

REST.

There is no rest. 'Tis but an empty sound—
A dream all shadowless the world around.
Unrest is normal. Every cub or ray,
Greater or less that beams by night or day,
Sun, moon, or star, that burns through
endless space,
Each in course runs one eternal race.

God never rests—eternal vigil keeps;
The Eye All-seeing slumbers not, nor
sleeps;
All things obedient to one lofty Soul,
Move ever restless as the ages roll.
Unrest is life—hope—action—glory—play;
Rest is but death—cessation is decay.

Unrest is real. The glorious power that
spurred
The mighty fabric of the skies and planned
The architectural glories, far and near.
That deck each world and ornament each
sphere,
Is constant in its work, supreme, sublime,
In restless glory through resistless time.

There is no rest in all the realms of life.
Man is an epitome of endless strife;
The heat of words which drop from human
tongues,
The breath that parts the lips and fills the
lungs,
Each heart-throb, each pulsation, every
thrill
Of joy or sorrow, leaves him restless still.

There is no rest, nor can rest e'er prevail;
The world's in motion—mountain, forests,
vale;
The wondrous ocean's restless currents roll
Around the sea-washed world from pole to
pole;
The cloud, the storm, the darkness and the
light
Proclaim the resistless force and restless
might.

There may be peace, the world in stillness
may,
And awful silence, pass the years away;
Long centuries hide in Time's eternal
breast.
Peace, silence, stillness all—but never rest.
Rest is the midwife, the corroding rust,
Hope's faded ashes and Love's crumbling
dust.

The Last Volley.

The Strange, Romantic Story of the
Riots of '49 Recounted after
Midnight in a Cafe.

St. Francis in the slums struck one.
The voice of that dear Louise, which
had been raised in altercation with the
poet a pitch above the shriek of the
winter equinoctial outside, ceased suddenly
as its fair owner caught her
startled breath.

The traveling man rubbed his prema-
ture baldness, and yawned relievedly,
while the chorus girl suspended for a
moment her pious occupation of burning
caracua upon the table beneath the
drooping but resonant nose of the cha-
peron.

The poet groaned feebly, and the
actor looked about the room.

When Bond street was still a place
of residence, and the Battery still the
finest park in the world; when the
McFlimseys lived in West Washington
place; when Planets was Consul and
Louis Napoleon President, the place
had been in the height of the mode. It
was one of those numerous little bars,
or cabarets, that line the basements of
Clinton place. The apartment wherein
these belated revelers sat had been the
breakfast-room of Crassus Dives, ship-
owner of South street. It had a queer
old black marble mantel, and there
were varnished paper gods and god-
dessees on the ceiling. I suppose young
Dives draws rent from the house yet,
and feeds his fashionable follies on such
plebian ones as these here chronicled;
and that the chorus girl may help to
support the prima donna of the variety
theatre as well off as on the boards. So
all things work for good.

As the actor finished his survey of the
surroundings his glance fell upon the
chorus girl, who had gone to sleep with
her head against the wainscot, while the
light of the gas jet above cast deep
shadows around her eyes and made more
marked the ghost of the malicious grin-
ace that lingered on her face.

That dear Louise and the traveling
man were oblivious to aught save them-
selves. She was listening, with sleepy
gravity, as he related some particularly
bonnes fortunes of his in Louisville.

"If you were sober enough to listen,"
said the actor, "I could tell you a story
about a woman who looked like the
chorus girl—especially the hair—drab
that shows golden in a cross-light."

"That's immoral," said the poet, rais-
ing his head and blinking like an owl.
"It's a premium on drunkenness. If I
were sober enough to listen, you'd bore
me to death. I could tell you a story,
several stories about her, and very good
stories from a bad point of view. But
go on, I'll bet you two ponies—not
money ponies—brandy ponies—funny
little beasts, how they go trot, trot, trot,
down your throat, like little cats, and
pat, pat, pat, into your head, like little
mice with bright eyes, and then you see
things and write—beg your pardon, I'm
talking shop. I'll bet you a round you
can't talk me to sleep by daylight.
Break a glass, it's the only way to wake
the waiter."

He relapsed, exhausted, into an ex-
pectant heap.

