

THE VALLEY OF THE GETTYSBURG.

BY JAMES S. SULLIVAN.

One dusk, long summers gone, & white-checked moon... Bewild this valley reel with war. But now, Where you still hamlet's windows redly glow...

A GOVERNMENT CLERK.

BY GAILLARD HUNT.

Henry Hamilton is a natural product of the peculiar conditions of Washington life. Although he is a Government clerk he is not of the plain, plodding type that one sees and hears so little of after the hour when the departments close...

her when she is addicted to perfect hats is still more so; but to ride horseback with her when the air is balmy and the blood is warm with the delightful exercise is apt to be fatal. Through the generosity of a rich aunt, Hamilton was the fortunate possessor of a fine horse; and when the weather permitted and Miss Forrest was willing, the two used to take long rides in the beautiful country around Washington.

It is a great advantage of a horseback conversation, she said, pleasantly, "that you can interrupt it so nicely." "The interruption is not without consequences. What was I saying, Miss Forrest, when you started off so suddenly?" "I am sure I don't remember," she answered.

Everybody who was invited went out to see the race between Hamilton and Lockwood. Both men looked like ruffians in their jockey costumes, but the ladies said they were picturesque. Conscious of the judge's stand with several favored individuals was Marie Forrest, and she wore upon her breast two ribbon bows—one of violet and blue and the other of crimson. Lockwood and Hamilton saw each other's colors with considerable chagrin.

As he rode up to the stand to catch the judge's eye and receive the gesture assuring him of his victory, he remarked that Marie had taken her colors from her breast and held them in the air in triumph. Covered with dirt, the perspiration streaming down his face, panting and ready to fall with exhaustion and excitement, he stood upon the weighing scales a few moments later. Among the throng around him, again he noticed Miss Forrest; and he was pleased to see that Lockwood's colors had been removed and were no longer to be seen.

At a reception the evening after the race, Hamilton saw Miss Forrest again. "I told you I could beat that fellow," he said. "Oh, it was glorious!" said the girl; "dear Suzette acquitted herself grandly. Do you know, when you rose for the water leap together, my heart stopped beating. I was so frightened."

"For which of us did it cease to beat, Miss Forrest? I noticed with much pleasure your impartial wearing of colors." He spoke a little scornfully. Was the trifle getting serious. She laughed. "I knew you would notice it; but Major Lockwood was in a fury. He was almost rude, and said he believed I was trifling with you. He is a funny man, Major Lockwood—what do you think of him?"

"I think if you trifled with him, it would do him good." "But I must not trifle with you, is that it? Mr. Henry Hamilton is not to be ranked with men of such inferiority as officers of the pay corps of the army." Hamilton winced a little. "You are severe," he said. "It is true I am only a Government clerk; but then, you see, I don't take any credit to myself because of my occupation."

"And why are you only a Government clerk?" she said, her manner changing suddenly. "Really, you are worthy of a better career than that. Why don't you do something? You are clever enough. You are very different from the other men I see."

"Well," he said, lazily, "perhaps I shall some day; but, really, what does it matter? I am alone in the world, and my indolence hurts no one but myself." He was leaning back on the divan, luxuriating amid a soft nest of sofa pillows, and she was bending forward slightly with her head turned toward him.

"Mr. Hamilton," she said, "suppose there were some one whom your indolence and waste of life hurt seriously, and who would be very, very glad if you would exert yourself and show the world what you really are; suppose there were such a one—a woman—would you rouse yourself?" He started up. "Yes, oh, yes; may I hope that you will tell me there is such a person?" "Who knows?" she said; "perhaps I may."

She turned her face away from him as she spoke, and immediately Lockwood and her other vassals came dutifully about her; and Hamilton, yielding up his place, went home to think. When he called at her house the next evening he saw only Mrs. Forrest, her daughter being indisposed; but before he left the maid handed him a little bunch of violets which, she said, Miss Marie had charged her to deliver to him.

avoidable that she should see them at the same time, she kept them on tolerably good terms. It was a great convenience to her that the paymaster had more leisure than the clerk; she could spend an hour or two with the former early in the afternoon, and later she could meet Hamilton. As for him, what had begun as a mere liking had ripened into an infatuation, and was now fast mellowing into a genuine passion. To the friends who watched him closely a certain brooding somberness of character became evident. Receptions and balls and dinners—his world, in fact—he appeared to enjoy only if Marie were there; and, indeed, he was never voluntarily out of her presence. He was incapable of sustained energy; but he was evidently seriously in love with her.

