

CUSTER'S CHARGE AT YELLOW TAVERN
MAY 11, 1864.

Our bugles rang out loud and clear,
Our flashing sabres leapt;
The red flames belched from front and rear,
As on our brigade swept.
The wild hurrah and martial strain
And trumpet's stirring sound
Sped well our charge across the plain,
And averted the foe beyond.
A sea of blades, a mass of blue,
And flags that gaily fly;
Beneath, the turf's bright emerald hue,
Above, the Southern sky.
Such was the scene as forward led
By Custer bold and leal,
The shot shrieked madly overhead,
Or blazed our eager steel.
The lurid sea thro' sulphurous smoke
Looked grimly down that day;
And when their lines our troopers broke
Burst out in one heart-cheering ray!
'Right out and left!' brave Custer cried,
'And strike your sturdiest blow!'
Our sabres clashed as side by side
We heaved the stubborn foe.
A whirlwind then of flashing steel,
Right through their ranks we swept;
We saw their squadrons turn and reel,
As on our course we kept.
The welkin rang with cheers which rose
Up from our comrades then;
And tho' it shook our sultry foes,
It made us more than men.
With cannon trained and gun in hand
They strove to stem the tide;
Their numbers strewn the crimson sand
With wounded scores beside.
Like men they fought, but all in vain;
Scarcely twenty minutes told,
And every inch of that broad plain
Our gallant troopers hold.
And once again our bugles blow,
We count our missing ones;
We've met and whipt the haughty foe,
We've captured all his guns.
But those brave comrades, where are they
That rode out by our side?
Alas! no more they'll join the fray,
Nor on to Victory ride!
Now when of martial deeds you sing,
Of battles fought and won,
Oh, back to mind some memory bring
Of what this day was done.
Sing of young Custer's gallant charge
And of his troopers brave,
Who at Yellow Tavern plain and gorge
Won laurels and a grave!

A Susceptible Heart.

"Laws-a-mercy, Becky! What are you doing, child! You've put the salt in the custard and sifted sugar over the sliced tongue, and now you've capped the climax by pouring catsup over the cornstarch. You have made a pretty mess of it!"
Becky Mason looked upon her work in dismay.
"I'm sorry, auntie," she faltered, her cheeks flushing. "I really thought it was the cream!"
"Well, never mind; young folks are apt to be a little absent-minded sometimes. The dessert's spoiled, though; so I guess you'd better run over to the blackberry lot and gather enough for tea as quick as you can."
Aunt Sarah watched Becky's receding figure, and shaking her head with a sage look, muttered:
"It's all on account of that cified chap who's been hanging around here so much of late. I'd a deal rather she'd take a liking to Rufe Tyndall, for no one knows who this Verner St. John may be, and Rufe is a steady, well-to-do young fellow who'll make his mark in the world some day. I can't say though but it's natural she should be taken by glitter rather than homespun."
Upon the hillside, among the long-trailing blackberry vines, with her finger tips stained purple and her little basket rapidly filling with the luscious fruit, Becky Mason had gone back to her pleasant task of building air-castles tenting them with the brightest hopes, forgetting for the time that they were creatures only of her imagination.
The fragrant odor of a cigar floated up, and peering through the tangled masses of vines and bushes, she saw Verner St. John strolling along the meadow path, accompanied by a strange gentleman. Screened from their sight, she could see them plainly and when they paused by the still where she had often lingered of late, their voices were audible, and she became an unintentional eavesdropper.
"She's a perfect little wild-rose sort of a beauty, and, 'pon honor, Dick, I couldn't help making love to her; you'd have done it, too, under similar circumstances. It's not my fault, but because nature has endowed me with a too susceptible heart;" and the young gentleman stroked his silken moustache with an air which seemed to depreciate the fact that nature had also been lavish in bestowing on him a remarkably handsome physique, of which he was perfectly conscious.
"Do you mean to say, then, that you are actually in love with the little, unsophisticated maiden?"
"Pshaw! now you're unreasonable. You well know that upon whose shrine I worship, and, though I may indulge in such harmless little flirtations, I am still true to your peerless cousin as the needle is to its magnet."
"Then I advise you to let Kate know nothing about your harmless flirtation, for she is inclined to entertain rather quixotic views upon the subject, and would not be apt to regard your conduct as leniently as I, who sympathize with your weakness for a pretty face, having personal experience in the same way. To tell the truth, Verner, you're not half

