

LINES TO A FRIEND.

BY MARY F. SCHUYLER.

I know that we shall meet some day, somewhere;
It may be when we both are growing old
And youth has lost its charm—we shall not care,
Our heart's need not have in that time grown cold;
Yes, in some other clime—some other land,
I know that I shall call your warm, true hand.
It may be in the spring time, when the earth
Gives kindly welcome to the sun's bright rays,
In springing grass and modest violets,
With robins trilling forth their pure, sweet lays;
I would not hope to meet you in the strife
Of worldly cares which mar the joys of life.
Or we may meet in summer, when the fields
Are rich with golden grain—when blooming flowers
And ripening fruits shed fragrance on the air,
Eolian breezes speed the swift-winged hours;
Our time of meeting may be far away,
But still I know that we shall meet some day.
It may be in the autumn, when the trees
Have changed their airy hues to gold and brown;
When earth, robbed of its verdure, seems to plead
For every faded leaf, slow, fluttering down;
But though the autumn winds may sadly sigh,
We may not meet in sorrow, you and I.
Or we may meet in winter, when the earth
Is robed in fleecy folds of purest white,
With crystal gems on housetop, tree, and tower,
Reflecting beauteous rays of changing light;
We may have reached the winter of our age,
With tear-drops blotting life's close-written page.
Or we may meet in that bright world above,
Beyond death's valley, in that Aëdon where
Lost joys are all regained—loved ones restored,
No restless yearnings—no unanswered prayer;
Ah, yes, dear friend, I know we shall meet there,
And we may meet on earth some day—somewhere.

A PLUCKY GIRL.

BY CAPTAIN JAMES MONTFORD.

"Relate your experience as a prisoner, Colonel," said the worthy wife, as he declared his inability to furnish a story for that evening.
"You have already heard that, which is no adventure of mine, by the way, or at least I played a very unimportant part."
"It's so long since I heard it that the circumstance has escaped my memory," returned the lady.
The Colonel acquiesced and said:
"It is a pretty story enough; but the heroine did not consider me in the least, I can promise you. Did you never think how seldom an adventure crosses the path of a married man? They are either shot dead, and there is nothing to tell, or—"
"Perhaps the actors keep the story to themselves," I suggested, "for fear of more adventures at home."
"Well, I was a party in the affair, if not a principal, and the matter is as follows:
"There was a young man, whom I will call Frank Tooke, in my regiment. He was the nephew of a farmer dwelling in Missouri near the place where I was located at that time.
"Frank had entered the service without his uncle's consent, and, indeed, against his inclination; for the old gentleman had 'leavings' in the contrary direction.
"His distaste was not so strong, however, but that he invited the story-teller to accompany Frank to the farm-house to tea.
"I refused twice or thrice; but as the farmer continued his solicitations, I at last appointed a day, and accompanied by Frank, rode over to the farmer's house.
"We were well received, and everything done to make the visit pleasant; but as it contains nothing remarkable I shall pass it.
"But one object of my observation was the young woman who displayed so much energy a few hours later.
"She was the daughter of a neighbor, and as I soon suspected from several glances I witnessed between Frank and herself, she had been invited by Mr. Tooke's daughters to meet their cousin.
"She was a pretty girl, with dark hair and eyes, bright and good-natured. As I sat alone with Frank for a few minutes just before sundown, he told me all about her, and something that seemed to interest him above the rest—she was his promised wife.
"So far the visit was fair as could be described; but misfortune was gathering, and soon after night set in it descended.
"It was a warm evening, and the windows of the sitting-room, opening out upon a long veranda, had been raised to admit the air.
"We were seated quietly, listening, I believe, to the mistress of Frank's affections while she played a rollicking war tune upon the antiquated organ, when I happened to turn toward the windows, and saw a sight that brought me upon my feet immediately.
"A large, bearded man stood upon the veranda looking into the room. He held a long rifle in his hands, and as I rose presented it at my head.
"No resistance," he said, harshly, and stepping in through the window, was followed by half a dozen men.
"All was excitement and alarm. The women screamed, and old Mr. Tooke swore; but it was all of no use.
"I had been warned before coming to the farm house that a detachment of Hildebrand's bushwhackers were lurking in the neighborhood, and I at once concluded that I had fallen into their power.
"They had surrounded the house, and escape was impossible. Frank and myself were soon bound to our chairs at the mercy of the rascals.
"They did not attempt to plunder the house. Perhaps they had some respect for Mr. Tooke's principles, but nothing he could say prevailed upon the fellows to release their prisoners.
"I heard that after the first burst of excitement was over Miss Brady, Frank's betrothed, seemed to become strangely composed.
"She whispered a few words in the ear of Mr. Tooke, and then left the room.
"The old man came up to the leader of the gang and invited him to partake of a cold collation and some liquor he had that day procured.
"This offer was accepted at once, and the outlaws were very merry for half an hour—so long as the liquor lasted—but they were careful to have a guard upon us, and no opportunity presented itself for our escape.
"At last they prepared to leave the house, and we were led into the yard and mounted upon a pair of poor horses behind two powerful ruffians.
"The band rode off at a good pace, which was kept up until we arrived at a thick wood upon the bank of a river, five miles from Mr. Tooke's residence.
"This seemed to be the rendezvous of the gang, for fires were smoldering and a few camp utensils were scattered about upon the ground.
"Dismounting, the horses were picketed,

