

"HE AND SHE."

"She is dead!" They said to him: "Come away, Kiss her and leave her—thy love is clay!"

With a tender touch they closed up well The sweet thin lips that had secrets to tell;

About her brows and beautiful face They tied her veil and her marriage lace,

And over her bosom they crossed her hands—"Come away!" they said—"God understands."

And there was silence, and nothing there But silence, and scents of eglantine;

And jasmine, and roses, and rosemary; And they said: "As a lady should lie, lies she."

And they held their breath as they left the room With a shudder, to glance at its stillness and gloom.

But he who loved her too well to dread The sweet, the stately, the beautiful dead,

He lit his lamp, and took the key And turned it—alone again—he and she.

He and she; but she would not speak, Tho' he kissed, in the old place, the quiet cheek.

The first Henry drew his poignard, and as they were about to come to blows, a fourth knock was heard and the fourth young man—a fourth nobleman—a fourth Henry—was introduced.

At the sight of the drawn swords he drew his own, placed himself on the side of the most feeble and attacked with force. The old woman in dismay conciliated herself for the clashing swords seemed determined to strike whatever came within their reach.

Soon the lamp fell, went out and each struck in the dark. The noise of the swords lasted some time, gradually subsided, and finally ceased altogether.

Then the old woman ventured to leave her hiding place, relit the lamp and saw the four young men stretched on the floor, each wounded. She examined them; fatigue, rather than loss of blood, had suspended animosities, and raising themselves, one after the other, shamed of having fought against a woman, they laughed.

And the first Henry said, "Come, let us renew good feeling by partaking of this supper together." But when they looked the supper it was found on the floor trampled under foot and mixed with blood, which, simple as it was, they regretted to have spoiled.

Glancing to the other side of the cabin, they found everything bore the marks of their violence, and the old woman, seated in one corner, fixed her reddish-colored eyes upon them.

"Why do you look at us thus fixedly?" said the first Henry whom this glance troubled.

"I see your destinies written on your foreheads," she replied.

The second Henry rudely commanded her to reveal to them what she saw, while the others only laughed.

She answered: "As you are all united in this cabin, so you will all be united in the same destiny; as you have trampled under foot, and mixed with blood the bread that hospitality offered you, so you will trample under foot and mix with blood the power you will share; as you have devastated and impoverished this cabin, so you will devastate and impoverish France; as you have all four been wounded in the dark, so you will all four perish by treason and a violent death."

The four young nobleman laughed derisively at this prediction as they flung her some gold and prepared to leave the cabin, but the sequel testified to her prophetic power. These four nobles were the heroes of the league, two as its chiefs, and two as its enemies.

Henry of Conde, poisoned by his servants; Henry of Guise, assassinated by the Forty-five; Henry of Valois, Henry III., assassinated by Jacques Clement; Henry of Bourbon, Henry IV., assassinated by Ravalliac.

same thing with the whistle and with the wheel. When the boat was grinding away close in shore she makes an awful roar, but when we are well out in the middle of the stream you can scarcely hear it. The other way of judging the run of the boat and her direction is by the feel of her rudder.

When the pilot's hands are on the wheel, you know which way she is heading, even when we cannot find the jacksaft. Of course it is a science to some degree, but for the most part piloting in a fog is pure guesswork.

A Terrible Duel. A bloody, cruel and novel duel was fought in the lower edge of Guilford, between Ralph Johnson and Sacks Williams, two young farmers of that section, and rivals for the affections of a young woman.

Bad feelings had existed between them for some time, they had had words two days previous to the fight. Soon afterwards Johnson sent a friend to Williams with a letter, demanding a retraction of certain language used.

Williams declined to withdraw his remarks, and further correspondence resulted in an agreement to meet in combat, the time being fixed for the 30th ult. The articles drawn up specified horse-whips as the weapons to be used, something not heretofore recognized by the code in South Carolina.

These weapons were chosen, it is understood, in order that the combatants could thereby evade the penalties of the duelling law, which does not specify horse-whips as deadly weapons. Under the rules of the fight each man was required to stand upon a line traced upon the ground, marking the distance between the combatants.

When the time came, the combatants met in the middle of the field, each with a heavy horse-whip, especially selected for the fight, and the second of each duellist was supplied with an extra whip, to be used by his principal in the event of the wearing out or breaking of the weapon first used.

The combatants met one morning, each with a whip of his own. The field selected was a hard level spot about half a mile from the main road. The lines were made of rope, fastened to the ground by long staples. After a vain attempt had been made by the seconds to adjust the difficulty, the men took their positions, each with a whip in their right sleeves, the provisions of the fight being that no coat, vest or undershirt be worn. At 7 o'clock the question was asked: "Gentlemen, are you ready?" Each man nodded his head. The command "Strike!" was then given, and the duellists fell to blows with vigor.

Although the blows given were heavy and fast, neither man finished. Upon the hands and face of the combatants great welts soon rose, and the shirts of the men soon gave evidence that the blood was being drawn. At times they wielded their weapons with one hand, then with both, and occasionally one or the other was forced by the desperate assault of his adversary to fall back from his line.

After fighting for half an hour time was called, and the men, nearly breathless, were given a brief resting space. The fight continued for three hours with short intervals for rest. The seconds finally decided that the requirements of the code had been complied with, and forced the duellists to desist. It is understood that Johnson was more severely hurt than his adversary, and that there is not a place on his body that is not covered with welts.

Many of the blows gashed the flesh in a horrible manner. Williams is almost in the same condition, and both are now suffering terribly from the effects of their wounds, which are such that they can hardly lie down. Their feet are almost the only parts not covered with welts. No arrests have been made, and friends of the duellists are endeavoring to hush the matter up.—Raleigh Observer.

How to Run a Boat in a Fog. The river pilot sat close against the grate, roasting himself and chewing the end of a large and inky black cigar. He was studying the red-hot coals and musing.

FOREIGN NEWS AND GOSSIP. Vieuxtemps' collection of violins has been sold for \$10,800. A memorial window for Milton, the poet, is to be placed in Horton, England, village church, in which Milton's mother is buried.

The throne to be used at the Czar's coronation has already been ordered. It will be made of black oak, richly carved in antique Slavonic patterns, and will cost over \$8000.

Alexander Sherman, of Athens, Ga., proposed to eat a ten-pound fish raw if Shelton Jester would give him a fish of the same weight. Jester told Sherman to go ahead, and Sherman at once deputed the meal he had eaten in a month of Sundays.

The Sunday Argus, of Louisville, Ky., perpetrates this weekly jest: "Does your Helen remind you of Helen of Troy?" she asked sweetly, as the sofa springs flattened under a pressure of 160 pounds. "No, not precisely; you remind me more of Helen of Averdupois," was the scaly reply.

A citizen of St. Louis makes the following offer: "I will eat five pies within one hour for thirty days, between the hours of 11 and 10 o'clock, or, if that don't do it, I will wager \$500 in a match, go-as-you-please, that I will eat morphies in a given time, say ten hours, than any other man in St. Louis."

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