

MUSIC.

Sweet music moves the dancing spheres; The ocean, earth and air; And heaven o'er all is music sweet, There's music everywhere.

I hear it in the ocean boom; And in each minor tide; As ever on 'mid light and gloom All musically glide.

I hear it on the roaring wind, And on the gentle breeze; As o'er the deserts vast they wind, Or dancing 'mongst the trees.

The humming-bird and bee 'mong flowers Of honeyed nectar rove, Or hum amid the woodland bowers. Sweet melodies of love.

This music sweet my ear doth greet, With love where'er I go; Love is the goal and doth my soul; With music overflow.

Hail music! hail immortal charm; Joyous infinity; Thou art the magic voice of love, The soul of poetry.

Old chaos fell thy potent spell; And straight her claims with drew; And at thy all pervading touch; Creation sprang to view.

Thou wert the magic of His voice, Who called from darkness, light; And made all nature's heart rejoice, Oh music, dear delight.

When the last sound of music dies; On this frail mortal ear; Then let my rapturous spirit rise; On wings of music dear.

And let me soar to music's sphere. There muses, God adore, Where music sweet my soul shall greet, With love forever more.

Then let my soul strike union. With angel spirits, join And sing His praise, through endless days, In music all divine.

Nittany, Pa. GEORGE W. GATES.

LINDY.

BY AGNES ELLIS.

"Lindy, guess I'll hev to git Win Potts to take keer of you. She seems willin' to come, an' all the rest of the girls 'round air too busy or too lazy or sumthin'; they say they can't come anyhow."

Lindy turned her head wearily on her pillow, and said: "Well?"

Sam didn't just like the way she answered him, and, shifting uneasily from one foot to the other, he said:

"Maybe you'd rather not hev her?"

"If you can't git no one else, I reckon we'll have to, fer ma can't stey here all the time."

"Sam's gone to git Win Potts to stay with you, hain't he?" said her mother, a little while after, as she laid a little bundle down on Lindy's arm and tucked the covers around it. "I tell you now, you'd better keep an eye on that girl."

"Why, ma, Sam and me's married. You don't want to talk that way."

"Marryin' don't always keep folks from actin' the fool."

"But ma, we've got the baby," she said, as she turned the shawl back from the little, smooth head, and looked fondly at the tiny, red wrinkled face. "Don't you think the baby looks like Sam, ma?"

"No, it's too fat-nosed to look like anybody." And then, seeing Lindy's disappointed look, she added: "But it's more'n likely 'twill faver him when it gits big."

In a little while Sam drove up with Win. She hurried in the house, "And so you and Sam's got a baby," she said. "Why, how awful pore you air, Lindy. Yore complexion's jest awful. Oh, there's the baby. Now, ain't it cute; looks the picture of Sam. Ain't it a pretty little doo? I'd think you'd love it terrible, Lindy?"

"I'm goin' home now, Lindy," said her mother. "Win's here to see after you, and Sam says his ma's a-comin' over Sunday to stey with you. Now, take keer of yourself, and I'll run in to see you every day or two."

"Come as soon as you can, ma," said Lindy, looking after her as she went out of the door.

"Yes, I will; keep up your spirits." For the next few days things with Lindy and the baby went very well. Sam stayed around the house most of the time, and in his bashful way petted them both. It bothered her to hear Sam and Win talking and laughing together in the kitchen at their meals. Sunday morning brought Sam's mother.

"La, me, air you in bed yet?" she said, as she unpinned her shawl. "And the baby six days old. I always got out o' bed the fourth day. Didn't ketch me lollyin' around' like you're a-doin' in."

"Well, ma, you're stouter'n Lindy is," ventured Sam, timidly.

"People air stout accordin' to the 'mount o' babyn' they git. You bring me that there chair an' that big calico comfort. I'm goin' to hev her up right off. Now, don't you feel better all ready?" she said to Lindy, as she gave her chair an extra jerk to make it stand at the right angle.

"Yes, I guess so," said Lindy, leaning back and closing her eyes. The roomed seemed to be spinning round and round.