And thus this little drama went on. Lent came and it still continued, and the balmy days of spring were upon us, and no one could guess what the closing act would be. It was on a beautiful warm day early in April that Mrs. Forrest gave a picnic at the Great Falls on the Potomac; and that she was a woman of resources was evidenced by the success she was able to make of an all-day excursion. She carried plenty of servants with her and the arrangements for luncheon were quite complete. When time appeared to pass slowly, a new salad, or a delicious infusion in sandwiches was sure to be forthcoming. But perhaps the pleasantest sight of the day was to see Hamilton and Lockwood smiling good-humoredly at each other. They were thus employed when Miss Forrest passed by on her way to a further investigation of the rocks, and they followed her. It was an edifying sight to see First went Marie jumping from rock to rock as lightly as a chamois, the water dashing and boiling around her, for she soon got well out toward the middle of the stream; next came Lockwood, striding heavily along, his arms outstretched to balance himself, rather ridiculous and out of place, and looking anything but happy. Behind him Hamilton skipped along, pretty gracefully, for he was of slender build and light on his feet from much dancing, but serious as though his life depended upon each step. Marie soon paused for an instant between two uneven rocks. Her position was really a dangerous one; a slip might send her into the water, and the torrent was running swift. She looked behind her for an instant, and laughed to see the two hearty cavaliers making toward her; then, lightly as a gazelle, she bounded on. But when Lockwood reached the rock which she had just vacated, he crouched there helplessly, holding on to the rugged surface with his hands and knees—a ludicrous picture of a paymaster in distress. In an instant Hamilton had leaped past Marie's side. There was just room for the two. Even if Lockwood had been able to make the leap, he saw that it could not be done now. With great straining of muscle, and not without some splashing, he made his way back to the rest of the party, and awkwardly attempted to laugh the matter off. The conversation between Hamilton and Marie on the rock was carried on at a disadvantage, because of the thundering roar of the waters.

"Isn't this glorious?" shrieked Marie. "What's become of Lockwood? Ha! ha!" howled Hamilton. "What?" yelled the lady. "I can't hear a word you say," bellowed the man. "But I dare say it was a satisfaction to him to be near her. I hope so, at any rate; for it was the only satisfaction he received from her that day. For some capricious reason or other she chose to snub him vigorously on the homeward journey; and he was forced to attach himself to a girl who was engaged and spoke to him very little, merely remarking, truthfully enough, that the gentle movement of the boat on the placid canal was 'very restful.'"

The snubbing administered on this day was not the first that Hamilton had experienced from Miss Forrest, but it was the most keenly felt; and he resolved that he would stay away from her in future, and he actually did not see her for five whole days, nor had he any reason for supposing that he would meet her when he went out to tea on Sunday night. But she was there more radiant than ever, and the glance that she shot across the table at him was charged with beseeching sadness. Fortunately, the guests were numerous enough to make general conversation after supper unnecessary.

"I have not seen you for a long time, Mr. Hamilton," said Marie, when he took his stand beside her. "Yes," he said, gloomily, "five whole days—an eternity, in fact." "I am sorry. I wished to see you. I have become accustomed to seeing you." She looked up at him for an instant softly. "Shall we ride together to-morrow?" He was afraid to say anything more. In the revulsion of his feelings, he wanted to go down on his knees and grovel before her—to do anything such as his adoration of her.

"Yes," she said, in a low, caressing voice, "if you care to go with me." "What did he remember of his snubbing now? He had the ride the next day, and everything was heavenly; but on the following day, as he was about to walk up the Forrests' steps to pay the visit which he knew was expected of him, he saw Major Lockwood coming out with such a smile of happiness upon his countenance that Hamilton changed his mind and walked away. Yet it was entirely an accident. Miss Forrest had calculated correctly, but unfortunately, her parlor clock was fifteen minutes slow, and Lockwood had, as a consequence, overstayed his time.

