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"THE NIGHT CMETH ON."

Deep down 'mongs the reedy hollows,
And away thro' the meadows low,
Swift o'er its shining pebbles,
Pausing not in its craseless flow,
The brook that comes down from the mountain
To the ocean must speed its flight,
As the brightness that dawned with the morning
Must die on the threshold of night.

he ferns by the brookside growing,
And the reeds as they murmur and sigh,
And the willows and meadow grasses
Keep time as the brook sweeps by,
And the ocean is calmly waiting,
But never a ripple will tell,
When the wavelets the brook is bringing
Shall be merged in its long, low swell.

And there cometh a royal sunset
That lighteth the funeral pyre
Of the day as it glides down in the western sky
And dies in its crimson fire;
And night with its swift wing mounting,
The brightness sweepeth away,
And setteth the seal of darkness
On the tomb of the vanished day.

And so it left little recketh
How radiant life's dawn may be;
It as surely wears on to the gloaming
As the brook floweth on to the sea.
And however fair be its evening
Its brightness with soon be gone,
And the waning light and the gathering gloom
Will whisper: "The night cometh on."

LOVE'S SUNLIGHT.

Such a wedding!

"No bridesmaids, no music, no breakfast!

"I declare I should not feel as if I had been married!" exclaimed Marion Willoughby, throwing herself down upon a low chair in her own elegantly-appointed drawing-room, and drawing off the delicately-tinted gloves which served as a finish to her exquisite Parisian toilette.

There was only one other occupant of the room, a man, tall and handsome, standing with one hand resting lightly on the back of her chair.

She did not glance up as she spoke, or note that Chester Thorley's face had lost its color.

"You are speaking of Miss Marvine's wedding?" he said.

"There is one essential to most marriages you have not enumerated in your list of things lacking.

"Was love wanting, too?"

"I believe she loves him.

"She certainly must do so to an almost absurd extent.

"They are to go housekeeping in a small flat in an unfashionable locality where he must be away from her from early morning until six o'clock.

"He occupies some salaried position—clerk in a bank, I believe—and she is a girl who might have married anybody."

"Honest labor degrades no man, Marion," was the firm, quiet answer.

"Even a clerkship is not always to be found, and I would rather break stones in the street than live on money acquired dishonestly or doled out by charity, though in such a case I would ask no woman to share my lot."

"This looks like breaking stones, does it not?" she laughingly answered, letting her own jeweled fingers close over the man's hand where it rested—a hand whose shape betokened its aristocracy, and which was white and soft as a woman's.

At her light touch his strong frame quivered.

He bent and let his lips rest an instant caressingly on her hair, for this girl beside him was his affianced wife.

"It could break stones, though, dear: and I don't know but that it would make of me a better man.

"Suppose I lost my money, Marion?

"Suppose it all were swept away from me in an hour, and I had a position offered me, a position which would enable me to live but very humbly, very much as your friend is going to live, tell me what you would do?"

"You are only talking to try me, Chester, and I hate such questions.

"In the first place, it is entirely out of reason; for even were it so, papa, you know, is very rich, and our home could always be with him."

"I have said to you, Marion, that I would rather starve than eat the bread of charity.

"Therefore, putting this possibility aside, tell me still what you would do."

Her fingers relaxed their hold upon his hand.

Was there significance in the action? He smiled bitterly as he saw it.

His face was very pale now.

Except that he still stood behind her chair, she must have noticed it.

"You are utterly absurd this afternoon, Chester.

"Have I not just told you that Edith Marvine's wedding was more like a funeral than a wedding?

"Have you nothing more agreeable you can find to say to me?"

The man shook off a certain something which seemed to envelope him into an almost visible cloud, and answered with the old courteous grace which suited him so well, and had made his power with women almost a proverb.

Money always seemed to belong to him by an inherent right.

It was so very natural that he should be rich.

He knew so well how to expend his wealth.

He gave it so generously, yet without ostentation, that no man envied him it.

Yet he knew a half-hour later, when he left his farewell kiss on Marion Willoughby's beautiful lips, that it was farewell to all his hopes and happiness.

The blow had already fallen.

He was a ruined man, with scarce a dollar he could call his own—he who had had no wish ungratified money might procure in all his thirty years of life.

It had fallen, too, through no fault of his own, though there was feeble comfort in that.

There was comfort, however, in the knowledge that he owed no man, and that he might start afresh in the world, with no burden on his broad shoulders or conscience.

True, there was a deep wound in his heart.

He had loved Marion so well that to give her up was to voluntarily renounce heaven's sunlight.

But all her life had been spent amid luxury.

It was to her a necessity.

Deprived of it she would fade and droop; and better any lot than to watch her struggle, and know that he had brought it upon her.

Besides, she had made her choice.

To her a wedding meant flowers, music, friends, the toilette of the bride.

The future, the communion of two hearts, the solemn responsibilities incurred, were but secondary considerations.

"Good-bye, my darling!" he said, as they parted.

