

Alabama.

The lake lies calm with its mountain crown. At the twilight star shows clear. And large and solemn it glares down. In the mirror of the mere. Was it here they rowed their crazy craft. Whereonly the ripple came. The strange lake—folk of the floating raft? Was it yonder they said they came. And the mountains slept, and the night fell still. And the thousand years rolled by. Was there once a city on your low hill. With its towers reaching the sky. And the cries of the warden of long ago. Wailed over the waters far. There is no stone to the man to know. Since yesterday, said the star. And the mountains sleep, and the ripples wake. And again a thousand years. And the tents of battle are by the lake. And the gleam of the horseman's spear; They bend their brows with a fierce surprise. On the lights on the plain afar. And the battle-horn blows the air. Was it yesterday they said they came. And a thousand years—and the lake is still. And the stars beam large and white; The battle-chariot shows the hill. Where they bury the mook and the rattle. The mountain sleep and the ripples lave The shore where the pine-wood grows. And there's a little change but another grave. Since yesterday, said the star.

THE COLONEL'S STORY.

"I did not learn the beginning of the romance until long after the story was concluded," said the colonel, in response to a question from his niece. "But my part was small enough to allow me to relate the circumstance without vanity. "Do not think me to be particular as to names; it looks too much like scandal; but you may satisfy yourself that it is a true story. "Henry Morgan and Cosmo Rolshoven, as I shall call them, were both suitors for the hand of Camille Chester. This young lady was the daughter of a very wealthy Southerner whose name was well known in Washington before the war. "I believe she was the most beautiful woman I ever saw—no offence to present company, and she was as high spirited as a foal. "I received but imperfect reports as to the character of Cosmo Rolshoven; but he was a very fine looking man, with something of the reckless, dare-devil in his countenance. "Morgan was altogether different; he was rather plain as to his features, but intelligent-looking and very well informed. "To conclude, he bore the best sort of character among his neighbors, while Rolshoven was admired more than liked. "Miss Chester is supposed to have treated her two lovers in such a manner that either's success in her favor appeared doubtful to them, and, of course, they gave themselves full benefit of any spies which she may have bestowed upon them. "This was before the declaration of hostilities between the North and South, and when both gentlemen joined their party under arms they were, as we suppose, anxious to settle matters in Cupid's tent. "They chose the same day for putting their fortune to the test. Perhaps Rolshoven gave the attack, he might be thought, but he was not; he was the one who was to be defeated. "I followed his reception which his character seems really to have deserved, and when they walked out into the park late in the afternoon Camille Chester had promised to become his wife. "Soon after they left the mansion for the outdoor air, Cosmo Rolshoven rode up to the gate, and being informed by an omnibus dandy that Miss Chester was strolling in the grounds, he started off in the direction the young lady had taken, hoping to overtake her. "Not being aware that she was not alone, he began to form a most melting speech in his mind, which should bring her to capitulate immediately. "What was his astonishment and chagrin when he came to an angle in the boundary of Mr. Chester's estate, to find the lady of his love seated upon a hillock, with his rival at her feet. "He may imagine that ugly feelings were in his heart when he understood the lady was already another's, and he cursed his fate, as though his being a few minutes behind his rival had lost his cause. "After watching as long as he could bear the sight, he returned to the house, and ordering out his steed rode off, notwithstanding Mr. Chester's invitation to him to remain in the grounds. "It was late in the evening when Henry Morgan rode homeward, and he had traversed but a mile when a dark figure upon horseback barred his passage. "Morgan recognized Cosmo Rolshoven, although the latter sat on his horse in the middle of the roadway with the air of one who was about to utter the demand, 'Your money or your life.' "The young man had been schoolmates in former days, and although they had never been friends, they were acquainted as boys, and as boys calls it, at least upon Morgan's side. "Hello, Rolshoven," he said, somewhat astonished at the man's demeanor. "Is that you?" "Yes, it is I," said Cosmo, and then he was silent, scarcely knowing how to begin the quarrel he was determined to force upon his rival. "Morgan coughed slightly. 'You appear to have something to say to me,' he said. "Yes, I have something to say, Morgan," growled the young man, 'I have a pair of pistols in a case here—you know how to use them, and must protect your life.' "Morgan vented an ejaculation of surprise, and demanded the reason for this strange speech. "I was an observer of your interview with Miss Chester a few hours back. I have always hoped to make the young lady my wife, and since you have disappointed me of her, I will make an effort to deprive you of her. "Morgan drew himself upright in his saddle with an impatient movement. "I have disappointed you of nothing, Rolshoven," he said quietly. "Your speech can meet with but one excuse. "I do not desire you should find an excuse for me, sir; I am perfectly sober. I see you doubt it, and am determined to fight or thrash you; take your choice." "For a moment Morgan did not reply,

