

## ORIGIN OF A FAMILIAR LINE.

"Though lost to sight to memory dear," originated with Ruthven Jenkins and was first published in the *Greenwich Magazine for Marines*, in 1701 or 1702. As a literary gem, we quote the whole poem.]

Sweetheart, good-bye! the fluttering sail  
Is spread to waft me far from thee,  
And soon before the favoring gale  
My ship shall bound upon the sea.  
Perchance, all desolate and forlorn,  
These eyes shall miss thee many a year,  
But unforgotten every charm,  
Though lost to sight, to memory dear.

Sweetheart, good-bye! one last embrace!  
Oh, cruel Fate, true souls to sever!  
Yet in this heart's most sacred place  
Thou, thou alone, shalt dwell forever!  
And still shall recollections trace  
In Fancy's mirror, ever near.  
Each smile, each tear, that form, that face,  
Though lost to sight, to memory dear.

## THE WIFE'S SACRIFICE.

A Story of the Transvaal.

After tiffin on the second day of the summer assizes for Griqualand West, the languid interest which had hitherto been taken in the proceedings suddenly developed into something nearly akin to excitement. The jury had just returned a verdict of culpable homicide against a dozen out of some fifty Shangaans who stood huddled together, helpless and frightened, in the dock, charged with participating in a fatal tribal affray at the Lone Star Diamond Mining Company's compound; the judge had duly sentenced the gaping unfortunates, and the jailers were endeavoring to sort them out from amongst their unconvicted but probably no less guilty comrades, when the Crown Prosecutor, a fresh-colored young Englishman, with no small idea of his own importance, turned in his seat at the barrister's table, and whispered to the official who sat behind him to put forward Dirk Sylvester. The official rose and repeated the name aloud; a hum of expectancy ran through the little crowd of spectators, and passed on to the loungers outside, who eagerly crowded into the corrugated iron temple of justice; gentlemen of the long robe and members of the press hurried over from the Yellow Bar just opposite and the stalwart Zulu, attired in canvas, marked with a broad black arrow, paused in his monotonous jerking of the punkah cord in order to catch a glimpse of "Baas" Sylvester, as he stepped into the dock.

The prisoner was a tall, handsome colonial, with dark gleaming eyes, black beard, and a skin the paleness of which had been ripened into swarthy by the fierce African sun. He was erect and fearless; he threw a glance of defiance at his enemies; he nodded with a smile to his friends, and then, as the door of a private entrance to the body of the court opened, and a figure draped in purest white, with bright golden hair rippling in rich profusion over the shapely shoulders, glided in softly and quietly like a sunbeam from the free world outside, he leant over the rail which interposed between him and liberty, and hoarsely whispered her name—the dearest name on earth to him.

It was Sylvester's wife. She responded quickly with a look more eloquent than words; and then the prisoner drew himself up to his full height, folded his arms and listened intently as the clerk of the court—an old friend with whom he had spent many a roystering evening in his bachelor days—droned through the indictment, and in a clear voice replied to the charge of willful murder, "Not guilty."

The Crown Prosecutor, in slow and measured tones, began to sketch the history of the crime; the judge lounged back in his easy chair and leisurely sought for the clean pages in his record book; the counsel for the defense pushed back his wig from his perspiring brow, and hunted out a reference in an almost forgotten work on the Roman-Dutch law, the spectators hushed their murmuring; the punkah swayed regularly to and fro overhead, and Sylvester's wife, sitting there in the well of the stifling court, with her sweet blue eyes riveted on the prisoner, and her luxuriant locks rising and falling with the artificial breeze, looked to me even more beautiful than two years ago, when she nightly ravished the hearts of susceptible diggers in the make-shift theatre in the Dutoitspan road.

In those memorable bygone days she was Mademoiselle Marie La Cour, and the star of a traveling theatrical company, which, like most other "combinations of talent" visiting the Diamond Fields, never, as a whole, got any further. The proprietor made so much money in a short season that he left to assume the lessship of a big Australian house, and Marie's father look over the management of the sheep thus bereft of their shepherd. How divinely she danced and sang; how she brought the tears into the eyes of great rough fellows, or made them shake the rafters with their sonorous laughter; how she fluttered the hearts of the bank magnates and the Jew diamond merchants, and she caused the "treasury" to overflow with fatness—are not all these things written