The actor laughed a little nervously,
and went on:

"Well, it's not much of a story, and
very likely I'll forget the point, but
what there is you're welcome to, though
I never told it before, and it's rather
late now to begin."

It was in '49—no I'm not mixed as to
my dates [he said, as the poet opened
his mouth as if to correct him, and then

but it again without speaking]. I dare
say you thought one hardly forty, but
I'm fifty-two. I met her—the woman
who looked like her—on New Year's
Day, '49. She lived in one of the mid-
dle houses of the Colonnade, in La-
fayette Place—you remember that row
of low granite houses, with the Corinthian
pillars upholding the porticoes?

They are divided from the sidewalk
by ten or fifteen feet of grass, as if their
builders tried to gain even more of seclusion
than the quiet place could give.

There was a cousin of mine, a Dick
Poyntz, her father's right-hand man,
and, as he expected, soon to be made
his partner. Mr. Salisbury was a large
Front street importer, and Dick's
prospects were therefore very good.

He was a quiet chap, that—never
saying anything about himself, and
very little about anyone else. We
roomed in the same house here in Clinton
Place, about a block west of this. I
had never seen Marjory Salisbury,
but he had her picture in his room, and
I used to think he said his prayers to it
in the dark; and when I had a *petit
souper* he never would give up his room to
it, for fear the picture would see
something, I suppose.

THE PICTURE ON THE WALL.

It interested me a good deal, too. I
used to look at it—when he was out—
and admire its beauty, and when that
New Year's day he surprised me by
proposing to call together on her, I
hastily assented. But when I met her
in the drawing-room of the house in the
Colonnade—I said she looked like this
woman. The world is given to lying,
and I am of the world. I have never
seen such a face. Long, dark eyes,
scarce opening under the heavy lids and
thick dark lashes; thin curving lips of
vivid scarlet, fair skin, and an exquisitely
rounded chin and throat, like
Canova's Psyche. That was all the
Canova about her, though; the rest
had the mark of Constant on it. As I
looked into her eyes I saw in them a
new, strange and wondrous—but it
was only animal magnetism, I suppose,
and I suppose I'm tiring you out with
this rhapsody. But her hair was like
this girl's here. Is it hers, or a wig, do
you think.

We went there together two or three
times afterward. He seemed to have
no fear of being cut out, and as I was
hit a little harder in the same place
every time I called, I began to cultivate
a good hearty hate for him, a hate that
would have suited Dr. Johnson. I be-
lieve I hate him yet from force of habit,
though he died of the '53 cholera, and I
hated him all the more because he was
so mighty sure of his seat. However,
my unhappy condition was much mend-
ed when, one evening in the latter part
of January, I came home and found
him packing his trunk. News had been
received that day, he explained, briefly,
that made it necessary for him to sail
for England on a Cunarder that left
the next day, and I expected at once
that a large failure in Liverpool, which
had just been announced, had some-
thing to do with the sudden voyage.
Well, he sailed, to be gone six weeks at
least, probably longer, and I swore a
solemn vow to stand in his shoes by the
time he came back.

A man may lose lots of good looks in
thirty years, so perhaps you'll believe
that I was a handsome man then. I
had money, too, in city real estate. I
believe there are lawyers living on the
last of it yet. So you see my ambition
was not altogether vain.

There is no use telling you how the
time passed, and Poyntz was still indefi-
nitely detained abroad. Spring came at
last, and the narrow slip of grass before
the house in the Colonnade grew greener
each day, and the young leaves threw
heavier shadows before us on the paths
across Washington Square, as we walked
back on moonlight nights from her aunt's
in Christopher street—a very convenient
old lady.

At last, one night—I haven't forgot-
ten the date; it was the 9th of May—Mar-
jory was more gracious to me than ever
before, and I fancied that I could see in
her eyes, detect in her voice, some signs
of growing love—what a horrible, old
worn-out word that is—which she
could no longer conceal. When I
took my leave I ventured to kiss her
hand.