But when she added, "Until to-morrow," he answered neither yea nor nay.

"To-morrow" the world knew that Chester Thorley's ship had gone upon the rocks.

Many of his business associates would have held out to him a helping hand, but firmly and kindly he refused every offer.

He wrote Marion a few lines, recalling to her mind the conversation of the day before, and releasing her from her vows to him.

Two years passed, and the little world which had known Chester Thorley so well, knew him no more.

He had entirely disappeard.

Marion Willoughby was Marion Willoughby still.

If she suffered she made no sign; but those who had seen the one sparkling stone, which had been the pledge of her engagement to Chester Thorley, noticed that she wore it still; and others, yet more narrow watchers, observed that always, when she entered a crowded room, she would take a hasty glance about, as though expecting to find some one not there.

She was as yet but twenty-two, a belle and a beauty still,

The third winter of his absence she went to spend several weeks with an aunt.

"I cannot spare you," her father had said when the invitation had come.

But she, going close to him, and laying her head a moment on his breast, had said—

"I think, papa, it would be best."

They were simple words but he interpreted them aright.

The old wound would not cease its bleeding.

She wanted to go amid new scenes, so he only kissed her, and bade her remember that the old father awaited her return.

"You have not been through the steel works," some one said to her, one day.

"It really is a most interesting sight.

"Will you join a party, it we make one to visit them, Miss Willoughby?"

"With pleasure," she answerd lightly.

And her aunt, charmed with the brilliant success of her beautiful niece, smiled at Clay Clayton's numerous devices to ensnare Marion's society.

He was the great 'catch of the place,

She had heard something of some early disappointment in Marion's life.

It would be a splendid triumph thus to obliterate it, and already she felt quite sure that the flat lay in the girl's own hands.

The morning appointed for the expedition dawned beautiful and bright.

They seemed indeed like drones, intruding upon some busy hives of workers, as they entered the great building and looked about them.

Department after department they visited, watching with interest the delicate, subtle machinery and its wonderful workings.

Marion's cheeks flushed with interest, and Clayton, noticing it, thought he had never seen her look more beautiful.

To-day he determined he must speak, when suddenly he heard a little cry, and glancing up, saw her standing quite apart from the group, her eyes ablaze, her lips quivering.

At a little distance from her, adjusting some piece of machinery, was a man in a working blouse.

Her cry also attracted him, and he looked up.

Their eyes met.

His face grew deathly pale, but he gave no other sign of recognition.

She went straight towards him, oblivious of all, with hand outstretched.

"Chester!" she said, in a voice scarce louder than a whisper.

"At last!"

He bowed low in response, and took no notice of her hand; but the old, dauntless bride was in the uplifted head and fearless glance.

"Did you know that I was here?" she questioned.

"No," he replied. "I am no longer in your world."

"You will come to see me?"

"I cannot."

Here his voice broke a little.

"Mr. Clayton," she said, "let me present my friend, Mr. Thorley."

Spite of the innate breeding of the man, some of the instictive surprise at hearing a steel-worker addressed by Miss Willoughby as friend made itself apparent in the manner he yet strove to conceal.

Then the party passed on.

He wondered, however, why Marion lingered a moment in the office to address the superintendent some question as they came out into the air.

He had meant, too, to ask her on the way home the question which all the day, and for many days, had been trembling on his lips, but there was a new expression in her eyes and about her mouth which instinctively told him that this was not the time to plead his cause.

Had that fellow inside, who bowed so like a gentleman, been any other than a workman, he might have suspected him as in some way responsible.

It was quite singular enough as it was that Miss Willoughby should have addressed him as friend.

Doubtless some man who had seen better days, and for whom she felt a womanly sympathy.

"Can I see Mr. Thorley?"

The mistress of the humble little cottage looked up, amazed, at the beautiful young lady who asked the question.

"Indeed I suppose you may, miss.

"He's gone up to his room where he spends all his evenings, and not a bit of supper to-night has he touched.

"Shall I call him down?"

"No, let me go to him."

"It's the first room to the right of the stairs, miss.

"He's the only lodger I have, and you are his first visitor."

But the girl heeded not the words.

A strange vision she surely was as she stood an instant outside his doors, clad in costly velvet and rich furs.

Then she softly turned the handle and entered.

He did not hear her.

He had thrown himself upon his sofa and buried his head in its cushions.

He was so still, so motionless, she thought he must be sleeping.

She swiftly crossed the room, and laying her hand gently upon his shoulder, called his name.

"Heavens!" he cried, and would have started to his feet but that she held him back, falling on her knees beside him.

"Chester," she pleaded, "you would not come to me.

"My pride is less than yours—my love greater.

"I have come to you.

"Did you think that my heart offered the unworthy words for which you have punished me all these years?

"I have tried so long to find you—so long and so hopelessly.

And she bowed her beautiful head and sobbed outright.

"Hush, dear, hush.

"You should not have come here, Marion.

"It might compromise you."

"Compromise me with my future husband?

