LOVE'S SACRIFICE.

Gethsemane
Denied our Lord all human sympathy,
And deepest grief
Is that we bear alone for others' sake,
Smiling the while, lest loving hearts should break,
For our relief.

O hearts that faint
Beneath your burdens great, but make no plaint,
Lift up your eyes!
Somewhere beyond, the life you give is found;
Somewhere we know, by God's own hand is crowned
Love's sacrifice.
—Maria Upham Drake in Youth's Companion.

THE DRUMMER BOY.

On the first day of the battle of Custozza, July 24, 1848, about sixty soldiers belonging to one of the Italian infantry regiments, having been sent to occupy an isolated house on a height, were unexpectedly attacked by two companies of Austrians, who, firing on them from different points, barely gave them time to take refuge in the house and hastily barricade the doors, leaving several dead and wounded in the fields. After barricading the doors the Italian soldiers hastily ran to the windows on the first floor, and began to pour a steady fire into the assailants, who were gradually advancing in a semicircle and replying vigorously.

The sixty Italians were commanded by two subalterns and a captain, a tall old fellow, lean and severe, with white hair and mustaches; with them there was a Sardinian drummer boy, a boy not much more than 14 years old, and who scarcely appeared to be 12; he was small, with an olive brown face, and two sparkling little deep black eyes. The captain was directing the defense from a window on the first floor, while the semicircle of the enemy kept closing up.

All at once, the captain, who until then had been impassible, was seen to show signs of uneasiness and to stride out of the room followed by a sergeant. About three minutes afterward the sergeant came running back and called the drummer boy, beckoning him to follow. The boy ran after him up a wooden staircase and went with him into an empty garret, where he saw the captain, who was writing with a pencil on a sheet of paper, leaning against the window, with a well rope on the floor at his feet.

The captain folded the paper and, looking with his cold grayish eyes, before which all the soldiers trembled, into the eyes of the boy, said abruptly:

"Drummer boy!" The drummer boy saluted. The captain said: "You've got grit." The boy's eyes lighted up. "Yes, captain," he answered.

"Look down there," said the captain, pushing him to the window, "in the plain, near the houses of Villafranca, where there is a glittering of bayonets. Those are our friends, standing idle. Take this note, catch hold of the rope, slide down from the window, run down the hill, go through the fields, reach our friends and give the note to the first officer you see. Chuck away your belt and knapsack."

The boy took off his belt and knapsack and put the note into his breast pocket; the sergeant threw out the rope and grasped one end of it with both hands; the captain helped the boy pass backward through the little window. "Take care," he said to him; "the safety of the detachment depends on your courage and on your legs."

"Trust me, captain," replied the drummer boy, swinging himself out.

"Stoop as you go down," said the captain again, helping the sergeant to hold the rope.

"Never fear."

"God help you."

In a few moments the boy was on the ground; the sergeant drew up the rope and disappeared; the captain sprang to the window and saw the boy flying down the hill.

He was already hoping that he had succeeded in escaping unobserved when five or six little clouds of dust which rose from the ground both before and behind the boy warned him that he had been seen by the Austrians, who were firing at him from the top of the hill. These little clouds were earth thrown up by the bullets. But the boy continued to run at breakneck pace. All at once he fell.

"Killed!" roared the captain, biting his fist. But he had scarcely said the word when he saw the boy get up. "Ah, only a fall!" he said to himself, and breathed again. In fact the boy began to run again as fast as he could, but he limped. "A sprained ankle," thought the captain.

The boy ran swiftly for awhile, then limped and slackened his pace, and then broke into a run again, but he seemed to become more and more fatigued, and every little while stumbled and paused for a moment.

"Perhaps he has been hit by a glancing bullet," thought the captain, and he shudderingly watched all his movements and encouraged him and spoke to him, as if the boy could hear him; he measured incessantly, with keen eyes, the distance interposing between the running boy and the glittering of arms which he saw down there in the plain in the midst of the wheat fields, gilded by the sun. And meanwhile he heard the whistling and the noise of the bullets in the rooms below, the imperious and angry cries of the officers and sergeants, the groans of the wounded, and the crashing of the furniture and plaster. "Up! courage!" he cried, following with his gaze the distant boy. "Forward! run! He has stopped, curse him! Ah! he is running again."

