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WOODVILLE, THURSDAY, JULY 3, 1879.

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## THE LAST HYMN.

The Sabbath day was ending, in a valley by  
the sea,  
The uttered benediction touched the people  
tenderly,  
As they rose to face the sunset in the  
glowing lighted west,  
And they hastened to their dwelling for  
God's blessed boon and rest.

But they looked across the waters, and a  
storm was raging there;  
A fierce spirit moved above them—the wild  
spirit of the air—  
And it lashed, and shook, and tore them till  
they thundered groaned and boomed,  
And, alas, for any vessel in their yawning  
gulfs entombed.

Very anxious were the people on that rocky  
coast of Wales,  
Lest the dawn of coming morrows should be  
telling awful tales,  
When the sea had spent its passion and  
should cast upon the shore,  
Bits of wreck, and swollen victims as it had  
done heretofore.

With the rough winds blowing round her, a  
brave woman strained her eyes  
And she saw along the billows a large vessel  
fall and rise,  
Oh, it did not need a prophet to tell what  
the end must be.  
For no ship could ride in safety near the  
shore in such a sea.

Then the pitying people hurried from their  
homes and thronged the beach,  
Oh, for power to cross the water and the  
perishing to reach.  
Helpless hands were wrung with sorrow,  
tender hearts were cold with dread,  
And the ship, urged by the tempest, to the  
fatal rock shore sped.

"She has parted in the middle! See, the  
half of her goes down!  
God have mercy! Is heaven far to seek for  
those who drown?"  
Lo! when next the white, shocked faces look-  
ed with terror on the sea,  
Only one last clinging figure on a spar was  
seen to be.

Nearer the trembling watchers came the  
wreck tossed by the wave,  
And the man still clung and floated, though  
no power on earth could save.  
Could we send him a short message? Here's  
a trumpet. Shout away."  
'Twas the preacher's hand that took it, and  
he wondered what to say.

Any memory of the sermon? Firstly, sec-  
ondly? Ah, no!  
There was but one thing to utter in that  
awful hour of woe.  
So he shouted through the trumpet, "Look  
to Jesus. Can you hear?"  
And "Ay, ay, Sir," rang the answer o'er the  
water loud and clear.

Then they listened. "He is singing 'Jesus  
lover of my soul!'"  
And the winds brought the echo, "while  
the nearer waters roll!"  
Strange, indeed, it was to hear, 'till the  
storms of life be past,  
Singing bravely from the waters, 'O, re-  
ceive my soul at last!'

He could have no other refuge—'Hangs my  
helpless soul on Thee;  
Leave, ah, leave me not—the singer drop-  
ped into the sea.  
And the watchers, looking homeward thro'  
their eyes with tears made dim,  
Said, 'He passed to be with Jesus in the  
singing of that hymn.'

MRS. GOOCH'S TONGUE.

BY MARY KYLE DALLIAS.

If Mrs. Gooch had been born deaf and  
dumb she might have been a much happier  
woman. She often said so herself. The  
trouble that long tongue of hers had got her  
into no one knew—no one could know but  
herself. No matter how important a secret  
was, it was impossible for her to keep it. And  
she did not even make a pretence of  
confiding only in her dearest friends, as  
some women do. She was as likely to pour  
her confidences into the bosom of the merest  
stranger.

Even as a child she had done so. So that  
there could not be a family tiff, a question  
of economy, a bill overdue, or a little com-  
fortable backbiting of friends in the domestic  
circle, but all the world knew it at once.  
Tilly Smee—that was Mrs. Gooch's maiden  
name—told everything and told it to every-  
body.

After childhood had passed, and Tilly,  
being pretty, found herself the object of ad-  
miration in several quarters, it was exactly  
the same.

Tilly was 'engaged' to five different  
young men before Mr. Gooch came along,  
and her love affairs came to an untimely end  
by reason of her chattering each time.

Mr. Gooch, a wise, serious, silent man,  
profited by the troubles of his predecessors,  
and wisely told Tilly nothing which he did  
not desire to have repeated. Therefore,  
they came, at last, to their wedding day; and  
the long-suffering parents, sisters, brothers  
and other relatives of long-tongued Tilly  
saw her transferred to another home with  
sensations of relief. Not that Tilly was

not a good girl, but that the presence of a  
sort of private detective at the fireside was  
scarcely agreeable.