"I knowed it; all you needs to git up. Whose goin' to preachin' from here this mornin'? Ain't you a-goin', Sam?"

Sam glanced at Lindy. She was looking wistfully toward him. "No, I guess not this mornin', ma."

"You jest scatter right out now an' git ready. I'm lookin' after things here-to-day. Git ready now, both o' you."

And Sam, who always had minded his mother, except when he married Lindy, blacked his boots, put on his Sunday clothes, and went.

Lindy watched them drive off. Her mother-in-law was busy in the kitchen, and she had a little cry to herself.

"Oh, we just had the best meetin'," said Win, after they came home; "an' some of the girls said Sam and me looked jest like married folks."

Lindy had crawled back into bed, and when Sam came in a few minutes later she was lying with her face to the wall and he thought her asleep.

"I'll hev to go over home after dinner," said Win. "I need more'n I brought with me. Wonder if Sam'll have time to drive me. We might a come that way from meetin' but Sam was in such a hurry to git home."

"Course he'll hev time," said his mother. "He hain't got nothin' to do but pet Lindy, an' the more he can be kep' away the quicker she'll git up. I hate to see folks spoiled in their raisin' like her, an' it's 'bout time she was learnin' differunt."

"Sam, you hitch up an' take Win home for awhile."

"Is she 'bliged to go?" said Sam. "Yes, she's got to go while I'm here to stey with Lindy."

Late that evening, after he had brought Win back and his mother had gone, Sam went to the bed and, taking Lindy's hand, said: "You look like you was mighty nigh tired out."

She drew her hand away and said: "I ain't very tired."

Lindy had never drawn away from him before. It made him uneasy. He was going to take her hand again and ask her what was the matter, when Win put her head in the door and said: "Want sometin' to eat, Sam? I've got a piece set out for you."

"Where's Win?" asked Lindy's mother one morning, when she had run in for a little while.

"She's gone out to the field to take Sam a drink."

"Yes, and she's making a plum fool of herself, too. The hull neighborhood's a-talkin' about the way she's a-simperin' and flirtin' 'round. If I'm in your place I'd send her home."

That afternoon Sam came in from the field. "I've broke my plow an' hev to go to town to get it fixed," he said to Lindy.

"Sam, don't you think we could git along now without Win? I feel real good, an' ma could come over an' help me some."

"I'd rather you'd keep her 'till you git good an' strong," he answered.

"I b'lieve I could git about without her," said Lindy.

"No, you'd better keep her another week. When a feller's workin' hard in the field he don't want to hev to worry about what's a-goin' on in the house."

"I reckon I couldn't pack water out to you or help you plow an' giggle as much as Win does," she says.

"Why Lindy, what ails you?"

"Nothin'."

"Is there somethin' you'd like me to git you in town?"

"No I don't want anythin'."

"Wh're Sam a-goin'?" asked Win, as she saw him putting his team to the wagon.

"To town," said Lindy.

"Well I'm a-goin', too. I've been a-gantin' to fer two weeks." And runnin' to the door she screamed: "Sam, hold on a minute, 'till I git ready."

Lindy watched them drive away. She saw Win look up at Sam and say something, and Sam laughed. She flung herself down on the bed and cried and cried. "I wish neither o' 'em would ever come back, and I could go home and stey with ma. I wish I'd a died when the baby come." The baby cried and it took her a long while to quiet it. She wished her ma would come over, she was so lonesome. She looked at the clock. Sam had been gone almost long enough to get back, but she didn't want to see Sam, and Win—she felt as if she could choke her. Some one knocked at the door. She opened it and there stood old Mrs. Trover, the worst old gossip in the country. She never could bear her, but she was so lonesome she was real glad to see her. After she had talked about the baby awhile and told Lindy how bad she looked, she said: "An' so you're still a-keepin' Win Potts, air you? Well, jest come a-purpose to tell you if I'm in your place I'd send her an' her traps a-flyin'."

Lindy grew pale, but she quietly asked: "Why?"

