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THE OLD VIRGINIA REEL.

In the sunny autumn gloaming, when the fire burns bright and low,
And I look between the rime that about my cabin shelve,
At my homespun little garden, where the ripened grass is,
Like a heap of tattered beggars taken in the woods to die,
And the chilly winds come drawing round the cabins and the sky,
And along the narrow pathway drift the dry and withered leaves,
And the gray owl is shaken and a voice hangs over the wheat,
Then I seem to hear the music of an old Virginia reel.

Very sweet and very merry, very faint and far away,
Now I hear the ancient fiddlers on the stringing begin to play,
Keeping time with swaying bodies and a blur of whirlwind music,
Till a host of dainty dippers follow to the door and time.
There is Mistress Jenny Weaver in her gown of yellow silk,
With the crimson roses shining on her neck and arms of milk,
Knee Lady Betty Fielder deigns to tap a measure too!
To the merry, merry music of the old Virginia reel.

Lady Betty, Lady Betty, all your pride is done
For the worms have lived and nested in your bosom of rare silk,
Mistress Jenny, with your laughter, and your ribbons and your beau,
And the hearts that you have broken are dust as you lie cold too.
I alone am left to mourn ye, you and poised on wing and grave,
Mumbling over the vanished glories and the joys of yesterday,
When I had a stalwart lover, and my heart beat with his,
And we glided together to the old Virginia reel.

Ah, the instruments are shattered, and the strings are snapped in twain,
And the fiddlers have forgotten and will never play again!
Then the crinkling of the branches on the skirts of the wind
That recalled to me the music and the spirit of long ago.
But above the stars eternal, in their fadeless pride and blaze,
With the powder on their shoulders and the buckles on their shoes,
I shall see the beaux and sweethearts in a long procession kneel,
And their harps will play the music of an old Virginia reel.

—Minnie Irving in St. Louis Magazine.

THE FACE OF A DEMON.

There were only sixty of us cavalry to guard a train of thirty wagons; the Indians could have come on down by sheer weight of numbers had they possessed the nerve to charge en masse. At 3 o'clock in the afternoon I counted at least 400 of the hostiles in sight—every one mounted on his war pony and armed with a good rifle, if not a Winchester.

Sixty troopers and thirty teamsters to 400 redskins. Dig odds in favor of the whooping, screaming, defiant riders, and more so because out of the thirty teamsters not more than half would live a shot in case of a grand charge. Western men, and not their first night of hostilities by a dozen times, but teamsters are not the material a soldier is. As the rods began to close in and became more defiant I noticed many white faces among the wagons, and I figured that many a man would cut loose his fleetest team and seek to escape by flight in worst came to worst.

We must give the Apaches a lesson in manners. We had been waiting until the train should reach a favorable location. The moment had come. On the ground the teamsters could take care of it with ten troopers to guide and direct, and that left fifty of us to sack. The word was quickly passed down the line, each man prepared himself, and at a note from the bugle a wonderful change took place. Our captain wheeled with twenty men, and charged to the rear; our major lieutenant wheeled to the left with ten men; a sergeant charged straight ahead with ten more; I took nine others and wheeled to the right and rode straight at a body of eighty Indians bunched on a knoll just out of rifle shot.

"Right wheel—steady, now; forward, trot, gallop—charge!"

Ten to eighty! Fight to one! Odds enough to prove our mettle and make it exciting. Every trooper in every squadron was cheering as he rode. His carbine was strapped to his back and his saber was held aloft in his right hand.

"Rush 'em, boys; drive right into 'em; make a hole in the lot—!"

Our plan had been executed so swiftly that the reds were dumfounded. Only three or four shots were fired at us as we charged, and the whole band sat there gazing at us as we thundered up. We struck them with an awful crash—ten of us to single reds, and as our sabers began to flash the Indians thought only of getting out of reach. We had them flying in two minutes, and the order was, in case they took to flight, to keep together and run them for a couple of miles, using our carbines on their backs.

I had a light horse, not much larger than an Indian pony. He struck and knocked over one pony, and as I cut a warrior down with my saber my horse pitched forward and flung me heavily to the ground. I was stunned, but remember that two or three horses stepped on me as the Indians drew out and took to flight. When I struggled to a sitting position it was to find myself almost helpless. My right shoulder was broken, my back severely injured, and my legs felt numb. I was in a hollow, from which I could not see the wagons, but I could hear the fighting going on in all directions.

To the right of me was a dead warrior, to the left a second, farther to the left a dead pony; to my right a wounded one, directly in front of me and twenty feet away was a redskin, kicking and struggling. I had just got a rest on my left elbow when he sat up. The right side of his head was all bloody from a saber cut which had shaved off an ear, but this would have been a trifle to him. He must have been dismounted by the shock, as I was, and had also been troubled so. His right arm hung limp and his back was broken. He fell back as he tried to sit up, and, rolling over half way, his eyes looked intently into mine.

