

#### SONG OF LOVE.

I know not of moonlight or starlight  
Be soft on the land and the sea—  
I catch but the near light, the far light,  
Of eyes that are beaming for me;  
The scent of the night, of the roses,  
May burden the air for the, "sweet—  
'Tis only the breath of thy sighing.  
I know as I lie at thy feet.

The winds may be sobbing or singing,  
Their touch may be fervent or cold,  
The night bells may toll or be ringing—  
I care not while thee I unfold;

The feast may go on, and the music  
Be scattered in ecstasy round—  
Thy whisper, "I love thee! I love thee!"  
Hath flooded my soul with its sound.

I think not of time that is flying,  
How short is the hour I have won;  
How near is this living to dying,  
How the shadow still follows the sun;  
There is naught upon earth, no desire  
Worth a thought, though 'twere had by  
a sign!

I love thee! I love thee! bring nigher  
Thy spirit, thy kisses, to mine.

—Edmund C. Edman.

#### Lieut. Grey's Adventure.

BY E. E. YOUNMANS.

Newton Grey drew rein at the gate of a small farm house on a lonely country road in one of the Southern States and solicited lodgings for the night. He was a lieutenant in the Union army, and a few days previous had been sent out on a mission of importance in which he had been quite successful. He was now on his return, the bearer of certain information which would be of great importance to the "boys in blue."

During the time he was out, however, rain had fallen almost incessantly, and as consequence travel was exceedingly arduous. He had journeyed far that day and was much fatigued, so it was with pleasant anticipation of a comfortable night's repose that he approached the house.

His summons was answered by a rough looking man, to whom he made known his desire.

"I reckon we can accommodate you, stranger," said the latter, and after calling a negro boy to take care of the horse he turned again to Grey. "Now if you'll come in we'll give you warm supper and a bed," he said.

As the soldier saw his horse disappear an uncomfortable feeling came over him. Perhaps he was trusting this man too far. However he shook off the sense of distrust and followed him to the house.

The only occupant beside themselves was a woman whom the man introduced as his wife. She was busy clearing the table for they had evidently just dined, and the sight of it made the lieutenant forget every thing else for the time but the boisterous clamorings of a thoroughly aroused appetite.

"Sit right up and help yourself, stranger," said his host and Newton was not slow to obey.

He ate heartily. During the meal the man conversed pleasantly, and by the time the repast was concluded the soldier began to regard his previous mistrust unwarranted.

They continued to talk for more than an hour, then Newton asked to be shown to his room. The man secured a candle and prepared to lead the way.

As they were about passing from the room the woman rushed in, saying excitedly:

"The smokehouse is empty and the door wide open."

"The deuce!" cried the man, and abruptly setting down the candle he strode from the apartment, followed by the woman.

In a few minutes they returned, the latter exclaiming as she entered the hall:

"Just wait till I git hold o' her; I'll break every bone in her body. But it's all your fault, Tom Jones. If you'd done as I wanted you to you'd a nailed up the door."

"Oh, shut up. She'll come back, I reckon." Then they came into the room again, and taking up the candle Jones continued.

"Come on, stranger, I'll show you to your room. He volunteered no explanation of the recent episode, and much mystified Newton followed him up stairs, where he was ushered into a small chamber. His host placed the light on the table and withdrew.

Newton prepared to retire. He locked the door and carefully examined his revolver, after which he threw off his coat and boots and laid down upon the bed.

He was soon sleeping soundly. How long he was unconscious he could not determine, but he suddenly awoke with a start, and at the same moment he heard footsteps cautiously ascending the stairs. He sprang silently up, drew on his coat and boots, and grasped his revolver just as those without paused in front of his door.

For a moment not a sound was heard, then the knob was cautiously turned. As the door did not open a smothered imprecation reached his ears, followed by the voice of his host, saying:

"Confound it, I forgot to take out the key."

Convinced that he was in some kind of peril the lieutenant began looking about for some means of escape from the room. The window attracted his attention and toward it he made his way.

Noislessly raising the sash he climbed out on the small piazza it overlooked. At the same moment the door fell in with a crash and half a dozen men rushed into the

room. They took in the situation at a glance, and discharged their pistols at the fugitive just as he dropped from the piazza to the ground.

Grey quickly ran around the corner of the house. As he did so he was suddenly grasped firmly around the waist and a man called out:

"Here he is; I've got him!"

"Hold him till we git there," shouted Tom Jones, from the rear.

"Take that, you rascal!" cried the lieutenant, and with the stock of his revolver he dealt his captor a terrific blow on the head.

The fellow dropped in a heap, and the fugitive dashed on around the building to come suddenly upon several horses tied to the fence in front of the house.

At sight of them an idea entered Grey's mind on which he acted without loss of time. Hastily untying the halter of the nearest horse sprang into the saddle and galloped away just as the pursuers came upon the scene.

Another volley of bullets rattled around his head, but fortunately he was not injured, and he urged the horse to his best speed, soon being convinced by the clatter of hoofs behind that he was being pursued. Suddenly a dull, roaring sound ahead broke upon his ears. Puzzled to account for it he galloped on, pausing at last with a groan of dismay. A river lay before him, the waters of which, swelled by the recent rains, had washed away the bridge.

What was he to do? To surrender to his pursuers was not to be thought of, and to attempt crossing the river would likely prove destruction. After he had thoroughly rested they started on the return journey. Bessie began crying for something to eat, after awhile, but being afraid to trust himself at any of the houses along the way he gathered some wild berries for her, promising her something better later on.