It was a Spaniard who said a white
hand could not offend, when the Queen
slapped his face, wasn't it? She didn't
resent it, except by some formula; said
I was a foolish boy, or something.
After a sleepless night, I arose the
next morning resolved that I would
ask her that evening after the play—for
we were going to the old Broadway
Theatre to see Forrest in the "Gladiator"
—to be my wife. Not only was it im-
possible for me to remain any longer in
suspense, but there was danger of Poyntz
returning at any time. All day I felt
as if I was under the influence of a
small dose hasbeesh; everything looked
rose-colored and beautiful; for the more
I thought of it the surer seemed my
success that night. I passed the after-
noon in walking, trying to calm my ex-
citement. I must have been a holy
show, with my bellerowned beaver tipp-

ed back on my head; my neckerchief
climbing over my high collar; my short
vest climbing after my collar; my face
flushed, and my eyes fixed in vacancy—
seeing nothing but her face, thinking of
nothing but what that night might give
me.

I remember coming out of my trance
at one time and finding myself standing
before a placard posted on a dead wall,
far down on one of the East side avenues,
I think, staring fixedly at it, while several
street Arabs were gathered about
me, probably attracted by my appearance
and manner. There was a flaming
American flag printed at the top of the
poster, and under it several words in
large letters calling on somebody to
arise and resent the insult to their
nation, and hurl back defiance.

With a vague wonder as to whom
defiance was to be hurled at, I hurried
through a side street toward the Bowery
to take a car home. On my way I
passed several of these placards, some
headed with the American flag and a
few with the Union Jack. These latter,
however, were generally defaced with
mud and torn so as to be quite unread-
able. On one side of them I could make
out the last words: "Remember,
Englishmen, and protect your country-
men to-night!" Beside it was another,
with the exhortation: "Let all true
Americans remember to-night at Astor
Place!"

I remember it enough to get out when
the car reached it, and walked on
toward Clinton Place, with a side-
long glance, of course, southward to
Colonnade. As I passed the Astor Opera
House I came upon a large crowd of
men, the majority of them pretty hard-
looking specimens, who however, as a
rule, were quiet and orderly. They
were staring up at the long windows be-
tween the brick pillars.

I stopped and stared, too; but seeing
nothing more remarkable than a good
many policemen standing about the
doors, pushed on through the crowd,
breaking my shins incidentally over
several piles of paving stones which had
been torn up the day before for repair-
ing Eighth street. At the corner of
Broadway I asked a policeman what the
matter was. He answered civilly that
the Dead Rabbits and Bowery Boys and
several other apparently very patriotic
organizations had boasted that they
were going to stop Macready, the Eng-
lish actor, from appearing at the
Opera House that night as *Macbeth*.

"Do you think they will do it?" I
asked, curiously.

"Do it, sir?" he echoed, with a
laugh; "not more than they did the
first night, a week ago, when Macready
played here. They don't mean nothing
but to frighten him—'cause they can't,
you see. The hull theater will be
cramped with us," and his blue coat
settled out across his chest as he ended,
and I went on, respecting more than
ever the powers of the metropolitan
police.

The carriage came a little after 7
o'clock, and we started back through
Astor Place, by which route the coach-
man intended to reach Lafayette Place
and the Colonnade. We had hardly
reached Broadway when the vehicle be-
came entangled in a throng of carriages
bearing their owners to the Opera
House, and farther down to the old
Bowery Theatre, where Forrest was.
We had a rough time getting through.
After a while, though, they lit the gas
in the theatre, the doors opened, and
I went the crowd—everybody who could
buy or steal a ticket—swarming like
bees.

The theatre was quite as large as the
Opera House, and was densely packed
with an audience whose enthusiasm
seemed at fever heat. It greeted For-
rest's appearance with furious and pro-
longed applause, lasting for several
minutes. Of course, the old ass took
all in as approbation for his course with
Macready, and stood ducking and bob-
bing in all directions, till I thought he'd
forgotten his lines for sheer delight.
However, he got at it before long, and
sang me if I know who made the most
noise, he or the gallery. We had a
stage-box and so got a good deal of the
dust of the boards and lots of creak.
Marjory seemed to like it, however.
She leaned on the rail with her eyes
fixed on the stage, and, of course, be-
fore long Forrest caught on and began
playing at her—positively mugged her,
by Jove—but she seemed to like it, as I
said, and he must have.