in the tablets of the memory of every dweller on the Fields? In the zenith of her fame she married Dirk Sylvester, and if ever a man deserved his bride he did, for his passion wore him almost to a shadow; and his dark eyes gleamed dangerously if a rival presumed as much as to speak to her; and before Dirk came upon the scene there were rivals in plenty, but though Marie sipped the champagne they offered, and even accepted their diamonds, she laughed openly at all of them. Dirk was proprietor of one of the richest claims at the New Rush; and the moment he and Marie met the host of more or less hopeful suitors saw their chances were over. She seemed to have fallen in love with him quite as much as he had with her, and would have married him long before she did, but that her father besought her to continue on the stage a little longer for his benefit. At last the old gentleman drank himself into the Carnarvon Hospital, and only came out since to occupy one of the graves which are always yawning, ready dug in the Kimberley Cemetery, for victims to fever and alcohol; and then Marie La Cour became to us and all our world, "Sylvester's wife."

They took a little villa at the extremity of Putoitspan road, a neat veranda-surrounded residence, screened from the dust and heat by tall blue-gums, and half covered with creepers and tropical flowers. After that we saw little of the so well known Marie La Cour. Occasionally, at long intervals, they would invite a few bachelor friends—myself included—to witness their bliss, and on such evenings the great bull-frogs which invaded the garden of "the Casis," as their place was rightly named, would hush their vile croaking as Sylvester's wife thrilled forth some gay chansonette to the accompaniment of the Broadwood which Dirk specially imported for her from Europe; or sometimes the happy pair would ride over to a picnic on the banks of the meandering Modder river, and Mrs. Sylvester would deign to astonish us with the feats of marksmanship which she would accomplish with the pretty revolver—ivory handled and chased with gold—which Dirk had given her.

One night as I strolled into the Albert saloon for a game of billiards, I found a knot of diggers gathered around a new arrival—a handsome little Frenchman, who had come to the Fields to look after some claims in which a Parisian firm had invested. He was laughing conceitedly, and stroking his carefully waxed imperial with a self-satisfied air, when Dirk came in, and was immediately hailed by a man who was no friend of his—the manager of some ground which was always tumbling in to Dirk's claims, and smashing his gear.

I did not hear exactly what he said, but my attention was suddenly arrested by seeing Dirk make a bound at the Frenchman, and seize him by the throat, while his eyes fairly blazed with passion. The Frenchman tried to elude his grasp, but in a moment Dirk had dashed him to the floor and was standing over him, raging with fury.

"You miserable liar and scoundrel," he said, "if ever I hear of you mentioning my wife's name again, I'll kill you!" Then he strode out of the saloon.

A silence fell on the company standing around the fallen Frenchman, and as he staggered to his feet and slunk away into a side room, where the rattle of dice went on all day long and far into the night, no one found so much as a word to throw after him.

I met Dirk on several occasions after this curious episode, but, as if by mutual consent, we avoided the subject. One night, however, when the moon was sailing majestically overhead and lighting up the dusty road between the Pan and Kimberley with a flood of lambent light, I was riding slowly into camp when I heard the pattering of a horse behind me, and turning in the saddle confronted Dirk. He was agitated and angry, and without a word of greeting plunged into the subject uppermost in his mind.

"Do you know, old fellow," he said, "I've just been told by a digger at Hallis's that that rascally little Frenchman has been repeating his lies about being intimate with my wife in Paris before she came out here. Not only that, but he says he has a miniature of her which she gave him, set in gold. The unmitigated liar! If I find time I shall canter over to his cabin the other side of the mine to-night, and if he can't produce that souvenir it will be hard for him. If he does, it won't be in his possession long."

"Don't do anything rash, Dirk," I said. "Remember, there is another to think of beside yourself."

"That's what it is that bothers me, old fellow," he replied; and then, reining in his horses, and jogging along by my side, he told me his trouble. It appears that his wife denied any intimacy with the Frenchman, but stated that her father tried to force his attentions on her in the old days when he was a half-starved ballet master, and she a struggling aspirant at a Paris theatre. The miniature was a new feature in the story, and Dirk firmly believed it to be a myth, but was bent on finding out whether it was so or not.

After awhile he grew calmer, and paid more attention to my entreaties to him to proceed with caution.

On parting he shook me by the hand, and his last words, shouted to me as he galloped off at the turning for the Oasis, were—

"I shan't trouble the little Frenchman to-night, but let him keep out of my way."

