

IMPATIENCE.
BY OZIAS MIDSUMMER.

*I've left the bright, bright valley where flowers are blooming.
No flowers are here but the thistle and thorn,
My days are as darkness and cyclones and tempests.
I wish I was dead or had never been born.
While thus sang a lady when nearing the shadows.
Which fall after twilight in life's rugged way,
A voice at her elbow reminded her gently,
"Tis true as a prophet: Each dog has its day."

For there by her side on a rustic seat sitting
Her lover of youth had returned bronzed and old,
His form yet erect, his mustache yet a beauty,
His pockets well filled with bright silver and gold.
They sat in the garden that bright balmy morning,
Beneath the buds, blossoms, and leaves of a tree;
With sweet gentle zephyrs of spring for their breathing,
Much happier far than young lovers could be.
"Come," said the old truant, "let us gather thistles,
And make a grand bouquet of briars and thorns,
Come out in the darkness, the cyclones and tempests,
Come into the wilds of the winds and the storming."
They went from the shadow, but found only sunshine;
Death's nearest approach then seemed farthest away.
He searched for the thistles; she found only flowers;
He gave up his task and received her bouquet.

NO. II.
I'm sitting in doubt, 'mid the trembling of passion,
And clutching my fears 'mid the flames of love's fire.
For Robin insists we must be in the fashion
And wait yet a year, notwithstanding desire,
Oh! could I but quicken his flame to my notion,
And stir up the embers that smolder and pine,
I'd bask in the heat that would give my hope motion,
And fill his soul full of that burning in mine.

I know Robin loves me with his understanding,
And seems to appreciate fervor and fear;
But that is not what my love's life is demanding,
It wants a love unafraid to approach near.
It wants a love that will draw me to its folding,
And cover my soul with its comforting bliss;
It wants a love that, as me in its arms holding,
Will welcome my love with a lover's warm kiss.

To-day, as we sat on the sofa conversing,
My soul was enraptured with hopes the more,
But not a thing happened, he went on rehearsing
The same old, old story he'd told me before,
Oh! how my heart ached for a drink at its leisure!

Oh! how my lips parched! how my bosom did swell!
How trembled my limbs! how I longed without measure!
And how, spite of all these, disappointment as well.

Oh! Robin, come love me. The doe on the mountain
Is never so free as thou mayest be here.
Come stay 'mid the billows, come taste at the fountain.



Twill give thee sweet pleasure if thou wilt
Traw near.
And ah! Robin dearest! let me thee entwining
Burn into thy soul the sweet passion of love,
Or revel me in its sweet comfort subliming,
And joy in its glory which comes from above,
CHICAGO, Ill.

CAPT. McCULLOCH'S LEAP

An Incident of Border Life at Wheeling, West Virginia.

WENTY-FIVE rough log cabins comprised the hamlet of Wheeling, W. Va., in the year 1775. It was on the far western border of colonial civilization, and, occupying an extremely isolated position, suffered severely from the attacks of the savages. To protect themselves the settlers had built Fort Henry, which was erected on the right bank of the Ohio, a short distance above Wheeling Creek. The entire fighting force of the village, including the garrison of the fort, consisted of but forty-two men. Among that number, however, were many whose deeds of prowess and skill with the rifle had made them terrors to the Indians. In the latter part of September the settlement was attacked by four hundred warriors and the villagers were compelled to flee to the fort for protection. Driven to desperation by the sight of their homes being destroyed by the savages, they made an ill-advised sortie, in which they were all but overcome, and only sixteen men lived to return to the fort and defend it and the helpless women and children within its walls against more than four hundred savage redskins.

The history of those days within the fort is a record of deeds of daring and personal heroism, one of which is unparalleled in ancient or modern times; a feat beside which General Putnam's performance at "Horse's Neck" sinks into insignificance, and which, had it occurred at a later day and been performed by a man of more prominent position in life, would have furnished a theme for many a pen and pencil.