and the marauders prepared to turn in for the night.

"Blankets were furnished us, but we were not in a condition to court sleep with any success.
"Mercy was an article to be expected from the gang only so long as it suited their inclinations; they were liable to drag us to execution at the least alarm.
"Guards were set around the camp, and soon all was quiet.
"An hour or more dragged away. You may imagine how pleasant I felt with the prospect of meeting a miserable death in the morning.
"Disgrace was certain at least, for I would be carried away into the mountains, far off from my command. The prospect of release was small, for there was no exchange of prisoners with the guerrilla band.
"But suddenly I heard a slight noise at my side. We lay at the foot of a tree, wrapped in our blankets, side by side. By the smoldering light of the fire I saw a hand appear from behind the tree.
"It rested upon Frank's shoulder, while a voice said:
"Be quiet—help is near."
"The young fellow started violently, his lips parted, and I feared he would alarm the foes.
"But he choked back his astonishment, and soon recognized the speaker as Miss Brady.
"Are your hands free?" she asked in a whisper.
"No," returned Frank in the same tone.
"She moved cautiously forward and severed the bands. I was soon afterward released.
"Where is the sentinel?" I asked, still lying in the same position, "and tell us how you came here, that we may know how to proceed."
"The fellow is upon the other side of the camp, upon the ground; I believe he is asleep.
"But who is with you?" asked Frank; "you did not come alone."
"A negro servant is all. I have horses, though; you must slip away."
"We rose up carefully from the ground, and slipped away after Miss Brady, who led the way toward the horses.
"As we reached the place where they stood, the young woman gave an exclamation of startled surprise, and turned back quickly.
"There's the sentinel," she whispered.
"Looking forward, I saw the shadow of a tall man but a few feet distant.
"He was coming directly toward us, and, as his eyes were fastened upon me, I knew my presence had been discovered.
"Determined to resist recapture, I moved forward.
"He mistook me for one of his comrades probably, for he came directly up to me without a word.
"I knew that I would be recognized immediately, and resolved to take advantage of the man's ignorance of my intent.
"As he came within reach I leaped upon him and seized his throat.
"He gave a yell of surprise and fear; but Frank came to my assistance and the ruffian was soon silent.
"But his yell had aroused the camp, and we heard the outlaws run to their weapons and answer the sentinel with wild cries.
"Come on," cried Miss Brady, running forward toward the point where the horses were concealed.
"We soon came upon a negro who held three horses, and an instant later were in the saddle.
"As we galloped out of the woods the bushwhackers were at our heels.
"The horses we rode were poor, and, as one was double loaded, escape would have been impossible had it not been for the fortunate arrival of a posse of soldiers from the camp.
"The marauders at once ran off at the appearance of re-enforcements, and we saw them no more.
"Half an hour later we reached Mr. Tooke's farmhouse, when Miss Brady gave the following account of her plan:
"When she saw her lover captured by the guerrillas, she had hurried to the negro quarters, and dispatched a boy to the camp for aid.
"This was a good move, as the plunderers would not have been easily discovered; but the girl was plucky, and as she saw the men preparing to quit the place with their prisoners, she, with the aid of a negro, equipped the steeds, and followed upon the trail.
"The remainder had been accomplished with ease; for the gang expected nothing of the sort, and were off their guard.
"But it was not every young woman nowadays that would display so much resolution and courage."—Chicago Ledger.