An officer came, out of breath, to say that the enemy, without ceasing their fire, were waving a white rag as a summons to surrender.

"Don't answer!" he cried, without removing his eyes from the boy, who was already in the plain, but who was no longer running, and who appeared to be dragging himself along with difficulty.

"But get on! run!" said the captain, grinding his teeth and clenching his fists; "kill yourself, die, scoundrel, but go on!" Then a horrible oath burst from him. "Ah! the infamous coward, he has sat down!" In fact, the boy, whose head, till now, he had seen projecting above a wheat field, had disappeared, as if he had fallen. But in a moment his head came into view again; finally he was lost behind the hedges, and the captain saw him no more.

He then flew downstairs; it was raining bullets; the rooms were encumbered with the wounded, some of them reeled about like drunken men, catching at the furniture; walls and floor were spattered with blood; corpses were lying across the doors; the lieutenant's arm had been broken by a ball; everything was in a whirl of smoke and dust.

"Courage!" yelled the captain. "Stick to your posts! Relief is coming! Courage for a little while longer!" The Austrians had drawn nearer yet, their contorted faces seemed through the smoke; above the rattle of the firing rose their savage cries, insulting, demanding surrender, threatening slaughter. Occasionally a soldier, terror stricken, retreated from the window; the sergeant drove him back. But the defenders' fire was slackening; their faces showed discouragement; it was impossible to prolong the resistance. Suddenly the firing of the Austrians slackened, and a thundering voice shouted, first in German, then in Italian:

"Surrender!"

"No!" howled the captain from a window. And the firing began again steadier and fiercer on both sides. More soldiers fell. Already more than one window was without defenders. The fatal moment was close at hand. The captain was muttering between his teeth in a broken voice: "They're not coming! They're not coming!" and he ran furiously about, twisting his saber in his clenched hand, resolved to die, when a sergeant, coming down from the garret, cried in a loud voice: "They're coming!"

"They're coming!" the captain repeated with a shout of joy. At this shout all, unhurt, wounded, sergeants and officers, rushed to the windows, and once more the resistance grew fierce. A few moments after, a sort of uncertainty and beginning of disorder were remarked in the enemy. Immediately, in great haste, the captain formed a small company down stairs, with fixed bayonets, ready to make a sally. Then he flew up stairs again. He had scarcely got up there when they heard a hurried tread, accompanied by a formidable hurrah, and from the windows they saw advancing through the smoke the two cornered hats of the Italian carabineers, a squadron dashing along at full speed, and the flashing of sword blades brandished in the air, descending on the heads, shoulders and backs of the enemy. Then the little troop rushed out of the door with lowered bayonets; the enemy wavered, became disordered and took to flight; the ground remained clear, the house was free, and a short time after the height was occupied by two battalions of infantry and two cannon.

The captain, with his remaining soldiers, rejoined his regiment, fought again, and was slightly wounded in the left hand by a glancing ball in the last bayonet charge. The day ended in victory for us.

But the day after, the fight having begun again, the Italians were overwhelmed, in spite of a brave resistance, by the superior numbers of the Austrians, and on the morning of the 26th they were compelled to retreat sorrowfully toward the Mincio.

The captain, although wounded, marched on foot with his soldiers, who were tired and silent, and toward sunset reached Goito on the Mincio, and immediately sought out his lieutenant, who had been picked up, with a broken arm, by our ambulance, and who had arrived there first. He was directed to a church, where a field hospital had hastily been installed. He went there. The church was full of wounded, reclining on two rows of beds and mattresses stretched on the floor; two doctors and various assistants were anxiously going and coming, and stifled cries and groans were heard.

On entering the captain stopped and looked about him, in search of his officer. Just then he heard a faint voice close by, calling to him:

"Captain!"

He turned around; it was the drummer boy; he was stretched on a trestle bed, covered up to the chest by a coarse window curtain with little red and white squares, with his arms out; he was pale and thin, but with his eyes still sparkling, like two black gems.

"Are you here?" the captain asked him, in an astonished, but stern manner. "Bravo! You did your duty."

"I did what I could," answered the drummer boy.

"Have you been wounded?" said the captain, looking around for his officer in the beds near by.