In their distress the garrison sent messengers to the nearest settlements. The response was immediate, and four

teen men from Cross Creek succeeded in fighting their way through the surrounding savages and triumphantly entering the fort. Forty mounted men, under Captain Samuel McCulloch, followed this first detachment to the relief of the fort. Every preparation was made by their friends inside to assist them in their attempt to enter. The gates were opened, and a sortie was organized to cover their advance. After a desperate hand-to-hand conflict, in which many of the redskins were killed, they succeeded in forcing their way through without losing a single man. McCulloch, however, was less fortunate than the rest of his company. Toward him the savages cherished a bitter hatred. A fearless and daring woodsman, a dead shot, and a cunning scout, his name was known throughout the entire frontier, both to whites and Indians, and he had been one of the most prominent figures in the numerous bloody fights in which the two races had contended. Among the savages surrounding the fort there were few who had not lost either a friend or a relative by his unerring rifle. As he dashed forward in the rear of his troops, encouraging them by voice and example, his shouts of defiance were answered by yells of rage from his dusky foes, who strained every nerve to capture him in order that they might wipe out the bloody score by horrible tortures at the stake. A body of redskins blocking his way, he wheeled his horse and rode at the utmost speed toward Wheeling Hill. Again his course was stopped by a crowd of his enemies, who sprang up in front and began to close in upon him. As quick as light he turned again, only to find escape cut off by a third band of warriors. The only way now remaining open to him was toward the brow of a steep cliff, 150 feet in height, at the bottom of which flowed Wheeling Creek. No attempt had been made to shoot him, although he was in easy range of the fire of his pursuers, and his quick mind appreciated what this meant. They had devoted him to a lingering death by all the refinements of savage cruelty of which their hellish ingenuity was capable. His chance was a most desperate one, and as he momentarily reined in his horse and gazed upon the rapidly narrowing circle of his foes their yells rang in his ears as they saw him at bay, and, as they

thought, completely within their power.

They stood gazing at him in wonder as he struck his heels against the sides of his horse and dashed toward the precipice, which they had thought would prevent his escape in that direction. It was a chance of life against a certainty of death in its most awful form at the hands of his enemies, and his decision was quickly made. Turning in the saddle he was encouraged by a cheer from his friends in the fort, and then shaking his rifle toward his rapidly advancing foe, he grasped the trusty weapon in his right hand, gathered his reins in his left, and urged his horse toward the brink of the chasm that seemed likely to be his grave.

As he approached the edge the savages stopped spell-bound at the contemplation of his action.

Bracing himself in his saddle and again dashing his heels against the sides of his noble beast, which seemed animated by his master's spirit, they made the fearful leap outward. Down, down they plunged, without obstacle or impediment, fully fifty feet; then the horse's feet struck the smooth shelving rock, and the remaining distance was slid and scrambled over until they reached the bottom alive, and without serious hurt. Pushing his horse into the stream he was soon half-way across, and by the time the savages had reached the edge of the cliff and were peering over, expecting to see the mangled remains of horse and rider at its base, he had reached the opposite shore, and, with a shout of defiance, had plunged into the woods and was out of their range.

The numerous additions to the garrison of the fort and the hopelessness of overcoming the defenders while inspired by such an action as they had just witnessed, disheartened the Indians, and, after first putting the torch to the remaining property of the settlers, they beat a hasty retreat the morning after the event just narrated.

THERE'S nothing like fame, and even the children recognize it, as is illustrated in this dialogue: Bob—My dad's a 'squire and gets his name in the paper every day. Tom (contemptuously)—That's nothin'. My dad took Jink's liver pills and got his pectoral.

CONTINUED articles—Link sausages.

GENERAL TRACY'S LOSS.

HIS WIFE AND DAUGHTER PERISH
IN A FIRE.

A Terrible Bereavement Through the Burning of His Magnificent Washington Home—The Secretary Himself Badly Injured by the Smoke—Washington in Mourning.

A Washington dispatch of the 4th inst. says: The residence of Secretary of the Navy Tracy was destroyed by fire Monday morning, and during the excitement that followed the breaking out of the blaze Mrs. Tracy, her daughter Mary, and a French maid, Josephine Morell, lost their lives, the Secretary himself was almost overcome by smoke, and several others had narrow escapes from

The residence of the Secretary was a fine three-story structure of brick and stone and stood on I street, near Seventeenth. A letter carrier on his customary rounds passed the house in the morning a few minutes before 7 o'clock. He left a package, and observing nothing unusual continued up the street. Happening to glance back ten minutes later he noticed that the house was enveloped in flames. Within five minutes the firemen were there. Before ladders could be raised to the front, two ladies appeared in the second-story windows and in spite of the warnings not to jump they leaped to the grass. The ladies proved to be Mrs. Wilmerding, the married daughter of the Secretary, and her daughter, Miss Wilmerding. Mrs. Wilmerding broke one of her wrists and was bruised. Her daughter was burned quite severely, but not otherwise injured.