and Rolshoven drew his steed back a few paces, and waited in silence.

Morgan was as bold as most of men; but he was reluctant to enter into this adventure. If he was killed it would be without a word; should he succeed, he would be stained with the guilt of the blood of an acquaintance. "Rolshoven," he said slowly, "you know I do not fear you; but I do not wish to enter into this affair. Your cause of anger is slight; I have merely won the prize we were both striving for, and— "You must not throw my disappointment in my face," cried the other. "Come, no more dallying, or my whip shall prove you a coward. You see that the moon is just rising," he continued, in a softer tone; when it has risen, give the signal at which we are both to fire. Here is a pistol at your service, if you are not supplied."

An Unwilling Accomplice.

"Now you are not afraid, Mollie, are you?" questioned my brother very solicitously. "Afraid—of what? I'm not a baby!" "No, indeed; you're a hundred," he mockingly. "And if I've travelled all the way from Cincinnati to New York by myself, I don't know why I can't go down to Lexington to London." "Yes, but this isn't America, you know. And girls are so silly. I don't see how you can happen to see a man's gun—unless you put your head out of the window too far, and get it knocked off. Now, don't be dignified. I'm telling you this to keep my spirit up. I'm afraid may be the matter might cut up about my leaving you, but I can't let this chance for shooting slip, and the fellows won't wait. Hello! here's the train! First-class to London, guard, Nobody in the compartment! All right, Mollie, jump in. Make my peace with the *inter* if she is vexed. Tra, la, la, I'll see my brother, giving me a long and a fishing tackle. "The door slammed. I was going to London alone, when it opened again. A man rushed in, pell-mell—gun, bag and fishing tackle. "Just in time, guard!" "Ay, ay, sir." "Here's a shilling for your trouble. All alone, eh?" "No, sir, a young lady, sir." "This time the door slammed securely, the key was turned, and the guard disappeared. "It was half-past four o'clock. A dandy dull afternoon. I looked at myself in the little mirror opposite. It reflected a tall, brown-eyed, broad-shouldered girl, with a pretty complexion and a neat traveling dress. A young person, eighteen at best, and a very strong and healthy one. We, my brother and I, had been to Warwick, Stratford, etc., and at the last moment he received a telegram from some college mates bidding him to meet them in the North; they had formed a shooting party, which was to start the next day. My mother was in London, so we determined, rather than disturb his plans, that I return to her alone. The train was going at full speed—fifty-five miles an hour. I could scarcely, in the dim twilight of the December day, distinguish the rapidly moving trees and the houses as we skirted along. "After a little I turned my eyes to my companion. He was a tall, raw-boned man, with gray eyes and long red hair; heavy red whiskers covered his face. He wore a shooting jacket and a loose flannel blouse. He fixed his eyes on me for five minutes without speaking. At a certain station