"What would you have!" said the boy, who took courage to speak from the proud pleasure of being wounded for the first time, and without which he would not have dared to open his mouth in the presence of his captain. "I had to run like a hunchback; they saw me immediately. I should have arrived twenty minutes sooner if they hadn't hit me. Fortunately I found a staff captain directly to whom to give the note. But it was hard coming down after that lick! I was dying of thirst, kept thinking that I shouldn't get there, and was crying with rage to think that with every minute's delay some one was going to the other world, up there at the house. Bah! I did what I could. I am contented. But, allow me, captain. Look at yourself, you are bleeding."

In fact, from the captain's badly bandaged palm a few drops of blood were trickling down his fingers.

"Do you want me to tighten the bandage, captain? Hold it out a moment."

The captain held out his left hand, and put out his right to help the boy to undo and retie the knot; but no sooner had the boy raised himself from the pillow than he grew pale, and was compelled to rest his head again.

"Enough, enough," said the captain, looking at him and drawing away his bandaged hand, which the boy wished to keep; "take care of yourself instead of thinking of others, because even slight things can become serious when they are neglected."

The drummer boy shook his head.

"But you," said the captain, looking at him attentively, "you must have lost a good deal of blood to be as weak as that."

"Lost much blood?" answered the boy, with a smile. "More than blood. Look!"

And with a jerk he pulled off the covering.

The captain stepped back horrified.

The boy had but one leg; his left leg had been amputated above the knee and the stump was bandaged with rags which were covered with blood.

Just then a fat little army surgeon passed in his shirt sleeves.

"Ah, captain," he said quickly, nodding at the drummer boy, "that is an unfortunate case; a leg which could have been saved easily if he had not forced it in that mad way; a cursed inflammation; it had to be cut off at once. Oh, but . . . a brave boy, I assure you; he didn't shed a tear nor utter a cry! On my word of honor, I was proud that he was an Italian boy, while I was operating. He comes of a good stock, by Jove!"

And he hurried away.

The captain frowned, and looked intently at the drummer boy, while drawing the covering over him again; then, slowly, almost without knowing it, and still looking at him, he raised his hand to his head and lifted his cap.

"Captain!" exclaimed the boy in surprise, "what are you doing, captain—to me!"

And then that rough soldier, who had never said a gentle word to an inferior, replied in an inexpressibly soft and affectionate voice:

"I am but a captain; you are a hero."

Then he threw himself with open arms on the little drummer boy and kissed him three times on the heart.—Edmondo de Amicis in The Cosmopolitan.

EPISODE IN CONSTANTINOPLE.

A Moslem Princess Offends the Proprieties of Oriental Society—The Penalty.

It so happened during the past summer that this fair princess desired to pay some Moslem rites upon the grave of her mother who died the summer before upon the Bosphorus. She came to Constantinople. Her physicians ordered her to Prinkipo. There she took a house near ours, and, as in duty bound, I make my devoirs. My wife invites her to ride in our launch, amid the isles of our beautiful little archipelago. Without much reflection I procure a carriage, drive to the villa of the princess and tap the knocker. Her man servant comes to the door, and soon she appears radiant in all the beauty of her white tulle yashmak, and as stately as became one of the line of Mehemet Ali. I assist her into the carriage. She sits by the side of my wife and they make the vivacious French incandescent with their talk. We drive to the scala, where the flag and the launch await us. Unfortunately at this time one of the ferries from Constantinople comes in and lands about a thousand passengers. They see the Giaour, with the stovepipe hat. He is gallanting a Mohammedan lady. The rumor reaches the kaimakam, or governor of the island. We return to the scala after our sail among the islands. We drive her to her home in the carriage, which is waiting. What is the result? Before I take the boat that day for Constantinople my driver, horses and carriage are arrested by order of the kaimakam!

This is indeed an adventure not provided for by any instructions from the state department. At once I send a remonstrance to the kaimakam against the arrest of one in the employ of the American minister. It is couched in unabridged terms, such as are embraced in the word interterritoriality.