She was indeed more beautiful that
night than ever before. A vivid color
flushed through her fair skin, her dark
eyes shone with suppressed excitement,
her scarlet lips were parted a little with
quick-drawn breath. If you'd ever
known the old man you would know
that it was just this kind of thing that
would make him throw himself, and he
did, until in spite of my sulks I joined
with the rest in the scene when as the
Myrmillo he conquers the Retarius, and
with his foot on him appeals to the
boxes—I mean the Empress—as to
whether it shall be thumbs up or down
—life or death.

The thunders of applause were dying
away, when a sound came through the
open windows above the gallery, which

suddenly hushed every hand and tongue
—the sound of heavy volleys of musketry
coming from the north, and evidently
distant but a little ways. A moment's
silence followed, and then a dull roar,
as of a thousand voices, sounding like
the distant thunder of the surf.

Marjory started backward, clasped my
arm, growing very pale. Perhaps she
had a premonition. But I am getting
ahead too fast. Many of the audience
rose in their seats with frightened ex-
clamations, and hurried down the aisles
to the doors, all apparently filled with
a vague terror and desire to learn what
was going on at the Astor Place Opera
House, for every one knew of the
threats which had been made to keep
the Englishman off the stage, even if
violence was required. Evidently some
such foolhardy attempt had been made
and resisted by the 200 policemen that
guarded the building, until the crowd,
at first inclined to take the matter as a
joke, had become enraged and a conflict
had followed. But whence the
musketry?

I excused myself, and hurried out
with the rest. As the throng reached
the lobby I heard an old gentleman
beside me say to a companion, in an
excited tone:

"But I tell you, man, it was platoon
firing, and that means terrible work."

At these words I was seized with
something of the panic all around me.
Had the riot grown to such formidable
proportions that the military had been
called out? And, if so, where would it
end? The best thing was to get Marjory
home at once, for if we waited till the
end of the play Lafayette Place might
be impassable—may, it might even now
be difficult to regain the Colonnade. I
pushed my way back to her, and told
her of my wish.

She acquiesced without a word,
though, as I now remember it, her last
glance at Forrest, who was still on the
stage, must have given him another
passion to add to the tatters of those
which strewed the boards.

In a moment more we were on the
outside, and after some delay, caused
by the unusual confusion around the
carriage, I found our own, and directed
the driver to reach the place by the way
of Fourth street. Broadway was full
of men, women and children, all gazing
up toward the Astor House. I stood
on the box a moment, and saw a line of
flat caps and round shoulders stretched
across the street a little way above the
New York Hotel, a cordon of police di-
viding the shootable from the unshoot-
able, much to the disgust of both. The
sound of firing still came at intervals,
and the glare of each volley lighted up
the fronts of the houses on the west side
of Broadway opposite the Opera House.
There was a constant rattle of pistol
shots, and the ominous roar of the mob
continued incessantly. As we drove
through the watching crowd about us,
with their faces showing pale and fright-
ened in the lights from the stores on either
side, even Marjory, who had recovered
from her first momentary fear, now drew
close to me, and turned her face toward
mine as she asked, in a whisper, whether
there was any danger. It was a strange
time for a wooing, with death and de-
vastation a few blocks from us, as we
drove swiftly through Fourth street. I
drew her toward me and kissed her on
the mouth, and murmured something
about protecting her forever after from
any harm. She lay in my arms and
smiled up into my eyes as I kissed her
again and again. And so we were be-
trothed.

THE TRAGEDY IN THE STREETS.
The next moment the carriage drew
up before the house in the Colonnade,
but I did not know this until the driver
sprang from his box and opened the
door, seemingly very desirous of getting
us out as quickly as possible, and him-
self and horses out of danger. I sprang
to the sidewalk, and helped Marjory
out. A gust of wind had filled the
street with smoke and the odor of burn-
ing powder, through which shouts,
groans and curses came from Astor
Place, hardly a third of a block above.
Before us on the sidewalk, near the iron
fence, lay a man, face downward, while
two others bent over him as if to learn
how badly he was wounded. Some
others were tearing up the paving stones
a little further down, and with these
ponderous missiles disappeared in the
murky gloom ahead, through which
shone the lights of the upper windows
of the Opera House. As we hurried
across the sidewalk, past the prostrate
figure, one of the two bending over it
rose with an oath.