the guard got out and raised the window. I saw another official get on. We started off with renewed rapidity. I was feeling almost lonely, and the slightest degree embarrassed by the proximity of my companion. When he got up from his seat, and opened his traveling bag, took out a pair of shears, and putting his hand on my shoulder, said, "I want you to cut my hair." "Cut your hair?" I cried, to my amazement. "Yes, cut my hair immediately." "Will you?" I exclaimed. "Guard, guard! I want to see this man in a hurry!" I rushed to the door; it was locked, of course, and the guard I knew, and who knew us, was miles away, having changed at the last station. "I had no need to make a disturbance," said the fellow. "I intend that you shall cut my hair. If you do not I shall kick you—take your choice!" "I'm trembling all over," I said, and he looked at me for a moment. "Thanks, very much. Now, carefully." "For an hour I cut away; it had grown quite dark, only the dim light of the railroad lamp illuminated the compartment. "Is it all off?" he asked, producing his glass and peering at his cropped crown. "Not bad for a beginner. Now for my whiskers. I can't shave you, see, my arm is broken." "For the first time I saw this member humbly at my side. "But I will not," I screamed; "I will not!" "Yes, you will, just as I tell you. Kneel down in front of me and cut my beard!" "I will not, I will not!" "Very well." And he advanced toward me. "I was on my knees cutting away at the forest of unscrupulous. "As close as you can, my dear—you will find the shears sharp. I don't believe you had a hair on my head. That took me longer to cut than my previous job. The beard was stubborn and monsieur was particular. "All must go," he said pensively. "All my love-locks and my lady kisses! Be honest; I set grazing in a—'vered necessity, knows no law." "He threw a kiss with the tip of his long fingers. "I shall always dub you cruel necessity, my own mind." "His face being as clean shaven as my implements allowed, he hid me turn my back. "I will not! Oh, I will not!" I wept. "You will kill me, you will kill me!" "You will turn your back immediately," said my tormentor. "But first help me adjust my arm in this sling." Like a whipped slave I neckled toward the line, handkerchief produced from the valise into two parts, and bound it about his arm. At least he was brave, for the drops stood on his brow, but he did not quiver. "Now, take this lead and pencil under my eyes, and shadow my eyebrows. Not too deeply, but as you would your own, you were dressing for a ball. "The man!" I sat gazing into the darkness without. The lightning rapidly of the train as we rushed along made a leap through the window suicidal. "I thought of my mother and, poor child, of my girlish sins and negligences. I was too frightened to cry, too stunned to make any resistance. "Look my pretty dear," said a gay voice. "I heard the window open and a black bundle fell. Was I dreaming or mad? There, under the light of the oil lamp, a breviary in his left hand, with downcast eyes and ventral air, was a young priest, in the full vestment of a Jesuit college. "The fishing tackle, the guns, the valise,

