

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 clasp 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 robin 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,
Asolian 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, robed 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 house-top, 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 Aiden 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's 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 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 him 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. In 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 is 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, rowdyism, 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, been 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 is simple, 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.

"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."—*Arkansaw 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 started 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 Mede to Mexican,

Knew Assyrian, Sanscrit, Greek: Knew the shape of sword and sandal of the Visigoth and Vandals.

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 round-lays, Describe Tiglath-Pilezer, the ferocious Nebuchadnezzar,

And all the kings and queens of olden days. Knew Nimrod, Noah, Cyrus, and the monarchs of Egypt,

And give soberly 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 confusion

Of a word that pained and paralyzed and stung,

For Ivan-Adamowski-Shanki-Ranoff-Peter-Squoskie.

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, sententiously.

"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.

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-e-s, your honor. My