In her new abode Mrs. Gooch became com-  
paratively harmless. She told all the news  
as before, but the small, proper household  
had no secrets whatever. Bills were regular-  
ly paid. The traditional mother-in-law lived  
forty miles away. Mr. Gooch kept his busi-  
ness affairs strictly to himself, and was what  
old-fashioned people call 'a good provider.'  
Consequently, Mrs. Gooch was forced to fall  
back on the delinquencies of the laundress  
and the evil deeds of Bridget, the cook for  
her conversation, and peace reigned in the  
household of the Gooches. But, alas! upon  
an evil day Mr. Gooch had a falling out  
with his business neighbor, Mr. Chubb, the  
grocer, who would persist in filling up the  
pavement under Mr. Gooch's office window  
with boxes, barrels and bags and other  
articles in no way connected with real estate.  
Hard words passed, and in his excitement  
Mr. Gooch told the fact to his wife. In the  
course of the week that well-meaning but  
indiscreet lady had spread the tale over the  
whole town, not omitting the statement that  
Mr. Gooch in kicking a box of tea from his  
premises had put his foot through it, and  
was obliged to pay for the tea, which was  
gathered up in the meanwhile by several  
beggar boys and women and carried away.

Moreover, that he had also split his new  
boot in his efforts.

Gooch's friends joked him; his enemies  
sneered. Gooch knew the grocer to be tacit-  
urn and reticent. His wife had betrayed  
him. That day he meditated. At tea time  
he did not return to his domicile as usual.  
Eight o'clock came; nine, ten. Mrs. Gooch  
felt alarmed and cried a little, but at half-  
past ten the door opened and Gooch came in.  
He wore a very solemn countenance, and he  
merely nodded to her, and walked up to the  
fire, where he stood warming his hands.

Never before in his wedded life had Mr.  
Gooch neglected the kiss of welcome.

Mrs. Gooch looked at him in surprise, and  
having taken the tea pot from its warm-  
ing place upon the hearth, said softly:  
'You're late, dear.'  
'Yes,' said Gooch.  
'Nothing unpleasant, I hope,' said Mrs.  
Gooch.

'Duced unpleasant,' responded Gooch.  
'Oh! what is it?' said Mrs. Gooch, steal-  
ing up to her husband and putting her hand  
on his shoulder.

'That's a secret,' said Gooch, 'You know  
what a long tongue you have, Tilly.'  
Tilly sighed.  
'It's a dreadful thing,' said Gooch. 'Ugh  
I can't think of it with calmness. Give me  
a cup of tea, Tilly. Dear! dear! dear!'

He took his seat at the table, swallowed  
the tea his wife poured out to him, and  
stared at the wall behind him, with such a  
horror-stricken look, that she twice turned  
to see what he could be looking at; on which  
occasion Mr. Gooch remarked:  
'No—no; there's nothing there, Tilly.'

Had Mr. Gooch gone mad? Was it pos-  
sible that Mr. Gooch had gone mad? Mrs.  
Gooch almost feared that this was so; for  
as soon as he had swallowed his supper  
he retired without a word.

Mrs. Gooch soon followed his example,  
but sleep did not visit her pillow. Mr.  
Gooch groaned aloud and muttered unintel-  
ligibly.  
'My dear, what is the matter?' sighed  
Mrs. Gooch.

"Oh, dear, dear, dear!" said Mr. Gooch.  
'Do tell me?' said Mrs. Gooch.  
'You'll never tell!' said Gooch, solemnly  
in the darkness.  
'Oh no, no,' said Mrs. Gooch.  
'Well,' said Mr. Gooch, 'I feel that I  
must unburden myself to some one. I've  
killed Chubb.'

'What?' gasped Mrs. Gooch.  
'I've killed Chubb, the grocer. That's  
what kept me so late. Oh dear!'  
'He is mad,' said poor Mrs. Gooch.  
'No, I'm not, Tilly,' said Mr. Gooch.  
'No, I'm not! Indeed I'm not! He came  
into my office, about that tea, you know;  
and I got angry and we had words, and—  
well, he'd brought his cheese knife with him,  
and when he called me a rascal I just jabbed  
it into him.'

"Oh!" shrieked Mrs. Gooch.  
'Well, there he was, dead, you know!'  
said Mr. Gooch, "and murder is a hanging  
matter. So I felt I must hide it. I just  
stepped out and got a barrel—an empty  
potatoes barrel. Ah! how often we'd quar-  
relled over it, and brought it into the office,  
and let down the blinds, and tried to stuff  
him into it. But Chubb is fat—was fat, I  
mean—and—"

"I shall die!" moaned Mrs. Gooch.  
'Don't make any noise, Tilly,' said

Gooch in an awful whisper. "I had to cut  
him into chunks, like pork, you know, to  
get him in."

"Oh! Ah!" moaned Tilly.  
"Then there was the floor to scrub, and  
sinking the barrel in the cistern," said  
Gooch; that old cistern that is never used,  
you know. It was dreadful. And Chubb's  
ghost standing just behind you all tea time.  
No wonder I'm not myself, Tilly."

But he said no more. Tilly was in hy-  
stercs,  
Poor Tilly Gooch! She sat alone next  
day, after her husband had gone to his office  
and felt that the world had been turned  
topsy turvy. There was a secret she must  
keep—a horrible secret that she dared not  
breathe to any one. Certainly it would kill  
her. Oh! she must tell her mother. Her  
mother would know what depended on  
silence. She would be true. And then,  
somewhat comforted, Tilly put on her hat,  
tied a veil over her eyes, and "rah over" to  
the parental mansion.

