(4)

RIDING DOWN.

BY NORAH PERRY.

O, did you see him riding down,
And riding down while all the town
Came out to see, came out to see,
And all the bells were mad with glee?

O, did you hear those bells ring out,
The bells ring out, the people shout,
And did you hear that cheer on cheer
That over the bells rang clear?

And did you see the waving flags,
The fluttering flags, the tattered flags,
Red, white and blue, shot through and through,
Baptized with battle's deadly dew?

And did you hear the drums' gay beat,
The drums' gay beat, the bugles' sweet,
The cymbals' clash, the cannon's crash,
That rent the sky with sound and flash?

And did you see me waiting there,
Just waiting there and watching there,
One little lass, amid the mass
That pressed to see the hero pass?

And did you see him smiling down
And smiling down, as riding down
With slowest pace, with stately grace,
He caught the vision of a face—

My face, uplifted, red and white,
Turned red and white with sheer delight,
To meet the eyes, the smiling eyes,
Outflashing in their swift surprise?

O, did you see how swift it came,
How swift it came, like sudden flame,
That smile to me, only me,
That little lass who blushed to see?

And at the windows all along,
O, all along, a lovely throng
Of faces fare, beyond compare,
Beamed out upon him, riding there!

Each face was like a radiant gem,
A sparkling gem, and yet for them
No swift smile came, like sudden flame,
No arrowy glance took certain aim;

He turned away from all the grace,
From all that grace of perfect face,
He turned to me, to only me,
The little lass who blushed to see!

A BACHELOR'S ROMANCE.

A vigorous pull at the front door-bell started Mr. Wells, as, with his feet carefully poised on the desk, chair tipped back, and the fumes of an odorous Havana pervading the apartment, he indulged in his usual after-dinner smoke. Mr. Frederic Wells was a confirmed bachelor, and notwithstanding the many solicitations of his fair friends, whose charms had failed to melt his obdurate heart, still persisted in eschewing society, and living with his sister almost the life of a recluse. But Mr. Wells had not always been so exclusive; only a few years before he had met and loved Lucy Shelton, the daughter of one of Chicago's wealthy citizens. This young lady, though refusing to be his wife, acknowledged her heart to be his, but she had promised her father to marry his partner, Joseph Parker, and circumstances over which she had no control compelled her to keep her word and marry his rival—her father's choice. In vain he pictured to her the wrong she would do him, herself and her husband; nothing could turn her from her course. Not wishing to witness Parker's triumph, Mr. Wells resolved to leave Chicago. Accordingly he, with his only sister, removed to the East, where they occupied an elegant house in one of New England's flourishing cities. In their peaceful Eastern home rumors had reached them of the failure of the house of Shelton & Parker. Later the sad story of young Parker's downfall reached their sympathetic ears—how, by becoming a victim of the demon, intemperance, he had reduced his fair young wife to the necessity of giving music lessons in order to keep starvation from her door. Mr. Wells, by thinking of Lucy as the wife of another and a woman false to her heart's best impulses, sought to banish her forever from his mind, and while he pitied the unfortunate Lucy, he still thought that she in a measure deserved her sad fate. With these bitter feelings would come a wish to stretch out a helping hand to this woman, who, by scorning his love, had consigned him to a hopeless, hapless existence.

On the afternoon our story opens he was musing upon a means of aiding Mrs. Parker—for he knew her proud spirit would refuse any pecuniary assistance from him—when the sound of an unusually loud ring of the door-bell aroused him from his reverie, and instantaneously brought his feet and chair to their proper position.

"Whew!" he exclaimed, as he knocked the ashes from his cigar, "something unusual is wanted to warrant such impatience."

Just then the door of the study opened and his sister called him to come and see what had been left at their door.