The City of Los Angeles.

The city of Los Angeles, the commercial center and largest municipality of Southern California, is a curiosity; or, rather, it is made up of numerous curiosities, such as are not found in any portion of the United States but the Pacific coast. The city contains a population of fully 35,000 persons, and the number is steadily increasing. This number includes about 5,000 Chinamen, nearly all of whom live in that portion of the city known as Chinatown. Their habitations (I can hardly call them houses) are in a cluster, near the center of the corporate limits, but north of the business center. Their abodes, shops, stores, costumes, habits, etc., are as unlike those of the American people as can well be imagined; and the visitor who gets inside of these quarters and comes in contact with the curious things to be seen and heard, finds it difficult to realize that he is not in China instead of the United States. My own observations in Chinatown will form a portion of a future sketch.
The population of the city also includes a liberal sprinkling of Mexicans, most of whom lived here long before the town grew to be anything more than an old-fashioned, uncouth, and almost unknown trading post and ranchmen's headquarters. These, like the other denizens of the now thriving city, are, as a rule, quiet, orderly, well-behaved people. In fact, I have never been in any city of equal size where there was less drunkenness, rowdiness, or peace-disturbing element of any kind than Los Angeles.
The location of the city is as beautiful and picturesque as one could wish to see. It is in the richest portion of the Los Angeles Valley, with the Pacific Ocean on the west and south, distant sixteen to twenty miles. From the grand old ocean come cool, gentle, and refreshing breezes all through the summer months, when they are most needed. These breezes come as regularly as the days, usually rising about ten or eleven o'clock in the morning and continuing till evening. Thus is the intense heat of the sun at mid-day made tolerable, and the

nights are so cool that sleeping under at least one blanket is a luxury which everybody can enjoy. I never slept so soundly and restfully anywhere else, in all my peregrinations, as I do near the Pacific coast with the glorious sea-breezes fanning me all night long.

On the west and north are the Sierra Madre and the San Bernardino Mountains and their foothills. These elevations present an almost unlimited variety of shapes and colors. The nearest foothills are within a mile of the city limits, and some of the higher peaks are not more than three or four miles further away. In the after part of the day, when the sun is dipping down into the ocean, the hills and mountains appear to be much nearer than they really are, and loom up like a grand wall of granite, as if built on purpose to shield the city from the vast world lying to the east and north of it. Some of these foothills reach around into what are now residence portions of the town, and the view to be had from any one of these elevations is picturesque and lovely beyond description. In all my travels I have never before, up to the hour of this writing, beheld anything of the kind so beautiful.

The business men and property owners of Southern California are both lucky and shrewd. They are lucky in being in a country whose climate is superb, pleasant, salubrious, and beautiful, almost beyond the power of exaggeration. They are shrewd enough to take advantage of this fact and utilize it for business purposes.

