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One Day.

I sunned myself in happiness all day;
The very earth seemed glad and smiled to me;
The world, rejoicing, taught my heart to say,
Love, life and light are all in harmony.

And oh, my love, the glory of that day
Made me forget the setting of the sun,
And, even when the twilight passed away,
I still looked back to when the day begun.

And oh, my sweet, in shadows of the night
I felt a radiance that I cannot see;
I still translate the darkness into light,
And in my dreams my day is still with thee

After a While.

There is a strange, sweet solace in the thought,
That all the woes we suffer here below
May, as a dark and hideous garment wrought
For us to wear, whether we will or not,
Be cast aside, with a relieving smile,
After a little while.

Only a little while this vale of tears
With moans and sighs shall hem our devious way;
Only a little while the grief that sears
And wrings and rends shall gloat above its prey;
And fade will, likewise, every hollow guile
After a little while.

What if we lose earth's pageants, fresh and fair—
The pride of morn, the sunset's gorgeous fields,
Love's leaping pulse, and the unmeasured share
That Nature's largess for the asking yields—
If death to brighter shores our souls exile
After a little while?

No mortal roaming but hath certain end;
Though far unto the ocean-spaces gray
We sail and sail, without a chart for friend,
Above the sky-line, faint and far away,
There looms at last the one enchanted isle
After a little while.

Though over burning and inveterate sands,
To seek the river's mystic source we strain,
With parching lips, scorched feet and blistered hands,
At last there rises the one mountain chain
That folds the fountains of our spirit's Nile
After a little while.

Oh, when our cares come thronging thick and fast,
With more of anguish than the heart can bear,
Though friends desert, and, as the heedless blast,
Even love pass by us with a stony stare,
Let us withdraw into some ruined pile,
Or lonely forest aisle,

And contemplate the never-ceasing change
Whereby the processes of God are wrought,
And from our petty lives our souls estrange,
Till, bathed in currents of exalted thought,
We feel the rest that must our cares beguile
After a little while!

—*Calvert's Magazine.*

A Breach of Discipline.

"It's no use speaking, Brereton; I must go."

"Are you mad, Kendal? It's your night on guard, and you know what a martinet the colonel is."

"I tell you I will go. The colonel's not a dancing man. He'll know nothing about it."

"Don't you believe it. The colonel's thick with those Lindsay girls, and I'll bet you ten to one he's there to meet them."

"Oh, hang it! I'll take my chance then," was the reply, in the dogged tone of a man who knows he is in the wrong, but does not choose to yield.

The speakers were two officers of the —th regiment, which had been quartered for the last six months at Singleborough. The subject of discussion was a great public ball which was to take place that evening. The regiment was to be relieved in a day or two, and the ball would be the last at which the gallant officers of the —th would appear in that hospitable town.

Captain Kendal looked very obstinate as he answered the prudent admonitions of his friend Brereton, who gave a long whistle, and tapped the ground ominously with his cane.

"I gave you credit for more common sense," he resumes, after a pause.

"Then you were mistaken, you see."

"So it seems, but it is an awful pity. You'll be cashiered to a certainty, for the old fellow is keen as a hawk and is sure to find you out. I say, man, be advised; give it up; the game's too dangerous."

"Pooh!" exclaimed the other, testily. "I tell you the colonel won't be there, and if he were, trust to me to dodge him. Why, bless you, he's blind as a mole!"

His friend looked utterly unconvinced, but remonstrance was plainly of no use.

"It's all because of that Leslie girl," he said, ruefully, for he was honestly attached to his messmate, and saw clearly the consequences which might be expected to follow upon his attendance at the ball. "Thank Heaven, I'm not in love!"

"Spare your eloquence and have done now, can't you?" replied Captain Kendal, ungraciously. "Go, I must and will, but trust to me to take care of myself."

The two friends walked down the rest of the street in silence till Brereton turned into his club, while the other went on, with a slightly anxious frown on his handsome, sunburnt face, and swinging his cane uneasily. He knew Brereton was right, but wrong is apt to be stronger than right sometimes, and the temptation in this case was powerful. He was about to commit, deliberately, a glaring breach of military discipline, which, if discovered, would assuredly cost him dear and put an end to more pleasant hopes than one. Nevertheless, he was quite determined to risk it.. It was his duty to keep guard that night at the Royal bank, and his colonel was not a man who would lightly overlook even a trifling offense against the military code.

What, then, was the motive which could induce this gallant young officer of her majesty's service, who had already won distinction for his bravery on the battlefield, and who had always acquitted himself well and honorably heretofore, to plan recklessly so grave an infringement of duty as the abandonment of the post he was bound in all honor to guard?

We offer no excuse. But the explanation of his conduct must be found in his state of mind, which was abnormal. Brereton was right. There was a woman in the case. Before his mind's eye there danced a lovely vision that lured the infatuated young man from the right path; a pair of blue eyes, a sweet smile, a graceful girlish form, to gaze on which the foolish fellow would have traveled miles!