"Why, why, you'd orter know, an' I knowed some one must tell you, so I took it on myself to come over. Why she jest hangs 'round your Sam ridiculous. Why, hain't they got a-trotting off to church together an' over to her ma's, an' don't she holler at ever one along the road an' ask if she don't look like she's married, and don't she hang 'round him all the time carryin' water to the field, an' didn't I see 'em with my own eyes this very afternoon a ridin' down the road with his arms 'round her and her with her head agin his shoulder. They never see me till I turned the corner an' was most out o' 'em. An' you orter have seen how flustered they was when I met 'em. I knowed you didn't know how they was a-actin', an' I came over to tell you. The hull country is a-pityin' you."

"Did you say you saw 'em, Mrs. Trover?"

"See 'em, yes, I see 'em with my own eyes, course I see 'em. You look terrible white, Lindy; can't I git you some water?"

"No, ma, I don't want any."

"Well, I must go. I jest come over to tell you about it. I thought it time you was knowin', an' you with a young baby, too. Now good-by; come an' see me soon as you can, and don't take it too much to heart what I've told you."

Lindy watched her go down the lane and out of sight. What should she do? "Oh, Lord, tell me what to do," she moaned. "I'll go home once in a while, but I'll do, an' if Sam wants Win Potts he can have her. We'll go home to gran'ma, won't we, baby?" she said, as she took it in her arms. It was a mile around the road, and about three-quarters through the

fields. She must hurry or they would be back. She wrapped the baby in a blanket, threw a shawl over her head and started across the fields.

"Why, Lindy Wilson!" her mother said, as Lindy walked in at the kitchen door.

"Take the baby, ma," and then she fainted.

It was late in the afternoon when Sam and Win came home. Sam tied his team and hurried in the house. He had bought a pair of slippers for Lindy. The way she acted when he started away had made him uncomfortable all the afternoon. He went through the kitchen and on into the front room. Win stood staring around her.

"Where's she?" he asked, wonderingly.

"I don't know," said Win. "She ain't in the house."

They searched both rooms, the barns, and even looked down the well.

"She's a playin' some joke on you, Sam. I wouldn't take it so hard. The house is warm and there's some fire in the stove; she ain't been gone long."

Win's coolness exasperated him.

"Win Potts, do you know where she's at?" said Sam, laying his rough hand on her shoulder. Win looked up at him. His face was pale. Sweat was standing on his forehead and he was quivering all over.

"Honest to God, Sam, I don't," she said; "but she's likely over to her ma's."

Sam rushed out, got into the wagon and drove to her mother's. He didn't wait to knock, but walked right in. Her mother was standing over the stove stirring something in a cup for the baby.

"Is Lindy here?"

"Yes," said his mother-in-law. "How did she git here?"

"Walked."

"Yes, walked, Sam Wilson, walked. What've you been a-doin'? You've been a flirtin' round with that Win Potts, a totter of her over the country and makin' love to her till you've broke my Lindy's heart, an' she's come home to stey, and she stirred the tea so vigorously it slopped over on the stove."

"Can't I see Lindy?" asked Sam.

"No, you can't. She told me to tell you if you come that you should go home and have Win Potts, that she's through with you."

"Can't I see her jest a minute?" pleaded Sam.

"No, you can't," and the old lady took her cup and left the room, shutting the door hard after her. Sam dropped into a chair and leaned his head on his hands; great tears ran down his fingers and dropped off on the floor. His mother-in-law opened the door. She was going to say something sharp, but the sight of him softened her.

"I'll ask Lindy again if she'll see you."

A few minutes later she came back. "She says she won't see you, and she wants you to let her alone."

Without a word Sam got up and went home. "Get your traps together, Win, quick as you can, and I'll get Bill Skinner to take you home."

"Lindy over to her ma's?"

"Yes."

"She was jest playing a joke on you, wasn't she?"

"Yes."

"He's the wickedest lookin' jokin' man; I ever see, she said to Bill Skinner as he drove her home. "And I'll bet you 'tain't no ordinary jokin' neither."

Sam tried for several days to see Lindy, but she refused to see him.

"Tell her," he would say to her mother, "that if she'll jest see me I know I can fix it all right. If she'd only jest see me at her 'twould do me so much good."

