitherto all efforts to capture him had proved unavailing.

Now, after the lapse of two years, the untiring detectives were on his track.

Some few weeks since, a robbery was committed in a house at Westminster, and suspicion rested upon a man who was mysteriously found lying in the street very early in the morning, with his thigh fractured and his head a good deal cut. He was supposed to have fallen from the roof of a house, and, on being conveyed to the hospital, either could not or would not give any account of himself, and refused to give his name for a considerable time. For the present, a any rate, he was safe; but the police kept a watch.

For a week or two, no one came. Then a young girl made her appearance, asked for "John Smith," and each visiting day never failed to come.

At this particular juncture, information was conveyed to the detective in London, by the police at Seton, that Jane Hardy was missing from her home; and, further, that she had gone away suddenly, telling no one where she was going, but giving a few shillings to a neighbor, to look after the children during her absence.

On inquiry, it was found that she had walked to the station, and taken a ticket to London. Once more the detective warms to his work.