And she was to be at the ball, surrounded by admiring swains, of one or two of whom he was madly jealous; and who knew what might happen while he was absent?

He might of course have spoken a certain momentous little word before, and he had thought, now and then, that it would not have fallen on reluctant ears. But he had gone on basking in the sunshine of her smiles, too happy in the present to think of the future, and he had just heard casually that to-morrow morning early she was to leave town for her home in the country.

To-day, too, chance had brought a sudden revelation to his heart. Till then he had not been fully aware of the strength of his own feelings for that blue-eyed charmer. On turning down a street corner, he had come suddenly face to face to her, and in close attendance upon her was Maddox, of the —th Lancers, a brilliant Adonis whom ladies were terribly partial to. In his face Harry Kendal read something that made him tremble for his own hopes, and showed him, too, in a startling moment of time, how his whole life's happiness was bound up in them. That rapid glance of recognition awoke a storm of anxious fears in his breast and left the green-eyed monster raging there.

The bank, a great solid building of dark gray stone, stood in an inclosure. At the rear was a court encircled by a fence, in which was a small wicket gate opening into a lane a short distance below the main entrance, and used chiefly for communication with the back premises. At night it was always kept locked. The front of the building, on the other hand, faced one of the principal thoroughfares, and was approached through a massive outer gate, which, like the smaller one, was carefully closed after nightfall.

Captain Kendal did not change his mind. As the evening wore on he slipped out, merely informing the sentinel that he should soon return. The old soldier, who had known and loved his young officer for some years, shook his head ominously as he saw him depart, but inwardly resolved to keep his counsel if possible.

The truant meanwhile sped on his willful way, and banishing all anxious reflections appeared in the ballroom in time to secure the hand of his fair charmer for several dances. Fortune seemed disposed to smile propitiously on him, and the coast was clear. The colonel was not to be seen, and no one else cared to inquire too curiously what officer ought to be on guard at the bank on that particular night. As he led out the lady the scapegrace lover had the satisfaction of seeing his rival turn away with a lowering brow. He was determined to lose no time now. In the maze of the waltz, while the soft undulating strains of Strauss steeped the senses of the dancers in sweet dreams of delight, under the roseate light of the many wax candles in that perfumed, crowded ballroom, a question was asked, and an answer tremulously whispered, which transported two young people into a temporary paradise of their own creating, where there were only two, and no room for any other besides. No wonder that at such a moment all minor sublunary considerations were forgotten.

But, when a brief ecstatic hour had passed, and they emerged once more from the rosy pavilion whither they had retreated among the flowers, there loomed, dark and erect in the distant doorway of the adjoining ballroom, a tall, martial figure, whose gray head towered above the company; a vision which struck a sudden chill to the ardent lover's heart.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed, with a start. "There's the colonel!"

The sharp ejaculation, breaking in strangely upon the dulcet tones of love, astonished the pretty creature who hung on his arm.

"What of the colonel?" she asked, softly. "Why should he not be here, poor man?"

"Because I am here who ought to be on guard in —street, and because I shall be cashiered to a certainty if he sees me," was the abrupt reply.

"Oh, do go away this minute. Do, dear Harry!" she pleaded, in terrified, beseeching accents.

He looked at her, then around him, irresolute for a moment. The colonel had turned his back and was moving into another room. No, he could not go just yet, the temptation to remain was too strong.

"Leave you now, when we are happy and are to be parted so soon? No, I cannot, darling," he whispered, fondly. "But, never fear, we will keep out of his way."

She did not urge him any more. She did not fully understand the magnitude of the offense nor the risk it involved, and was too glad to keep him a little longer by all available means.

There were a number of reception rooms in the locale where the ball was held, all of which were thrown open for the occasion. Keeping a cautious eye around them the young people contrived to pass from one apartment to another whenever they detected the dreaded form of the colonel approaching. After a time he settled down quietly at a whist table in the distance, and they gave themselves up with reckless gayety to the enjoyment of the evening. Another hour passed and supper time came, and still they danced or lingered in quiet nooks and managed successfully to elude the eyes whose recognition was to be so carefully avoided.

"What a comfort it is that he is such a maypole and may be observed from afar!" laughed the girl, who had caught the infection of her lover's audacity.

At length the dreaded time for parting was at hand. The early morning train was to bear away the lady to her father's summer residence, and thus to separate for awhile the newly plighted pair. What wonder that in those last few precious moments they forgot all precautions and saw and heard nothing in each other's all-engrossing presence? He followed her to the hall and folded the shawl carefully round her graceful form; for another happy minute yet he stood with her hand locked in his, meeting all her heart shining out through her deep blue eyes. Then the carriage door closed with a sharp bang, which struck cold and heavy on his ear as the rolling wheels bore her away into the night.

Perhaps his eyes were somewhat dazzled by the bright parting glance he had drunk in so eagerly, for all other things around looked dim. Presently he turned listlessly to take his hat and depart in his turn, still feeling like one that dreams. Suddenly, however, something impelled him to look up, and what was his dismay, when he found himself face to face with—the colonel!