"See, Chester," and she held up the hand on which gleamed the ring.

"I have never had my freedom."

"My own brave girl," he said, his voice softening even while he girded himself up to the strength of which he stood in such need.

"But the heaven you have opened to me cannot be.

"I am foreman in the works where you saw me to-day, Marion,

"My knowledge and love of machinery stood me in good stead.

"I heard of this opening and secured it.

"To-day I was adjusting some difficult piece of work I dared not trust to the workmen.

"I am in receipt of a liberal salary, which I am laying aside, dear, living as poorly as I can, hoping one day to buy an interest in the business.

"One or two improvements I have made are rapidly advancing me towards this goal: but it is still far off. I cannot ask you to wait, nor to forget the years of labor which have helped me reach it."

"I have waited already too long, Chester," she whispered. "I am ready now to become your wife."

His face grew deadly white.

"Do not tempt me," he said hoarsely.

"Oh, Chester," she said. "When I have so much money, why are you so cruel and so proud?"

"I cannot go back to a life of ease and dependence," he answered—"even with you, dear love, to brighten it. Bless you for coming to me Marion. Bless you for showing me all that a noble woman may be. The memory of this hour will lighten all my future years."

"Chester, you do not understand me," she persisted.

"I ask you to return to no life of dependence.

"I will forget that I have a single shilling in the world except what you give me. I will share whatever home you offer me—even this.

"For better, for worse, darling, we pledged ourselves, as sacredly as though already we had stood before God's alter. In God's sight I am your wife.

"I claim my right to share your dark days, as well as those on which the sun of prosperity may shine."

He strove to answer her, but his voice broke.

She had conquered; but woman-like, she gave to him the glory of her victory as she sobbed out her happiness upon his heart.

A month later there was a quiet wedding, at which were neither flowers, nor bridesmaids, nor music; but Marion Willoughby missed nothing.

It was after the ceremony had been performed that Chester showed her a document which had been his wedding gift from the firm he had served so faithfully, and which admitted him as a junior partner from that date.

But she smiled half-sadly as she looked at it through a mist of tears.

"You said once, dear," she whispered, "that flowers, to live, needed sunlight.

"My darling, I had not then made the wonderful discovery that loved makes sunlight everywhere.

"With your heart my home, be its outward adornments what they will, I envy no king his palace, no queen her throne."

The Fashion in Flowers.

The decrees of fashion in flowers are almost as inexorable as those respecting dress—particularly in the manner of wearing them. A young man who should now appear in wide trousers, instead of those which cling to the leg, would be subject to ridicule; so would he be frowned on if he wore a red rose when it was the proper thing to wear a white one. Just now men wear large white rosebuds in their buttonholes on evening occasions. This fashion lacks originality. The men are wearing large white rosebuds in London. Last season the man of fashion here wore the smallest white flowers he could find. The flower most in use at present is the rose, either of a delicate pink shade or white.

When a bride does not wear the traditional orange blossoms she adorns herself with white roses and half opened buds. The bridesmaids carry colored roses, most of a pink tint. The groom wears a white rosebud when the bride carries white roses, and the groomsmen have flowers in their coats corresponding to the bouque carried by the ladies they escort. Corsage bouquets for evening parties or street wear consist simply of pink or white roses tied in a loose bunch. If more than one kind of buds are used those of the same color are grouped together. All flowers must have their own stems, which should be long. At dinners, instead of bouquets at each plate, small baskets of flowers are placed in front of each guest. At luncheon parties there is usually a bunch of roses for each guest, which is fastened on the corsage after luncheon is over and worn on the street.

A London Tonsorial Saloon.

According to a correspondent, London barber shop are queer in conveniences. I went into one the other day and nearly broke my back trying to pose for a hair cut and a shave in an ordinary wooden chair. The barber is proverbially loquacious everywhere, and very much concerned about the absolutenceds of your head and hair. Mine informed me that that my hair was very thin, and needed singeing. I demured. Just as I was about to rise, however, he said: "You won't be satisfied unless you have that hair singed." Determined to get as much experience as I could in a short time and for a little money, I resumed my back-aching attitude and the phagos lighted his taper, grasped the comb, applied his torch, and in an instant my head was covered, like little infins's, with a lambent flame. You should have heard that unfortunate barber squeal! You see he had spread the bay rum and tonic pretty thickly before I made up my mind to undergo the singeing, without washing his hands, and hair and hands were victims of a grand pyrotechnic display. I rose with some haste and great indignation, and trusted that the young man was satisfied. Hereafter I shall have my own way in that shop, and that young man won't be so profuse with his recommendations.

—The Valley of the Yosemite is public property, and the question of prohibiting the sale of liquor therein is agitated in California.

Buffalo Bill and Custer.