At the rear of the house a woman, presumably one of the servants, had climbed out upon the mansard roof from a third story window. She waved a blanket to keep the smoke and flames away from her, and behaved with great coolness. She was brought down a ladder. In the meantime Fire Chief Parris arrived, and learning that there were people still in the house he left the fire extinguishing apparatus to his subordinates and dashed into the house, followed by Howard Wright, who drives the chief's wagon. The chief told the story to your correspondent as follows:

"I paid no attention to the fire when I heard there were people in the house. I felt my way through the smoke to the second floor and found a man in bed in a room. I tried to pick him up, but he was almost to heavy. I managed to drag him into a back room where there was more air, and then I broke the window out and called to a fireman in the alley to run up a ladder.

"Then we took the man out and it proved to be the Secretary. I couldn't move him any further, for I was exhausted and full up to the neck with smoke. Then I went back into the smoke again and found a young lady—Miss Mary Tracy they tell me it was—and as I caught hold of her wrists to lift her up the flesh came off her burned hands. I got her out, but she was dead. That exhausted me. I could do no more."

E. S. Rheem, whose house on Seventeenth street runs back to the rear of the Secretary's house, gives a graphic account of the terrible death of Mrs. Tracy.

"I heard terrible screams," said Mr. Rheem, "about 7:15 o'clock this morning, and jumped from bed and ran to the window. Mrs. Tracy was hanging by her hands from the sill of a window on the second floor. She was screaming, and so was George Poole, a young man who had long been enamored with her beauty. She was to officiate as bride-maid and young Poole as best man. Just before the ceremony Poole called the clergyman aside and told him privately that he and Miss Woods were to be married, too, and suggested that a change in the order of the ceremonies would be an interesting surprise for the audience. The guests, as he had surmised, were completely astonished when he and Miss Woods came forward and went through a regular marriage ceremony. The other wedding followed immediately, and then everybody wanted to know what it all meant. On being told that she was Poole's wife Miss Woods becomingly fainted, and on "coming to" said that she had supposed herself to be merely going through the performance of her duties as a bride-maid, and that she should never, never be the wife of the wicked Poole. Nothing has since changed her mind, and a legal separation has been applied for.

Married Without Knowing It.

It is not often that a young woman is married without knowing it, says the Chicago *Herald*, but that is what happened to Miss Belle Woods, a young lady at Schuyler, Neb. She was one of the guests at the wedding of a young lady friend a few days ago, and so was George Poole, a young man who

had long been enamored with her beauty. She was to officiate as bride-maid and young Poole as best man. Just before the ceremony Poole called the clergyman aside and told him privately that he and Miss Woods were to be married, too, and suggested that a change in the order of the ceremonies would be an interesting surprise for the audience. The guests, as he had surmised, were completely astonished when he and Miss Woods came forward and went through a regular marriage ceremony.

The other wedding followed immediately, and then everybody wanted to know what it all meant.

On being told that she was Poole's wife Miss Woods becomingly fainted, and on "coming to" said that she had supposed herself to be merely going through the performance of her duties as a bride-maid, and that she should never, never be the wife of the wicked Poole. Nothing has since changed her mind, and a legal separation has been applied for.

Stamps He Didn't Have.

He was a stamp fiend, young and precocious. The plain American stamp had no interest for him. He was making a collection of foreign ones, and so when they sent him down to the post office for a package he did not pay much attention, but brought it home and handed it over and skipped out to play tag. Next day they showed him a new sister who had arrived. He looked at her with some curiosity.

"Say, where did she come from?"

"Oh, from heaven."

"From heaven! Was that the package I brought from the post office yesterday, and I never knew anything about it?"

"Yes."

"Golly! why didn't you save me the stamps?"—*San Francisco Chronicle*.

A Cause of Much Profanity.

When a man runs a quarter of a mile to catch a train, and jumps on the platform of the last car, "all out of breath," as the locomotive steams out of the station, he feels as if he had won a great victory. But when the train stops before it has proceeded fifty yards, backs into the station, and waits half an hour for some unexplained cause, he's mad enough to blow up the whole business with dynamite. But he simply "blows up" the railroad company with his mouth.—*Norristown Herald*.

