(For the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.)

IS IT WELL WITH THEE?

BY MRS. MARY L. BIRCHARD.

Parted—perchance we may meet no more;
Yet each lip is parting a gay smile wore.
We shed no tear; we felt no grief,
Our words were cordial, frank and brief.
We parted, as even friends will part
Its life's labyrinth, or in its crowded mart,
Who, with cheerful words and a kind good-bye,
Choose the separate paths where their duties lie.
Yet off in my dreams thy face I see,
And I ask, as I start from each reverie,
"Is it well with thee? Is it well with thee?"

Busy with pencil, pen or book,
Or, with thoughtful eye and earnest look,
Meeting these daily cares that come
To the poor man's hut and the rich man's home;
Musing in Nature's perfumed dells,
Happy where mirth or music dwells,
When with careless jest the glad lips part,
Or tears well up from the wounded heart;
Mid the cries of hope, by the lonely sea,
Comes the same old question back to me:
"Is it well with thee? Is it well with thee?"

Oft in those sickness man builds for prayer,
For the Great God who reigneth everywhere,
I at will can slip out quiet unes,
With heart attuned and with eye serene,
Listening to holy rite and prayer,
Feeling that peace and truth are there;
When no worldly vision dare intrude
On the depth of that mental solitude,
Upon my ear some word will fall
Of the final doom that is meant for all,
And faintly I ask, though fervently:
"Is it well with thee? Is it well with thee?"

Dost thou remember one summer day
Ere its beauty and freshness had passed away,
That we sat beath a thickly clustering vine,
And watched with delight the sun's decline?
We were both too young to sigh at this;
Our hopes are young, and life was bliss,
And music's breath, and the poet's tone
And the painter's dream were our theme alone.
By that lifetime's not wholly passed away,
Pure as the light of that lovely day,
Send token or message or sign to me,
"That 'tis well with thee—y, well with thee!"

(From the Overland Monthly.)

THE LUCK OF ROARING CAMP.

BY F. B. HARTE.

There was common in Roaring Camp—it could not have been a high, for in 1850 that was not novel enough to have called together the entire settlement. The ditches and claims were not only deserted, but "Tuttle's" grocery had contributed its gamblers, who, it will be remembered, calmly continued their game the day that French Pete and Kanaka Joe shot each other to death over the tin in the front room. The whole camp was collected before a rude cabin on the outer edge of the clearing. Conversation was carried on in a low tone, but the name of a woman was frequently repeated. It was a name familiar enough in the camp: "Cherokee Sal."

Perhaps the less said of her the better. She was a coarse, and, it is to be feared, a very sinful woman. But at that time she was the only woman in Roaring Camp, and we had yet suffering a martyrdom—hard enough to bear even in the sanctuary of home and sexual sympathy with which custom veils it—but now terrible in her loneliness. The primal curse had come to her in her Eden of celibacy, and with it her husband was made the punishment of the first transgression so dreadful. It was, perhaps, part to the expiation of her sin, that at a moment when she most lacked her sex's intuitive sympathy and care, she was with the half-contemptuous faces of her masculine associates. Yet a few of the spectators were, I think, touched by her sufferings. Sandy Tipton thought it was "tough on Sal," and in the generous warmth of condition, for a moment rose superior to the fact that he had an ace and two bowers in his sleeve.

It will be seen, also, that the situation was novel. Masks were for no mean moment in Roaring Camp, but a birth was a new thing. People had been dismissed the camp effectively, finally, and with no possibility of return, but this was the first time that anybody had been introduced *ab initio*. Hence the excitement.

"You go in there, Dummy," said a prominent citizen as "Kentuck," deliberately, one of the loungers. "Go in there, and see what you kin do. You've had experience in these things."

Perhaps there was a fitness in the selection. Dummy, in other climes, had been the quietest dead of two families; in fact, it was owing to a mo legal informality in these proceedings that Roaring Camp—the only camp—was indicted to his company. The crowd approved the choice, and Dummy was strong enough to bow to the majority. The door closed on the extreme surgeon and midwife, and Roaring Camp sat down outside, smoked its pipes, and awaited its issue.

The assemblage numbered about a hundred men. One or two of these were actual fugitives from justice, some were criminal, and all were recklessly bad. Physically, they exhibited no indication of their past lives and character. The greatest coward had a Roman face, with a profusion of blond hair; Oakhurst, a gambler, had the melancholy air and intellectual abstraction of a Hamlet; the coolest and most courageous man was scarcely over five feet in height, with a soft voice and an embarrassed timid manner. The term "roughs" applied to them was a distinction rather than a definition. Perhaps in the minor details of fingers, toes, ears, etc., the camp may have been deficient, but their general outline was not detract from their aggregate force. The strongest man had but three fingers on his right hand; the weakest had lost one ear.

Such was the physical aspect of the men that were dispersed around the cabin. The camp lay in a triangular valley, between two hills and a river. The only outlet was a steep trail over the mountain to the old flume in the ravine. The whole camp was collected before a rude cabin on the outer edge of the clearing. Conversation was carried on in a low tone, but the name of a woman was frequently repeated. It was a name familiar enough in the camp: "Cherokee Sal."

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The assemblage numbered about a hundred men. One or two of these were actual fugitives from justice, some were criminal, and all were reckless. Physically, they exhibited no indication of their past lives and character. The greatest coward had a Roman face, with a profusion of blond hair; Oakhurst, a gambler, had the melancholy air and intellectual abstraction of a Hamlet; the coolest and most courageous man was scarcely over five feet in height, with a soft voice and an embarrassed timid manner. The term "roughs" applied to them was a distinction rather than a definition. Perhaps in the minor details of fingers, toes, ears, etc., the camp may have been deficient, but their general outline was not detract from their aggregate force. The strongest man had but three fingers on his right hand; the weakest had lost one ear.

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