In just ten minutes after her entrance old  
Mrs. Smee knew all about the murder, and  
was shaking from head to foot and ejaculat-  
ing wildly:  
"Oh! dear, they'll hang him! Oh! dear,  
they'll hang him on the gallows! Oh! dear  
—what a dreadful thing! Oh! how wicked!  
Oh! poor Mr. Chubb! Oh!"

At the sound of her mother's cries the  
eldest sister of the family, Miss Marie Smee,  
rushed in, and demanded explanation.

"I can't tell; I can't tell," sobbed Mrs.  
Smee.  
"Oh, Maria, you are my friend," sobbed  
Tilly. "You wouldn't betray us," and out  
came the story again.

Now, Maria Smee was nervous, and gave  
to shrieking which terrified, and as soon as  
she had heard the awful facts she began to  
utter shriek after shriek, each shriller and  
more prolonged than the last. The windows  
were open; neighbors heard and rushed in.

The house was in commotion. No one  
knew what had happened, and some one  
sent for the family doctor.

The doctor came. He was a wise, benig-  
nant old gentleman, and he questioned Mrs.  
Gooch kindly. "Something has agitated  
Mrs. Smee and Miss Maria?" he said.  
"Yes," said Mrs. Gooch.

"And you are trembling too," said the  
doctor.  
They were alone in a little room, whether  
he had led her to question her, and Mrs.  
Gooch could not restrain her tongue.

"Oh, doctor," said she, "you wouldn't  
wonder if you knew all. Don't tell any one."  
And then and there she told him all. Mean-  
while the "up-stairs girl" was at the key-  
hole.

"My dear, my dear, this is horrible!"  
said the doctor. "You can't expect me to  
keep a secret like that. Compound a murder-  
er! Be a sort of accomplice after the fact!  
I can't! I can't! Not if it were my own  
son!"

Mrs. Gooch screamed, and Biddy Hagger-  
man left the key-hole and ran to the police  
office.

There she made a statement of the facts  
of the case. Mr. Chubb had been murder-  
ed last night. Mr. Gooch murdered him.  
The grocer's remains were in a barrel in the  
cistern behind the real estate office. She  
had all the particulars.

Justice Spruce was an energetic man. In  
half an hour two stout policemen were on  
their way to arrest Mr. Gooch, who shortly  
was led through the streets towards the  
station followed by a crowd of boys, and  
stared at from the windows.

Justice Spruce was an old friend of Gooch's.  
He advanced to meet him.  
'Gooch,' said he, 'I regret the part I've  
been obliged to take in this affair. I hope it  
will prove a ridiculous mistake. I hope you  
did not tell Mrs. Gooch that you had mur-  
dered Mr. Chubb, and that his remains were  
packed in a barrel in your cistern?'

'I did, though,' said Gooch. 'I don't  
deny it. May I see my wife in your presence  
before I am sent to prison.'  
This privilege being accorded, Mrs. Gooch  
was sent for. She arrived in the cab, a mere  
wisp of misery; her hair dishevelled, her  
collar unpinched, her eyes and nose swollen.  
With her came all her relatives and half the  
town.

Gooch stood before his miserable wife and  
looked at her with a miserable expression on  
his face.  
'I confided an awful secret on which my  
life depended, to your wifely bosom, Tilly,'  
he said, 'and you betrayed me.'  
'Oh, my dear! Oh my dear!' moaned Mrs.  
Gooch. 'I did't mean to. Oh, please hang  
me, Mr. Spruce. It's my fault. Let him go.  
I did it. Oh, oh, oh!'

The ladies of the Smee family wept, spec-  
tators shook their heads. At this instant  
somebody was heard saying: "Let me get  
through, folks;" and in an instant more a  
bulky form appeared before the justice, who  
started at it in astonishment.

"I just come back from market," said the  
new-comer, cheerfully, "and I hear I'm  
murdered and packed into a tater barrel,  
down Mr. Gooch's cistern. Now me and  
Gooch did have words last week, but I ain't  
mean enough to want him hung for murder-  
ing me so long as I ain't murdered, nor no  
attempt been made, who has circulated  
this here story? How do do Gooch? All  
right, now."

"Well," said Gooch, "it's Mrs. Gooch has  
been telling it, I believe; but I told her. I  
just wanted to see how long a woman's  
tongue really was. Now I know."  
'Shameful. Come home with me daughter  
cried old Mrs. Smee; but Tilly put her hand  
under her husband's arm and they went  
home together.  
'You won't publish the next secret I con-  
fide to you; will you, Tilly?' asked Mr.  
Gooch.  
Tilly said nothing.