The Pacific coast region has a monopoly of about all the good, healthful, reliable, all-the-year-round climate to be found in the United States, and the Californians know it. They know, also, that the people of the regions east of the Rocky Mountains are every year becoming more dissatisfied with the cold and blizzards of winter and the heat, cyclones, thunderstorms and sudden changes of spring and summer. Hence they are turning their thoughts and faces toward the Pacific coast as a region where such objectionable meteorological conditions are unknown. They are flocking to this favored region by hundreds and thousands, some intending to remain only a portion of the year, and many others with a purpose to make investments and establish homes for themselves and families. All these new comers are heartily welcomed by residents of the country—especially by real-estate agents, hotel-keepers, and proprietors of "rooms to let." Thus does the man who is already established on the ground profit by fresh arrivals. A constant stream of immigration keeps business lively, and there is little or no complaint of "dull times" in California. Visitors and new settlers must be cared for; they want accommodations, they need homes, they are liable to purchase land or town lots; and in a variety of ways their wants must be catered to. Hence the business man or property owner smiles a sweet, happy, velvet-trimmed smile whenever he learns that a new invoice of strangers has arrived from the East.—Ralph E. Hoyt.

Wages and Living in Egypt.

D. N. Richardson, editor of the *Davenport Democrat*, writes from Cairo, Egypt, relative to the pay and living of the laboring class in that region. It may be interesting here, when there is just at this time so much uneasiness among the laboring classes:

All the embankments made to hold the Nile in check, all railroad fills—and these great works are myriad—are done with human hands, children and coolies packing the dirt in little baskets on their heads. Horses and carts might be used, but then what would the low-class people do to get their 10 to 15 cents a day, which goes to buy their daily bread and drilling shirt? To clothe these people costs a dollar or two a year. To feed them, say 5 cents, perhaps, a day—but that is rather high. The stuff they eat—some greens, a very little coarse bread, some sugarcane to chew, make up the measure of their daily food.

You think this state of things severe, but have you never thought in your great land of peace and plenty that the time will come when America will be over-populated, when wages will fall off, and land get very dear, and people will fare no better than these I'm telling of? To be as densely populated as this land is, Iowa should have 720,000,000 of people, instead of the 1,750,000 that she now has. Figure on that awhile and you will find no space for wages beyond what is paid here; nothing but huts to live in and the cheapest, coarsest sort of food.

Too Much Hard Work.

If anybody doubts that farmers have to work hard to get ahead, let him look at the number of broken-down, dyspeptic farmers' wives, barely turned of forty, that you see at State and county fairs. The farmer cannot hide his land or his stock—it is inevitably taxed; and it is a smart, industrious, sober, energetic farmer that can make his farm pay 6 per cent in New England. Hundreds of sturdy farmers in Vermont make less than this off their farms; and too many of them are tortured to death by the effort to pay for a farm they have bought, with a mortgage attached. If it be true that the farming class contributes largely to the insane, it is not because they are brooders over the little, mean, local woes of life; it is because, as a class, they work very hard, both men and women; because they have to carry more anxieties and troubles, with less time for relaxation, than the city worker of the same grade of intelligence.—Popular Science News.

The Life of the Party.

Brown had lost his wife and was making out a list of those who were to be especially invited to the funeral ceremonies.

An intimate friend looked over his shoulder.
"You surely are not going to forget Jones?"

"Jones?"
"Why, certainly. We couldn't get along without him. He'll be the very life and soul of the party."—*Tid-Bits*.

PEACH trees thirty-two years old still bear profusely at Levyville, Georgia.

The Future of Society.

It has chanced to the writer to read recently a number of memoirs, biographies, and sketches, all intended to describe "society" in its technical sense—the upper society, that is, of great capitals, the large group of more or less idle persons which in every European country has drawn together round the center of affairs, be it court, parliament, or conspicuous person, has called itself and thought itself "the world," has given laws to manners and greatly influenced morals, and in all ages has attracted to itself for no obvious reason an exceptional attention and regard. It is not an interesting study, except for an object, and one is soon startled to see how little variety it presents; but it is impossible to read such accounts without noticing that "society," in its limited sense, though without demonstrable *raison d'être*, is apparently indestructible, or wondering whether, if indestructible, as time advances, grows worse or better. The closer you study European history the more certain are you to find a limited yet large circle which surrounds the center of power, which claims for itself most of the enjoyments of life and secures them, which the millions around regard with admiration, or envy, occasionally savage hatred, but which itself does little or nothing to draw to itself that exceptional attention. It simply is, and continues to be, floating at the top, apparently without effort, and though rapidly fluctuating in its components, still marked by the presence of its constituents, such as the great families, which hardly change. It is always frivolous, always attentive to ceremony, always more or less vicious, and always in want of fresh supplies of cash, which it wastes profusely; yet it does not pass away. You find it as powerful round Charles the Bold, or Philip II., or Henri Quatre, as around Louis XV., or Napoleon III.; as marked in the time of Charles II., as of Queen Victoria; and allowing the difference of manners, always showing the same characteristics. All within it are seeking distraction; all are self-willed and in a way lawless, yet without independence; and all, as a body, seek money.