Hastily following her into the hall, he beheld, to his surprise, in the arms of a servant, who explained that she had found "the little thing" lying on the door-step when she opened the door, an infant some seven or eight months old, wrapped in a huge shawl, and calmly gazing with bright blue eyes at the astonished group. Taking the child in his arms, Mr. Wells proceeded to move the shawl and found pinned to the dress a card bearing the name Lucy, and gathering the little form to his breast, great tears swelled up into his eyes as he bent his head over the tiny baby face and murmured: "Those eyes! that name! Surely, this is Lucy's child." Then, as if ashamed of his emotion, he handed the child to his sister, telling her in a gruff voice to see to its wants, vanished into his sanctum, slamming the door with a bang that plainly told her he did not wish to be interrupted; and here while sobs shook his frame, the question, can this be Lucy's child? constantly recurred to him. He had not even heard that she had a child; besides he knew she was in Chicago very recently in a state of abject poverty. But, notwithstanding these contrarieties, the resemblance he fancied existed between this little waif and Mrs. Parker, only served to confirm him in the idea that this was indeed her child; then again he would ask himself—How came it to that city? to his door? None of his friends in Chicago knew of his whereabouts, and how was it possible for Mrs. Parker thus to leave her child to the mercy of a man she had so cruelly wronged? At length, not finding a satisfactory answer to his queries, he resolved to keep this little foundling, to bring it up as his own, cherish it as a boon from heaven sent to cheer his lonely life and bring sunshine in to his heart and home.

"Well Ellen, how do you and the little stranger agree?" playfully inquired Mr. Wells, as he met his sister at the tea-table that evening.

"Her ladyship and myself are on wonderfully good terms, considering our limited acquaintance," laughingly rejoined his sister. "Come and see her new quarters, but as she is asleep, you must make as little noise as possible."

"Oh! ho! the little tyrant has issued her decrees thus early in her reign," gayly retorted Mr. Wells, "but she'll not find an obedient subject in me;" and with stealthy steps he followed Ellen into the next room, where lying upon an impromptu couch, improvised with an arm chair and pillows, was the form of a sleeping child. As Mr. Wells stood gazing at the infantile face, the blue eyes opened and looked up at him, while a bright smile lit up the baby features and rendered more striking the memory of another smile that had once shed its roys over his pathway.

Ellen was delighted at the prospect of caring for this little one, whose coming she felt would dispel her brother's gloom and bring joy to them both.

That evening on returning home at a late hour, Mr. Wells perceived a prostrate figure lying directly in front of his door.

"Hello! Who is this? You will freeze to death in this blinding storm," he exclaimed. But the figure remained motionless, and approaching, Mr. Wells proceeded to uncover the face. As the gleam of the street-lamp fell upon the upturned countenance of a young, and once beautiful woman he staggered back, muttering: "Oh, my God! Has it indeed come to this? My poor, poor Lucy!" and raising the frail form in his strong arms he carried her into the house, calling to his sister, who was sitting up waiting his return, to send for a physician and bring restoratives, as he had just found Lucy Shelton, dead, or near so, at their door.

Ellen, who had known and loved Lucy during her happier days in Chicago, assuring herself that she had only fainted, immediately set about bringing back to life the inanimate form. At length her efforts were rewarded; the color came slowly back to the pallid cheek, the beautiful eyelids quivered and revealed a pair of blue eyes that wandered in a restless, searching glance, from face to face, as if looking for some beloved object. In tones of piteous agony she wailed:

"Oh, my baby! my lost darling!"

Then, as if speaking to some unknown person she would clasp her poor little hands and implore the restoration of her child.

The doctor declared hers to be a most precarious case of brain fever, and that her recovery would be almost a miracle as some great mental sorrow was aiding the ravages of this terrible disease.

For many weeks Lucy's life tottered on the verge of eternity. Mr. Wells and his sister were untiring in their care and watchfulness, making every effort in their power to save the life of the hapless mother of their little foundling, for as such both had grown to consider her.

During her ravings she reproached her faithless husband with having robbed her of her only source of happiness—her child, and besought him, in plaintive tones, to bring back their baby, to tell where he had hidden their child. On one occasion she pleaded so piteously that she be restored to her arms, that Ellen moved by her entreaties, brought the child and laid it at her side; but instead of assuaging the mother's sorrow this only increased her agony, as, turning away from her little one, she accused them of trying to deceive her.

"My husband has stolen my child," she cried. "Oh! what shall I do without my darling?"

One day, after Mrs. Parker had been ill for about for six weeks, Ellen entered her room to see after her patient's wants. On approaching the bedside a thin little hand clasped hers, and a trembling voice inquired:

"Have I been ill long? Oh, Ellen why did you call me back to a life of misery and sorrow?"