There was a crowd of departing guests in the hall, and as they gathered and jostled each other the two men who had been thus unexpectedly brought together were again borne apart. The recognition was but instantaneous, therefore, and in another moment the junior officer had contrived to mingle with and disappear in the crowd. But by the stern, astonished gaze which had met his eye for that brief instant he knew that he had been identified, and that the colonel fully remembered where he ought to have been.

If he still ventured to retain any hope that the recognition had not been complete, such hope was promptly dispelled by the order which presently rang out in ominous tones from the colonel's well-known voice of thunder.

"Drive to the Royal bank instantly!" he said, with awful distinctness. "And go as fast as you can."

Captain Kendal had managed to slip unobserved through the doorway, and he now stood in the street.

What was to be done? The carriages that were in waiting were all private ones. The hackney coaches were far down the file, and even had he been lucky enough to secure one in time the rattle of the wheels at that dead hour of the night, speeding in the same direction as the colonel's carriage, or indeed the very fact of a vehicle stopping before the bank, would have convicted him at once. There was not a moment to be lost.

At this crisis fortunately his wits did not forsake him. A sudden inspiration presented itself to his mind, and his decision was taken in a twinkling. Favored by opportune darkness he crept round to the back of the colonel's carriage, and just as it was starting he sprang up nimbly on the step behind. The coachman whipped up his horses and rattled his wheels through the still streets of the sleeping city, clearing the distance in double-quick time, in order to forestall the return of the delinquent officer. Neither master nor man guessed that their hot haste was bearing back the truant to his post. Within the carriage the colonel sat stiff and erect, as became a worthy disciplinarian, wholly intent on the conviction of his peccant junior, in whose impending discomfort he could not help feeling a grim and righteous satisfaction. At the back the captain sat crouching on the step, desperately concerting his measures.

"Impudence! stand my friend through this scrape," he mentally ejaculated. "Perhaps all is not lost yet." When the carriage turned into — street and the bank appeared in view he jumped lightly down, and under the friendly cover of night ran to the small wicket gate in the lane. Most luckily he had taken the key with him, and hurriedly letting himself in he passed swiftly through the court and came up with the sentinel inside the great gate while the carriage was taking the longer curve which led up to the front. How he blessed the chance impulse which had induced him to take that key!

"The colonel's there," he said, breathlessly. "Don't be too quick in undoing the chain. Give me as long as you can. And I say, Dickson," he added anxiously, "mum's the word, you know—if you can."

"Ay! ay! sir," muttered the old sentinel, as he shuffled slowly along. He was very partial to the young man and not so much so to the colonel.

The captain passed hurriedly within. Just then the bell of the great gate rang out a long, resounding peal.

The sentinel clanked the chain noisily as he hooked and unhooked it, fumbled with the key in the lock and made such judicious delays as enabled the officer on guard to compose himself in attendance at his post before the heavy doors turned on their hinges to admit the colonel.

"Where is Captain Kendal?" he asked, as he alighted, in stentorian tones which vibrated strangely through the silence, with a sort of angry expectant note of triumph.

"On guard, sir!" answered the soldier, curtly.

"What?" cried the colonel, in the shrillest of accents. He was too utterly taken aback to say another word. The sentinel, adopting his usual stolid demeanor, took no notice of his evident astonishment. Captain Kendal heard the inquiry from within, and came forward.

"Here, sir; do you require me?" he asked, coolly.

The colonel stared at him. His face, with its expression of mingled sternness and entire bewilderment, would have been no mean study for a painter.

He could hardly believe his eyes. Keenly scrutinizing the younger man, who did not quail before his gaze, he said stiffly, after a pause of some seconds·

"I certainly thought, sir, I saw you at the ball in D— street just now!"

"Me, sir?" replied the other, audaciously. "Why, I am on guard, sir."

"It is very singular," resumed the colonel, without relaxing his scrutiny and slightly raising his voice. "I could have sworn I saw you there!"

"Very singular indeed, sir," retorted the delinquent, gaining boldness from the very extremity of the strait to which he found himself reduced; "since a man can't be in two places at once, and you have found me here. A case of mistaken identity perhaps, sir."

The two men stood still eyeing each other, one keenly eager to detect, the other as equally seeking to avoid detection. The colonel was completely baffled. The man was there before him—that was certain; but how, having left him, as he felt sure he had done, among the guests at the ball, he came to be there now was inexplicable. Not having wings wherewith to fly, how on earth had the fellow got there? Could he have been mistaken, he wondered for a moment. But no, he knew he had not.

He shifted the form of his interrogation:

"Then you were not at the ball?" he asked, very pointedly.

The young officer was worthy of all condemnation for having forsaken the post of duty. But though he had acted inexcusably, he was still a gentleman, and he would not pollute his lips with a lie. He hesitated for a reply; then parried the question with another.

"How could I be at the ball when you find me here, sir?" he asked.