One he asked for and the other he took it in his arms and the tears rolled from his eyes and dropped over it. "Poor little feller," he said. One day he laid five dollars down on the table.

"Give that to Lindy, she might need sumthin'," he said.

He tried to go on with his work just the same. But he couldn't plow where he could look over at the little house where Lindy used to be. He couldn't stey in the rooms where he had never lived an hour without her, and where every little thing was made and placed by her hands.

"I'll jest fix things up and get out o' the country. I can't live here."

So he wrote to Lindy:

"DEAR LINDY: I'm a-goin' clean away where you won't hev to here about me. I never was gone so long for you an' I always loved it but I thought you liked me an' I want to stey with you for the little feller. Good-by."

"SAM."

Lindy read the note and handed it to her mother, who read it and looked at her. Her face was white and set.

"Shall some of us go over and tell him not to go?" she asked.

"No, ma, I'd rather you wouldn't," and she took the baby in her arms and left the room.

Lindy was pale and quiet all day. In the evening she put her baby to sleep and went out into the yard. It was a warm evening in the middle of May. The moon was shining, although it was scarcely dusk. She wandered out into the orchard and on beyond, where she could look across the fields toward her own little home.

She would like to see it again just as it was when she was so happy. Her father and mother were going down the next day after the things, and it would never be the same again.

"I b'leve I'll go on over the hill and see if I can see it," and she hurried on.

"I would like to go in and see if things is jest as I left 'em. I 'low Sam's got ever' thing all upside down since I left."

She could catch a faint outline now of the house. She felt an awful, homesick, lonely feeling. "I must see it once again," she said to herself, and the tears rolled down her face. "Oh, I do wish Sam was here, it looks so black an' lonesome." On she went, every little thing about the place growing plainer and plainer in the moonlight. She came to the well-curb and leaned

against it. "Oh, if I jest could go in an' find ever' thing like it used to be," she sobbed. "If Sam only was there, I wouldn't care if old Win Potts was there, too, if Sam was only there. An' Sam's gone—gone clean off—an' maybe I'll never see him again." She walked slowly on, sobbing every breath, to the kitchen door. She reached out, opened it, and stepped in. As she stood in the doorway, the moonlight falling on her drew her full form out in shining contrast to the dark room.

"Good! Good! Lindy, is that you?"

"Sam!" she was close in his arms.

"Sam!" she screamed, and in another instant she was sobbing. "Oh, Sam, Sam," she sobbed. "Don't go away. I've been such a fool, but I got so jellus of Win. Oh, don't go, Sam," she said, holding tight to him.

"Why, Lindy, girl, I'm not goin'; notin' could make me leave you. I knowed you'd come back. Lindy, I couldn't go 'till I'd seen the place again, an' I jest come over to-night to say good-by to it, and now you've come back."

"Oh, Sam, I was so jellus of Win, I jest hated her, an' that you—said you told me things about you—said you hed your arm around her, and her head was layin' agin your shoulder as you were going to town, and I jest got so mad I couldn't stand it, and I took the baby and went home to ma."

"Lindy, did you b'leve what Miss Trover said?"

"I did then, because I was so mad, but I don't now."

"Lindy, I swear to God there wasn't a word of truth in it."

"I know it, Sam, I know it. I was sech a goose, can you fergive me, Sam?"

"Fergive you, Lindy, can you ever fergive me fur being sech a fool. I orter seen it, but I thought you knowed how I cared for you. Where's the baby?"

"It's over to ma's, asleep."

"Would you be afraid to stey here alone, while I run across the fields and get it?"

"No," she laughed, "and tell ma I'll not be back to-night."—Peterson's Magazine.

Scenes at the National Encampment of the G. A. R.

A Watchman Staff Correspondent Tells of His Visit to Louisville, Ky.—Incidents of the Journey and Stay in the Beautiful City of the Blue Grass Region.

The Centennial veterans, who started so jubilantly Saturday evening for the Twenty-Ninth National Encampment of the G. A. R., were just as enthusiastic, when they arrived in Louisville Sunday evening, although somewhat worn with their sight-seeing in Indianapolis.