good enough for Kate, and if I were not already engaged, I'd cut you out myself."
"By which means she'd truly obtain a paragon of a husband," laughed St. John, as they passed on.
"Kate shall know, however," said she. "I should esteem it a favor if he were my lover (and she experienced a twinge of pain when she thought how recently she had believed him such), for some one to undecieve me regarding him."
Kate Vincent's black eyes flashed ominously, but a softer light crept into them as she gazed on the innocent face returned to hers.
"He appeared devoted to you until I came? Are you sure—forgive me for saying it—that you did not mistake common civilities for mere pointed attentions?"
Becky flushed a little, but answered:
"He certainly expressed his love for me in every way except by words!"
"Are you sure you no longer care for him?"
"Quite sure."
"He proposed to me last evening," Kate resumed, "but, most fortunately, I asked time to consider. I think I should have rejected him, but shall not do so until he has received something of the measure he has meted out to others."
Verner St. John basked in the favorable atmosphere which surrounded him, and felt immeasurably grateful to the two fair damsels who he believed were willing victims to his peerless fascinations.
"Poor little Becky," he sighed to himself. "It's a pity to put an end to her hopes, but my stately Kate is not one to brook neglect. A delay might prove dangerous—I must press my suit more earnestly than I have been doing of late."
Accordingly he renewed his proposal, and was surprised and indignant to meet with a decided refusal.
"At all events my little wild-rose beauty will be easily won," soliloquized he. "I am not sure but that I prefer the more gentle order of woman-kind, after all. Kate was brilliant and fascinating, but then she did verge toward strong-mindedness, and I never could abide a woman's-rights female—perhaps I have made a happy escape."
Without loss of time he sought the fair-haired Becky, and, in his most gracefully impressive style, offered to receive her mistress of his heart: and home.
"Dear me, Mr. St. John! you certainly can't mean it!" exclaimed Becky, in a little flutter of excitement.
"But I do mean it, earnestly and truly. Make me happy by naming an early day."
"Do you really love an unsophisticated little thing like me?"
He smiled at her evident depreciation of her own charms, and assured her of his undying devotion.
"Then I am very sorry that nature has bestowed upon you such a susceptible heart," responded Becky. "You were so *distingue* I couldn't resist the temptation to indulge in a little harmless flirtation; but I am engaged to Rufe Tyndall, and shall always remain true to him as the needle is to the pole. You'll come to our wedding in September, won't you, Mr. St. John?"
But Mr. St. John packed up next day and Becky's wedding was not traced by his presence.

The True Wife.

The true wife not only has the confidence of her husband, but the affairs in her especial care flourish like a garden in height of summer; all things beautiful spring from her touch, and he enjoys the blessing of her tact and taste, without fully realizing how it comes. She loves the praise of her husband, which should not be stinted, and she is desirous to share in his life-work; and his confidence and esteem is all the reward she asks. She will never overtax his income, for she knows how much it is; and her share of it is always well expended, and, although she may sometimes long for an increase of worldly goods, she never reproaches him when he is diligent and does his best to maintain his family in ease and comfort.

Indeed We Can't.