Yes, how; that was the mystery, the simple solution of which was the furthest in the world from presenting itself to the colonel's brain. He knew that it was quite impossible for another carriage to have arrived before his own. His coachman had driven quickly enough to satisfy even his impatience, and he could not have failed to notice if another vehicle had preceded or followed his through the deserted streets. He could not in the least understand it.

Silent, but wholly unconvinced, he sat down in the hall to think what it might behoove him to say or do next, while the junior officer bustled about in a restless fashion, setting refreshments before him and awkwardly endeavoring to turn the conversation into another channel. The colonel answered at random, for his thoughts were perplexing.

Mystified, and righteously set on convicting the offender as he doubtless was, he could not help, nevertheless, feeling a perception of the comical side of the question. He felt, too, that however fully persuaded he might be in his own mind of Captain Kendal's offense, it would perhaps be a difficult matter to prove it. At length he cleared his throat portentously and returned to the charge:

"Look here, Captain Kendal," he said, in accents which somehow had taken a milder sound from the bent of his cogitations, "it's no use beating about the bush; I would stake my existence that I saw you at the ball. But how you come to be here now is another matter, and I don't pretend to understand how you managed it. You had better make a clean breast of it, and although it would be my duty to take proceedings against you—yet if you will explain it is possible that I may just for once, considering the peculiar features of the case, be inclined to take a lenient view of a very grave misdemeanor, sir."

Thus encouraged, the culprit, who detected a kindly twinkle in the usually stern gray eye which was fixed upon him, made a full and free confession of his fault and of the causes which led thereto.

The colonel, though well advanced in the vale of years, had not outlived the memory of youthful hopes; and was a kindly man, though a strict disciplinarian. The young lady, whose fair image had lured the lover from his duty, was rather a favorite with him, and considering, as he had said, the peculiar features of the case, he consented to overlook the offense, and inflicted no worse punishment on the delinquent then a reprimand, which was received in dutiful silence and with all due contrition. Six months later the colonel made an eloquent speech at the wedding of two happy young people, on which occasion Captain Brereton acted as best man. Then two sweet blue eyes looked playfully into his, as the pretty bride thanked him, in a mysterious whisper, for the solitary and memorable occasion when he had consented, for once in his life, to overlook and condone a signal breach of discipline.—*Temple Bar.*

Pigeons as United States Carriers.

The employment of carrier pigeons as couriers between military stations in Arizona and other sections of the Indian country, where the telegraph lines are being constantly interfered with by the hostiles, and where the topography is not advantageous for heliographing and other ordinary methods of signaling, is receiving the serious attention of the war office. In a letter from Port Townsend, Wyoming, General Nelson A. Miles says they can be made very useful in this direction, as he has demonstrated to his entire satisfaction, and General Hazen, the chief signal officer, who is testing every plan and suggestion looking to the greater efficiency of his bureau and increased benefit to the general public, has taken the subject actively in hand, desiring to make this agency a valuable ally of the army in its conflicts in behalf of civilization against barbarism on our Western plains. For two hundred miles these pigeons will travel as fast as the railroad rapid mail, and, through a hostile country, will reach their destination more surely than most men. Flying by sight, they are especially valuable in regions where there are prominent mountain peaks. Between two such posts as Forts Thomas and Apache and Thomas and San Carlos, Arizona—entirely a hostile country, broken and difficult, and in which travel is slow and almost impossible when the intervening streets are flooded—they would be of vast value compared with the insignificant cost of maintaining and training them. Troops on detached service, with no other means of communication, can employ them to convey important information with great expedition. Country physicians in England use them to great advantage with distant families. The middle feather of the tail is shaved within an inch of the end, and the message lashed thereto firmly with waxed silk. They should be written in lead pencil, as ink runs. Placed there they do not annoy the bird, but tied on the leg they interfere with his flying, and he is liable to peck and mutilate the message, rendering it unintelligible in his efforts to remove it. The clear air of Arizona and the Occident is just the element for these birds, and they are just the agency to supplement the telegraph and ordinary courier system employed by our troops in their operations against the red buccaneers of the West. Having set in motion a plan to protect our cotton, sugar and fruit industries, and having enlarged the sphere of life-saving and coast line operations as a supplement to the military telegraph lines of the frontier, General Hazen deserves and will receive for his carrier pigeon enterprise the heartfelt thanks of every soul exposed to the onsets of the marauding red devils of the plains, be they Sioux, Apaches, Kiowas, Cheyennes, or what not.—*Washington Republican.*

The Persian Capital.

