

A WOOD NYMPH.

BY WM. HAUGHTON.

Two roguish eyes as black as coal;
Two ruby lips that somewhere stole
The fragrance from the roses;
Soft tresses, dark as ebon night;
A cheek within whose dimpled light
The blush of dawn reposes;

A face, so like a dream divine—
'Twas such a face that looked on mine
With mingled fear and wonder—
Then suddenly the vines were stirred,
And such a rippling laugh I heard
From out the bushes yonder.

I could not move—entranced I stood
Within the shadows of the wood,
Lost in a dream elysian;
But while I dreamed the sprite or fay
Swift vanished from my sight away,
Like some enchanted vision.

I called to mind my boyhood dreams
Of wood nymphs by the haunted streams,
With vines and blossoms laden—
But here in this secluded wood
Was one of real flesh and blood—
A veritable maiden.

I then and there made up my mind
That laughter-loving fay I'd find—
I'd seek her late and early;
I'd hunt the woodland o'er and o'er—
Yea, search the land from shore to shore,
Until I caught her fairly.

Not long I sought—O, joy supreme!
I found her resting by a stream
Half hid among the bushes
Her feet hung o'er the clamoring tide
That kissed them and then fled to hide
Beneath the bank its blushes.

But how I wooed that maiden fair,
What tales I told her then and there
Of how my heart long sought her;
I may not speak, O, friend, save this:
That twilight was an age of bliss,
By Elva's starlit water!

THE THREE LOVERS.

We had camped for the night by a clear stream. Our "flies" were stretched and we hurried to the water to bathe our tired limbs and swollen feet. Now we lounged around the camp-fire, wondering how long it would be before we could refresh and fortify our empty stomachs and appease the hunger that had deadened our strength and killed the enthusiasm of past days. We had done battle at Gettysburg, every man had been a hero. We had whiped Lee, and knew he was badly crippled and without abundant ammunition. We had among ourselves argued and wondered why Meade did not follow up the advantage he had gained. We longed, prayed, hoped in vain for Hancock, Sickles, or Doubleday, or cool yet impetuous Stannard, to lead us on and then and there crush out the fearful strife; but it was not to be; the timid Meade, ever cautious, was doubly so now. He knew Lee was all "broke up," his ammunition gone, his army huddled together, demoralized in that little horse-shoe bend of the Potomac; the swollen river on one side, hills on the other, he would have been easy game to bag; all along the roadside of his retreat we had found it strewn with sick and wounded, dead horses, and abundant arms. Their flight was rapid, but fatally interrupted. As Byington said: "Lee had exhausted nearly all his ammunition in three days' battle and could not replenish." Scores of his regiments had not a dozen rounds, and could get no more. Nearly all his artillery was without ammunition. These facts were known to Meade and his men, and were discussed by the soldiers every day that Lee lay cooped up at Meade's mercy, his retreat cut off by the Potomac, which was running banks full at the time, and pontoons swept away. The timid Meade refused to attack Lee; staid right there four days. Then his boys, staid lumber yard, made rafts and floated over the river at their leisure. Good Uncle Abe said "Meade reminded him of an old woman trying to shoo her geese across the creek." As soon as Lee was across, then came the hot pursuit by Meade. We had had several engagements, and now, after a fierce battle and a forced march to this place, we bivouacked weary and hungry, awaiting "salt horse and hard tack," and the repetition of tramping and foolish, vain sacrifice of life.

"Well, boys," said Sergeant Dick, "if we can't eat, let us feed the ear with stories. I'll tell one. After I, you uns." Many laughable stories followed. We filled our pipes and lounged around the bivouac fire, enjoying ourselves. "Come, Charley, spin us a yarn," said Robinson to our sergeant. "Yes, let us have one," chorused the pipe-filled mouths.

"I know of none," said the sober Charley, in his low tone.

"Give us something ex tempore," said Dick. "I suppose all are alike; nothing good; all fade; glory and fame are like dews; the rich oppress the poor, and—well, only conquest of lovely woman and stolen love is sweet, and glorious, and lasting, worthy the candle, all else, faugh!"

"Except conquest and virtue of one's self," said the clear, low voice of Sergeant Charley.

"Ha!" cried several pipe-filled mouths. "Two opinions."

"On one's principles," said Charley. "By Mars!" exclaimed Dick, "that was nobly said, and I believe it, but give us a story, Charley, me bye."

As Charley told it, I tell it to you. Today I retain the impression made, and will till I cease to be.

