

SEVEN TIMES ONE.

BY JEAN INGLOW.

There's no dew left on the daisies and clover,
There's no rain left in heaven,
I've said my "seven times" over and over,
Seven times one are seven.

I am old, so old, I can write a letter;
My birthday lessons are done;
The lambs play always they know no better;
They are only once times one.

O moon! in the night I've seen you sailing
And stirring so round and low;
You were bright! all bright! but your light is
Sailing—

You moon! have you done something wrong in
heaven
That God has hidden your face?
I hope if you have you'll soon be forgiven,
And shine again in your place.

O velvet bee, you're a dusty fellow,
You've powdered your legs with gold!
O brave marsh mary-buds, rich and yellow,
Give me your money to hold.

O columbine, open your folded wrapper,
Where two twin turtle doves dwell!
O crook-necked bell, tell me the purple clapper
That hangs on your clear green bell!

And show me your nest with the young ones
in it;
I will not steal them away;
I am old! you may trust me, innit, innit—
I am seven times one to-day.

CASTLES IN THE AIR.

BY MAY FOREST.

O, visions that haunt me, waking,
How swiftly do ye speed!
Like a ripple over a lakelet
Or shadow over a wood,
Ye dash and gleam and glitter—
Though fleeting, wondrous fair—
I would dwell in your cloud-built palaces,
My castles in the air.

I would stand on your golden towers
And gaze at the gleaming west,
Or lay my head, at evening,
On a pillow of cloud, to rest;
And through the purple shadows
Should float a seraph band,
And my soul should drink the music
Of the far-off spirit-land.

RUNNING THE FORTS.

Alex W. Pearson, of Vineland, N.J., writes a story of how Porter ran by Vicksburg. Mr. Pearson was paymaster on the steamer Red Rover, attached to the Mississippi squadron. He tells how the gauntlet was run in this manner:

The ironclads were anchored in the Mississippi, just below the mouth of the Yazoo, in the order of procession they were to take in passing the blockade. All seemed ready, and everybody was on the qui vive for the start. Past 10 o'clock that night we heard the deep tone of the boatswain's mate, of the Louisville (he had a voice like a lion) calling: "All hands! Up anchor!" "There! They are off!" was the word, and we hurried on deck to get a parting glimpse of our "forlorn hope." We breathlessly listened to the rattle of the chain cables as they came in, and could distinguish the dark outlines of the iron-clads as they swung in the stream. Then there was a signal from the flagship, and again we heard the boatswain: "Let go anchor!" The cables rattled out again, and all was still. We drew a long breath. "They're not going to-night!" "Something has happened!" So all hands turned in.

Thus, upon successive nights, was the fleet practiced in the preliminaries of departure, until all became so used to the performance that the movement was as mechanical as any other drill, and spectators ceased to regard it with especial interest.

Meanwhile the three transports which were to go below were getting ready. It was decided to economize life by removing the crews from these steamers, leaving only two pilots at the wheel and two engineers to handle the engines. The duty of guiding these large and defenseless steamers through the tempest of fire they were destined to traverse seemed extra hazardous. The post of the pilot particularly, perched up in the sky-parlor, was uncomfortably isolated and distinguished when 100-pounder shot and shell were flying about regardless of consequences. The loneliness in itself was kind of "pokerish." Danger, like misery, loves company.

To avoid the disagreeable responsibility of ordering chosen individuals to occupy these perilous positions, Admiral Porter called for volunteer pilots. Every pilot in the squadron volunteered! Even the two old Nestors who presided at the wheel of the Red Rover got me to write an application requesting that they might be "permitted to have the pleasure" of taking one of the steam transports past Vicksburg.

THE PILOTS OF THE MISSISSIPPI. There was another difficulty. All were so eager for the post of honor that it was a delicate matter to make selection. I cannot forbear digressing here to place on record my humble tribute of respect and admiration for the pilots of the Mississippi river. Taken as a class, their gallantry outshines comparison. Accustomed to grave responsibility in sudden emergencies, bred to decide and act instantly, when upon such action may depend the safety of hundreds confiding in their care, in the face of imminent peril deliberate yet prompt, with a courage which has stood all tests, their seeming recklessness springs not from regardlessness, but from a heroic contempt of danger and in the performance of what they understood to be legitimate duty. I verily believe that the pilot of the Mississippi squadron would have volunteered to take the fleet of steamers over Niagara falls.