"Hush, you must not talk now. When you are stronger all will be explained," answered the delighted Ellen, and kissing her pallid cheek, and recommending her to rest, she fled to her brother with the welcome tidings of Mrs. Parker's recovery.

On reaching Mr. Wells' study, she found him in a state of intense excitement, caused by something he had read in the newspaper, which he clutched convulsively with one hand, while with the other he pointed to a paragraph which read:

"Last night during a quarrel in one of the drinking dens of this city, a young man named Joseph Parker was shot by an unknown assassin through the heart. As Parker is a stranger in the city, his body will be in the morgue until to-morrow, in case some of his friends might wish to claim it."

"A terrible end to an ill-spent life," was Ellen's verdict, as, glancing over the article, she realized how just are the punishments of an all-wise God. "Lucy has regained her reason," she told her brother; "and is sensible of her child's loss. We must conceal it safely and the death of her husband from her until she is sufficiently strong to bear this double shock."

"You are right; my dear sister," rejoined Mr. Wells; "but in the meantime I will have the unfortunate Parker decently interred."

Accordingly he proceeded to the morgue, and there recognized in the bloated, scarred face the features of a once brilliant man and the husband of the unhappy Lucy. By Mr. Wells' orders the remains were conveyed to the nearest churchyard, and a plain marble slab erected to mark the resting place of him who had been the cause of his unhappiness and of Lucy's misery.

Under Ellen Wells' skillful nursing, Mrs. Parker's return to health was quite rapid. Day by day she gained new strength, till at length the doctor pronounced her strong enough to hear the tidings of her child's safety. As yet Mr. Wells had not seen her, and only on one occasion had she mentioned her preserver's name. This was when speaking of her past wretched existence, she blamed herself for having not only blighted her own life, but for being the cause of his misery. She told Ellen that her father had extorted a promise from her to marry Parker by avowing himself on the verge of bankruptcy, from which his marriage alone would save him. Accordingly she sacrificed her heart's dearest love in order to save her father's honor. Matters got worse instead of better, after this ill-fated marriage. Parker spent his time and money at the gaming table, and finally not content with squandering his own money, spent that of the firm also. A crisis was inevitable, and when at last the house was declared bankrupt everything was sacrificed to satisfy the creditors. Even her father was not spared her; for, when he realized the extent of misery in store for himself and his cherished child, he took his own life. But her trials did not end here. Her husband fell from one degredation to another, till at last, from neglecting his young wife he grew to abuse her. With the aid of a few friends she obtained several music scholars, and with the money thus earned kept starvation from her door. When at length her patrons refused to aid one whose drunken husband was ever in attendance, she resolved to fly with her child, an infant of seven months, from the scene of her many sorrows, to the east, where she hoped to get employment—but here she was followed and tortured by her tyrant husband's presence. Life become almost unbearable, but for her child, whom she devotedly loved, she would have ended her own existence. Jealous of the attention she lavished upon her babe, the inhuman father threatened to take it from her. Not dreaming him capable of so diabolical an act, she did not fear the fulfillment of this threat, and on the afternoon of the day they found her at their door, she left her darling under his care, while she went forth in search of employment. On her return after a fruitless afternoon's labor, she found their lodgings deserted, and not a trace of the whereabouts of her child to be seen. Realizing that her husband had kept his threat, she rushed, frantic with grief, about the streets in hopes of finding some clue to the little one's retreat. At length, tired of wandering about, she sat down upon a doorstep to rest. Here she remembered nothing further; and "Oh! Ellen," the invalid continued, "to think that I should have come to you, to be nursed by you back to life—you who would be justified in turning me from your door, because of the blight I have cast upon your noble brother's life. But God knows how bitterly I have been punished for my folly."

Tears filled Mrs. Parker's eyes, as she concluded her sorrowful story, and trinkeled down her pale cheeks. Ellen, kissing the tears away, vainly tried to cheer her by picturing a brighter future, the possibility of again finding her missing child. She declared she would never be happy while her tyrant husband lived.

Ellen, embracing this opportunity, disclosed the details of Parker's death and burial to his heart-broken wife, who listened with bated breath and long drawn sighs till she had finished the sad recital; then throwing her arms about Ellen's neck she sobbed out her grief on her shoulder.