Two miles to Camp Caldwell! how far it sounded! yet how soon it was reached! Situated beautifully high and dry just on the spot where Gen. Buell camped, in September 1862, after his long march to intercept Gen. Bragg. The four hundred tents, on straight, even streets and avenues named in honor of Lawler, Lincoln, Grant, Sherman, Sheridan and Floyd—The sanitary arrangements perfect, a conspicuous guard house, into which a civilian was sent for pending up a year of his own, and a well drilled guard constantly on the beat to protect the veterans from intruders.

THE ROYAL WELCOME.

Louisville, the gateway of the South with its many schools and churches, its great tobacco trade, its distilleries—one alone is said to pay Uncle Sam \$25,000 revenue a day—its tanneries and Henry Watterson, has opened wide its arms to welcome the soldiers, who are here in the thousands encamped for the first time in a Southern city since the war. The air is full of patriotic music; the streets are rich in red, white and blue; miles of bunting stretch along the buildings and such picturesque lightning, by electricity, has never been seen.

Never has the G. A. R. met with a more cordial reception, but then, who is more hospitable than the generous Southern people? Old differences were forgotten years ago and between the true soldiers of the North and South there has been generous charity from the day the war closed. Some sectional disturbers, usually given to the cause of war and invincible in peace, have been maintained in the strife; but just some South if you want to see forgiveness and charity. Then many of our Northerners imagine that they alone were loyal to the Union, look at the records, Kentucky furnished more soldiers for the Union than Kansas or Minnesota, more than Maine, Connecticut, New Hampshire or Vermont. She is credited with 75,700 men which follows hard on Iowa's 76,242 and New Jersey's 78,814 and isn't she still furnishing good old rye for all the country?

STRIKING EVIDENCES OF PEACE.

The blue and the gray have hobbled for two days and two nights at reunions and camps hunting up comrades and talking over old experiences. Postmaster D. H. Miller, ex-county commissioner, Campbell, W. Myers and some of the other old veterans had drunk out of the southern canteens until they didn't know whether they are "Rebs" or "Yankees."

The women of Louisville have been unstinted in their kindnesses. Decked in silks and jewels they have warmly received the gray and the blue at their receptions, or with their white aprons on, they have served possum and taters, pork and hominy, coffee and biscuit to the old and hungry soldiers.

PARADES.

10,000 men were in line in the naval veterans' parade Tuesday, and while they were cheered and hailed with enthusiasm the greatest demonstration was reserved for Wednesday.

Fully 25,000 G. A. R. veterans were in line and while many showed the weight of years, they promptly kept step and "tramped, tramped, tramped" as though they were marching through Georgia.

They were cheered incessantly by the 20,000 spectators along the beautiful streets of the route and the handsome girls cheered, applauded and waved their handkerchiefs in the most distracting manner. The Louisville legion wearing crape upon their sleeves in mourning for their six unfortunate comrades, who had been blown up with the terrible caisson at Fernbank, a suburb of this city, the explosion was the only sad incident of the joyous day. Ambulances accompanied each division and ice water was provided at each street in the section, and

all possible precautions were taken for the relief of those who might be overcome by the heat or compelled by fatigue to fall out of the line. There was, however, but little call on the medical department, and with an exception here and there the divisions remained intact from start to finish. The column moved slowly and occupied four hours in passing the reviewing stand.

RECEPTIONS AND MEETING.

The good humor and spirit of fraternity so manifest all week, was especially noticeable at the numerous receptions and excursions to Lincoln's birthplace, Taylor's tomb, Mammoth Cave and other near points of interest. The women of the G. A. R. have cut up a couple of capers as usual, and had the sheriff settle one of their disputes; but even with their little difficulty there has never been such a successful and harmonious meeting of the G. A. R.

Henry Watterson, editor of the Louisville Courier-Journal and ex-confederate general made the address of welcome at the big meeting. Never was a man more enthusiastically received, and never did a man make a better address. His hearers, cheered and shouted and cried until the meeting was one grand love feast, and a fitting climax of a grand old rally.