"Well, boys, I am not much of a story teller. I am not one of the windy, talking kind. You know I won my 'diamond and chevrons' by acts, not words. To-night I am filled with an evil presentiment"—and he cast his eyes heavenward. We did the same, and noticed that it was black as eurus; low mutterings of thunder, borne on a light breeze, came to our ears. "The influence," he continued, "is strong, and I will speak about myself. I feel that there are but a few rounds of breath in my cartridge-box of life. Why I have been so distant, reserved, and reticent toward you all, is not from pride or thought that I was 'too good for earth' the cause and wherefore you will know when I have finished my story. Back in Vermont among the mountains green, near the town of Montpelier, I often visited a friend of my father's. He had two sons about my age. I think they were the best and truest hearts I ever met; I loved them both. I was the son of a hardy, honest lumberman in Maine. They were of a wealthy aristocratic family, and they were imbued with the same views and 'principles or opinions' as their parents. They loved me because I was a model type of health, and versed in the arts of fishing, hunting and woodcraft. We spent our time away from home, seeking new fields and streams. What glorious times. What happy days among the mountains, on the lakes, in that gem State of Vermont. After all, boys, happy times and days bring clouds of trouble and sor-

row. Man's life is like the glow of sunset, clouds all seem serene and beautiful, yet back down below the horizon, there waiting, are dark clouds, with wild winds ready to hurl themselves into the sunset gloaming and destroy all its beauty and serenity. So our fondest hopes, the proudest, brightest, dearest wishes are crushed beneath the cruel iron heel of fate, and wrong may reign triumphant, and innocence stagger blinded and bruised through a wilderness of despair. Through the tangled labyrinth, bristling with sharp thorns of poverty, of kindness, and full of agony, the world goes on just the same, and we live to fight and suffer to-morrow. Yes, there is a woman in the story, boys, and such a woman." He paused a moment in deep thought, then shook himself together and continued: "I cannot describe her to you. I can only say Mary of Scots always came to my thoughts as I gazed into her beautiful eyes and face; her features were finely cut, her eye roguishly, laughingly beautiful. Her hair of a golden brown, worn long, tied with blue ribbon, her form fully developed, willowy, and graceful, Edith Warren was as beautiful as woman could be. She was, I believed, frank, truthful, and unaffected. You know, boys, when love first sets in we see as through a glass, darkly. The tide is strong, it is a passion that rules supreme, and demands sacrifice complete, and they are given. Tom and Frank and I loved her. We became jealous, cold toward each other. Frank, poor boy, fell first and fled homeward. Tom and I talked the matter over together, confessed our love for Edith, shook hands, swearing friendship, and to use all honorable means and endeavors to win her. As Edith's father was a lumberman, like my own, I thought my chances were better, as I was her equal in all except education. Tom had the advantage of me in that; he could recite Moore, Burns, and Meredith; besides he had wealth. Edith's time did not hang heavy for lack of sweethearts. We filled her pink ears full of sweet words. She grew rosy, and her eyes danced like the stars; she was full of life and fun, surely tantalizing with her bewitching laugh and ambiguous replies and saucy looks from her sparkling eyes. I can see her plainly now just as she stood at the little ashwood gate. With sad, mournful look and voice she bade me good-night and good-by. Well, boys, Tom, poor Tom; he staked all on his good looks and money; on a word; he never told me anything, but I guessed it by his looks and silence. His eyes, great heaven! What a despairing look I beheld in them! as for me, well, as she bade me good-by at the gate she said she would write me, and I might guess her meaning. As the stage started I cast one backward look. My heart seemed to die within me. A groan came to my ear. I looked around and saw Tom's white face and glaring eyes; he saw and heard what I did—a loud call of "Edith, darling!" Over the low, "small-world" hedge sprang a tall form, clothed in blue and brass. With one glad, happy cry of "Robert!" Edith flew to him, was clasped in his arms, her golden head pillow'd upon his breast.

"Arriving at Montpelier, we found a fury of excitement. War, war was heard on every hand. We found the old laughing Frank with soldiers' clothes on, and sergeant's chevrons upon his arms. He was pale and haughty, not like the dear, old-time Frank.

"Well, boys, Tom and I received a letter the same day. Both were from Edith. The next day Tom enlisted. I started for home. Boys, you know the rest. For two years we have stood elbow to elbow. Tom, he is just across the road there, in that Vermont regiment. His Captain—Robert, Edith's soldier-brother—is buried at bloody Antietam's field. Frank, poor, misguided boy, sleeps at Maryland Heights.

"Ah! here comes the 'salt horse'—last night's supper, to-day's breakfast, dinner, and supper; four in one, at the same price as one. Charge, boys, charge!"