The next morning the body of Jules

Lacroix was found lying on the floor of his cabin with an ugly hole in the left temple. In one hand he grasped tightly part of a gold chain, and the swivel of a miniature. There was the fresh spoor of a horse not far from the door, and the bullet found in the brain fitted Dirk's revolver to a nicety.

It was not long before Dirk was in custody, and the case looked black against him. His threat to shoot the Frenchman was well remembered; his excited demeanor in Hallis's bar at the Pan, when the news of the Frenchman's reiterated assertion of a former intimacy with his wife was brought to him, was commented upon, and the circumstantial evidence was strong.

As for Dirk himself, he utterly denied going near the Frenchman's cabin on the night of the murder, and he accounted for the fact that he did not reach home for nearly an hour after leaving me by saying that, feeling hot and excited, he went for a scupper on the night, and the beauty of the moonlit night caused him to stay out longer than he intended.

He pressed me to tell all I knew about the matter, and I reluctantly did so, making the most of his expressed determination on leaving me not to visit the Frenchman that evening.

The trial dragged on until late in the night, and at 12 o'clock the jury came into the court with a verdict of "Guilty."

I shall never forget the look of mute agony on his wife's face as Dirk stood up to be sentenced to death, or the calm, proud way in which he heard his doom.

"Mark my words, boys, Sylvester's wife will get him reprieved."

The speaker was lounging at the counter of the Yellow Bar, in the Transvaal road, and his words evoked a murmur of sympathy.

Ever since the conviction efforts had been made in all directions to prevent the dread sentence of the law being carried out, and Sylvester's wife had become the heroine of the camp. There were few who did not believe that he shot the Frenchman; but why should he die for an offense which was light compared with some which lay quite easily on the consciences of not a few of the inhabitants of Kimberley?

As the hum of approval subsided, some one directed our attention to a lady walking rapidly in the direction of the jail. We recognized her at once, and respectfully saluted as she drew near. She stopped for a moment and spoke to the foremost man, who, as she hurried on, turned and gave a great shout.

"Hurrah!" he cried, "Dirk's reprieved! The little lady has just had a telegram from Cape Town. Three cheers for Sylvester's wife!"

I doubt if the attention was pleasing, but the kindly jailer told me that she smiled for the first time since Dirk's conviction, as that cheer reached her ears, just as she stepped into the prison yard.

Three weeks afterward I had occasion to call on the governor of the jail, and as we sat in his little cool room, discussing his Martell and smoking his Boer tobacco, he looked up suddenly with a troubled air, and said, "By the bye, do you know that Dirk Sylvester goes to Cape Town with the next lot of I. D. B.'s (Illicit Diamond Buyers)?"

I expressed my surprise, as I knew the governor had the selecting of the prisoners to be transferred to the breakwater at Cape Town, and heard that he had an idea of making Dirk a clerk in the Kimberley Prison office. There was little chance of his ever being a free man, but it was something that he should serve his weary years at Kimberley, amongst friends who could visit him, and close to his faithful wife. I mentioned this, and the governor, stepping to a little cupboard, turned the key and took out a little blue packet.

"I have had to forbid Mrs. Sylvester's visits," he said, "and when I tell you the reason, I think you will agree that I am right in sending Dirk to Cape Town. You see, he seemed to expect, when the reprieve came, that he would be set at liberty; and so did she, but as you know, the death sentence has only been commuted to one of imprisonment for life; and how on earth they managed to persuade the Governor to do that, I can't tell. Well, since that has been made plain to Dirk, he has been a changed man. He talks hopelessly of his future—and God knows, poor fellow, it's dark enough—he seems to be pining for freedom; he says the convict dress clings to him like searchcloth, and the other day just after his wife had visited him, I saw such a queer look in his eyes that I quietly turned over his things. At the bottom of a basket of 'comforts' she had brought him, I found this."

He opened the packet, and poured out before my eyes a whitish powder. "Well?" I said interrogatively.

"Poison!" he briefly replied, as he swept the powder back into the packet. "And now," he added, "don't think me hard if I send Dirk to Cape Town."

There was an unusual stir and excitement in Kimberley; the streets were crowded with men and women whose faces bespoke every kind of emotion, from despairing rage to rejoicing malice; whilst hither and thither amongst the throng in the market square rode officials in the dark blue uniform of the Cape Civil Service.