A Glimpse of Cadet Life.

Examination of the Candidate for Future Naval Officer—Hazing a "Piebe." The actual appointment is not made by the Congress, but by the Secretary of the Navy, and this is not given until after the cadet has been duly sworn in as a naval cadet in the United States navy. On receiving the permit to the superintendent as specified in the permit, his name, age, place of residence, and birth are then registered in a large book, and he is given a card which contains a list of the names he has made in his studies, and the text books he used, these blanks to be handed in the next day at his mental examination. "The next day are given to the mental examination, two in English and two in mathematics. If a candidate fails on the first two he is given a re-examination in the branches he has failed in, and the third fails that is the last of it. After the mental test is over comes the physical examination, which is very rigid. The principal defects in condition are the eyes, ears, and in various ways. Having passed both mental and physical examinations, the candidate is given papers to sign, binding himself to the navy for eight years, unless he can prove to the satisfaction of the board that he is unable to do so, for which he has to pay 10 cents. The cadet life of this young aspirant to a naval glory has now begun. It is not necessary to make any deposit of money, but it is preferred that \$20 be deposited for his expenses, which are heavy, and this amount is placed in his credit drawing his pay. He then takes his mattress and bed clothes on his back and marches down to the Santee, where he is to remain until the ship starts on her practice cruise in June. "When the new naval cadet goes to his first meal he then catches a little of the 'rumor' or as it is called by civilians, hazing. He walks around for a few minutes with his eyes cast on the side of his head as big as any first class man, when his dignity is suddenly infringed by some third class man coming up and accosting him. The following occurred: "Third Class Man—Say, there, you, Mister! What's your name, where are you from? Whose place are you in? Sit up and give an account of yourself. "Piebe—Jones. "Third Class Man—Jones what? "Piebe—Jones nothing. "Third Class Man—Jones, sir; do you say? "Piebe—Yes, sir. "Third Class Man—You don't want to forget that little word, or you might suffer for it. "Piebe—Yes, sir. "While this conversation was going on the third class man had evidently forgotten to remind the piebe that he is standing in a very unbecoming manner, and informs him of it in this way: "Say, you, mister, brace up and have some style about you. Put your feet together, fins out, and raise that chin a little higher. If you're a gentleman, comes out most readily and longingly. And is there anything more natural to a reverent love than the kissing of the hand that has been beneficial in love to us? See how far we have gone among mysteries! "Character, habits, and age, are the three things that are told by the hands. When he drew the character of a piebe, the hypocrite—and, as schoolboys would say, the sneak—"Dickens did not neglect his tell-tale: 'Oh! what a chummy hand his was as glostly to the eye as to the sight. I rubbin' the fingers afterwards to warm it, and to rub his hand, that when I went to my room, it was still cold and wet upon my memory. Even if it had been warm, the hypocrite's hand is apt to writhe and squeeze its bending fingers together. "The hand that little Jack Horner made sticky with his own pig in the corner, undoubtedly became with puff Jack Horner a thick-fingered puff index of his partiality for pigs and pigs. "Little does the swaggerer who chinks his small change, and cocks his thumbs out of his pockets, imagine that his thumbs and hands are as much his condition as the hanging scales of his chain that anchor a ship. "The stingy man has a tight hand; his fingers keep fast hold of a sixpence, and his palm makes a careful hollow out of his pocket, and he is quite sure he is obliged to part with it. "The rough and the refined hand are different with a difference like that of education in the man. The lowest creature is willing to do something, but brute violence—a colossal wall, of iron strength, huge with muscle, vein and sinew, but lacking all sensitiveness and flexibility—delant in its attitudes a human tool that has been trained into a weapon. "There are refined hands that are criminal also, but their character is the more hateful because no trace is manifest upon outward affection, and their beauty is a lie. One reads in the well-educated hand, not only his own refinement, but that of other generations, and the ancestors who lived at leisure from bodily toil, whose muscles were not stretched by labor, whose fingers, little very finger nails revealed easy times, by their oval shape, not pressed and worn into hard-worked diminutive half-circles. "Every one likes the strong hand—morally strong even if it has never been tasked with physical labor; the man's hand that is not effeminate, the girl's hand that is not a pretty waxwork, but a part of a helpful someone, who would have been ready to do something for anybody else. Unless it be the weak hand of sickness, which is a most pitiful sight, the hand of the weak creature is not what anyone cares to clasp. More and more in this world we want the hands that can do something. As Carlyle says, the first doing would be for many a revelation. "The Rights of Man. "The rights of women have their limitations; and man has a right to demand room in his own home where he can step in and sit down without knocking down fourteen titles and eleven centuries out of place. "Simplification of clubs" are talked of, whose object shall be the "simplification of household furnishing and home decorations."

People Who should Wear Gray.

People who have an overabundance of color should adopt gray. There is no hue so mercifully subdued as a forid complexion. By the same token, pale faces should avoid a coat of gray, or the contingency of any shade of pearl or gray, is apt to give a ghastly tinge to a colorless complexion. With a rosy blonde it is a success. "Picture frames made with a combination of poison oak and gilt ornaments are admirably adapted to water color drawings, and are less expensive than other styles. "A liquid black lead for polishing stoves is made by adding to each pound of black lead one gill of turpentine, one gill of water and one ounce of sugar.

A WOMAN'S HAND.