In 1867, says Buffalo Bill, I was post guide and scout at Fort Hays, Kansas. Before that time I had met General Custer when he was stationed at old Fort Fletcher but I was not well acquainted with him. One evening early in June he came into Hays with only a light escort and was on a forced march to Fort Larned, which is sixty five miles from the former place. At that time there were, of course, no railroad connections. When the General expressed a wish for some guide to accompany him, the commanding officer detailed me, and orders were given to start at daylight the following morning. At the time mo best long-distance horse was a big, mouse-colored mule, and as I had heard what a lightning traveler Custea was I knew that only my best runner would do to keep ahead of the 'Whirlwind,' as the Indians called him. I thought I would be prompt and ahead of the General at daylight, but when I arrived he was already on the ground with his staff and orderlies. When I rode up I noticed him eyeing the animal I was riding and when I announced that I was to be his guide he assented, but said I would have to get a better horse. It would I would find, take something better than an old mule to keep ahead of him, I vigorously maintained that the mule would get over the sixty-five miles as quick as any horse he had, and he seemed to be satisfied when the post commander spoke up and confirmed what I had said. For the first ten miles I had to use the spurs lively to keep the General from riding over me, but after crossing the Smoky Hill river and getting on into the sand-hills the mule got his second wind. He commenced to leave Custer's Kentucky thoroughbred, and the soldier in time acknowledged that I was riding a pretty good horse. For a long time we kept up this rapid traveling, his escort being scattered out for miles behind, and as the country was dangerous the General called a halt, to let his men close up and become less convenient targets for vagrant bands of Indians. When we started again I made up my mind to show him what a good mule could do, and I struck a gait which astonished him so much that he did not call for another halt. We left the escort to follow as best they could, and before noon the General and myself rode into Fort Larned. The escort straggled in for hours during the day. The next day I returned to Hays, while he took command of his regiment and soon after had his big fight at Pawnee Fork creek. I met him frequently after that and guided him in several expeditions. Poor Custer! I was thirty-five miles from him when he killed himself. Yes, killed himself! The Indians who were in the fight of the Little Big Horn say Custer killed himself, and from the Indian religion I am convinced that they are right. He was the only one who was not mutilated on the bloody field, and the red warrior will not mutilate the body of a man who takes his own life. I think that Custer fought till all his brother officers died, and, no Reno to support him he died by his own hand and ended the career of as brave a man as ever wore spurs."

The Give-Away Game.

"Do you know," said a man who was selling jewelry from a dry goods box to a reporter, "that the Americans are the easiest humbugged of any in the world? It is true, and I have helped to humbug them about as much as the average man." Somebody had just been reading an account of the Louisville lottery drawing, which brought forth this speech.

"Can't you tell us some of your experience in that line?" asked a man near.

"Well, you would laugh to know what fools people make of themselves sometimes. About two weeks ago I was down in Brunswick, where I saw a fellow running a perfectly square game, but which was the most out-and-out steal I ever heard of. His plan was simple, and hundreds of the very best people of the town flocked to give him a trial. He rented a store and put a show case across the counter in the center. In the show case he had, I know, my hat full of $20 gold coins, piled in one corner, and in the other about the same sized pile of silver dollars. A dice box and six dice completed his outfit. By paying fifty cents a man had one throw with the dice. If he threw six sixes he took the entire pile of gold; if he threw six aces he was entitled to all the silver. Of course he knew no one ever threw all the sixes, neither was it possible to get the sixes to come all in a bunch. A man might as well expect to get struck by lightning from a cloudless sky at noonday as to throw six aces; it is almost an impossibility, that's all. Well, the fellow made several hundred dollars and left.

"Did you ever hear how easy it was to fool a man with soap?" continued the speaker. "We street men know that as an old story, of course. I was down to Troy several months ago, when a fellow came along almost strapped. He went to a grocery store, bought a few bars of this transparent soap, cut it into small pieces about the size of one's thumb, wrapped it in tissue paper very neatly, and then covered the package with tin foil, sprinkling the whole with a bottle of cologne to give it a good smell. Well, sir, that fellow got on a box and soon gathered a crowd by some nice talking, and proposed to take out all the grease from hats, coats, etc., that could be brought in. The first case presented was that of the city Marshal, who walked up with a great spot on his coat which he wanted taken out. The fellow carried a sponge well saturated with benzine and arnica, which of itself will take out almost anything, and by using a bit of the soap soon had the Marshal's cost free from grease. That started the soap sales, and in two or three hours, it being Saturday and a crowd in town, the soap man had sold $36 worth, nearly all of which was clear profit."

Stopping to draw a breath the jewelry man continued his interesting story. "I tell you you can humbug anybody. I am not unlike the rest of the world. I believe I would bite at my own tricks if I could get in the crowd While I was at Brunswick, Ga., I took revenge on the town by playing what we term a 'give-away racket.' It is a mighty fine thing to play, but a very dangerous one in some localities. I had been using a big umbrella large enough to cover fifty people, when one night on the street a crowd of sailors, led on by some of the town boys, threw rotten eggs at the umbrella and broke up the crowd. Then I resolved on the 'give-away racket.' A fellow has to be mighty careful about working it, or he will get caught out. It can only be played once in a town.