It is needless to say that this proceeding reached the prefect in the city, and I fear the sultan and the palace also. There has been an apparent infraction of the Turkish law, which forbids a Mahometan woman, unless of princely rank, to be seen upon the street with any man, and more especially a Christian. The plug hat made a prima facie case. However, the matter was decorously settled, as it should have been; for the kaimakam had exceeded his authority. It was a matter outside of his jurisdiction. His conduct was arbitrary. He had no warrant or process for the seizure of the horses, the driver or carriage. If there had not been an Oriental princess in the case—who exhibited some sensibility in relation to her royal independency, which perhaps she had overstepped—the matter might have figured in our diplomatic correspondence. As it was, the affair was properly settled without a pursuit of the governor. My impression is that he did not know the quality of the lady nor the capacity of the minister. I had occasion to remedy at the palace any seeming mischief which may have been done. The princess left us the next day, which was the beginning of Bairam, in order to sacrifice a sheep upon the grave of her mother. She was a devout Moslem, as well as a most charming and intelligent woman.

I am sorry to undignify the kaimakam of the Princes Islands, who produced so much trouble in this romance of the princess. Since I left the island he has become an ex-kaimakam. This means an unknown quantity not only in algebra, but in politics. He was removed from office. He had been unmindful of the relation of meum et tuum. He overdrew his salary by more than $8,000, an act without legality on his part, or satisfaction on the other part.—S. S. Cox's Book.

Pleasure and Pain.

Thus no one can define life or death, and pleasure and pain are equally incapable of definition, or even of accurate description. We think we know what it is to live and feel pleasure or pain, but when we attempt to express our thoughts by words we discover that the feat is impracticable. The answer to the question "What is pain?" must therefore be, "No one knows." This is how far we have proceeded in the quest for a definitive answer. Pain is a sensation which more or less rapidly and acutely assails the faculty of endurance. In its commonest forms it is suffering produced by nerve excitation, the elements of the nervous apparatus being either directly or by a transmitted irritation mechanically disturbed. For example, compressed, as in squeezing or bursting pain; or stretched, as when the pain is aching or tearing; bruised or lacerated, as when the pain is due to a cut or wound of some sort. It is not of course always the fact that these mechanical injuries to nervous tissue take place at the point to which pain is referred, because, being a sensation, pain is felt at some seat of sensation that is in connection with the sensory apparatus affected, although it may be remote from the point where the impression is produced. In short, pain may be a message of suffering sent from some injured part through a chain of nerve elements as a message of word symbols is transmitted by a telegraphic wire.—London Lancet.

A Shrewd Yankee.

A northern shoe merchant set up a shop in Vicksburg several years ago, and buying his stock of the manufacturer he had always dealt with, without reference to any peculiarities among his new patrons, found himself loaded with an absolutely unsalable lot of shoes. At first he thought his case was hopeless, and then noticing that the few small numbers he had were too small really for the people that called for them, he tumbled to the real state of the case. The Vicksburg ladies were greatly gratified at his diplomatically loud avowals that he had bought his stock all wrong through ignorance of the tininess of the southern foot, and when he at considerable expenditure of time and ingenuity managed to mark a large part of his stock over again and invited them to come and see his new goods bought for little feet, he drove a good trade, and he says saved himself from bankruptcy. As a fact, however, he did have a few boxes of advanced sizes for which he had no call whatever.—New York Graphic.

AT AN ENGLISH MEET.

AN OCCASION OF EXCESSIVE HOSPITALITY AND SOCIABILITY.

An English Country Day in Midwinter. Exceeding Mildness of the Weather. The Riders and Their Costumes—Arrival of the Hounds.

In the first place, the country is much more interesting than with us in the winter. It is rare for the mercury to go below 26 or 28 degs. Fahrenheit. The English people use the freezing point 32 as the indicator. They speak of 3 or 4 degs. of frost meaning so many degrees below 32. They never have weather which approaches zero. The winters being comparatively mild the grass remains green throughout the year, and but little snow falls. The morning after Christmas I went over with a party of friends to a meet of the hounds. Lord Fitzhardinge is the master of the hounds for that district. It was the first English meet I had ever seen, and as the day was absolutely perfect the picture was a most delightful one to my unsportsmanlike vision.

The morning was crisp and clear. There was a light hoar frost on the ground which soon gave way, so that the ground became moderately soft under the rays of the sun. There was not a bit of wind. The course to be run was over a succession of green, grassy downs skirting hedgerows and thick clumps of woodland. These downs ran to a line of cliffs overlooking an arm of the sea, beyond which was a long line of blue hills—the Welsh mountains. A meet in England is one of the most democratic of gatherings. It was a new thing for me to learn that anybody in the neighborhood can come to a meet and be received if he can find a quadruped to carry him. The butcher, the baker, the candlestick maker can come and ride alongside of the gentry and keep up with them if they have as good horses and are as skillful riders.