"It's no use, Jim; he's squeaked for
good this time." I'm going to cut for
the Bowery. They'll be down here in
a minute. And he darted past us down
toward Fourth street.

The other also rose, looked after the
disappearing figure, and then drawing
a heavy revolver, muttered:
"I'll have another shot at them if I
get a dose myself," and skulked past us
toward the Opera House.

Against the gate leaned a young
Irishman, bareheaded and coatless, his
ragged trousers stuck into his tattered
boots. The blood was trickling from

his side, his face was covered with
grime. He was staring steadily toward
the hideous conflict beyond. He had
just finished loading a long, old-fash-
ioned musket, and raised it to his
shoulder. As we reached him he fired
straight up the street, indifferent ap-
parently as to whether he hit soldier or
rioter, and commenced loading again
with automatic slowness and delibera-
tion. He was mad, I suppose, with ex-
citement.

I pushed him aside, threw open the
gate, and drew Marjory up the short
walk toward the steps, but had hardly
gone five feet when a figure sprang
down from between the pillars and con-
fronted us.

It was my cousin Poyntz. Marjory
uttered a faint cry, and started back,
clinging to my arm.

He stepped forward, his heavy brows
meeting in an ominous frown as he
grasped her wrist.

"Are you mad to bring her home at
such a time?" he cried, furiously, as
he drew her toward the steps. "Why
did you take her out to-night? Marjory,
go into the house."

"My dear cousin," I answered, as
I put my arm around her waist, and
drew her away from him, "you are
assuming a tone which I should do
right to resent. Pray, who gave you
the authority to govern Miss Salisbury's
movements in this way?" He stood
looking at us for a moment, his hands
clenched by his side.

"Marjory, do you let him touch you
in that way?" he asked, in a low tone.
She trembled violently, and stretched
out both hands before her piteously.

"Dear Dick, don't make a scene. I
didn't know you were coming home to-
night; besides, I was mistaken. I have
found out since you were gone that I—
I didn't love you—and—"

"Do you mean?" he asked, slowly,
"that when you learned from your
father a week ago that he was ruined,
and I also, of course, you decided to
cast me aside and take him, whom you
know to be rich?"

She covered before him, with fright-
ened eyes, but did not answer.

"Come, Poyntz, no more of this,"
I exclaimed, angrily. "Stand aside
and let us get into the house. She is
my promised wife, if that will satisfy
you," and I tried to pass him, but he
pushed me back violently, and turned to
her.

"Is that true?" he asked.

The wounded man at the gate raised
his musket and fired up the street.

A deafening volley seemed to answer
it, but it was poured down Astor Place
instead of Lafayette.

"Is it true?" he asked again, in a
lower and more distinct voice.

"We will not stand here," I cried,
"and be riddled like targets, while you
rehearse your little play. Get out of
the way."

Marjory stared at him a moment;
then, by a sudden effort, recovered her-
self.

"It is true, Mr. Poyntz. Will you
let us pass?" and her eyes met his
defiantly as her hand rested lightly on
my arm. He bowed and stepped from
the stone walk upon the grass.

At that moment a shrill voice from
the street cried: "They are wheeling
this way. They are going to fire."

A wild skurry of feet in the street
behind, a howl of brutal terror from the
beaten mob.

I turned and looked up toward the
Opera House. A gust of wind had
blown away the smoke.

I saw a dark gray line stretched
across the end of the street, and a row
of gleaming gun-barrels leveled down
the street at the retreating rioters.

Marjory and Poyntz also turned and
saw the silent line beyond, and the
panic-stricken fugitives on the walk and
in the street.

As we stood motionless staring at
the musket barrels, as if fascinated by
their dusky shine below the range of
lights in the theatre behind them, the
sharp monosyllable of command cut
sharply through the tumult.

She stood next to me—almost by my
side. She threw herself upon his
breast, shielding him with her body.

A bright flash lighted up the pillars
behind us from plinth to the acanthus
leaves of the capitals.

A roar, a patter of lead on the granite
pillars behind us, and Major Salisbury
sank down upon the grass at his feet.
Half dazed, I sprang towards him, but
he motioned me back, a ghastly smile on
his face.