The satirists of to-day who describe Berlin, Vienna, Paris and London, all notice the money greed of "society," the intrusion into it because they bring money of vulgar Jews, the taint of jobbing which sticks to some of its real and most of its factitious eminencies; but all that is very old. Legacy-hunting was a trade with the Roman aristocracy; society in the middle ages hungered for grants of land, heiresses' appanages, and court pensions; the grand society of Louis XIV. courted farmers-general as the little society of M. Grevy courts German and Levantine Jews, and contracts were competed for by courtiers two hundred years ago, as "concessions" and "early information" are now. There is no change in objects, and as to methods there is probably an improvement. Cruelty has been struck out of the list of permissible detractions; sexual vice, if still a motive power, is far less cynically coarse; luxury has got itself a varnish of refinement from art, which is sometimes genuine; and idleness, though still dominant, is broken by a quantity of thin but harmless intellectual interests. Whatever the change, however, "society" has lasted on. It has survived all political events. It emerged smiling, interesting, and corrupt from the cataclysm of the French Revolution, which for one short hour did completely submerge it; it remains unaffected by the slow decay of the prestige of birth; and we see no sign that it is seriously threatened by the progress of democracy. National poverty, one would think, would weaken it; but it never was more conspicuous than under the Directory, when nobody had anything; and it was rampant in Berlin when, after the French invasion, fortunes were not, and £100 a year was a salary coveted by great persons.

Will "society" ever get better? History does not suggest hope, for even religious revivals have only touched it for a moment; misfortunes have never sobered it, as witness the history of the French emigres and nobles, and the progress of intelligence has made but its amusements a little more varied. Indeed, if we were to calculate closely, a probability would become visible that "society" might grow a little worse. It attracts wealth more than ever. It grows more skeptical than it did. It is becoming cynical under the microscope to which it is exposed, its members feeling that if they are to enjoy at all they must disregard opinion, and it is deriving from the progress of democracy a new and evil strength.—*The Spectator*.

The Decollete in Days of Old.

All the papers at the present are talking about the *decollete* dress. The fact is the square-neck toilet of to-day is nothing compared with former fashions. The corsage since 1200 A. D., has been periodically rising and falling. In the fifteenth century Agnes Sorel is said to have worn costly gowns with trains one-third longer than any princess in the kingdom, and her "bosom bare to the waist." It was the custom "when Madison was President" for the belles to dress with similar freedom.—*Memphis Times*.

Justifiable Homicide.

A woman had been brought into court, charged with attempting to poison her husband.

The Magistrate—"Have you anything to offer in your defense?"

She (in a hesitating voice)—"Y-es, your honor. My friends were all the time telling me how well I looked in black."—*Tid-Bits*.

HUMOR.

FULL moon—the honeymoon.

A FEAST of freezin'—ice cream.

ALL played out—open-air concerts.

It is the "duck of a bonnet" that makes a young girl's head swim.

"I WAS down once myself," remarked a feather in a lady's bonnet, when it saw her take an emphatic seat on a banana peel.

It costs twenty-eight dollars a week to feed a circus tiger. At that rate what would the monthly board of a catamount be?

SPEAKING of drinking, it may be observed that the man who "can take it or leave it alone" generally takes it.—*Boston Courier*.

"IS THAT sailor intoxicated?" "Well, I wouldn't swear to it, but he looks as if he had just doubled Cape Horn."—*Boston Budget*.