"The way to do it is this: Get a lot of fine gold rings, which cost about $1 a dozen, and propose to be advertising some big gold concern in New York. Called mine the brazen gold of San Francisco, stated that I would show the crowd a thing or two, and soon got them interested. First, I made a speech in which I stated my business, then I commenced to offer the rings at any price from two cents up, telling them that they could not be bought for less than $4 apiece at a jeweler's. I let out about twenty rings at two cents, and then asked everybody who had bought rings to hold them up. Instantly every ring was in the air. 'Now,' said I, addressing the crowd, 'this is your money, that?' 'Yes,' said a dozen. 'And you give it freely for the rings?' 'Yes,' came again in chorus. 'Very well, here's twenty cents for you, sir, and twenty cents for you, sir,' and so on around the crowd. They commenced to wonder what in the world I meant; said I was crazy, and a lot of other things, but I only told them I was advertising goods for my house, and had plenty more things to give away. Next I took up some of my handsome diamond studs, which I explained were Lake George diamonds, equal to any on earth, etc., and that I was going to sell them for twenty-five cents up, the more one paid the better it would be, of course, for him. Twenty studs were soon out and the same speech made. Then I made the crowd hold up the diamonds, and each man got fifty cents back who had bought.

"The thing began to get very interesting, and the crowd numbered 300 or 400. Then I got out some beautiful gold-plated sleeve buttons, which I explained could not be bought for less than $12. These I proposed to sell for fifty cents each, giving to all who bought a dollar additional as before, each time doubling the money gift. The buttons soon went off, as had the other things, and I was ready for the final 'bite' at the crowd. The twenty pairs of sleeve buttons had been sold for half a dollar, and I had given back twenty silver dollars. 'That fellow's a darned fool,' I heard all around me, but I replied to this by saying that last week, in Macon, I had given away $1,600, and that I was ready to do it again.

"The crowd was perfectly crazy to see what came next. It was watch chains. The chains were sold at any price from $2.50 to anything above that one wanted to give, I telling them the while that the more they paid the better it would be for them. I hinted that the watches would come next, and this led them off like a lot of madmen. The trick now was to sell as many chains as possible at $2.50 I had a devil of a lot of chains, and so I sent them out right and left. The dollars came rushing blindly at me and I raked them in like chaff. Then I got out of chains.

"Previously I had prepared two big red silk handkerchiefs, exactly alike, and as soon as the chains were all sold out I took the money, and, in the presence of the crowd, tied it all up together, and after making a speech, proposed to throw the bundle into the crowd for the best man to take. While talking I purposely dropped the bundle into my box by my side, in which I had the other handkerchief. In this was $10 in silver and some paper to make it stand out like the one I had dropped. All this had been arranged beforehand, of course. With a whoop I swung the bag around my head after stopping to pick it up where I first dropped it, and up it went into the air. Great heavens! you should have seen the mob! I never saw anything like it. They fought like tigers over the handkerchief, while I took occasion to leave the spot. I had also arranged to bring the thing to a climax about the time the Albany train left, so I was driven at once to the depot. I was just $280 ahead. But I got very weak in the knees while waiting at the depot. I was a little too soon, and about a dozen young men came up, raising the very mischief of a noise, which I thought was for me, and it proved to be true. They saw me and came around me, laughing and knocking each other like crazy men. I didn't know what on earth was the matter until they finally told me it was the best joke that had ever been played on Brunswick, and although they had been victimized, they wanted to assure me it was all right.

"I had sold the chains to nearly all the best men of Brunswick, some of them paying me as high as $5 for them. I was satisfied to leave, and had my revenge. You may put it down for a fact that any average American crowd can be humbugged the same way every day in the year."

Writer's Cramp.

This ailment consists mainly of spasms caused by excessive labor of the muscles of the hand, especially of the fingers.

It is not confined to writers—as the name would imply—but persons are liable to it who are engaged in sewing, knitting, drawing, playing on the piano and in other employments which demand continuous use of the fingers and hands. Only those, however, seem to have a special tendency to it who are of a nervous diathesis—have inherited an undue nervous sensitiveness.

Writing is a very complicated process, involving the harmonious action of several small muscles of the fingers, and a few of the hand and forearm.

Some of these muscles draw the fingers in toward each other; others draw them outward; still others turn the hand to the right or left. The spasms so act on these muscles as either to cause the thumb and forefinger to grasp the pen convulsively, or to twirl it on its axis, or to lift it suddenly from the paper.

In the earlier stages of the disease there is a slight, hardly noticed sensation of tension in the hand. If the trouble progresses, the hand becomes fatigued, and there is a tremor of the fingers; the formation of strokes becomes more and more difficult; the spasms and weakness increase, and the tension becomes painful, and extends to the forearm, and even to the muscles of the shoulder and breast.

In some patients neuralgic pains may be added. Rosenthal regards it as somewhat analogous to stuttering, and says it may be termed a "stuttering of the muscles."