At length there was a cloud of whirling dust in the Transvaal road; the crowd swayed and parted, and at a hand gallop two heavily laden mule

wagons passed through the surging ranks, and halted for the escort to close round.

A woful freight those wagons bore; a load of human misery; a company of wretched convicts, into whose souls the iron of captivity had already entered; a consignment of baffled, tramped and forsaken seekers after illicit wealth. Youth and age were there, and the galling fetters bound all together in the links of a common despair. Chained as they were, like wild beasts, some stood up, and in agonized voice called upon friend, wife and child, who answered not; while others, crouching piteously in a corner of the rude conveyance, bowed their heads between their trembling hands, and sought to keep out the light of a sun which had become hateful to them.

Suddenly, I caught sight of Dirk Sylvester. He was sitting on the side of the foremost wagon, his arms folded across his chest, and a look of eager expectation on his finely molded face, thin and pale with confinement and suffering. I called to him, but he heard not; his gaze seemed fixed on some far-away object, and a smile played upon his wan lips.

I hurried on in advance of the cavalcade toward the Oasis, which I knew it must pass, on its way to the open veldt. I remembered that the governor of the jail had told me the night before that he had allowed a last interview before the fearful journey to Cape Town between man and wife, and that they spoke some words in French, which he did not understand, but which seemed to have a wonderful effect on Dirk.

As I neared the gate of the Oasis, over which the blue-gums cast their shade, and where the sweet trailing flowers were in their full autumnal beauty, I saw Sylvester's wife standing motionless. She was attired in the plain white dress she wore on the day of the trial, and also when she crowned Dirk's hopes and rendered him the envy of the bachelors of the Fields by becoming his own. Her golden hair floated unheeded on the lazy breeze from the distant plain; her eyes were turned upward to the deep blue sky above, and her lips seemed to be moving as if in silent prayer. There was no need to tell her of the approach of the convict party; their coming was heralded by a wild refrain of a dismal song chanted by the prisoners; and as down the startled air came the sound of creaking wheels, the cracking of whips, the shouting of orders and the responsive curses of the mob, I was unwilling to obtrude myself on her notice, and therefore I did not speak to her, but merely took up a position close by the gate.

Nearer and nearer came the rolling wagons; and the crowd rushed through the eddying dust, till, suddenly, they caught a glimpse of the lonely watcher in the gateway. There was not a man there who did not know that the slight, pale woman standing with her hands clasped convulsively together, and her whole soul concentrated as it were in one long gaze, was Sylvester's wife. Even the officials knew his history, they knew he was no midnight purchaser of stolen gems, but only a passionate, hapless man; and as if by instinct, the melancholy procession slowed and staid and paused before what was once the home of a pure and holy love.

Dirk was standing now; the smile on his lips lit up his whole countenance; he looked like the careless happy Dirk of former days; the lines of care and deep and dull agony seemed to soften and disappear from his face.

He made a motion with his left hand to his breast; with his right he pointed to the awful blue of the cloudless heaven, and then—a thin streak of flame leapt from the midst of the creepers and the quivering leaves, a sharp report rang out upon the morning air, a puff of smoke curled upward from the gateway, and Dirk Sylvester, with that strange, glad smile upon his lips, fell heavily forward, shot right through the heart by his wife!

She never lived to take her trial; indeed she was unconscious from the time when by one supreme act she broke the fetters which were wearing Dirk Sylvester's spirits down into the dust and ashes of a misery too keen for his endurance, till within a few minutes of her death.

Then a new light shone in her fast-closing eyes; she stretched out her arms as to embrace a viewless form, and with the words "Dirk! Dirk! Free forever, dear! Free, Dirk, free!" trembling on her lips, her soul went forth rejoicing on the mystic journey to the dark hereafter.

Soon after she had been laid to rest by the side of her husband in the cemetery, white with many a memorial stone to ruined hopes, lives wrecked and shattered, and affections sundered by the cruel hand of death, a Kafir, sentenced to the extreme penalty of the law for an atrocious murder, confessed that he and he alone was the cause of the Frenchman's tragic end. He had watched, through the half-drawn blind, the miserable man toying with a golden chain to which a miniature was attached, and his cupidily fired by the sight, crept to him unawares, and tried to wrest it from him. A struggle ensued; the Kafir snatched a revolver from the Frenchman's hand and shot him, then, fearing discovery, fled with only the miniature in his possession. The size of the bullet and the spoor were coincidences only; but there is one mystery which will never be cleared up. Was the miniature that of Sylvester's wife?