"Hortense" sends a poem beginning "Throw your arms around me, darling!" We cannot do it, Hortense; indeed we can't. We happened to recognize your penmanship and know you to be a woman who weighs over three hundred, with a waist like a tobacco hogshead. Did you really expect us to throw our arms around that waist? Do you fondly imagine that our arms are like the angle worm that can stretch out to an indefinite length? Well, it is not. Go get thee to a hay press, if thou canst not overcome the impulse to be squeezed.
The doctrine of the compassion of God and the compassion of Christ, I think, has been the salvation of the Bible, of the church, and of faith; and every limitation of it is a peril.—Henry Ward Beecher.

Johnny's Seven-Minute Lecture on Patience.

Johnny was seven years old and his brother Willie almost five. Johnny took his stand on a stool, with the sewing-machine in front of him for a pulpit, and with Willie sitting in a huge chair on the other side of the room for his congregation.
When all was ready, and Willie had got through fussing with the rag on his sore finger, Johnny began his sermon by saying:
"I will make a few brief remarks on to a short text—Be patient. Firstly, be patient to everybody.
"Must I let all what's bigger'n me push me 'round jest's they's mind to?"
"It isn't proper to talk in meeting," replied Johnny, "because it disturbs the services. But papa and mamma are bigger than you; and they don't push you around either. They only put you out where you don't belong to. And Maggie—she's bigger than you; and she can't have a little tow-head between her and the bread-board when she's mixing bread, and between her and the kettle when she's frying doughnuts, and between her and—"
"I ain't a tow-head," chimed in Willie. "My hair's just as black as—"
"As flax," suggested Johnny.
"Yes, sir-ee, jest as black as flax," repeated Willie in a tone of triumph.
"And then," continued Johnny, "there's me that's bigger than you. But I don't push you around, though."
"Preachers ought to tell the truf," exclaimed Willie with a sharp look at the speaker.
"Well!—let's leave that point and pass on to the next.
"Secondly: Be patient everywhere."
"When I burn my fingers mustn't I holler?" exclaimed Willie.
"Of course when you burn your fingers you may holler some, but when mamma gets the rag ready to tie it up you mustn't jerk it away and scream so as to raise the neighbors. And when you play with Jimmie Dickson you mustn't get pouty because he can run faster than you. And when you want to come into the house you mustn't kick the door and scream—'Let me in, why don't you?' And when dinner isn't 'most ready you mustn't—"
"Dear me," broke in Willie, "isn't this sermon almost over?"
"Thirdly: Be patient always."
"When you get late in the morning, and your breakfast is all cold because you didn't come when you were called; and when I can't find the button hook because you hung it on the morning-glory vine; and—what more shall I say?"
"Say amen," shouted Willie.
Just then the door opened softly, and pussy came walking into the room. Willie sprang forward, took puss up in his arms, and ran off to find his mamma, telling puss as he went, "I can be patient to everybody and patient everywhere and patient always—'cept when you scratch me, you naughty kitty, and when Johnny preaches a awful long sermon."
And so the meeting closed without the benediction.

Gold Coin and Silver.

To be angry is to revenge the faults of others upon ourselves.—Alexandre Pope
Your life-story is still to be the life-story of your Lord, only painted in miniature.—C. H. Spurgeon.

Religion is morality looking Godward, and morality is religion looking manward.—G. D. Boardman.

Two things fill me with awe: the starry heavens and the sense of responsibility in man.—Immanuel Kant.

To a wayfarer in a strange land nothing is so sweet as to hear his name on the tongue of a friend.—Lewis Wallace

Unhappy is the man for whom his own mother has not made all other mothers venerable.—Jean Paul Richter.

Heaven may be won, not by the word not by human wisdom, but by faith, love and good works.—Lewis Wallace.

Our first and superficial aim is to be like Adam, lord below; our last: to be like Christ, associate above.—James Martineau.

Our character is but the stamp on our souls of the free choice of good or evil we have made through life.—Cunningham Gethke.

It is the heart that gives character to circumstances, rather than circumstances which give character to the heart.—G. D. Boardman.

O, thou who hast still a father and a mother, thank God for it in the day when thy bosom is full of joyful tears and needs a bosom wherein to shed them.—J. P. Richter.