The lighter forms connected with an impoverished condition of the blood (anæmia), dyspepsia, or over-exertion, may be arrested by the rest of the hand and a tonic treatment of the system.

The severe forms are incurable, though they may be helped by prolonged rest, and by whatever will tend to moderate the nervous excitability.

CHANGED his tune: Fogg says that Sellem is the most fickle-minded man he ever saw. For the last six months he has been talking about his fine country house, with its spacious rooms, grand views and splendid surroundings and not an "out" about it. "Well," says Fogg, "will you believe it, he told me to-day he had sold and mighty glad he was to get rid of the old rattle trap. Yes, sir, Sellem is the most changeable fellow I ever saw."

The Assault on Tel-el-Kebir.

The dark line in front lit up with a blaze of fire; rifled and big guns roared and crackled; rockets whizzed overhead, and at the magic word "Charge!" the whole brigade sprang to its feet and rushed straight at the blazing line, the battalion on the left meeting so hot a fire that five officers and sixty men went down before they got to the ditch. For an instant the onward rush was checked, but the bugler beside Sir Archibald sounded the "advance." A wild cheer was the response, and the Highlanders dashed forward with a bound, and, after a race of some 150 yards, found themselves under the great sand heaps which formed the enemy's stronghold. No time to stop now—over they went, clambering and climbing, using each other's shoulders as ladders; sticking their rifles into the sand as posts to hold on to; one way and another they got over and inside, to begin that short, ghastly work, the beginning and end of a "glorious victory." There was no pause on the parapet, but each group of soldiers as it gained the crest dashed at the enemy, and the melee became general and desperate. The Seventy-ninth and Seventy fifth could be seen in a large knot engaged in a hand to-hand fight with a body of rebels who were desperately defending an inner line of works, which met the front line at right angles and was strengthened by redoubts at the angles. The men gallantly stormed these, which were as resolutely defended. Gens. Alison and Haleny, the former revolver in hand, were in the thick of it; the Scotchman on foot, leading a dozen different assaults, where the Highlanders rushed in and bayoneted the Egyptians. The fighting had lasted about half an hour; there was still a strong redoubt to be taken, and a crowd of men went at it. The enemy's fire was extraordinary brisk and rapid; the air was alive with bullets and shells. The Highlanders in front of the curtain found themselves fired on on three sides, and a great number began to retire. That was a ticklish moment, but the officers succeeded in stopping them, and they were reinforced from the second line, and again went on. The point in the intrenchment which the Highlanders carried had been fortified with much care, and was apparently the key to the position. A strong line nearly two miles long had been constructed, at right angles to the main line to guard against a turning movement; a second line parallel to it in the same direction. Everywhere redoubts had been constructed, and wherever there was cover there the Egyptians stood. Gen. Hanley however, rallied the men who were standing thickly, but in no formation, inside the front line which they had just carried, and led them straight along those intrenchments, getting on both sides of them, and thus taking their defenders in reverse. As one of the Black Watch says: "Up the bank we went, and it was full of men and they turned on us like rats in a trap; but the infantry did not stand long. However, honor to whom honor is due, the artillerymen stood to their guns like men, and we had to bayonet them. As soon as that job was done I saw two regiments of cavalry forming on the right. 'Prepare for cavalry' was given, and in less time than it takes to write this we formed in a square and were waiting for them; but when they saw this they wheeled to the right about and off; they would not face a square of Scottish steel. Just then two batteries of our artillery came into the field in fine style, and our men cleared out and gave them room to work. Our men helped to wheel the guns into position, and so far as we were concerned the fighting was over.

A Blind Colored Man.

There is, in Selma, Alabama, as hostler, gardener and general workman a negro named Dick, twenty-four years old, who, since his fifth birthday has been as blind as the proverbial bat. The amount of work he does and the neatness, accuracy and dispatch with which all his chores and odd jobs are done are simply marvelous. He attends to several horses, feeds them, washes their harness, and, when occasion demands, can hitch up a team as well as well as any one. His stable yard is a model of cleanliness, and the garden is well worked. He washes the carriages, horses and wagons, oils vehicles and sees that they are all right before allowing them to be taken out of the lot. He is as light hearted as most Africans, and can enjoy a joke and laugh at it, though he wastes but few moments in idleness of any variety, his old variety, his whole mind seemingly being bent upon a careful discharge of his various duties. He is as stout as an ox, and is a bad man to tesse, as a bantering loafer found out to his sorrow not long since. He had been tormenting Dick until the latter's stock of patience gave out, when he turned furiously on his tormentor, and the first thing that individual knew he was landed, all bruised up, in a heap some yards away. Perhaps the most remarkable gift the man has is his ability to tell within a few moments the time of day. Day or night, when asked what time it is, he replies without hesitation, and is rarely further off from the exact marking of the dial than ten minutes.

To test this gift, after having talked with him about his work the reporter quickly asked:

"What time is it, Dick?"

"Half-past ten," came the immediate response.