## A Daily Defalcation.

The Hon. John Kelly, the head and front of Tammany Hall, a man of strict integrity, an indefatigable worker, early at his office, late to leave, so burdened with business that regular meals were seldom known by him, with mind in constant tension and energies steadily trained, finally broke down!

The wonder is that he did not sooner give way. An honest man in all things else, he acted unfairly with his physical resources. He was ever drawing upon this bank without ever depositing a collateral. The account overdrawn, the bank suspends and both are now in the hands of medical receivers.

It is not work that kills men. It is irregularity of habits and mental worry. No man in good health frets at his work. Bye and bye when the bank of vigor suspends, these men will wonder how it all happened, and they will keep wondering until their dying day unless, perchance, some candid physician or interested friend will point out to them how by irregularity, by excessive mental effort, by constant worry and fret, by plunging in deeper than they had a right to go, they have produced that loss of nervous energy which almost invariably expresses itself in a deranged condition of the kidneys and liver, for it is a well-known fact that the poison which the kidneys and liver should remove from the blood, if left therein, soon knocks the life out of the strongest and most vigorous man or woman. Daily building up of these vital organs by so wonderful and highly reputed a specific as Warner's safe cure is the only guarantee that our business men can have that their strength will be equal to the labors daily put upon them.

Mr. Kelly has nervous dyspepsia we learn, indicating as we have said, a break-down of nerve force. His case should be a warning to others who, pursuing a like course, will certainly reach a like result.—The Sunday Herald.

## Suicides of Cranks.

In citing the strange methods of suicides says the *Globe Democrat*, it is impossible to refrain from giving the work of cranks. Chas. H. Jessup, of Boston, went into a barber shop, drank a bottle of hair dye and died in the chair he was to be shaved in. Leonidas Robertson, of Madison, Wis., put on his wife's clothing and sun-bonnet and hung himself. A man at Marietta, O., jumped into the river with a tailor's goose in each hand and a life preserver about his feet. A wealthy citizen at Topeka, Kan., had a hot-air balloon constructed, went skyward in it and then set fire to it with a bottle of turpentine. Another genius at Pensacola, Fla., sat down in his room, placed the muzzle of a small cannon in his breast and touched it off with a red-hot poker. A school teacher in Kansas drank some poisoned whiskey before his class with a flourish, saying, "Boys, who wants a new teacher?" and died with his head on his desk. A pair of lovers in Mississippi put arsenic in an oyster stew and ate the stew. A theological student in Cincinnati placed his head in a fireplace and allowed himself to be roasted. Baron Omyi's suicide at Pesth, Hungary, was the occasion of much comment. It appears from investigations made after his death that he had a compartment in a house distant from the one in which he lived which was supplied with cigars of all kinds and various brands of chewing and smoking tobacco. It was his habit to spend nearly all his time in his room, and from the labels of boxes and other indications in the room, it was seen that he smoked an immense quantity of tobacco and strong foreign cigars. He had actually smoked himself to death. In New York City a man jumped into the East River with an umbrella elevated to protect himself from a falling shower. A Mr. Julius Jones, of Connecticut, shot himself over the grave of his mistress after first erecting an umbrella to keep the sun off his face. A lady making a trip to Europe procured \$500 in gold from her husband, sewed it in the lining of her dress, and jumped overboard.

## Norway Restaurant Dinners.

Cor. Springfield Republican. Another unique feature of Christiana is its steam-kitchen. Here two dinners are provided daily at 33 and 47 ore, about 11 and 13 cents, if they are partaken of in the dining-room of the establishment. They cost still less if you come with your own basket and carry away the provisions. You pay at a little window within the entrance, stating which dinner you desire, and receive a small brass check. There are two large dining halls filled with long marble tables, on each side of which are stationary wooden benches. At one side are two large windows with inner counters. Here you present your check and receive the day's dinner which you must carry to the place and table you have selected. Two or three waiters are in attendance, but only to remove the plates, &c. The food is wholesome and hearty. We had excellent meat balls with potatoes and gravy, a large piece of bread and an immense rice pudding, with raspberry sauce. Of course the place is largely frequented by the lower classes, but the poorest people carry away their meals. In the upper dining-hall every one had attained a considerable respectability in the social scale; except for the extremely fastidious it is really something to see.