

PAST AND FUTURE.

I saw thee in thy bridal hour;
A strong the ancient temple filled,
And thou didst wear the orange flower—
So lovely that all hearts were thrilled.

Twas night and brilliant was the scene,
And music's strains had died in air,
When to the man of God serens—
We heard thy meek responses there.

Then, when all symbol rites were o'er,
From fearful friends we watched the glide,
Aw as one who leaves the shore
Of home for ocean sunsets wide.

A few short years have flown; and now
Slow through those stately aisles again
We see these pass:—ah, no! not thou;
It is thy weeping funeral train.

Alas! for life, for hopes and joys;
No more can we behold thee here;
Oh, surely, life which wrought destroys
There must be in some softer sphere.

And thou art there! The soul forges,
Unerringly, that death is thine;
Thy life immortal life besets;
And rays thee in thy light divine!

—W. Dearden, in Springfield (Mass.) Republic.

Mean.



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II.—CONTINUED.

Then it was that old Brax came down and took a hand. Riding to where Minor still sat on his patient sorrel, the senior bluntly inquired:

"What the devil's the matter?"

"I don't know," said Minor.

"Who does know?"

"Well, Drake, possibly, or else he doesn't know anything. He's been trying to get Cram to dress his battery back."

"Why, yes, confound it! he's a mile ahead of the line," said the colonel, and off he trotted to expostulate with the batteryman. "Capt. Cram, isn't there room for your battery back of the line instead of in front of it?" inquired the chief, in tone both aggrieved and aggressive.

"Lots, sir," answered Cram, cheerfully. "Just countermarched there."

"Then I wished you'd oblige me by moving back at once, sir; you're delaying the whole ceremony here. I'm told Mr. Drake has twice ordered you to dress to the right."

"I've heard it, sir, only once, but have dressed twice, so it's all right," responded Cram, as affably as though he had no other aim in life than to gratify the whims of his post commander.

"Why, confound it, sir, it isn't all right by a da—good deal! Here you are 'way out on line with Maj. Minor, and your battery's—why, it isn't dressed on our rank at all, sir. Just look at it."

Cram resumed the carry with the saber he had lowered in salute, calmly reversed so as to face his battery, and, with preternatural gravity of mien, looked along his front. There midway between the lead drivers sat Mr. Doyle, his face well-nigh as red as his plume, his blare eyes nearly popping out of his skull in his effort to repress the emotions excited by this colloquy. There midway between the lead drivers in the left section sat Mr. Ferry, gazing straight to the front over the erected ears of his handsome bay and doing his very best to keep a solemn face, though the unshaded corners of his boyish mouth were twitching with mischief and merriment. There, silent, disciplined and rigid, sat the sergeants, drivers and cannoneers of famous old Light Battery "X," all agog with interest in the proceedings and all looking as though they had never heard a word.

"I declare, sir," said Cram, with exasperating civility, "I can see nothing out of the way. Will you kindly indicate what is amiss?"

This was too much for Ferry. In his effort to restrain his merriment and gulp down a rising flood of laughter there was heard an explosion that sounded something like the sudden collapse of an inflated paper bag, and old Brax, glaring angrily at the boy, now red in the face with mingled mirth and consternation, caught sudden idea from the sight. Was the battery laughing at—was the battery commander guying—him? Was it possible that they were profiting by his ignorance of their regulations? It put him on his guard and suggested a tentative.

"Do you mean that you are right in being so far ahead of our line instead of dressed upon it?" asked he of the big blonde soldier in the glittering uniform. "Where do you find authority for it?"

"Oh, perfectly right, colonel. In fact, for six years past I've never seen it done any other way. You'll find the authority on page 562, Field Artillery Tactics of 1864."

For a moment Brax was dumb. He had long heard of Cram as an expert in his own branch of the service, but presently he burst forth:

"Well, in our tactics there's reason for every blessed thing we do, but I'll be dinged if I can see rhyme or reason in such a formation as that. Why, sir, your one company takes up more room than my six—makes twice as much of a show. Of course if a combined review is to show off the artillery it's all very well. However, go ahead, if you think you're right, sir, go ahead! I'll inquire into this later."

"I know we're right, colonel; and as for the reason, you'll see it when you open ranks for review and we come to 'action front'; then our line will be exactly that of the infantry. Meantime, sir, it isn't for us to go ahead. We've gone as far as we can until your adjutant makes the next move."

But Braxton had ridden away disgusted before Cram wound up his remarks.

"Go on, Maj. Minor; just run this thing without reference to the battery. Damned if I understand their methods. Let Cram look after his own affairs; if he goes wrong, why—it's none of our concern."