Those who were so fortunate as to be "permitted the pleasure" requested to arrange their surroundings according to their judgment; that is, they didn't want any surroundings. Reasoning philosophically, that a cannon shot often does more harm by the splinters it scatters than by itself, they had the pilot house, which shelters the wheel on the lofty decks of these Western steamers, removed, leaving the wheel and themselves exposed. This settled the splinter business, except such as might come from a shot striking the spokes of the wheel. One of the pilots remarked to me when inspecting his post of duty and honor, "They'll have to take center shots to 'raise' the hair on us now!" Still, there was an unusual nakedness about the elevation calculated to make one feel as I once felt when topping out a tall hay-tack in the midst of a vindictive thunder-storm. I was "head center" just then, and felt so.

A CONSULDEATE ADMIRAL.

When Admiral Porter was ready to start on his excursion past Vicksburg we learned it on the hospital ship. Porter always had a fatherly care for and interest in the comfort and satisfaction of those of his comrades who had suffered by the fortune of war. He knew that the poor wounded and helpless heroes languishing in the wards of the Red Rover felt a keen sympathy with him and with those he would like with him in this desperate undertaking, and he knew that all eagerly wished to see what might be seen of a spectacle which promised to be one of tremendous import and excitement. One day he intimated to Dr. Pickney that he might take the Rover down to the bend above Vicksburg toward evening (just for an airing) and anchor there for the night. We knew what that meant. And all the weary sufferers on board soon knew it, too. It was better than a dose of quinine. There is no tonic like going into action, or seeing your friend go in.

MECHANIC'S LIEN.—When the owner of a building has paid a sub-contractor, calling mechanic's lien, a sum of money in account of his work without directing its application, the sum will be applied to those items for which the property of the owner might have been rendered liable by a lien.—*Nelson vs. Partridge's* administrator, St. Louis Court of Appeals.

MORTGAGE OF STOCK.—A mortgage upon shares of stock in a corporation is not within a statute authorizing mortgages upon real and personal property to be recorded, and the recording of such an instrument is not constructive notice to a subsequent purchaser.—*Spalding vs. Paine's* administrator, Kentucky Court of Appeals.

INSURANCE.—A policy provided that it should become void in case of failure to make prompt payment of premium, but upon a surrender within thirty days thereafter a proportional paid-up policy would be issued. The agent at the time of issuing the policy represented that it was non-forfeitable, and the insured, in reliance on his representations, failed to apply for a paid-up policy within the specified time. Held, that the insured had no legal right to rely on what was said by the agent at the time he took the policy. If the loose expressions used by the agent at the time imported more than was contained in the policy, all negotiations between the parties, and all that was said at the time, are conclusively deemed by the law to have been merged in the written contract. That expresses the exact contract made between the parties at the time and the whole of it.—*The Attorney General vs. Continental Life, Insurance Company*, New York Court of Appeals.

Photographing Dogs and Babies.

The artist was a heavy-eyed man; his hair was unkept, his scarf was disarranged, and his coat-sleeves were turned up. He looked weary.

"I have just been attempting to fix a baby's attention," he said, in an explanatory tone, "by throwing hand-springs behind the camera. When I showed the negative to the mother she made the inevitable observation that the face lacked expression. Can you put expression on the surface of a lump of damp putty?"

"Is it easier to photograph dogs than babies?"

"Oh, thousand times. You can fix a dog's attention and hold it for a time without difficulty. Then, dogs' faces are more or less expressive. None of them has the look of stupidity that the average baby wears except the pug. Pug dogs, by the way, are the easiest to take. All you have to do is to put them in front of the camera and they go to sleep at once. The most difficult dog I ever struggled with was an Italian greyhound. It was a delicate and extremely sensitive little creature, and endowed with almost human intelligence. It couldn't keep its shadowy legs still half a second to save its life.

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