AT THE MEET.

The meet took place on the broad lawn of a handsome country place of a private gentleman who has large coal interests at the Cape Verde islands. There were upward of a thousand people who came through his gates and up his walks without any invitation, driving in all sorts of carriages and carts and upon all sorts of horses. Several hundred came on foot. Another strange feature of this promiscuous gathering was the fact that every one who came was made welcome to the private hospitality of the house. The son of the host actively assisted the servants in passing out sandwiches and mulled claret to whoever rode up to the door. There was a constant procession of lunching horsemen in front of the door for at least two hours before the hounds arrived with Lord Fitzhardinge and the whippers in.

There were all sorts of riding costumes. The master of the hounds and the whippers in wore the traditional pink coats, as did a few of the other riders. The majority of the the riders, however, even among the regular members of the hunt, wore dark coats. Two many officers from the neighboring barracks came up on very smart horses, wearing hunting dresses which looked as neat as full dress uniforms. They wore high silk hats with small steel chains attached to the brim in the rear and passing around their necks. Their coats were four button cutaways with long skirts and broad flapped pockets. These coats were buttoned up tight to the throat, above which appeared a high white collar and a white cravat. Their knee breeches were white corduroy. Their boots were high patent leather, with steel spurs upon the lower part of the heel. They were handsome, trim looking men, and sat their horses with perfect ease. One of the most striking of the lady riders was a relative of the master of the hounds. She was not over 14 years of age. Her slim figure was set off by a dark blue close fitting riding suit. Her hair, a dazzling golden silver, floated in the wind unconfined from underneath a black derby hat. She was mounted on a thin skinned, high bred, iron gray horse, which seemed to be under the perfect control of his beautiful young mistress. But the good riders and the correct hunting dresses were the exception. This was owing in part to the fact that it was a holiday, and upon such occasions the regular members of the hunt are inclined to stay away. The trades people of Bristol came out in great numbers. They were very enthusiastic sportsmen, but they made up a motley gathering, coming as they did upon all sorts of horses and in all sorts of riding dresses.

THE HOUNDS.

The main interest culminated when the hounds arrived. They were such a smart, intelligent looking lot of animals. They all carried their heads and tails straight up. They appeared to be eager and anxious to be away, but were easily restrained by the whips of the servants in charge. They were moved about with the precision and rapidity of well drilled soldiers. When the hounds came into the inclosure about the house where the meet took place they smelled the food of the morning lunch and were at once going to press to the front, but a wave of the whippers-in stick sent them back in a compact mass to a corner of the inclosure, where they remained. The amount of lunching and drinking done by the people who arrived, and who must have just come from their breakfast, simply illustrated the ability of the English people to eat at any and all times as a preliminary to anything in the way of work or fun.

There was no great excitement about the start. The hunters went away at an easy pace and followed the road for several miles. Gates were opened for them all through the first part of the morning. It was only when a fox was started and the hounds were in full cry that anything like hard cross country riding was attempted. Few of the Bristol people ventured on jumping any of the hedges, so within a very few moments after the start the good riders had everything to themselves. Pedestrians, horsemen and people in wagons went about the country all the morning seeking to cross the trail of the hunters. I was told that the cost of keeping up a pack of fox hounds for ordinary hunting purposes is £6,000 a year. After once seeing an English meet it is easy to understand the interest in it. The fox is merely an excuse for sharp and brilliant riding across a lovely country in brilliant, sparkling weather. The meet is generally made up of congenial spirits, and, therefore, has the additional element and zest of sociability.
—T. C. Crawford in New York World.

CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW

HOW HE LOOKS AFTER HIS UMINOUS CORRESPONDENCE

Varied Character of the Letters he Receives—All Sorts of Requests from All Sorts of People—Invitation Letters by the Dozen.

A safe yawns in one corner of ... From underneath the closed lid of M... pew's desk peep a row of newspapers ... one has been in his room before he ... mail has been placed at hand for ... tion. And it is something of a mail ... you would think if you had to ... oddest thing about these letters is ... character. Half or more refer to the ... ness of the great corporation which ... Depew manages; the other half refer ... still more widely known relations ... social world.