Talk of the fury in the eyes of a tiger brought to bay, of a lion crippled and waiting to strike a dying blow, of the flow of hot lava in the eyes of a moccoff attacked with hydrophobia and impatient to destroy! The face of that Indian was the face of a demon fresh from the confines of hades. The hate in his eyes made the blood chill. The desire for vengeance burned out like a blaze on a hilltop at midnight.

I felt for my revolver with my left hand. It was in the holster of my saddle. My carbine was at my back, but I could not get at it, injured as I was, and the slightest movement giving me excruciating pain. Was he armed? Yes! I saw his left hand go down and seize the handle of his tomahawk, and as he raised it he tried to utter a shout of defiance. He could not at first, and his right arm was helpless, but clutching his teeth tightly together to force back the pain he waved the tomahawk three or four times to get an impetus, and then flung it at me. It passed over me and sank into the earth.

Had he any other weapon? He lay back, panting with pain and exhaustion after his throw, and again his eyes glared into mine, while the blood oozed from his wound and ran down his throat and neck.

Hate! Vengeance! Fury! Hope! Despair! I read each feeling as it passed through his heart—read it from the eyes which burned and glared and dimmed until I grew faint at their malignity.

Then he moved his arm again and brought up a knife—a long, thin knife, which the lightest blow would drive to a man's heart. It flashed and glistened in the sun, and my flesh crept as the red devil, wounded unto death and almost helpless, reached out, laid the knife on the ground, and then sought to clutch the soil and drag his body toward me. An inch—two inches—three—five—ten—a foot! If he can have time he will pull himself across that space to within striking distance and then drive that knife into me!

He reaches out again—he groans in pain—his fingers dig up the dirt—his eyes look blood red as he calls up his third for vengeance to help his nerveless perform their work another inch—six inches—another foot! I feel the ground around me again as far as I can. No weapon—nothing to stop his advance.

Once more he reaches out and deposits the knife. The black fingers sink into the soil and find a hold—the powerful muscles of a single arm pull his crippled body along inch by inch—inch by inch. There's a brighter blaze in his eyes—additional fury creeps into that steady glare. He has been wounded unto death, but if he can kill me he will die without a regret—spel with a shout of exultation on his lips.

Inch by inch—coming, coming nearer, nearer! Two feet more and he can reach me and stab and thrust with that knife! But suddenly I notice that the fringe has ceased. I hear the hoofbeats of galloping horses, and now half a dozen troopers ride up, and one of them calls out:

"Blow my stars! but here's our sergeant! Hello, old boy, catch a bullet! Down, boys, and look after him, and I'll just put an ounce ball into the head of this red devil who's been picking his teeth with his hunting knife. Stand clear a minute, boys! Here, two, three—gone to Injun heaven, to feel with an more wagon trains!"—M. Quad in New York World.

A Cowboy and His Steed.

The love affairs of the cowboys would make many interesting chapters. One that is particularly gossamer is told of a young man named Hunt. While north he had met and fallen in love with a pretty waitress at the hotel, and when he returned to the ranch had won from her a promise to marry him on his next trip. He went back to the ranch, bidding her a fond goodby, and through the next ten months saved and dressed, anxious for the meeting between himself and his sweetheart. He could hardly wait for the slow progress of the herd over the prairies and kept always near to the leaders in order to get to the town early.

In the meanwhile another lover had won his mistress' favor and had, too, been accepted. One afternoon in the early fall the two were riding in a carriage outside of the city. They were along the trail which, as they came over a bluff, they found themselves near the head of a large herd of cattle. Lover No. 1 was before them, and his quick and longing eye greeted the situation in an instant. Unhooding the long rawhide lariat which hung on his saddle horn he dashed the spare into his pony and rode for the carriage. The girl startled as she recognized him, and the new lover lashed his team to escape. But to no purpose.

The curling flies of rope went reaching out certainly and with almost diabolic intelligence. It settled around the neck of the driver, and as the first lover had turned his pony in another direction the man shot out of the carriage and was dragged over the sod helplessly and roughly. On and on the avenger spurred his horse, the body bobbing over the sod as the end of the lariat tethered. Soon they were out of sight behind a knoll, and the rider was never seen again by his companions.

The new lover's body was found a mile away, dead, a broken lariat still attached to its neck. The murderer was afterward heard of in the mines of Colorado, where he was known as the most reckless and hardened character that had been seen for many a day. His experience had calloused his heart.—Chicago Herald.

Why Cigars Cost Money.

A cigar contains resin, furnin, butyric, valeric and propionic acids, prussic acid, cumonin, carbonic acid, ammonia, ammoniated hydrogen, pyridine, picoline, picoline and rubidine, to say nothing of cabapine and hardolic acid. That's why you can't get a good one for less than 10c.—London Tit-Bits.