Toward the middle of the afternoon they reached the Union lines and the lieutenant lost no time in getting a party of men ready to go back and capture the ruffian Tom Jones and his gang. But when they came to the river they had to go miles out of their way to find a crossing, and by the time they reached the old farm house the outlaws had gone.

Grey then made his way to another place further down where he remembered seeing an old negro during his journey of the previous day, and from this fellow he managed to learn that Jones and his wife with a gang of men had gone by early that morning.

Then he asked the man if he knew anything about the little girl who had lived with Jones and was told that she was a niece of the man, her mother having died some time before, leaving Bessie to the tender care of the ruffian and his wife.

"Dey treats 'em pow' ful bad," concluded the negro shaking his head.

But the lieutenant threw out his arms and managed to grasp the log as it rushed by. With much difficulty he drew himself upon the timber and clung to it with tenacity.

On down the stream the log bore him, while other timbers and obstructions came into his way so thick and fast that he narrowly escaped being crushed to death.

At last he noticed with a feeling of horror that the river was rapidly narrowing and the current increasing in turbulence. The banks rose on either side to the height of twelve or fifteen feet, and into this swirling gorge he soon found himself.

The log began turning and twisting in all directions, and he was submerged many times. Suddenly he lost his hold entirely and slipped off into the water to begin struggling desperately for life.

With an energy born of despair he struck out for the bank. His strength was soon spent. With a groan he was about giving up the terrible struggle when his hands came in contact with some bushes growing out from the shore.

With his last remnant of strength he grasped them, contriving to wind their long ends around his body. Then, lashed to and fro by the merciless current, he sank into unconsciousness.

When he finally came to his senses the light of day had appeared. The river had subsided somewhat, and he found himself hanging from the bushes a few feet above the water.

He looked up to the top of the bank and groaned as he realized his inability to reach it unaided.

"What shall I do?" he cried, in despair.

Then he started in surprise to see that was a child crying on the bank above him. Listening intently he was soon convinced that he was not mistaken.

"Who's up there?" he called.

The next moment a little tear stained face looked down upon him. It evidently belonged to a little girl of 6 or 7 years, and as the soldier held her he forgot his own peril for the time in his surprise at her presence.

A man is responsible for his wife's debts, and she can go to the big shops and have silks, feathers and velvets sent home and compel him to pay for them, even though he has to subsist on peanuts for months after; but if he goes to buying cigars or sporting clothes or goes to theaters too often she can call the law in to stop him from squandering, and not a penny of his debts is she liable for. A woman may be worth a million dollars and her husband may be earning \$20 a week, and she can compel him to give her ten of it, while he cannot get a dollar from her.

This may be overdrawn, but we think that women will have to admit that as a rule, men are disposed to treat them very handsomely. It is true that in former times woman was imposed upon and made to suffer the greatest injustice, but the up to date woman, the new woman, has very little to complain of in this direction. Men adore her and delight in granting privileges that they would not think of claiming for themselves, and which probably would not be given if claimed.

The fashion of wearing the ruff was introduced from France by Catherine de Medici. The ruff became so large eventually that ladies were obliged to use a spoon with a ladle a foot long to convey the food at dinner to their mouths.

"Take the knife, Bessie, and cut that vine in two; but be careful you don't cut your fingers," he said.

She did as directed, and after much difficulty succeeded.

"Now pull one end over the bank so I can reach it," he went on.

But this was no easy task for her. After doing all she could the vine was still a foot or more above him. He contrived to draw himself up sufficiently to grasp it, however, then seizing it firmly he allowed his weight to fall back upon it. Being well entangled in the bushes above, it sustained him nicely.

Then began the task of climbing up. In his weak condition this was extremely arduous, and when he finally reached the summit and drew himself over the edge his strength left him and he would have fallen back had not Bessie seized his arms and tugged with all her might. She could not do much, of course, but just that little assistance was all he needed and a moment later he was safe.

Grey now stretched himself out for a long rest and the child told him more about how she came there. She had run away the preceding afternoon, crossing the bridge which was subsequently destroyed, and finally lost her way. Wandering around till night she sank exhausted near the river, where she must have slept for hours. She refused to go back to the people she had left and Newton decided to take her with him for the present at least.

After he had thoroughly rested they started on the return journey. Bessie began crying for something to eat, after awhile, but being afraid to trust himself at any of the houses along the way he gathered some wild berries for her, promising her something better later on.

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#### THE BISHOP'S BEER.

A Chicago Divine Who Is Running a Saloon.

Fancy a reverend bishop of the Reformed Episcopal church selling beers and drinks about a saloon! Yet this is what happens every day in Chicago. And the bishop not only serves drinks, but deals out hash, kidney stew and pork and beans as well. The clerical subject is the Right Rev. Samuel Fallows, D.D., bishop of the Reformed Episcopal church, and the place where he performs these interesting things is the Home Saloon, at 155 Washington street.

The place has not been in operation long yet the average attendance per day has been 2,400. Four thousand persons patronized it on the opening day. Crowds throng the place day and night and its promoters have difficulty handling the crush and furnishing the drinks, which are becoming famous.

Bishop Fallows believes men do not drink beer—that is, the majority do not—for the alcohol that is in it, nor for the tipsiness overindulgence induces. He maintains that they drink it as a beverage simply, and that the drunkenness is in most cases the result of unintentional excess.

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