Here is a letter that would have made ... president's great predecessor, Commodore ... Vanderbilt, turn black with rage ... provokes a smile on Mr. Depew's ... nance. It is from a college boy who ... appointed by his Greek letter society to ... fend a certain proposition in a public ... The question is: "Resolved, that free ... is more advantageous to the United ... protection." The unhappy writer is ... to uphold the Cobden theory, and ... the magnitude of the task and the ... of the question, he seeks Mr. Depew's ... briefly on the subject.

A courteous reply is immediately dictated ... thanking the youth for the honor of ... quest, and expressing regret that ... cares prevent his giving the matter ... liberation the importance of the subject ... mands.

ALL SORTS OF WANTS.

Another and partially similar request ... from a young man in Ohio, who is ... upon to make a speech at a Sunday ... convention. Would Mr. Depew please ... him a few suitable suggestions for the ... sion? Or, if that would be too much ... a copy of his own speeches would be ... appreciated.

"The third letter of that sort within ... months," comments the president ... crumples the paper in his hand and ... into the waste basket.

"Astonishing how many people there ... who want money. And they always ... large sums, too," he remarks, as he ... an open letter in a woman's handwriting ... have no doubt of this woman's need ... sincerity. Read it."

Hon. Chauncey M. Depew:

I am forced to appeal to your generosity ... though I should much rather not do ... years ago my husband died, leaving ... six children and my little home. I ... obliged to mortgage the property for $1, ... Last summer I was sick and could not ... the interest. Will you please advance ... money. The place will be foreclosed ... first of the month, and I don't know ... shall do. Please don't disregard the ... of a widowed and despairing mother.

"You notice," observes the president, ... there is not one word in this about ... ing the money. She evidently expects ... a gift."

"Will you answer it?"

"What good would that do? She ... only write again. I very seldom answer ... begging letters. Courtesy in such cases ... erally makes matters worse."

There are other letters of a similar ... asking for sums varying from $500 to $... They are read and buried without ceremony ... in the waste basket.

LETTERS OF INVITATION.

Now we come to a different kind of letters. These ask favors, but not pecuniary ones ... less a busy man's time is regarded literally ... that light. They are invitations to dinners ... where a speech is expected in addition to ... company. There are an even half dozen ... these, three of them for the same evening. They are, pleasantly answered and politely declined, with regret.

Here is a letter from a committee ... thriving southern city. They are about ... open with impressive ceremonies a ... chamber of commerce, and want Mr. Depew ... to deliver the oration of the day. He is ... urged in fervent terms not to disregard ... invitation.

"Of course, I cannot go," he observed. ... is out of the question. If I accepted all ... invitations I received I would have ... half a dozen different towns on the same ... night frequently."

The stenographer takes down a witty reply ... regretting that other duties prevent his ... ceptance.

"Now, next week," he continues, "I shall ... receive half a dozen letters from gentlemen ... in that town whom I know. They will ... me to come and will tell me that the ... sion is of such importance that the ordinary ... reasons which prompted my refusal do not ... apply to it in the least. This sort of ... fusal has to be repeated two or three ... on the average."

Letters from clergymen asking for ... from friends asking for places, from ... begging the reinstatement of dismissed ... from political managers making suggestions ... for speeches, and from captious critics ... ing strictures regarding speeches that ... already been made, comprise a part only ... the remaining letters.

Rather a hard task to wade through ... all! It would be under any circumstances, ... but it is rendered doubly difficult to President Depew. There is hardly a letter ... bundle which is not read while some ... is talking to him. His vocal replies ... stantly mingled with his written ones ... the stenographer is often half in despair ... to whether a sentence is intended for ... respondent in San Francisco or the ... magnate from Chicago, who is seated ... president's side.—Benjamin Northrop in ... York Mail and Express.

Vacant Farms in England.

An agricultural journal in England ... nounces that the number of farms which ... be vacated in all parts of the country ... Michaelmas is "entirely without precedent." Many farms which have been occupied ... successive members of the same families ... generations are to be given up, as the ... find that they can only continue farming ... a ruinous loss.—Chicago Times.

It is well to remember that he who ... danger is very likely to perish in it.—Christian Reid.