THE WONDERFUL BURGOO.

Centre county could not begin to furnish the beautiful Jerseys, shorthorns and southdowns that were brought in from the rich blue grass pastures for the great barbecue and burgoo which took place in Wilder Park after the installation of officers.

The burgoo is a souplike preparation of a yellowish color and is compounded of beef mutton chicken potatoes corn tomatoes, onions, turnips, sauerkraut, radishes, cabbage, turtle and pork. It was prepared at night and the fires were lighted at 5 o'clock in the evening. It simmered all night and the fires were recharged Friday morning, so that by 8 o'clock it was good and hot. There had been ordered about 2,000 loaves of bread, and about half of it was cut this morning. It required the work of ten men for two hours. The meat was cooked rare, medium and well done, and the most fastidious could find no objection with the beef, mutton and shant.

Over 100 blue-grass cattle, 300 lambs and 200 shoats were barbecued in full view of all the visitors. Fifteen kettles, holding 7500 gallons of burgoo, were made on the ground, from which the guests were served. A grand chorus of over 300 voices of the members of all the Louisville colored choirs and musical associations, made the groves ring. A genuine old plantation cake walk, with Southern melodies by colored citizens from all parts of the South, ended the outdoor sports. A grand ball in the evening closed the encampment and many of the veterans went direct to Chattanooga to prolong their festivities.

International Yacht Racing.

The one event of the month talked about among sportsmen has been the races that have been going on off Sandy Hook, New York, between Lord Dunraven's English yacht "Valkyrie III" and the "Defender," Mr. Iselin's trim yacht that was selected at the recent regatta to defend the America's cup against the British challenger.

The incidents leading up to the races have been of interest to none, but those who participate in such luxuries as yacht racing and the races themselves, particularly of an international nature, have aroused the curiosity of the American's more because of their love for leadership than for any particular interest in the fashionable fad that thus affords another opportunity for us to display the handicraft of American boat designers and the skill of American sailors.

The first race was sailed Saturday a week and resulted in an easy victory for the Defender. It was over a course 15 miles to windward and run home. Our boat winning by 8 min. and 47 seconds.

The second race was sailed on Tuesday. In getting off the Valkyrie collided with the Defender, breaking her topmast, causing it to bend leeward. She sailed the race, however, under protest and came in just 47 seconds behind the English boat. The board of racing managers awarded the race to the Defender as it was shown she had the right of way and that Valkyrie was clearly at fault in the collision.

Lord Dunraven the owner of the Valkyrie, refused to sail the third race as he claimed the course could not be kept clear of boats. The Defender sailed over the course alone and was awarded the cup thus sustaining Uncle Sam's supremacy on the seas for another year at least.

Captain Bassett Won't Tell.

One of the guides at the Capitol, Washington, the other day said that he hoped that before Captain Bassett, "the watch dog of the senate," dies, he will tell somebody which one of the desks there it was which Jefferson Davis occupied when he was a member of the senate. Bassett is the only one that knows, and he will not tell for fear visitors will chip off splinters for souvenirs. During the war a lot of soldiers got into the chamber and stuck their bayonets into the desk.—New Orleans Picayune.

A Gay Pastor Loses His Job.

Resignation of Rev. B. Dekay, Who on a Salary of \$1,000 a Year, His Church, Drove a Blooded Horse, Smoked Cigarettes and Associated With Actors.

Cincinnati, Sept. 15.—Rev. B. Dekay, rector of the Protestant Episcopal church at Fernbank, a suburb of this city, was asked for his resignation and gave it.

The objection to Mr. Dekay was that on a salary of \$1,000 a year he dressed well, and rode a blooded horse, wore white trousers, smoked cigarettes, and affiliated with actors.

Six Grand Army Men Killed.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., Sept. 11.—Six Grand Army men were killed here at 5.30 this morning by the explosion of a caisson. Several members of the Louisville legion were wounded. The names of the killed are: Charles Ostrich, Hutchins, H. Irving, A. L. Robinson and William Adams (color).

For an d About Women.