When Hamilton saw her at a party in the evening she asked him why he had not come. "I was afraid you might be fatigued from the visit that Major Lockwood had been paying you," he answered shortly. "Oh, no; Major Lockwood doesn't fatigue me. There are others who do, though—with their suspicions." She was vexed because her plans had miscarried. Henry Hamilton bowed to her and left. But Marie Forrest rejected Major Lockwood when he proposed, which he did the day before she went to New York on her way to Newport.

Hamilton heard, early last winter, that the Forrests would spend the season in New York, but it was not without a pang that he received the news later that Miss Forrest was engaged to Maturin Delano. He did not know Delano, save by reputation, as a man of large estates and small intellect. He was certainly not as interesting to Marie as Hamilton had been, but he was obliging and good-natured, and she liked him very well.

When the list of people in Washington whom she intended asking to her wedding was made out, Delano, in looking it over, asked: "Who is Henry Hamilton, whose name you have at the head of the list, Marie?" "I knew him quite well in Washington," she answered. "He is only a Government clerk."—[Independent.]

IN MIDDLE LIFE. Ages at Which Some of the Great Works of the World Were Written. Mohammed began the koran at 35. Lord Bacon wrote the Novum Organon at 41. Sterne published "Tristram Shandy" at 45. Machiavelli completed "The Prince" at 45. Goldsmith finished "The Deserted Village" at 42. Tennyson was 41 when "In Memoriam" came from the press. Mill's "Logic" appeared at 37, his "Principles of Political Economy" at 42. Spenser published the "Faerie Queene" at 38. Persius is thought to have written his satires at 45. Goethe wrote "Wilhelm Meister" at 46 and "Faust" at 56. The first volume of the Waverley series appeared when Scott was 43. According to tradition Buddha began his revelations at 35. Maria Edgeworth wrote her story "Castle Rackrent" at 34. Isaac Newton wrote the last of the "Natural Philosophy" when he was 46. Bulwer-Lytton was 29 when he printed "The Last Days of Pompeii."

Oliver Wendell Holmes wrote the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" at 48. Cicero is thought to have written "De Officiis" after he had passed 40. Ariosto began the "Orlando Furioso" at 32 and finished it ten years later. Tacitus finished the first part of his history at 50. Livy is said to have finished his "Annals" at 50. Lamartine's poems appeared when the poet was 39. Thackeray was 36 when "Vanity Fair" appeared. Dante finished the "Divina Commedia" at about 51. Samuel Johnson published "London" when he was 29. Solomon is said to have collected the Proverbs at 50. The Bucolics of Virgil were written between 43 and 47. John Bunyan finished the "Pilgrim's Progress" at 50. George Eliot was 39 when "Adam Bede" was printed. Baxter wrote the "Saint's Everlasting Rest" at 34. Carlyle published "Sartor Resartus" at 38, and the "French Revolution" at 42. Miss Sedgwick wrote her first novel, "The New England Tale," at the age of 13. Robert Burton published the "Anatomy of Melancholy" at 45. It was written to relieve the strain of a mind bordering on insanity. Swift wrote the "Tale of a Tub" at 37. Seneca wrote "De Beneficiis" after 50. Richardson published "Pamela" at 51. Racine wrote the "Andromache" at 28. Paley wrote the "Horæ Paulineæ" at 47. Coleridge published "Christabel" at 44. Pliny finished the "German War" at 31. Poe wrote "The Raven" in his 30th year. Confucius began his religious works at 30. Owen Meredith published "Lucile" at 29. The first volume of Indian tales from the pen of Cooper appeared when the author was 30. Jewish writers say that Isaiah wrote the famous ode on the fall of the king of Babylon at 52. Gray published his "Elegy" at 34. It is said to have occupied his time for seven years. Macaulay was 47 when he began the brilliant fragment known as the "History of England."