Teheran is entered from the Qum side through a tawdry blue-tiled gate, topped by a bold picture of Rustam's combat with the White Demon, wrought in colored tiles. In design this is equal to a schoolboy's drawing on a slate; as a piece of coloring it is effective enough. Passing under this work of art one crosses the space between the enceinte and the town. The wall is several sizes too large for Teheran. It is an earthwork of modern design and sufficient solidity, but ruinous in parts and destitute of guns. At length the glories of the High street burst upon the view. Its even row of low, whitewashed houses, with flat roofs and narrow fronts, reminds one of a new bazaar built by some flourishing Indian municipality. But the coffee-houses are distinctly Persian. They open on gardens behind, and through the doors can be seen small round tables, samovars, teacups and qalyans, arranged against a background of green leaves and falling water. Presently one passes a coffee-house of European fashion, with elegant couches and mirrors and a drinking bar. Then there is a tailor's shop, which might pass for European if it had glass in the windows; and one or two inscriptions suggest the invasion of Western influences. The street ends in a square surrounded by barracks, whence another street leads through the European quarter. Here is a hotel, kept by an Armenian, comfortable enough, though bestowed in a two-storied Persian house, with small rooms, steep stairs of brick, and a deep courtyard in the middle. One has to do without a bathroom and without bed or bedding; but the food is not bad.

Ten circuses are billed to show in Georgia this winter.

FACTS AND COMMENTS.

The æsthetic movement in England has entirely died out, and to be æsthetic is voted to be "low" and common. *Punch* has largely assisted in killing the craze by ridiculing it.

Asa Jordan, now living in Tennessee, is 107 years old. He fought with Jackson at New Orleans. He has applied for a pension, but so far has failed to procure one. He is interesting and magnetic in conversation, and takes care of his great-grandchildren.

There has been another silent couple at Galway, N. Y., Jonathan James and his wife, who lived together over twenty-five years without speaking to each other. Having disagreed about the words of a sermon they heard in 1856, they vowed eternal silence, and kept the vow, though always on apparently good terms with each other. Mr. James died last spring, but Mrs. James is still living.

From the statistics reported by the United States commissioner of education for 1880, just published, it appears that in 1871 twenty-nine States reported a school population of 9,632,969, while in 1880 the thirty-eight States and eight Territories reported a total of 15,536,280. The number enrolled in the public schools, twenty-eight States only reporting for 1871, was 6,393,085, while for 1880 it was 9,781,521, all the States and Territories reporting this item.

It is estimated that there are 5,000 patent medicines manufactured and sold. There is one establishment that keeps them all. They include pills that cure every disease humanity is heir to, bitters, cordials, elixirs, syrups, salves, toothache drops and hair preparations. There are seventy-five medicinal waters, 150 liniments, 130 hair dyes, and of plasters, oils and other medicaments an equal jumble. Millions of dollars are yearly spent in advertising them.

A German paper estimates that the compensation which will have to be awarded by the international commission for houses destroyed by the Alexandria bombardment at $7,700,000. The property destroyed covers an area of 96,000 square meters, the average value of which is estimated at $80 per square meter. Adding $10,000,000 or $12,000,000 for furniture and stock in trade, and $4,000,000 for the losss of the refugees, the aggregate sum would be $22,000,000 or $24,000,000.

The Suez canal was built with the shares at the par value of $100, and, although their price now is something like $540, the company is neither reducing the dues nor giving greater facilities for the navigation of the canal. It is not surprising, therefore, that the commercial classes in England take a deep interest in building another and purely British canal, an undertaking that could be carried out, it is said, with mechanical improvements and knowledge, at a comparatively small cost.

In the event of postal savings banks in the United States where deposits as small as one cent may be received, a good opportunity will occur to test the old proverb which admonishes us to take care of the pence and let the pounds take care of themselves. In England last year such small deposits aggregated $12,500,000. Another instance of the result of this policy is afforded by the fact that the Bank of England has obtained $716,300 by reckoning in its own favor in settlements of transactions involving fractions of pennies.

Commissioner Dudley reports that the 285,695 pensioners on the list at the end of the last fiscal year, June 30, 1882, have been classified. There are 173,138 army and 2,361 navy invalids, 76,448 army and 1,953 navy widows, minor children and dependent relatives; 7,134 survivors of the war of 1812, and 24,661 widows of those who served in the war of 1812. The total amount paid to pensioners since 1861 is $560,641,324.75. It is an astounding fact that almost one-fifth of the whole amount expended for pensions since the beginning of the war twenty-one years ago will be paid for the same purpose during the present year. And there are 290,966 claims for pensions yet to be considered.

An entire Gallo-Roman town has been unearthed in the neighborhood of Poitiers. It contains a temple 114 yards in length by seventy yards in breadth, baths occupying five acres, a theatre of which the stage alone measures ninety yards on its longest side, streets, houses and other buildings covering a space of more than seventeen acres. The excavations, which are being continued, have brought to light more edifices, sculpture in the very best style and in good preservation—dating, it is thought, from the second century—and a quantity of iron, bronze and earthen articles. M. Lisch, the inspector of historic monuments, declares that the town is a little Pompeii in the center of France.

Habits of the Codfish.

A correspondent of the New York *Post* says that the codfish frequents "the table lands of the sea." The codfish no doubt does this to secure as nearly as possible a dry, bracing atmosphere. This pure air of the submarine table lands gives to the codfish that breadth of chest and depth of lungs which we have always noticed.