Thrilling Story of Jealous Revenge. After the restoration of Louis Philippe to the French throne, many of Napoleon's soldiers were left in comparative poverty. "One of these, a famous general, had a beautiful daughter who was wished to marry rich, but who fell in love with a poor young man—an under secretary of something of that kind. "She married at her father's request a rich count, but refused at the wedding ceremony to allow the ring to be placed on her left hand, upon which she wore a ruby put there by her lover. "Her jealous husband was not long in finding out what was the matter, and intercepting a letter in which the ardent young lover claimed Matilda's hand, he determined upon an awful revenge. "One night as the celebrated surgeon, Lestrade, was returning from a professional tour, he was captured by a party of men, blindfolded and taken to a distant police, and led through a labyrinth of passages and rooms. "At last he found himself in a small chamber furnished with a remarkable lamp hung from the ceiling. The windows were hermetically sealed, and the air of the room was stale. "The doctor, folding his arms and looking firmly at the other, said: "Sir, you brought me here by force. If you need my professional assistance for any ailment, you may have it, or troubling myself about your secrets, but if you wish to commit a crime you cannot force me to be your accomplice. "He content, sir," replied the other, "there is no crime in this;" and leading him to the alcove he drew from the curtains a hand. "The doctor took the hand in his; his fingers trembled at the touch. "It was a lady's hand, small, beautiful, and its pure white skin was of a magnificent ruby encircled with diamonds. "But," cried the doctor, "there is no need of amputation; nothing is it." "And I, sir," I say, "I understand the other; if you refuse I will do it myself. Come, madam, request the doctor to do you this service." "The doctor, nonplussed, and almost fainting under the torture of his feelings, expiring voice and an inexpressible accent of despair and resignation: "Sir, since you are a surgeon—yes! I entrust you with my hand and not—oh, yes; you'll cure my misery!" "Well, doctor," said the man, "you or I." "The resolution of this man was so frightful, and the pressure of his hand so full of entreaty and despair that the doctor felt that even humanity commanded him compliance with the approval of the victim. "He took his instrument with a last imploring look at the unknown, who only pointed to the hand, and then with a sinking heart began the operation. "The man in ivory with his own hand trembled; but the knife was doing its work. "There was a cry from the alcove, and then all was silent. Nothing was heard but the beating of the doctor's heart till the hand and the saw fell on the floor. "Lisfrane wore the ruby on his watch-chain, where it was seen by the young lover on his return to Paris, and out of it grew a duel that led to the disclosure of the infamous crime. "The morning after the young lover's rival at the capital he was presented by a man in ivory with his own hand trembled; but the knife was doing its work. "Cyprus has much the same appearance as the Countess of — keeps her oath." "Worthless Lumber. "Furniture-makers are to-day using lumber which was called worthless ten years ago. Whitewood or poplar is used in immense quantities, notwithstanding its warping qualities. "The scarcity of our natural supply of lumber leads manufacturers to experiment with so-called "worthless" varieties. Cyprus is working into a fashion for architectural finish, and we would not be surprised if some enterprising manufacturer should come out with a most desirable piece of furniture, possessing a finely-marked grain, and yet consisting of nothing but unpretentious cypress. Hard pine makes a nice looking job when finished in good shape, but has the serious objection of being full of pitch. "Cyprus has much the same appearance as hard pine, but the pitch is happily absent. The wood commonly known as "gum" has been successfully utilized. "It is being worked into a great many uses, and is being successfully made of qualities, which are represented as being so great that the lumber "will not stay in the same county two successive nights." "We are informed that picture frames have been successfully made of gumwood, and rumor adds that the very qualities that have hitherto condemned it have been utilized in the manufacture of self-rotting cradles. "The Association at Washington, Pa., is to give \$100 in purses September 14 to 17. "It is suggested that a match race between *Chiemie G.* and *Majolica* would draw well. "Harry Wilkes was named for the Rochester free-for-all novelty race, which failed to fly. "Do not compel the sheep to forage exclusively for their food. Even when the grass is plentiful a liberal mess of oats when they come up at night will greatly aid to their thrift and condition.

NEWS IN BRIEF.