THE ENGLISH SOVEREIGN.

A Pleasant View of Queen Victoria.

QUEEN VICTORIA rises early in the morning, and after breakfast reads and answers her letters and transacts business. She is fond of the open air, and if the weather be favorable often has her papers taken into a tent or summer-house upon the lawn, which commands an extensive and most lovely view of Lochnagar, its surrounding mountains, and the Valley of the Dee.

After this comes a walk or a drive in a pony carriage, and then luncheon, at which no one is ever present except members of the royal family.

During the afternoon the Queen takes a long drive, often extending to over thirty miles and always in an open carriage. She dines late, never before 8:30 a.m. An hour spent in the drawing-room talking with the guests who may have been invited, finishes the day, and the Queen retires to rest.

No question of state is ever decided finally until her Majesty has been consulted, and she is such a sensible and clever woman that she often puts her Ministers right and settled a difficult point, and generally for the best.

The Queen is faithful to her old friends and thoughtful for everybody with whom she comes in contact, remembering the smallest details about them, their families, and their occupations, and giving evidence of this at most unexpected moments. A circumstance which happened to me justifies strongly the truth of this. Four years ago I was singing at the Royal Opera at Berlin, and was not even aware that the Queen knew of my engagement there. I, soon after my debut, was at a large dinner party at the English Embassy, and sitting next to me was one of the gentlemen of the Crown Princess' household. During dinner he put into my hand a telegram, telling me to read it. This was from the Queen to her daughter (now the Empress Frederick), recommending me to her and desiring her to do all she could for me. Needless to say that after this I was so excited that I could eat no dinner, and I insisted on keeping the telegram, one of my precious souvenirs.

Her Majesty is fond of music and is a good musician.

The Queen herself looks after the welfare of all her tenants and servants, and if any one of them is sick she is the first one to pay them a visit and take them little comforts. During her stay in Scotland she takes a pleasure during her drives in stopping at various cottages to ask after the welfare of the inmates. When so occupied the Queen is as kind and simple as any ordinary lady could be.

Total available for reduction of the debt..... \$48,679,953
RESERVE FUND
Held for redemption of United States notes, acts Jan. 14, 1875, and July 12, 1882..... \$100,000,000
UNAVAILABLE FOR REDUCTION OF THE DEBT
Fractional silver coin..... \$22,506,503
Minor coin..... 177,396
Total..... \$22,683,899
Certificates held as cash..... 22,706,988
Net cash balance on hand..... 31,894,200
Total cash in the treasury as shown by treasurer's general account..... \$617,055,053

THE GOVERNMENT DEBT

RACAPITULATION OF THE MONTHLY DEBT STATEMENT.

Over Twelve Millions of Dollars Decrease in Uncle Sam's Liabilities During the Past Month—Nearly \$40,000,000 Have Been Paid on Them Since June 30 Last.

The following is a recapitulation of the public debt statement issued on the 1st:

INTEREST-BEARING DEBT
Bonds at 4% per cent..... \$117,469,400
Bonds at 4 per cent..... 62,248,400
Refunding certificates at 4 per cent..... 100,551
Navy pension fund at 3 per cent..... 14,000,000
Pacific railroad bonds at 6 per cent..... 64,921,512

Principal..... \$818,650,932
Interest..... 5,067,225

Total..... \$824,018,188

DEBT ON WHICH INTEREST HAS CEASED SINCE MATURITY.
Principal..... \$1,841,345
Interest..... 151,118

Total..... \$1,992,463

DEBT BEARING NO INTEREST.

Old demand and legal tender notes..... \$346,737,453
--

Certificates of deposit..... 11,630,000

Gold certificates..... 138,657,169

Silver certificates..... 281,331,771

Fractional currency, less \$335,934, estimated as lost or destroyed..... 6,914,132
--

Principal..... \$785,270,539

TOTAL DEBT.

Principal..... \$1,606,662,838

Interest..... 5,218,345

Total..... \$1,611,281,183

Less cash items available for reduction of debt..... \$438,679,937
--

Less reserve held for redemption of U. S. notes..... 100,000,000
--

notes..... 538,679,937