At the gate of the Kingdom of Paradise, happily the afflictions of this life, even its deserts, are left behind and forgotten by those who go in and rest.—Lewis Wallace.

The years having linings as the goblets do; the old year is the lining of the new; filled with the wine of precious memories, he golden was the date the silver is.

When men are lonely they stoop to any companionship; the dog becomes a comrade, the horse a friend, and it is no shame to shower them with caresses and speeches of love.—Lewis Wallace.

Ere Jesus became Christ he was led into the desert; to be tempted. And before the Messiah within us—the messenger-spirit of the soul—can make his inspiration felt, and render his voice articulate and clear, we too must have been called to severe and lonely struggles with the power of sin. On no lighter terms can the natural man pass into the spiritual, the Delly shape forth a dwelling within the depths of our humanity.—James Martineau.

A mother's love—is there anything that can be conceived of as more beautiful? Therefore it is that all artists are fond of painting maternal love. Long before the Madonna signified maternity, and the infant Saviour childhood, the world, by its artists, was rendering as very sacred the relation between mother and child, in which the tenderness, the depth and the fervor of the mother's love, and the innocence of the child, spoke of purity that the world hardly knew anywhere else.—Henry Ward Beecher.

Egypt's Famous Queen.

Cleopatra was of Greek extraction, being the daughter of Ptolemy Auletes, eleventh in the line of the Greek kings of Egypt, of whom Ptolemy Soter, one of the principal generals of Alexander the Great, was the first. She was born 69 B. C. At the age of seventeen, by the death of her father, she, with her younger brother, whose wife she was to become, became an heir to the throne. But a few years later, having been deprived of her royal authority by her brother and guardians, she withdrew into Egypt, where she met Caesar, whom she fascinated with her many and brilliant charms, while she aroused his sympathy for her cause. The conqueror, having established her upon the throne, returned to Rome, where he was soon afterward joined by his royal and attractive paramour, with whom he openly resided. Upon Caesar's assassination she returned to Egypt, but the civil war following she espoused the cause of Antony. Antony returned with Cleopatra and lived in the Queen's palace in wanton voluptuousness. She witnessed the disastrous defeat of her favorite in the celebrated sea-battle of Actium, and barely escaped in her ship to Alexandria. Here Antony soon after joined her, where, overwhelmed by his defeat and hard pressed by his successful rival, he took his own life. When Augustus entered the city Cleopatra endeavored to use the same magical influence over him which had formerly enslaved the great Julius and Antony, but it was of no avail. Augustus announced his determination that she should grace his triumphant entry into Rome. Rather than suffer such a disgrace, she chose death by applying an asp to her bosom. Dying at the age of thirty-nine, she left three sons by Antony and one by Caesar. In addition to the natural charms which Cleopatra inherited, she had considerable abilities, and for a woman of that period, possessed unusual literary accomplishments, being able to converse in seven different languages.

Accidental Marriages.

A man should marry by all means; yet I am convinced the greater part of marriages are unhappy, and this is not an opinion I give as coming from myself; it is that of a very excellent, agreeable and sensible lady, who married the man of her choice, and has not encountered ostensibly any serious misfortune, as a loss of health, riches, children, etc. She told me this unreservedly, and I never had any reason to doubt her sincerity. For all this, I am convinced that a man cannot be truly happy without a wife. It is a strange state of things we live in. A tendency so natural as that of the union of the sexes ought to lead only to the most harmonious results; yet the reverse is the fact. There is certainly something radically wrong in the constitution of society; the times are out of joint. It is strange, too, what little real liberty of choice is exercised by those even who do marry according to what is thought to be their own inclination. The deceptions which the two sexes play off upon each other bring as many ill-sorted couples into the bonds of hymen as ever could be done by the pairings of a legal match-maker. Many a man thinks he marries by choice who only marries by accident; in this respect men have much less the advantage of women than is generally supposed.