And so Minor had nodded "go ahead" to Mr. Drake, and presently the whole command made its bow, so to speak, to Minor as its immediate chief, and then he drew sword and his untried voice became faintly audible. The orders: "Prepare for review" and "to the rear open order" were instantly followed by a stentorian "action front" down at the left, the instant leap and rush of some thirty nimble cannoneers, shouts of "drive on!" the cracking of whips, the thunder and rumble of wheels, the thud of plunging hoofs. Forty-eight mettlesome horses in teams of two abreast went dancing briskly away to the rear, at sight of which Minor dropped his jaw and the point of his sword and sat gazing blankly after them, over the bowed head of his placid sorrel, wondering what on earth it meant that they should all be running away, at the very instant when he expected them to brace up for review. But before he could give utterance to his thoughts eight glossy teams in almost simultaneous sweep to the left about came sharply around again. The black muzzles of the guns were pointed to the front, every axle exactly in the prolongation of his front rank, every little group of red-topped, red-trimmed cannoneers standing erect and square, the chiefs of section and of pieces sitting like statues on their handsome horses, the line of limbers accurately covering the guns, and, still farther back, Mr. Pierce could be heard shouting his orders for the alignment of the caissons. In the twinkling of an eye the rush and thunder were stilled, the battery without the twitch of a muscle stood ready for review, and old Brax, sitting gloomily in saddle at the reviewing point, watching the stirring sight with gloomy and cynical eye, was chafed still more to hear in a silvery voice from the group of ladies the unwelcome words: "Oh, wasn't that pretty!" He meant with all his heart to pull in some of the plumage of those confounded "woodpeckers" as he called them, before the day was over.

In grim silence, therefore, he rode along the front of the battalion, taking little comfort in the neatness of their quaint, old-fashioned garb, the single-breasted, long-skirted frock coats, the bulging black felt hats looped up on one side and decked with skimpy black feather, the glistening shoulder-scales and circular breast-plates, the polish of their black leather belts, cartridge and cap boxes and bayonet scabbards. It was all trim and soldierly, but he was bottling up his sense of annoyance for the benefit of Cram and his people. Yet, what could he say? Neither he nor Minor had ever before been brought into such relations with the light artillery, and he simply didn't know where to hit. Lots of things looked queer, but after this initial experience he felt it best to say nothing until he could light on a point that no one could gainsay, and he found it in front of the left section.

"Where is Mr. Waring, sir?" he sternly asked.

"I wish I knew, colonel. His horse came back with him, as you doubtless saw, and, as he hasn't appeared, I am afraid of accident."

"How did he come to leave his post, sir? I have no recollection of authorizing anything of the kind."

"Certainly not, colonel. He rode back to his quarters with my consent before adjutant's call had sounded, and he should have been with us again in abundant time."

"That young gentleman needs more discipline than he is apt to get at this rate, Capt. Cram, and I desire that you pay closer attention to his movements than you have done in the past. Mr. Drake," he said to his adjutant, who was tripping around after his chief afoot, "call on Mr. Waring to explain his absence in writing and without delay. This indifference to duty is something to which I am utterly unaccustomed," continued Braxton again, addressing Cram, who preserved a most uncompromising serenity of countenance; and with this parting shot the colonel turned gruffly away and soon retook his station at the reviewing point.

Then came the second hitch. Minor had had no experience whatever, as has been said, and he first tried to wheel into column of companies without closing ranks, whereupon every captain promptly cautioned "Stand fast," and thereby banished the last remnant of Minor's senses. Seeing that something was wrong, he tried again, this time prefacing with "Pass in review," and still the captains were implacable. The nearest one, in a stage whisper, tried to make the major hear "Close order, first." But all the time Brax was losing more of his temper and Minor was what was left of his head, and Brax came down like the wolf on the fold, gave the command to "Close order" himself, and was instantly echoed by Cram's powerful shout "Liberate the rear," followed by "Pieces left about! Caissons forward!" Then, in the rumble and clank of the responding battery, Minor's next command was heard by only the right wing of the battalion, and the company wheels were ragged. So was the next part of the performance when he started to march in review, never waiting, of course, for the battery to wheel into column of sections. This omission, however, in no wise disconcerted

Cram, who, following at rapid walk, soon gained on the rear of column, passing his post commander in beautiful order and with most accurate salute on the part of himself and officers, and, observing this, Minor took heart, and, recovering his senses to a certain extent, gave the command "Guide left" in abundant time to see that the new guides were accurately in trace, thereby insuring what he expected to find a beautiful wheel into line to the left, the commands for which movement he gave in louder and more confident tone, but was instantly nonplussed by seeing the battery wheel into line to the right and move off in exactly the opposite direction from what he had expected. This was altogether too much for his equanimity. Digging his spurs into the flanks of the astonished sorrel, he darted off after Cram, waving his sword, and shouting:

"Left into line wheel, captain. Left into line wheel."