A MINUTER may, occasionally be carried away with the inspiration of his theme, but he generally gets back in time to take up the collection.—*Fall River Advance*.

ARE we losing our teeth?" asks a St. Louis editor. You might get Congress to send an exploring party into your mouth and find out and not burden your paper with things of no interest to your readers.—*Estelline Bell*.

"COME, old fellow, don't take your losses so much to heart," said one Wall street broker to another who had just lost heavily; "come, bear up!" "I will!" replied the other with determination; "never again will you find me on the bull side."

"MOTHER," said a little girl to her parent, who takes a great interest in charitable institutions, "I wish I were an orphan." "Why so, my dear?" "Because I should see more of you, for you are all the time going to the orphan asylum."—*Boston Journal*.

"WHAT'S the matter with that man?" "Who, that lean, gaunt fellow?" "Yes." "Alas, he is doomed. Two weeks ago he was the fattest man in town." "What caused him to lose all his flesh?" "He served as a Judge at a baby show."—*Arkansas Traveler*.

"ARE you an advocate of home rule for Ireland, Mr. Henpeck?" "Indeed I am, and if my vote would insure it Ireland would have a monopoly of it." "How do you mean, sir?" "Why, I mean that as far as I am concerned Ireland is so entirely welcome to home rule that I would ship her at once, if I could, the sample of it that my wife has introduced and maintained in my household, and the sooner it was shipped the better."—*Yonkers Gazette*.

THERE is a man residing in Rondout who is very particular about the daily observance of family worship. His wife is a thoroughly good woman, but her religion is of a practical nature. She thinks there is a time for everything—family worship included—but that time, to her way of thinking, is not when a savory breakfast is all ready to be placed on the table. One morning when her husband's prayer was longer drawn out than usual, a suspicious smell of overdone biscuit was wafted slowly but surely toward her olfactory organs. She wriggled and twisted and thought of her biscuits, and at last, when the husband started off afresh on a new track, to which there seemed no end, she startled the good man by saying: "Lord! John, cut it short, I've bread in the oven."—*Kingston Freeman*.

DID HE EVER TALK TO A BOSTON GIRL? He had studied every lexicon from ancient Medes to Mexican, to Assyrian, Sanscrit, Greek; Knew the shape of sword and scabbard of the Visigoth and Vandal, And the old Etruscan features and physique. He could write a song or sermon in old Celt or Ancient German, And sing Italian songs and roundelays, Describe Tighath-Pilezer, the heruvivorous Neb-chadnezzar, And all the kings and queens of olden days. He knew Nimrod, Noah, Cyrus, and the monarchs of Epirus, And gave scholarly descriptions of their deeds; He could lend an added splendor to the ancient witch of Endor, And describe the early monarchs of the Swedes. But when he turned to Russian, he resiled with the concussion Of a word that parched and paralyzed and stung, For Ivan-Adamowski-Shanki-Ranoff-Peter-Snoskie Completely tied and tangled up his tongue. —*Lynn Union*.

They Sympathized with Each Other.

The small boy had just taken a trip across his mother's lap, and as he came out of the house he gave indications that the passage had been a stormy one.

"Hello, Tommie," said his father, meeting him at the door. "What's the matter?"

"Mother," he replied, sentimentally. "So?" queried the father, who seemed to understand the case.

"Yep; trying to get blood out of a turn up, I guess; feels that way, anyhow."

The father shook hands sympathetically with his son and heir and then posted.—*Washington Critic*.

If we are content to do or avoid certain things merely because we are compelled to do so; if we secretly wish that the constraint were removed so that we could bound back into opposite courses; if our hearts refuse their allegiance to what our hands seem forced to do—then we may be sure we are not preparing for the law of liberty which awaits all who are able to value it. Good laws and intelligent obedience are the porch and entrance through which we must pass to dwell in the larger and freer courts of liberty, where a beautiful, loving loyalty will hold us closer to the right and the good than all penalties, or terrors, or restraints.