The "Marco Bozzaris," the poem by which Halleck is best known, appeared when he was 37. Buckle brought out the first volume of the "History of Civilization" at 36. De Quincey published "The Confessions of an English Opium Eater," at 35. The "History of Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain" came out when Prescott was 41, his "Conquest of Mexico" at 47. Cooper wrote to relieve the misery of ever-impending insanity, and was 53 when the "Task" came from the press. Wilkie Collins' first novel, "Antonina," came out when he was 36. Pollock was 29 when the "Course of Time" was issued from the press. Jules Verne was 35 before he turned his attention to scientific fiction in "Five Weeks in a Balloon." Rousseau wrote the "Emile" at 50, after sending five of his own children to the founding asylum. Mrs. Somerville was 51 when her "Mechanism of the Heavens" appeared from the Cambridge press. At the age of 41 Milton issued the "Paradise Lost," which had been in preparation for twenty years.

Making Sport of a Language. When the Portuguese first explored Brazil, they made great fun of the natives of that country, because they had in their alphabet no f, r, or l; a people, the invaders declared, without fe, ley, or rey—without faith, law, or king. The Mohawks, again, have no labials, and vowed it was absurd when the missionaries tried to teach them to pronounce p and b; "for who," said they, "can speak with his mouth shut?"—[Argosaut.]

THE JOKER'S BUDGET.

JESTS AND YARNS BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

In the Background—Why Not?—Possibly They Are—She Had An Advantage—Where the Hitch Came In, Etc., Etc.

IN THE BACKGROUND. "I hear you are going to marry Miss Bullion. I should think you would marry Goldie Sterling; she is just as rich and much younger." "Yes, my dear boy, but Miss Bullion's papa is much older."

WHY NOT. Cawker—What is this pair of spectacles worth? Jeweler—Three dollars. Cawker—Can't you knock off half because I'm blind in one eye?

POSSIBLY THEY ARE. "Two heads are better than one," said the wife as she attempted to set her husband right and didn't do it.

SHE HAD AN ADVANTAGE. Elderly Lady (wishing to ingratiate herself with a popular author)—Ah, dear Mr. Smiff, I knew your late father when you was a very little boy.

WHERE THE HITCH CAME IN. "She is awfully homely." "Yes, but she has got plenty of money." "True, but you've got to marry her to get it."

HE KNEW HIS RIGHTS. Mr. Troomer—Where on earth is my new silk hat? I've looked everywhere for it.

PARTIAL OBSERVATION. Bilkins—Did you ever notice how much money butchers have in their pockets when they are picking out your change?

A DISTINCTION. "Johnny, are you teaching that parrot to use naughty words?" "No'm, I'm just telling it what it mustn't say."

AN UNSATISFACTORY PURCHASE. Lord A.—Don't you think you ought to call me, "dear?" His American Wife—Yes, at any price.

A FUTURE GREAT MERCHANT. Tommy—Can we play at keeping a store in here, mamma? Mamma (who has a headache)—Certainly, but you must be very quiet.

WHAT SHE WANTED WITH IT. Wife—I want a new dress, George. Husband (curtly)—And what do you want with a new dress?

HE WAS BUSINESS. One day during the hot spell an optician on Woodward avenue had a number of thermometers hanging around his front door. Various persons consulted them, and finally a solemn-looking old gent stopped and between mops of his streaming face he took a look at each instrument.

HE WAS BUSINESS. "Are these for sale?" he inquired of the proprietor. "Certainly, sir," responded that gentleman with an eye to business. "Do you want to buy one?"

COOLED HIM OFF. First Man (on big wagon)—Hullup, hullup; you'll run over that policeman. Second Man—That ain't no policeman; it's only a feller in a blue suit. G'l'ang.—[New York Weekly.]

COOLED HIM OFF. "How is it that you look so cool and cheerful on this hot day?" "Well, I have just had a talk with the oldest inhabitant and he remembers summers when it was twice as hot as this."—[New York Press.]

A LONG-FELT WANT. Sappy—By dropping a nickel in a new machine a cigarette will come out, doncher know.