In vain Mr. Pierce undertook to explain matters. Minor presumed that the artilleryman had made an actual blunder and was only enabled to correct it by a counter-march, and so rode back to his position in front of the center of the reforming line, convinced that at last he had caught the battery commander.

When Braxton, therefore, came down to make his criticisms and comments upon the conduct of the review, Minor was simply amazed to find instead of being in error Cram had gone exactly right and as prescribed by his drill regulations in wheeling to the right and gaining ground to the rear before coming up on the line. He almost perversely declared that he wished the colonel, if he proposed having a combined review, would assume command himself, as he didn't care to be bothered with combination tactics of which he had never had previous knowledge. Being of the same opinion, Braxton himself took hold, and the next performance, though somewhat erroneous in many respects, was a slight improvement on the first, though Braxton did not give time for the battery to complete one movement before he would rush it into another. When the officers assembled to compare notes during the rest after the second repetition, Minor growled that this was "a little better, yet not good," which led to some one

the post commander, finally, bringing his fist down on the table with a crash, "I just—won't have it!"

He had brought down the pile of letters as well as his fist, and Drake sprang to gather them, replacing them on the desk and dexterously slipping a paper cutter under the flap of each envelope as he did so. At the very first note he opened Brax threw himself back in his chair with a long whistle of mingled amazement and concern, then turned suddenly on his adjutant. "What became of Mr. Waring? He wasn't hurt?"

"Not a bit, sir, that I know of. He drove to town with Capt. Cram's team—at least I was told so—and left that note for you there, sir."

"He did!—left the post and left a note for me! Why!—But here Braxton broke off short, tore open the note and read:

"MY DEAR COLONEL: I trust you will overlook the informality of my going to town without previously consulting you. I had purpose, of course, asking your permission, but the mishap that befell me in the runaway of my horse prevented my appearance at the review, and I waited for your return from the field it would have compelled me to break my engagement with our friends the Allertons. Under the circumstances I felt sure of your comprehension."

"As I hope to drive Miss Allerton down after the matinee, might it not be a good idea to have the dress parade and the band out? They have seen the battery drills but are much more desirous of seeing the infantry."

"Most sincerely yours,

"S. 3. WARING."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

INDIANA STATE NEWS.

How the Rapid Leveling of Mountains and River Banks Takes Place.

The geologist studying in the Rocky mountains is ever astonished at the rapid degradation of mountain forms. Cliffs, peaks, crags and rocky scars are forever tumbling down. The rocks break asunder above and roll down in great slides on the flanks and about the feet of the mountains. As the slopes are thus diminished gradually the slides are covered with soil, in part through the decay of the rocks themselves, in part by wind-drifted sands, but perhaps in chief part by the washing of the soils above. In this manner a great mountain is ultimately buried by overplacement. This overplacement gradually washes down, to be distributed on still lower grounds, but it is replaced from above from the newly-formed soils. The process goes on until the mountain is degraded into hills and the streams have carried away the greater part of the material of the ancient mountain. Now, in studying these mountains, the geologist is always on his guard to distinguish overplacement from foundation structure. When the mountains are all gone the hills are degraded in the same manner, and the process continues until a grand base-level is established, below which degradation can not take place; then the mountains and hills have all been carried away by rivers to the sea. As mountains and hills are degraded, so valley slopes are brought down. The river, meandering now on this side and now on that, increases the length of its course, as every bend throughout the valley is cut back; but ultimately bend works back against bend, until shorter channels are produced. By cut-off channels the course of the river is diminished; by increasing its meanders the course of the river is lengthened; but in the grand operation the one about compensates for the other. In this manner the river is forever rearranging the flood plain. The banks of the stream, left dry by the vicissitudes of river cutting, tumble down, and a bank goes through a process much like that of the mountain slope.—Maj. J. W. Powell, in Popular Science Monthly.]

A STATEMENT of the affairs of the Exchange bank of Buck & Toan, of Plymouth, by the assignee, shows liabilities at \$43,710, of which \$37,110 are deposits, against \$51,349 available assets.

The ladies of the churches of Green town have wrecked the one saloon in town with axes, clubs and other feminine weapons of warfare. They first met at the saloon and held prayer to get the proprietor to stop, but failing to melt him, they adjourned to take more decided action. Church bells were rung, and then the work of destruction began.