The glad, free smile of the codfish is largely attributed to the exhilaration of this oceanic altitoodleum.

The correspondent further says that the cod subsists largely on the sea cherry. Those who have not had the pleasure of seeing the codfish climb the sea cherry tree in search of food, or clubbing the fruit from the heavily-laden branches with chunks of coral, have missed a very fine sight.

The codfish, when at home rambling through the submarine forests, does not wear his vest unbuttoned, as he does while loafing around the grocery stores of the United States.—*Boomerang.*

This is the story told of the quick growth of a Texas town: Upon the 10th of September, 1872, one man took another to a lone tree away out in the prairie and said: "How will this do for the center of Main street?" From the spot there was not a house visible in any direction. The solitary tree is now the center of Main street, Denison, a town of 7,000 inhabitants.

A REMARKABLE DUEL.

Fatal Fight Between Twelve Cowboys—How a Dispute Over Cattle was Settled.

The Denver (Col.) *Republican*, of a recent date, says: John Kelly, one of the participants in the famous "cowboy duel," arrived here yesterday. He is a remarkable man. Born in Buffalo about thirty years ago, he came West at an early age, and became pretty well known as "Kid Frank." After leading an adventurous life he married a well-to-do Mexican woman, and by her secured a fine ranch forty miles square in old Mexico, on the San Pedros river, close to the line. He became known far and wide by his skill in shooting, and was generally avoided by men desirous of killing some one for the sake of notoriety. His herd grew rapidly until about four months ago, when he found his brand on 3,000 head of cattle, worth nearly $100,000. He determined to sell 2,500 head, and gathering up 1,500 head more, he started to drive to Denver, a distance of nearly 1,500 miles. His outfit consisted of thirty-two cowboys, and Frank took command of the expedition. The trip was a very long and severe one, but by using great care the losses were small. The party started May 23, and made a slow march across the burning plains and trackless wastes of Arizona and New Mexico until September 8 found them fifty miles north of Trinidad and an equal distance east of Cucharas. The Kelly outfit went into camp for a day near the camp of George Howard, a large cattle grower. The latter had a herd of 3,000 cattle and commanded twenty-eight cowboys. The two herds became mixed up while traveling close together, and Howard made a claim for cattle which Kelly considered unjust, and refused it. This angered Howard, and words followed. Kelly claimed Howard had some of his cattle, and offered to exchange; but the latter refused, and the quarrel became very dangerous. The cowboys on each side gathered around and began to handle their weapons in a manner which indicated that they meant business.

Kelly saw the danger. He knew that if a fight should occur between such deadly marksmen there would hardly be a man left to tell the tale, and in addition to the loss of human life the huge herds of cattle would be scattered and all hands ruined. Just as the cloud of war was about to burst he conceived a plan to avoid bloodshed, and broached it to Howard, who agreed to it. The plan was as follows: Each was to select six cowboys, the best shots in their outfits, and, placing them in line fifty yards distant on horseback, to give the word "Fire!" and let them settle the dispute. This novel method of settling a difference was hailed with delight by the men on each side, and volunteers were numerous. Kelly selected six men who had been with him a long time, and been tried and proved in many a desperate situation. Howard selected six of his best men. There was no time lost in preparing for the duel, which was to be the greatest affair of the kind ever known. The men of the opposing sides retired to their camp and coolly made preparations for the feast of death. They groomed their horses, oiled and cleaned their revolvers, and, putting their saddles on with care, rode out to the fight. "Kid Frank's" men were armed with Winchester revolvers, thirty-eight and forty-four caliber, long barreled, and Howard's six carried Colt's improved. Each man knew his weapon and his horse, and all were fully aware of the fact that the men standing so grimly in front of them were equally well equipped.

The opposing duelists were drawn up in line facing each other at 3 o'clock in the afternoon. The sight was one which few men have looked upon. Fifty yards apart stood like statues two lines of men, horse and rider almost one, every duelist grasping a huge, glittering revolver in each hand, with the reins in his teeth or hanging loosely, for these dare-devil riders guide their horses with their knees, as the scarcely more savage Indian does. Around about, carelessly in the range of stray bullets, were the friends of both parties, mounted on their horses, watching the fight and to see that no advantage should be taken. At either side was the chief, who had sent these men out to die. Over all brooded a death-like silence, while on all the swelling, rolling, silent plain shone the gold of the bright September sun. The man who was detailed to give the word which was destined to create a whirlwind of death started forward. At the first move there was a shiver of life along both lines, but it was not a shiver of fear. Each man straightened himself, grasped his pistols the firmer, and singled out his opponent. The umpire lifted his hand, and suddenly on the still air came the cry of doom, "Fire!" At the word twelve horses bounded forward and twelve pistol shots rang out. Three of Howard's men threw up their hands and fell from their horses, while one of Kelly's men fell. Kelly's men, not heeding their comrade's death, sped straight toward the three men in front of them. The latter dropped their pistols in their bridle hands and pulled their horses up, while their five enemies came riding swiftly on, pouring a hail of bullets in from a pistol in every hand. The Howard men saw the odds. They were too great, and turning swiftly they ran, turning in their saddles as they flew and bravely returning the fire. In three brief minutes the duel was fought and won, and four dead men lay upon the ground. Frank rode up to Howard and said: "Now you and I will settle with each other."