"Hold on, Charley," exclaimed Dick, hurt at this extraordinarily abrupt levity breaking in on a story which had, for some cause, thrown a spell on us; "finish your story. You said we should know all. Edith—"

"Fall in! fall in, boys! Lively, now! Trouble on the left!" came the stern command from our Captain.

"We grabbed handfuls of "hard tack," and fell into line, and in five minutes were rapidly on the march. All night we tramped, tramped through mud and rain, hungry and silent. At daybreak we formed ourselves in line of battle, facing a desperate foe. I glanced at Sergeant Charley. His face was set and determined. I wondered how the story was to end; but stories and hunger were forgotten in the terrible struggle that followed; for four long hours we battled against odds; the cannonading was fierce and awful. Hand-to-hand encounters were desperate, cannoneers were clubbed and bayoneted at their guns, which they obstinately defended, and would rather die than surrender. We longed for reinforcements, which came at last. Death indeed was triumphant and reaped a rich harvest.

"A few of the many stood there to answer 'Here!'

We stood among the dismounted guns where dead men were four and five deep. Tears came to our eyes as we looked upon the awful scene. A groan came from a heap of men at the left. We hastened to give aid to the sufferer. We came to the broken cannons; we started back with a cry of horror, for on top of the heap of dead by the gun lay Charley's friend Tom; his blouse showed many bayonet thrusts, one completely through his neck. He had partly drawn from his bosom a fine white handkerchief bloody and full of holes; in the corner worked in silk was a letter "E." Fallen upon the trunnions of the cannon as if in the act of embracing its still warm body lay Charley dead, a crooked saber bayonet stuck into his body just above the belt; an ugly wound on the side of his head from which the blood still trickled and mingled with the golden hair of a ringlet pressed to his lips. The golden curl was tied with a blue ribbon; the long end had rested upon his breast, but now was driven into his heart by the leaden messenger of death. The short end fluttered in the light breeze. Upon it in neat, round letters was written "Edith."

"COUNSEL FOR DEFENDANT.

He could bombard any jury with warm pathos and sympathy, and convince them that his client wasn't guilty of the charge;

He could cabbage a retort, making sure of the remainder when his client was acquitted. And 'twas usually large.

He could manage a venire with a challenge that was fierce, cross-question and witness in a manner that was cross;

He could show the Judge that his ruling showed a lack of legal schooling, and refer him to the statute in the late amended laws.

He could ass the opposition till they wished him inordinately and could silence them cutting answers at a most illegal rate.

For his case was always surest, and his client was the purest, and seemed always in his glory when he bucked against the State.

He was handy with a rapier or a writ of corpus habeas, or could get a change of venue if stern justice looked too sure.

He could quote from Coke and Chitty, with his own additions, witty, till the Judge would use his mallet, and the room be in a roar.

But the Sheriff, Death, has called him, and in his last case installed him (newwood), and himself is suppliant at the Bar of Last Resort;

And unto the great evangeli he will swear he was an angel; plead his own case with great fervor, there before a higher court.

Those who knew him are quite sure he will confound the high-born jury till he causes a division o'er the question: "Is he washed?"

And by force of all his pleadings, get a stay in the proceedings till the prosecution wears and the old indictment's quashed.

—Detroit Free Press.

It is reported from Nevada that a farmer in that State has bored a well that "sucks in air, and makes a loud, whistling noise." The report does not say whether the farmer was pleased at having bored a well of this sort, merely intimating that he was considerably surprised. If he had been an ancient Chinese, he would have been pleased, for that people, it is said, believed that life was prolonged by "swallowing the breath," or accumulating air in the system; and if they had caught the earth swallowing its breath, they undoubtedly would have considered it a good omen. The "vital aura" was what the ancient Chinese used to call the air thus acquired. They would have been profoundly impressed by the circumstance of Mother Earth drinking in the vital aura with a loud, whistling noise.

EARLY marriages are encouraged among the French Canadians, and it is the rule for girls to marry when they reach their fifteenth or sixteenth year.

THE Russian Empire contains 884 penitentiary establishments.

HUMOR.

It's not the clock with the loudest tick that goes the best.

WHEN is a thief like a seamstress? When he cuts and runs.

"GREAT men often rise from small beginnings," says a writer. How true! Even George Washington was a little baby at one time.—Puck.

THIRTY-TWO HUNDRED babies are born in the United States every day, and yet people wonder where all the squalls and cyclones come from.

DUCK eggs forty years old were eaten at a recent marriage celebration in North Carolina. The bride was probably preparing her husband for wash-day dinners.

PARKER—"Why is friendship like a New York monument fund?" Eli—"Don't see it. Give it up." Parker—"Because it is a creature of slow growth."—Free Press.