The latter endeavored to soothe her sorrows, but Lucy was inconsolable, not so much at the loss of her miserable husband as at the realization of her own condition—deprived of her father, husband and child. "My poor baby," she wailed, "if I only had you I could bear all else."

"Then bear your trials, dear Lucy; your child is safe and well," Ellen said, and proceeded to tell the weeping mother how the child had been found at a gentleman's door; how it had been taken in and tenderly cared for, until she should be sufficiently recovered to take it back; that this same gentleman was at that moment waiting to restore it to her arms, and recommending her to quiet and rest, Ellen left the room to prepare her brother for the meeting.

Lucy had covered her face with her hands and promised to comply; but finding herself alone fell on her knees, and raising her hands and eyes to heaven, in fervent tones she thanked the Father of the widow and the orphan for having spared her to her fatherless little one. "Oh, God!" she concluded, "bless and prosper him who, in charity, has succored my lost lamb in its hour of direst need." Rising, she stood face to face with Frederick Wells."

For an instant her tongue refused to articulate a word, but as her eyes fell upon her lost darling whom he carried in his arms, she uttered a cry, and snatching the child to her glad bosom, the fond mother almost smothered the frightened little one with caresses.

Mr. Wells, standing a silent witness of this reunion, felt amply repaid for his long years of pain, and he thought how much more blessed it is to give joy than sorrow.

When Mrs. Parker raised her eyes, streaming with tears of joy, to his face, and said: "Mr. Wells, how shall I ever pay this great debt of gratitude, for not only do I owe my own life to your kindness, but also that of this child, infinitely more precious to me?" he answered: "By giving me the right to watch over and protect you both, I will be made immeasurably happy;" and drawing mother and child to his breast he kissed Lucy's tear-stained face.

Of course she consented, for a few months later a quiet wedding took place from the Wells' residence, when, after all her sorrows, Lucy Parker became the wife of her heart's first love.

Sure Cure.

"Don't you know its very wrong to smoke, my boy?" said an elderly looking lady, in a railway waiting-room to Young America, who persisted in puffing a cheap cigarette, much to the old lady's discomfort.

"Oh, I smoke for my health," answered the boy, emitting a volume of smoke from his mouth which almost strangled the old lady.

"But you never heard of a cure from smoking," continued the lady when she had regained consciousness.

"Oh, yes I did," persisted the boy, as he formed his mouth into a young Vesuvius working on full time; "that's the way they cure pigs."

"Smoke on then," quickly replied the old lady; "there's some hope for you yet!"—[Younkers Statesman.

A WAY THEY HAVE.—"How much is the ante," whispered a Red Gulch miner with a single $20 gold piece to the deacon with the collection plate in the Baptist church at Black Run, Colorado. He was told to contribute whatever he chose, whereupon he said he'd chip in a dollar, and proceeded to take $19 change. The deacon softly replied that no change was given. A struggle ensued, the plate was upset and the congregation were in the act of "jumping the deacon's claim," when the minister, an old Californian, leaned over the pulpit with a large navy revolver and observed: "The brethren will please take notice that I've got the drop on them, and any brother who declines to go to his seat or who touches any of that money will have a funeral at his house to-morrow at 2 o'clock P. M. Our mining friend from Red Gulch will kindly release the deacon's throat or he is a dead man." The $20 gold piece went to save the heathen.

A NEW PEACEMAKER.—A new gun, said to surpass all others in death-dealing powers, was tested a fortnight ago on the Hasenhaide at Berlin by an Imperial Military Commission, the inventor, Conrad Garbe, being present. The result was a favorable one, as the arm was proved capable of amazing rapidity in use. Its principal advantage lies in its simple construction, which makes necessary only four movements of the hands for loading and discharging. The cartridge cup can be expelled by a lateral jerk. The kick of the weapon, which weighs only nine pounds, is hardly, if at all, perceptible. The Commission recommended its adoption by the German army, and that partly in view of the fact that the Manser gun now in use can be easily remodelled on the Garbe system.

Lord Beaconsfield, though an old man—he was born in 1805—has not yet attained the age of some English statesmen in recent times. Lord Palmerston, for instance, was eighty-one when he died, and Earl Russell was born thirteen years before Benjamin Disraeli. Mr. Gladstone was born four years later, in 1809, and Mr. John Bright in 1811.

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Cash (coin in our vault)	628,312 98
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