"No," replied Howard, as he looked sadly at the dead men; "I am satisfied."

"Very well," said Kelly, and orders were given to exchange the cattle.

A Fable.

One day an old Turkey took a Walk through the Meadow to see how the Crops were getting along. Seeing a Hornet's Nest by a Stone Wall, she Fondly Imagined she could Hatch out the Contents. So she Sat down upon It and *did* Hatch out the contents in about two Seconds. Five Minutes later she stood filled with Humiliation, Running her Bill through her Feathers and Attempting to Count the number of Perforations in her Breast, which looked very much like a Nutmeg-Grater. The Moral of the Fable teaches us that Squatting on other People's Property is a Perilous Proceeding; and that there are some Humble Institutions which cannot be Sat Upon.—*Puck.*

If it wasn't for the belles a good many young men would miss being church members.

THE CIRCASSIAN GIRL TRADE.

How They Are Got Up for Circuses and Shows.

A "Circassian girl" in a Chicago show has talked thus frankly to a reporter:

"So you want to know something about Circassian girls, do you? Well, I can only tell you of the circus genus, for to the best of my knowledge I never saw a genuine one."

The reporter was deeply grieved. His hopes had long ago, when he visited the sideshow, been blasted as to the beauty of Circassians, but he wasn't quite prepared to give up the idea that some of the girls exhibited around in tents were from the vales of Circassia, and that they had been ruthlessly snatched from a fond lover, perhaps by mercenary speculators, and brought to this country to help enrich the greedy circus. But the woman again asserted that she did not believe that there was a genuine Circassian in the business.

"How do they make up then?" asked the scribe, for there was in his recollection of Circassian girls a wonderful luxuriance of tresses and an almond-shaped eye, coupled with a shining, dusky skin, that did not suggest the evident daughter of Erin before him.

"You've got to have the material to make a Circassian in the first place," declared the curiosity, as she settled herself for a chat on what was evidently a charmed subject to her. "It takes a black-eyed, brown or black-haired woman, while art does the rest. I have seen blue-eyed Circassians, but they did not take. There is a regular market in the summer for Circassian girls, and they make up early in the season sometimes. There is an old woman lives on Bleecker street, I think, in New York, that can take any girl of good shape with plenty of hair and black eyes, and turn her out a daisy in about two days. They commence by shaving the eyebrows at the ends down to a point, then taking pencils and painting them on out to a line with the corner of the eyes, only on the forehead. They pencil the corner or the eyes so as to give the eyes an almond shape. Then they dye the face nut brown with a preparation that I do not know anything about. The lips can be stained or colored each day with carmine. Most of the girls have the lips stained at first, when about to hire out to the manager of a side show, and afterward color them with carmine. Then the hair has to be treated. You know how a Circassian girl's head looks, all bushy and with the hair standing out all over the head. Well, that's done by the use of stale beer and molasses. It is applied every hour, and the hair combed out straight and allowed to stiffen that way. I have seen girls sleep on little rolls of cloth or wooden blocks under the neck, so as not to muss up the hair until it has set, all kinky and beautiful, in its bed of beer and molasses, and then she was a Circassian girl."

It was not such an artistic operation as he had at first imagined, and the reporter remarked that he should think the woods would be full of Circaseian girls.

"There are too many to make it pay much," she candidly remarked, "but it's such fun to travel with a circus, sleeping on the baggage when traveling and eating in the hotel tent that accompanies the show. Some of the curiosities, as they are termed by the show men, are fed by themselves at a separate table, and others who get good salaries, like a livin' skeleton, eat at a hotel in the town where the circus stops."

"How about the pay of a curiosity?"

"Well, a Circassian girl, if she's cute, gets from $12 to $30 a week and expenses. Then the manager gets her a lot of photographs taken at some good studio and she sells them and gives him a royalty. A good many of them are married to performers, jugglers, cannon ball tossers, snake charmers or something of that sort, and he looks after her affairs and money."

Courtship Among the Choctaws.