"She is mine now. Did I not tell you
she loved me?" And kneeling down,
he raised her head upon his knee, and
kissed her.

The actor raised his head and looked
about him fearfully, wondering if his
strange companions had heard his his-
tory. The gas, cut off at the meter, was
dying in the jet, and beneath it the lit-
tle party looked like some company of
revelers death-stricken in their seats at
the end of the revel. Sleep had claimed
them for his own, save only the poet

who glared across the table at the door
behind the actor's head, and preserved
an attitude of strained attention, as one
who listens for a sound which he dreads
to hear.

At length he rose. "Ugh," he said,
"I can see it—blood and powder.
You will have to stay with me to-
night."

The chorus girl stirred in her sleep,
and a hard cough shook her slim figure
until the bangle on her wrist jingled.
The sound diverted the poet's attention.
"Poor little girl," he said, and stooped
and kissed her quite reverently on the
forehead.

"Are you going to leave these people
here? He'll be robbed," pointing to the
traveling man.

"He has a mission," said the actor,
seriously; "it is to be robbed. Let us
not interfere with the decree. Come
on."

An together they passed into the wan-
ing night, made ghastly by the dying
lament of the wind and the sibilant whis-
per of the electric light above the cafe
door.—Argonaut.

Facts and Fancies.

A wind driven vehicle is the sub-
ject of an invention recently patented
by Mr. Oscar W. Burnell, of Dorrance,
Kan. The wind wheel is mounted on a
frame, and by a series of cog wheels
conveys the power to the driving gear,
and thus propels the vehicle. The in-
ventor designs his wind propeller for
farm work, to take the place of horses
or steam power in the field.

ALL the coffee grown in the New
World has sprung from a single plant,
which a French naval officer carried to
Martinique in 1720, depriving himself
of water when parching with thirst in
order to nourish his coffee plant. From
this one tree, it is said, all the Ameri-
can tropical colonies obtained their
seed, which has multiplied to such an
extent that Brazil, Mexico and the West
Indies produce as much coffee as Java
and Ceylon.

THE telephone bids fair to supersede
the telegraph. The human voice is now
heard over the wires from New York to
Chicago, something more than 900
miles.

In a remarkable address delivered by
Professor Henry Morton, of the Stevens'
Institute of Technology, lately, in New
York, he showed experiments that
by simple contrivance and at little ex-
pense electricity could be used as a
motive power to propel all kinds of
machinery, street cars, etc. In a
cubic box of one foot could be stored
electrical energy sufficient to take a
street car from one end of New York to
the other.

Professor Morton thought the con-
trivance might exceed in value the tele-
phone. To this time the secret of suc-
cessfully applying electricity as a motive
power has not been adequately known.
We appear to be on the threshold of
great events in respect to the applica-
tion of this new and wonderful power.

Giggles and Grins.

Some Sayings of the Clowns of the
Press.

A Utah paragraph speaks of a man
who "narrowly escaped being car-
tridgeized."

Did the days of Daymon equal the
Knights of Pythias?

The best place to have a boil has been
discovered. It is between "John" and
Oh, Reilly."

A fashion item says gentleman's cards
are larger than last year. Those that
we have been playing with lately are
the same old size, and just as hard as
ever to give up both bowers and the
ace.

A little three-year-old girl, while her
mother was trying to get her to sleep,
became interested in some outside noise.
She was told that it was caused by a
cricket, when she sagely, observed:
"Mamma, I think he ought to be oiled."

An Austin boy came home from
school very much excited and told his
father that he believed all human beings
were descended from apes, which made
the old man so mad that he replied
angrily: "That may be the case with
you, but it ain't with me—I can tell you
that, now."

"In our country," said the English-
man, as he leaned back in his chair,
"before we marry we arrange to settle
a certain sum upon the wife." "Yes,
I know," replied the American, "but
with us it is different. It is after we
are married that we settle everything
on the wife and arrange to beat our
creditors." "Haw! I see. And how do
the creditors take it?" "They never
find anything to take."

A Harvard student was called to ac-
count for having styled the professor of
Hebrew "a first class mule." He ad-
mitted having made the remark, but
said he intended it as a compliment.
"Explain yourself," said the professor.
"Why, a first-class mule is necessarily a
good He-bray-ist."