A look at the watch showed that at that instant it was 10.26, within four minutes of the time guessed by the man, who probably knows not the appearance of either watch or clock. He goes to his home some blocks distant to remain during the night, but is always on hand bright and early as the morning sun to begin his day's work. In all sorts of weather he never fails to be on time. He is seldom sick, and then only slightly indisposed.

THE meanest man: The meanest man on record sent through a post office presided over by a woman a postal card on which was written: Dear: Here's the details of that scandal." And then the rest was in Greek.

The Year and the Calendar.

On the day after the 4th of October, 1582, the people of Italy, Spain and Portugal wrote the date October 15. Ten days had been dropped altogether. This was because of the adoption of what is known as the Gregorian calendar, because it was decreed by a bull issued by Pope Gregory XIII.

The early division of time was very irregular and inaccurate. The reckoning by months did not bring out even years, and it was only when astronomy became something like an exact science, that the actual length of the year was known.

In the time of ancient Rome, there were but ten months and the Roman kings fixed the length of the year at three hundred and fifty-five days. When this inexact division caused trouble, an extra month was inserted here and there to restore the system to a degree of order.

We owe it to Julius Cæsar that the year was fixed at three hundred and sixty-five days, with an additional day once in four years. The fourth year in which the day is added is bissextile, or as we call it, leap year. The year of 365 1-4 days is known as the Julian year.

But even this is not accurate. The true solar year is 365 1-4 days, 5 hours, 48 minutes and 49.62 seconds long. That is, it is 11 minutes and 10.38 seconds shorter than the Julian year. The Julian calendar was adopted forty-six years before Christ, so that in A.D. 1582, more than sixteen centuries later, the error had amounted to about ten days.

It was this error which the Gregorian calendar corrected. But in making the correction it was necessary to guard against a similar accumulation of error. That object was accomplished in this way.

The error amounts to very nearly eighteen hours on a century. Accordingly it was decreed that each year whose number was divisible by one hundred should not be a leap year unless it were divisible by four hundred.

Consequently the year 1900 will not be a leap year but the year 2000 will be one. Three leap years are omitted every four hundred years by this plan, and the result is that the average civil year difference will amount to a whole day in something less than four thousand years.

The new system was adopted gradually. By the Roman Catholic world it was adopted almost at once—the last of the Catholic countries making the change in 1587. But it was not until 1700 that Protestant Germany adopted it; and in England and America the Gregorian calendar was not used until 1752.

The Greek church has never sanctioned the change. In Russia to this day the old style is in use, and the error, which was only ten days in 1582, is now more than twelve days. The Russian Christmas does not come until nearly a fortnight after all the rest of the Christian world has celebrated it.

It is also a curious fact of which few are probably aware, that until one hundred and thirty years ago, the year began in England and this country, not with the first of January, but on the twenty-fifth of March.

Before that time, however, the practice had become common of indicating that there was a doubt to which year the days in the first three months belonged. Thus in the old Boston newspapers of the last century we see such dates as this: 'February 4, 1723 4,"—from which anybody can discover that the date, according to the Gregorian calendar, is February 15 (eleven days correction), 1724.

The year is a varying quantity according to the standard by which it is measured. Of course, it is the time within which the earth makes her passage around the sun.

But if this time be measured by the period of the earth's return to the same apparent place in the heavens, as seen from the sun, it is a "sidereal year;" 365 days, 6 hours, 9 minutes, 9.6 seconds.

The time in which the earth makes the circuit from her perihelion, that is, the point of her orbit where she is nearest to the sun, around to the same point again, is the "anomalistic" year, 365 days, 6 hours, 13 minutes, 48.6 seconds.

The "tropical" year, however, is that which astronomers have selected as the true solar year. It is the time included between two "vernal equinoxes." This vernal equinox is that instant in the spring of the year when the equator of the earth, if extended, would pass through the center of the sun.

It is also the time when the days and nights, all over the globe, are of equal length. The period between two vernal equinoxes is 365 days, 5 hours, 48 minutes, 48.6 seconds

They Can't be Beat.

At Charleston I met a man from Binghamptcn, N. Y., who was agent for some sort of cotton machinery, and about the first thing he said to me was:

"How do you manage with the hotel waiters?"

"Why, I have to fee them, of course."

"That shows how green you are. I am going to stop here four days, and I won't pay 'em a cent."

"Then you won't get much service."

"I won't, eh! Well, you just watch me and learn a thing or two. See that?"

It was a lead half dollar, neatly covered with gold foil, and at first glance it seemed to be a twenty dollar gold piece. When the New Yorker's trunk came up stairs and the two darkies lingered around for a quarter apiece, that "twenty" appeared to view, and he said:

"Smallest I've got to-day. I'll see you before I go."

The same thing was worked on the table waiter, on the waiter who brought up ice water, and on several other colored individuals, and when we were all ready to take the train for Savannah, the trunks went down on the wagon and we walked to the depot. Two minutes before the train pulled out the New Yorker turned to the African with his gripsack and said:

"James, will you take this coin and square up with the boys for me?"