Demost for February is one of the brightest of the leading magazines of the country. It is filled with the choicest gems in the literary casket of modern literature. Selections are chaste, and the illustrations are handsome and appropriate to the St. Valentine season.—National Union, Phila.

Dead Broke.

One afternoon a number of years ago a lady and a gentleman were seated under the horse chestnuts in the main avenue of the garden of the Tuilleries in Paris which is a public promenade, as most of the people know, and where numberless chairs are placed in rows and hired to fatigued promenaders for six cents each.

After having conversed for some time, watching the gambols of the small children who seemed to be lost in admiration of Punch and Judy and of the non-commissioned officers who were lost in admiration of their nurses, our two promenaders rose to leave when they were confronted by the lady proprietress who demanded twelve cents.

The lady searched in her pocket.
"I declare I have forgotten my port-monnaie!" she said.

The gentleman searched his pocket.
"Upon my word, I have done the same!" said he also, laughing.

This by no means suited the views of the good woman.
"That is played out. It is all very fine for men and women to come half the day and lounge upon chairs without paying. I see no joke, I want my money."

"Here, madam, take this glove and give it to the person who will bring you its owner and your money."
So saying he departed with his companion.

Suddenly the blue sky was darkened with clouds which piled themselves in a threatening manner and our promenaders were hardly gone when large drops of rain began to fall. They hurried along but had barely reached the entrance to the Rue de Colisee when the rain poured down in torrents and the passage changed into a small river. There was nowhere a cab to be seen and companion pedestrians were forced to seek shelter in a gateway, as wet as a bucket of water.

The porter was occupied sweeping back the water which would soon overflow the vestibule.

"Madame, you cannot remain here. You will catch cold. Come in, you will be comfortable."

"I accept your kindness!" said the lady glancing toward her companion, and they entered.

The worthy door keeper placed chairs for his guests and endeavored to please them. Addressing the gentleman he said:

"What do you think of politics?"
"What do you think yourself?"
was the evasive reply.

"Well, I think everything would be better if all were not so bad. We want reform. I know the Emperor is ready to grant all. See here, if I could get near him I'd show him how to go to work!" remarked he.

"You do not suppose he would listen to you?" replied the gentleman.

The lady on going to the door said:
"Not a cab disengaged?"
"I can lend you an umbrella if you wish to go," said the porter.

"With pleasure. We will return it soon," replied the gentleman.

It was a regular family roof and could shelter several.

After having thanked the gate keeper for his kindness the couple left.

"Perhaps I have compromised myself by talking politics before them. No, I do not believe so, they like good honest citizens," thought the porter.

An hour afterward a lackey brought the umbrella back with a letter and a purse, through the meshes of which a few gold pieces could be seen.

The letter contained these words:
"Thanks."
And was signed,
"The cousin of the Emperor."

Leaving the lodge the lackey went to the garden of the Tuilleries, and showing a glove to the proprietress of the chairs:
"Here, madam, are twelve cents. Have the goodness to return the glove which his Imperial Highness, Prince Napoleon, left with you in pledge," said he.

Such an adventure could never have happened to King Louis Philippe, who always carried his umbrella wherever he went.

A Square Failure.

The agent of a New York clothing house, who was sent to Atlanta to settle up the failure of a retail house, made a few inquiries of the man next door. "I believe it was a square failure," exclaimed the man. "What makes you think so?" "Vhelli, he didn't drink, nor smoke, nor gamble, nor run after der vhomans, nor drive a fast horse; and ash for his wife, she never buys nothings, and keeps no help." "Then you lay it to the stagnant condition of trade?" "Vhelli, trade was purty dull, but you see he was not the right sort of man. When a man shtops to buy a vest for two dollars he doan make him pelief dot he vvhants an cafercoat for fifteen, and when a man stops to buy an cafercoat for fifteen he doan convince him dot he needs a second hand suit for twenty. He may do in the grocery peenness, but he can't run some clothing store mitout argument."