There are still 2,000 Choctaws living in their ancestral homes in Mississippi, and, on the authority of Mr. H. S. Halbert, they retain in all their pristine vigor most of the usages of their ancestors. Among these the methods employed in conducting a courtship and performing a marriage are curious When a young Choctaw of Kemper or Neshoba county sees a maiden who pleases his fancy he watches his opportunity until he finds her alone. He then advances within a short distance and gently lets fall a pebble at her feet. He may have to do this two or three times before he attracts the maiden's attention, when, if this pebble throwing is agreeable, she soon makes it manifest. If otherwise, a scornful look and a decided "ekwah" indicate that his suit is in vain. Sometimes, instead of throwing pebbles, the suitor enters the maiden's cabin and lays his hat upon her bed. If the man's suit be acceptable the hat is permitted to remain, but if she be unwilling to be his bride it is instantly removed. Whichever method be employed, the rejected suitor knows that it is useless to press his suit, and beats as graceful a retreat as possible. When a marriage is agreed upon, the time and place are fixed for the ceremony. The relatives and friends of the bride and bridegroom meet at their respective homes, and from thence march to the marriage ground, halting a short distance from one another. The brothers of the bride go across to the opposite party and bring forward the bridegroom, who is then seated upon a blanket spread upon the ground. The sisters of the bridegroom then do likewise by going over and bringing forward the bride. She is expected to break loose and run, but of course is pursued, captured, and brought back to be seated by the side of the bridegroom. All the parties now cluster around the couple; the woman's relatives bring forward a bag of bread—a lingering symbol of the time when the women had to raise the corn; the man's relatives a bag of meat, in memory of the days when the man should have provided the household with game. Next, presents of various sorts are showered on the couple, who all this time sit still, not even speaking a word. With the last present they arise, now man and wife, and, just as in civilized life, provisions are spread and the ceremony is rounded off with a feast.

Young ladies having shown a desire to make palmistry (telling fortunes by the lines in the palm of the hand) the next sensational folly, London *Truth* calls attention to an unrepealed act of parliament which imposes on all who go about practicing the art the penalty of being scourged, having the ears cropped and being placed in the pillory.

WISE WORDS.

Faith and hope cure more diseases than medicine.

Hope is the brightest star in the firmament of youth.

The reward of doing one duty is the power to perform another.

The pleasure of doing good is the only one that never wears out.

It is upon the smooth ice we slip the roughest path is safest.

Next to love, sympathy is the divinest passion of the human heart.

A noble part of every true life is to learn to undo what is wrongly done.

The very nature of love is to find its joy in serving others, not for one's own benefit but for theirs.

Pity is sworn servant unto love, and this be sure, wherever it begin to make the way, it lets the master in.

Fear of punishment and hope of reward moves cowards and sycophants. Virtue is independent of either.

The pleasantest things in the world are pleasant thoughts, and the greatest art in life is to have as many of them as possible.

Behind the snowy loaf is the mill-wheel, behind the mill the wheat field, on the wheat field falls the sunlight above the sun is God.

Grief knits two hearts in closer bonds than happiness ever can; and common sufferings are far stronger links than common joys.

A good wife is like the ivy which beautifies the building to which it clings, twining its tendrils more lovingly as time converts the ancient edifice into a ruin.

Temptation is a fearful word. It indicates the beginning of a possible series of infinite evils. It is the ringing of an alarm bell, whose melancholy sounds may reverberate through eternity.

Home is not a name, nor a form nor a routine. It is a spirit, a presence, a principle. Material and method will not and cannot make it. It must get its light and sweetness from those who inhabit it, from flowers and sunshine.

The Indians of Alaska.

The number of aborigines in Alaska, says a letter from that country, is variously estimated from 30,000 to 50,000. With regard to those in the interior there is very meager accurate knowledge. The obstacles in the way of a thorough understanding of the nature of this portion of the American possessions and the number and character of the natives, are not great, either from the cost of outfitting an exploring party, danger from the natives or any other terrors incident to such an undertaking. In their handiwork, especially as exhibited by carvings in wood, stone and slate, their ornaments and shapely canoes, they display unlooked-for skill. Blanketed natives, with painted or hideously besmeared faces, were to be seen. From a condition offensive to the nostrils and this scanty mode of dress there are various stages of approach to cleanliness and a civilized style of clothing; some, indeed, make a very presentable appearance. Sometimes Indians were observed affectionately fondling their children, and the men often carrying their offspring in their arms with all the apparent pride of their white brethren. The women generally do the trading and bargaining in disposing of furs and in other transactions. When an Indian offers furs for sale, and the price has been arranged between him and the purchaser, his kloochman, or squaw, can veto the transaction, and has to be consulted before the trade becomes final. The Indians are never in a hurry to conclude a bargain, those from a distance often remaining at a trading post for weeks holding out for a most trifling advance on the price offered. They are shrewd traders, and the amounts agreed upon for the different kinds of furs seem very high to an uninitiated on-looker. The purchasers would lose money on the goods if they paid coin. The Indian's shrewdness manifests itself only in securing the promise of a high price. They do not want money, but desire articles out of the store. Their ignorance of what these cost the dealer leaves them a prey to the most outrageous imposition from the more intelligent but less honest white trafficker. These Indians are industrious, willingly embracing opportunities of earning money by working for it. If they are not a doomed race, by reason of liquor and contact with depraved whites preventing their reclamation from heathenship, in the coming development of the resources of Alaska they will be a valuable factor as "hewers of wood and drawers of water." They are quick to learn what is required of them.

The Parrot and the Nightingale.

A Parrot who lived next door to a Nightingale one day rushed over and