TED IRVINE, the author of several sensational tales under the nom de plume of "Frederic S. Butte," was married at Logansport, the other day, to his divorced wife, nee Artie Leamer. When they were parted last spring the court ordered that neither re-marry within three years, but they succeeded in securing a modification of this decree.

SIXTY tramps boarded a freight on the Pittsburgh road, and fought while the train was in motion, near Liverpool. An unknown white man was shot and fatally wounded by a Negro. Seven tramps were arrested.

In the State Demorest contest, at Mitchell, Miss. Lizzie Crim, of that place, took the gold medal over eight contestants from other parts of the state. This is the third medal she has won.

GEORGE DODSON, a Brown county farmer, subject to epilepsy, was righting up a burning log heap on his farm when he was taken with fit and fell into the fire. A small boy standing by was unable to drag him from the flames and ran for help. When rescued from his perilous position he was seriously burned.

YOUNG & THATCHER, implement and music dealers, Tipton, have failed. Their liabilities are placed at \$11,000, with assets amounting to \$7,500.

MRS. LIZZIE STORMS is the woman implicated in the murder of Kent Brown at Winchester.

The Citizens' national bank, one of the oldest and soundest banks in Muncie, suspended business the other morning. Withdrawals of deposits and inability to realize on paper is the cause. President Kerwood claims that the assets are two to one.

WILL JEFFRIES, 14, colored, was smothered to death at his home near Churubusco. His folks left him to take care of the house, and while lying on the bed he had a fit and was smothered in the bedclothes.

A DESPERATE attempt was made by seven prisoners to break the Clark county jail. They were only prevented from accomplishing their designs by the timely arrival of Mollie Donovan, sister of the sheriff.

IT turns out that Eleanor Mullen, a young woman of Indianapolis, was kept a prisoner at the state reformatory for three years, when her sentence was for but thirty days.

MRS. SARAH T. BOLTON, known for half a century as "the Indiana poetess," died at Indianapolis, the other night. She was born in Newport, Ky., in 1811. Mrs. Bolton's poems were published in book form. For many years she stood foremost among the writers of Indiana. Among her poetic effusions probably the best known are "Paddle Your Own Canoe," and "The Union Forever."

JOHN JEFFRIES, a stock-dealer near Carmel, had \$550 stolen from his house. Tracks show that three men went through a corn-field near by.

A CONNERSVILLE machinist named Morgan has invented a unicycle. The vehicle consists of a wheel eight feet in diameter, and the operator sits inside this monster cycle to propel it. As the model of the machine is not completed a full description can not be given. He claims that it will revolutionize modern wheeling and that it can be easily and successfully operated.

The Bank of Commerce, of Indianapolis, has collected \$16,500 of outstanding debts since the bank suspended, and most of the notes held by the bank will be due in a few weeks. The vice president reports that it is the intention of the bank management to be able to pay all claimants in full and resume business on October 1.

Gov. MATTHEWS has pardoned Wm. Hudson, convicted of bigamy.

Mrs. W. W. RITCHIE, of Noblesville, swallowed a pin and needle about six years ago. The pin passed from her directly after the accident, but the needle has just come out of her flesh in the side. She has suffered no pain whatever.

ATTY-GEN. GREEN SMITH has succeeded, on a recent Sunday, with appropriate religious exercises the fiftieth anniversary of his installation as pastor of the little Congregational church in Greenwich, Mass. The church, which was organized in 1744, is known for its long pastorate; two ministers having occupied its pulpit for ninety-four years, and three for one hundred and twenty-one years. It is Mr. Blodgett's only pastorate, and he has been absent from his pulpit because of illness but once in forty-three years. Only twice has he missed being present at Amherst college commencement in the whole half century.

Rev. Dr. Wild, the "prophetic" preacher of Toronto, Ont., bidding his congregation farewell on a recent Sunday evening, told them that he left a \$5,000 salary in Brooklyn thirteen years ago to preach to them for half the sum; that they doubled it, and he made \$5,000 a year more by lecturing, and he added, facetiously, that if in a year's time they were looking for another pastor at \$10,000 a year they might give him a call.

You can find a hundred people who are courageous where you will find one who is patient.—Ram's Horn.



"WHAT THE DEVIL'S THE MATTER?"

the post commander, finally, bringing his fist down on the table with a crash, "I just—won't have it!"

He had brought down the pile of letters as well as his fist, and Drake sprang to gather them, replacing them on the desk and dexterously slipping a paper cutter under the flap of each envelope as he did so. At the very first note he opened Brax threw himself back in his chair with a long whistle of mingled amazement and concern, then