Clips.

Gentleman (calling at the house of a friend): "Is your mistress in?"
Mary: "She is, sur." Gentlemen: "Is she engaged?" "Faith, she's more than that—she's married."

"Is it injurious to eat before going to sleep?" asks a correspondent. Why no; not fatally injurious, but you just try eating after you go to sleep, if you want to see a circus.

"What are eggs this morning?"
"Eggs, of course," says he humorously. "Well," adds the customer, "I am glad of it, for the last I bought of you were chickens."

Of all the sad experience in this world deliver us from that of stepping on the edge of a coal scuttle which lies in wait at the foot of the back stairs.

A visitor enters a French newspaper office and is greeted politely by the little boy: "If monsieur comes to fight a duel, he will have to be kind enough to call again. All our editors are already engaged for to-day."

A Dublin professional man addressed an artisan, who was waiting in his hall, rather brusquely. "Halloo, you fellow, do you want me?" The answer was neat. "No, your honor, I am waiting for a gentleman."

A pretentious person said to the reading man of the village: "How would a lecture by me on Mount Vesuvius suit the inhabitants of your village?" "Very well, sir; very well, sir; very well indeed," he answered. "A lecture by you on Mount Vesuvius would suit them a great deal better than a lecture in this village, sir."

Practical suggestion: When a man is excited he is very apt to talk without thinking. An Austin land-lord called on his tenant the tenth time for the rent. "I haven't got a money," was the response. "Well, if you haven't got money enough to pay rent you ought to build yourself a house."

"You have been here before me half a dozen times this year," said an Austin justice, severely, to a local vagrant, who thus made answer: "Come no, judge, none of that. Every time I've been here I've seen you here. You are here more than I am. People who live in glass houses should not throw stones."

"I believe you are a fool, John," testily exclaimed Mrs. Miggs as her husband unwittingly presented her the hot end of a potato dish, which she promptly dropped and broke. "Yes," he added, resignedly, "that's what the clerk told me when I went to take out my marriage license."

"So your business is picking up, eh?" facetious cobbler to a rag picker who had just commenced operations on an ash barrel in front of his shop door. "Yes, and I see yours is mending," quickly replied the ragged urchin, glancing at the dilapidated boot in the cobbler's hand.

Why Kerosene Lamps Burst.

Girls, as well as boys, need to understand about kerosene explosions. A great many fatal accidents happen from trying to pour kerosene oil on the fire to make it kinder better, also by pouring oil into a lamp while it is lighted. Most persons suppose that it is the kerosene itself which explodes, and that if they are very careful to keep the oil itself from being touched by the fire of the light there will be no danger.

But this is not so. If a can or a lamp is left about half full of kerosene oil the oil will dry up—that is, "evaporate"—a little, and will form, by mingling with the air in the upper part, a very explosive gas. You cannot see this any more than you can see the air. But if it is disturbed and driven out, and a blaze reaches it, there will be a terrible explosion, although the blaze did not touch the oil. There are several other liquids used in houses and workshops which will produce an explosive vapor in this way. Benzine is one; burning fluid another; and naphtha, alcohol, ether, or chloroform may do the same thing. If the lamp is kept well filled with pure oil, there is no danger of an explosion.

Georgian Aphorisms.

Better keep de rockin' cheer in de cabin lot till Sunday.

Black sheep hide mighty easy in the dark.

You can't coax de mornin' glory to climb de wrong way 'round de corn-stalk.

Smart rabbits go home 'fo' de snow done fallin'.

Dead limb on de tree show its'ef when de buds come out.

Cussin' de weather is mighty 'po' armin'.

It takes heaps o' floks to drive a nail in de dark.

A three-year old girl, while her mother was trying to get her to sleep, became interested in the outside noise. When she was told it was a cricket, she said—"I think he ought to be oiled."