"Yes, sah."

"Place it carefully in your pocket and don't lose it."

"She's dar, sah. Ize millyuns o' times obleeged to you."

"Never mind that. Well, we are off."

All the way down to Savannah that evening my companion chuckled over his keenness in beating the colored population but when we reached the latter city his chin took a drop. We were not clear of the depot when he was arrested for passing counterfeit money, and all his explanations did not prevent his return to Charleston by the next train. I met him afterward in Alabama, and he told me the affair cost him $65.

NEWS IN BRIEF

—The sum of $3,175 was realized last year by the gold and silver "sweep" at the British mint.

—The cotton gin owners of north Texas charge a toll of one-twelfth for ginning the staple.

—It is said that the receipts of the Gloucester fishermen will be $1,000,000 in excess of last year.

—There are nearly seven hundred Chinamen in the New York and Brooklyn Sabbath schools.

—The New York Commission immigration is said to be penniless and its expenses average $500 a day.

—The wages of the grinders of the Delaware Iron Works were cut down from twelve to seven dollars per week.

Nine hundred claims have been docked in the Court of Alabama Claims. It is believed the total will reach 4,000.

—Six thousand petitions, bearing 679,000 signatures, in favor of a Sunday Closing bill for England, have already been presented to Parliament.

—Congressman Hazeltine, of Missouri, is the owner of an enormous orchard, from whic he this year has shipped 13,000 barrels of apples.

—Advices from Adelaide, South Australia, state that the Legislative Council and the House of Assembly have resolved to hold an exhibition in 1886.

—Petroleum ranks fourth in value among the exports of the United States, grain, cotton, and provisions alone surpassing it; even tobacco is far behind.

—The drinking of lager beer is increasing in popularity in England, and German brewers are contesting hotly for supremacy in the London markets.

—During the past twelve months American newspapers have been received by mail in England at the rate of more than 28,000 a day, or 10,000,000 a year.

—There are at least a hundred women practising medicine in Chicago, regularly certificated under the present statutory enactments by the State Board of Health.

—The profits at the Imperial Theatre, London, during the six nights Mrs. Langtry played "As You Like It," averaged £150 a night, or £900 for the week.

—Mr. Hollis Hunnewell, who has already given Wellesley, Mass., a public library building, costing $75,000, is now erecting there a town hall worth about $100,000.

—The German Empire has now about 34,000,000 acres of forest, valued at $400,000,000, and appropriates $500,000 every year to increase and maintain the growth of trees.

—Neither Sir Garnet Wolseley nor Sir Beauchamp Seymour has a son to keep alive the peerage each has won. The admiral is unmarried, and Sir Garnet has only a daughter.

—It is stated that before the end of the year India will have 12,000 miles of railway. The mileage has increased 100 per cent in the last three years. The country is becoming our competitor in supplying Europe with breadstuffs. The exports have increased about one-third since 1879, being $36,000,000 last year. British capital is rapidly improving India agriculture.

—It is estimated that the total number of cigars manufactured in New York in a year is 826,656,000, and of cigarettes 229,800,000; 25,000 persons are employed in the business.

—During the last ten years cattle in New South Wales have increased very little, but sheep have gone from sixteen millions to thirty three millions; beef consequently grows steadily dearer.

—During the Egyptian war a column of leaded telegraphic messages cost the London newspapers from $1,000 to $1,250. Seven shillings and two pence (about $1.80) per word was the rate charged.

—A genuine kangaroo rat was recently caught in Tehema county, California. It looks very much like the Norway rat, but has shorter fore legs and a pouch for its young, as does the kangaroo.

—The managers of the Royal Library at Stockholm are about to sell 3,000 duplicates of old and very rare books, principally German. Most of them were among the spoils of the Thirty Years' war.

—The exports of the Dominion of Canada during the last quarter, not including British Columbia, amounted to about $29,000,000, while the imports for the same period amounted to $31,000,000. The amount of duty collected was $700,000.

—An enormous bunch of grapes, carefully enclosed in a glass case, was shown through Michigan by a peddler, who had for sale sprouts from what he said was a vine of the same variety. The exhibit was at length discovered to be wax work.

—The eldest sister of a well-known English Marquis is declared to have recently married a baker. Her age is 40, and her husband's exactly half her own. The lady, it seems, was a patroness of a charity school in which the young man learned his trade.

—The King of Greece speaks English, French, German, Greek and Danish. Their Grecian Majesties, in conversing together, use the German language, in speaking with their children they employ English, and they speak Greek to the general household in the various royal residences.

—The fish-distributing car of the United States Fish Commission has been distributing carp through Minnesota. Some 16,000 young fish are carried at one time. The loss of fish is small, hardly worth counting, being less than one fish to the thousand. Illinois is to be fully stocked with German carp.

—Rents in Scotland still continue to fall. A large farm in Berwickshire was recently relet at $3000, after having for many years commanded $4650. This is a reduction of about 35 per cent. The conditions of the new lease