BEFORE a young man takes to himself a wife whose relations are numerous and near, he should pass a few hours in a boiler factory when the thought first strikes him.

MUCH as Mark Twain loves financial success it gives him a twinge to read that he is "more notable as a very shrewd and clever business man than is he as a humorist."—Texas Siftings.

"OH, Why Should They Bury Me Deep?" is the title of some verses sent to this office by a Minnesota poetess. After reading the poem the reason seems clear enough to us.—Estelline Bell.

"WHAT is James doing now-a-days, Mrs. Stephens?" "James is following the races this year." "But I thought I saw him in town to-day?" "Yes, you see he follows them by telegraph."—Tid-Bits.

YOUNG FEATHERLY had been imparting some information to Mrs. de Towner which interested that lady very much. "I am quite surprised, Mr. Featherly," she said, "to hear of this. It only shows that—that—" "One is never too old to learn?" prompted Featherly gallantly.—Bazar.

MRS. DE HOBSON CLARKE (who flattens herself upon her youthful appearance)—"You would scarcely think, Mr. Dumley, that the stalwart young fellow near the piano is my son, would you?" Dumley gallantly—"No, indeed, Mrs. Clarke; it seems absolutely impossible. Ah—er—is he your eldest son?"—Bazar.

Three or four fires started in as many sections with the first shock of the earthquake, and the city was soon illuminated with flame, thus leading all to believe what was left by the earthquake would be devoured by fire.

Hardly a house in the city escaped injury, and many are shaken and cracked that a blow would bring them to the ground. The shock was severe at Summerville and Mount Pleasant and on Sullivan's Island, but no loss of life is reported there. Fissures in the earth are noticed from which a fine sand, apparently of a great depth, exudes. A sulphurous smell is very noticeable.

The city is wrapped in gloom and business is entirely suspended. People generally remain in the streets in tents and under improvised shelters, and will camp out to-night fearing another shock.

Not even during General Quincy A. Gilmore's bombardment of the city has there ever been such a deplorable state of affairs here. The city is literally in ruins, and the people are living in open squares and public parks.

There is a great rush to the railroad depots to get away, but owing to the earthquakes no trains have been able to be dispatched from the city.

It is impossible to depict the ruin and desolation that prevails here. Not a single place of business in the city is open save a drug-store, which is busy preparing prescriptions for the wounded. It is impossible also to give any correct estimate of the killed and wounded, as bodies are constantly being disinterred from the debris of the wrecked houses.

Many of the dead are lying unburied, these being of the poorest classes of colored people who await burial by the county. There are not a half dozen tents in the city, and the women and children are experiencing great privations in consequence.

Summerville, twenty-two miles from Charleston, was nearly destroyed by the earthquake. Many persons were killed and hundreds rendered homeless. The whole business portion of the town was badly wrecked.

CHARLESTON'S WOE.

The South Carolina City Wrecked by Violent Earthquake Shocks.

Not a Hundred Houses Left Intact, and Scores of Persons Buried in the Ruins.

Fires Add Terror to the Scene—Fearful Sufferings of the People—A Survivor's Narrative.

The Business Portion of Summerville, S. C., Wrecked, and Many Persons Killed.

A terrible earthquake shock at Charleston, S. C., on the evening of Tuesday, the 31st ult., was followed at brief intervals by several others of less force. The first shock came from the southeast, and struck the city at 9:55 p.m., Tuesday. During the twenty-four hours following, there were ten distinct shocks, but they were only the subsiding of the earth-waves. The disaster was wrought by the first. Its force may be inferred from the fact that the whole area of country between the Atlantic coast and the Mississippi River, as far to the north as Milwaukee, gave it power to a greater or lesser degree. Charleston, however, was the special victim of this elemental destruction. The city is substantially in ruins. Two-thirds of its houses are uninhabitable. What stores are left are closed, as their owners dare not go to them. Churches and other public buildings are in ruins. Railroads and telegraph lines are torn up and destroyed. Between fifty and sixty lives are believed to have been lost, and many people were maimed by falling buildings and, by jumping from the windows of houses. Fires broke out and added to the horrors of the scene. The loss of property is roughly estimated at \$10,000,000. Two-thirds of the houses of the doomed city are rendered uninhabitable, being wrecked either totally or partially. The approach of the quake, says a Charleston dispatch, was heralded by the usual rumbling sound, resembling distant thunder. Then, as it gradually approached, the earth quivered and heaved, and in a few seconds it had passed the "dying" point and was out in the distance. The city is a complete wreck. St. Michael's Church and St. Philip's Church, two of the most historic churches in the city, are in ruins, as also the Hibernian Hall, the police stations, and many other public buildings.

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