—New England woolen mills are starting up on full time. "Hornbeek is largely used for food in Manchester, England. "—In the last Colorado blizzard twelve men were frozen to death. "—The boycott of the Protective Union store at Glen Cove still continues. "—The exact typefounder can rub two sides of 287,000 agate type in six working days. "—The Monongahela Valley miners who were recently defeated threaten to strike again. "—Spiritualists have become so numerous at Atlanta that they propose to build a temple. "—In 1855 Rochester, now an infidel communist, invited a sonnet to the Virgin Mary. "—A farmer in Ohio says he has developed a breed of chickens which lay two eggs daily. "—A wire factory at which 320 persons will be employed is to be started at Valley Forge, Pa. "—An Independence (Ivy county) lady is three months old and only weighs six pounds. "—Nearly all the mines in the Seattle (W. T.) coal region are now operated without Chinamen. "—There are now in the Southern States 173 cotton seed mills. In 1866 there were but 106. "—There are at present 1,233 window glass pots in the United States, of which 882 are in operation. "—For fourteen years South Carolina has exempted manufacturing companies from paying taxes. "—Times are so dull in Dalton, N. H., that men work for 50 cents a day and board themselves. "—An Indian and a Chinaman are the partners in the stationary business in Tusculum, Tennessee. "—Horton, a Yankee school ma'am in the Argentine Republic marries rich just as fast as they can land. "—The wheat crop of Colorado for 1885 was 1,838,000; all of it was used for home consumption. "—An Albuquerque Judge kept a jury out without anything to eat or a place to sleep for thirty days. "—A pretended physician was lynched near Denver, Colo., for causing the death of one of his patients. "—Nova Scotia miners oppose the removal of the duty on coal in reciprocity with the United States. "—A babe born in the court house at Lawrenceville, Ind., has been christened Old Flo, Flo, Washington. "—The British Columbia Assembly proposes limiting the amount of land one man can own to 640 acres. "—Six children have been killed, one at a time, by falling over a banister in one family house in Cincinnati. "—Nearly every opiate that is brought up at the Mexican Gulf pearl fisheries is said to contain a pearl of some kind. "—A number of boarders in a San Francisco hotel went away because Johnny Sullivan was received as a guest. "—Wild coffee, which proved to be of good quality when roasted and made up, has been found growing in Butte county, Cal. "—A military balloon just invented in France is shaped like a whale and presents an extraordinary appearance when raised in the air. "—The eight-hour law agreed upon by the Congressional Committee on Labor is intended to cover all national Government employes. "—Public seats, at convenient corners and by spaces in the streets, are asked for in the annual report of the Superintendent in Liverpool. "—A new industry has sprung up in New Orleans. Heads of large fish are dried, mounted and sold for table and mantle ornaments. "—A Hindoo loom, complete, is worth 65 cents and has been sold for \$30,000 men thrown out of employment. "—The western nailers who have been on a strike over seven months are as determined as ever, and they have proposed to remain at all points. "—A Paris letter writer says Mrs. Mackay has a literary agent regularly in her employ, whose duty it is to keep the world informed of her movements. "—A church at Terre Haute has been built in just sixteen days from the time the corner stone was laid. It is "very beautifully finished in native woods, with windows of sapphire and ruby glass. "—The trade in patent medicines amounts to about \$22,000,000 per annum, and of this \$22,000,000 a year is spent in advertising. There are 5,000 kinds in the market. "—The floods in the Ohio Valley this season destroyed between Cairo and Pittsburgh about three weeks' worth of railway bridges, and three iron and forty-seven public bridges. The fifty bridges had an aggregate length of 7447 feet, and it will cost \$200,000 to replace them. "—There are eight ministers in Magna who have been ordained fifty-nine years or more, and the venerable Dr. Caruthers, of Portland, has been in the ministry for a remarkable period of three score and four years. One of the eight—the Rev. J. T. Hayes, of Litchfield—still supplies for the church in that place. "True honor is that which refrains from doing a secret which would not do openly, and where other laws are wanting imposes a law upon itself. "If we did not know how little some enjoy the things they possess, there would not be much envy in the world.