WELL EQUIPPED. Ethel—My vocal instructor says a voice like mine is worth five hundred a year in any church choir.

A HEAVY SHOWER. Mother—How did you get so wet? Did you fall overboard? Little Dick—Dunno. It rained so hard out there I couldn't tell whether I was overboard or not.

HE DIDN'T CATCH ANYTHING. Employer—You took a day off to go fishing yesterday? Employer—Yes, sir.

KIND AND CONSIDERATE. "My wife is a kind and considerate woman." "I am glad to hear it." "She never calls me a fool, as some wives call their husbands."

"No, she never goes further than to say, 'John, I believe you're half a fool.'"—[New York Press.]

THE DEAR GIRLS.

Sue—Would you believe I have no fewer than five young men on my hands at the present time?

Blanche (glancing at Sue's hands)—Yes, dear, I can readily believe it. —[Exchange.]

DISTANCES LEARN, ETC. "Don't you like to hear some one singing on the water far away?" she asked. "Yes," he murmured, "far away." —[Life.]

BEFORE AND AFTER. Citizen—You were named after George Washington, weren't you, Mr. Johnson? George Washington Johnson—Yes, sah. Yo' didn't 'spect I was named befo' him, did yo'?"—[Judge.]

ONLY IN FEEL, BUT—. He wrote her name upon the sand. And then, with gentle laughter, She added on a hyphen small And put his name right after. —[New York Herald.]

FORGOT HIMSELF. She (indignantly)—You forget yourself, sir! He (rising to the occasion)—I cannot help it. In your presence none but a confirmed egotist could avoid forgetting himself.

A DOUBTFUL COMPLIMENT. Dedude—That man called me a 'or, a cad, a scoundrel and a puppy. Would you advise me to fight for that? Old Gent—By all means. There's nothing nobler in this world, young man, than fighting for the truth.

UNREGISTERED. "Aren't you the same tramp I gave a piece of pie to last year?" asked the farmer's wife. "Yes, ma'am," returned the tramp, putting his hand on his stomach. "I have it yet."—[Judge.]

HIS BELFREET. Mr. Troomer—Where on earth is my new silk hat? I've looked everywhere for it.

His Bride (sweetly)—You said you wanted it ironed, dear, so I sent it out to the laundry.

Bilkins—Did you ever notice how much money butchers have in their pockets when they are picking out your change?

Wilkins—No-o, but I've often noticed how little I've had in my pockets after I got my change.

Mabel, this question of marriage is a serious one that I hope you have considered well.

Mabel—Oh, dear, yes, auntie, I have worried myself sick already about my trousseau.—[Chicago Inter-Cean.]

ONE OF THE LAZIEST. The laziest man existing within the borders of the Empire State lives along the shore of Third Lake, Fulton Chain, and spends his time fishing. He reclines on the bank in the s. ad, ties the pole to the dog's tail, and when he sees the bobber disappear he kicks the dog, and the animal lands the fish.—[Herkimer Democrat.]

HOSPITALITY. Little Ethel—Mamma, may I invite Lucy Locket in to dinner? Mamma—Why to-day?

Little Ethel—'Cause I wants her to come when I can be real hospitable, an' I can to-day. We is goin' to have a dessert at I don't like.—[Good News.]

VISITOR—What is the history of that patient? He looks so happy. Warden (of insane asylum)—He is. That man, madam, succeeded in getting a white vest that fitted him around the neck, and it made him insane with joy. —[Clothier and furnisher.]

First Man (on big wagon)—Hullup, hullup; you'll run over that policeman. Second Man—That ain't no policeman; it's only a feller in a blue suit. G'l'ang.—[New York Weekly.]

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Maud—I don't doubt; besides you've got a genuine soprano temper to go with it.—[New York Herald.]

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Employer—You took a day off to go fishing yesterday? Employer—Yes, sir.

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THE RIVALRY BETWEEN HAMILTON AND LOCKWOOD WAS BEGINNING TO EXCITE INTEREST. If she could, Miss Forrest saw them separately; but when it was un-