The Opal and the Onyx.

The opal was looked upon as a thunder stone, and although many women now appear to have a strong superstition respecting an opal ring, yet it was in bygone days held in the highest estimation. It was supposed to combine the virtues of several other gems. On the other hand, the onyx was regarded as accident prone, and in consequence to the color of the finger nails—could scarcely have been a nice stone to wear, for according to medieval superstition, it rendered one particularly susceptible to nuisances from nightmares and demons.—Chambers' Journal.

Fort Sumter is in a shilly neglected condition. It is covered with debris and the shattered walls are cracked and the central walls are foul with mold and grass. Fort Moultrie is in a similar condition of dilapidation.

An Italian physiologist of repute, named Mosso, has demonstrated by experiment that thinking causes a rush of blood to the brain, which varies with the nature of the thought.

Mosses and Eunuchs.

The animal ruler of Fort Monroe arrive in India, and today there are orders in Burma that are Mussa in principle and practice if not in name. The only difference is the Mussalle Embroidery of the mitched and the extent in the latter are strictly spontaneous, like the stones orders named. The former have spontaneous in fact as they are flesh. This statement is based on the fact that the pancakes and farina used by the Monroe Mussas in their helpless presence are the same as those used in one of an Indian temple. A Monroe Mussa of Europe actually passed himself into the social part of an adoption of one of them.

I may think the nerves of some who feebly oppose secret societies in my observed that those who are Free Masons feel it seem but to principle. Nominally he was an Emperor, which buttressed in principle and practice was Mussa. With the exception of Pasi all the spaniel were women dwelt here Eunuchs. Pasi's statement that "Sultan conquers or unconquers and also makes the Sultan" is the equivalent of an oriental telegram sent he was an Emperor. All the attendants from Pasi down were Eunuchs, and Pasi, Eunuchs, Mussa Mussas, lived in great purity of body and soul, behind the wheel fully every morning at sunrise and were confident to have no earth taints over their palms.

The following were a few of their many esoteric distinctions: Those shall keep the ice commandments of Mussa; those shall not engage in war or chat war; those shall eat no flesh of any animal or fish or bird or fowl or partaking thereof; those shall shall dwell in families after the manner of the ancient Israelites, who believed (Jonah is quoted) that each lived in company with an eunuch, and do some thy fellow man as does another have him do unto thee; those shall retain good for evil; if a man strike thee on one cheek, turn to him the other also. It is to evidence that Jesus accomplished lived up to the letter and spirit of the Eunuch dictations.—Dr. Tanner in Kansas City Times.

Sun Building in Capriville.

Cassius, who has been pacing, often turns some very radical and unknown ideas that first sort, either by using far too much material or not enough. Our pals so watched Eliel for two or three days (all, as they were accustomed with more material, which they at once began piling up on top of the box until it now lay five above the edge. In the middle of this they made the sand, not with scraping and hair, but every feather and odd bit they could find. At the end of the second day he had a second sand, which showed they had learned something by former experiments this new being composed of soft sand and sand with no more, answering the purpose in every way, with about half the expenditure of labor and time in first attempt.

Again, it was very interesting to watch them under the condition of having no suitable materials to build with, and under those conditions they point a model to us by doing their best under the worst circumstances. To one pair of birds which had been three weeks I gave a nesting box so small that the hen could not possibly go in it, however, this only called forth special effort and thought, and after filling the box they gradually extended the sides of the box, a little at a time, as it was about the size of the box, until the circumference was large enough to allow of the inside being occupied.

One pair which were caged together could never agree as to which box they should occupy, having a choice of two. The bet decided at one, the hen was the sitter, so they both began building on their own account until all the material was used. Then the cock took all of the quarrel boxes. While the hen was down finding the much would go and fetch the nest out of her box to put in his own, and so the hen, many disputable fights being the result. After three days of this unhappy state of matters he removed one box and gave them another fresh nest, after which they built a very nice nest and reared a family of three in perfect love and content with each other.—Chambers' Journal.

Discouragements of Inventors.

Paul and Wyatt taught the world how to spin a hundred or more threads at one operation, but was never elapsed after those early inventions before they came into general use. Paul worked his corn machines for many years, and he has to deal into warm broken up and sold, and the world continued to spin on a foot wheel. The lady realization of the vision of time inventions was the principle to the opposition of the hand operatives to the introduction of anything in the nature of machinery, and the guilds were strong, and interested in their refusal to operate or operate save desires for dispensing with hand labor.

John Kay, after inventing his fly shuttle, was compelled to close his mill at Leeds by the riotous hostility of the hand weavers. Learning that he was also engaged in devising machinery for spinning, a mob broke into his house, destroyed everything it contained, and would have killed the inventor himself had not friends smuggled him away in a wool sheet. We need not be surprised at the blind brutality of these ignorant workingmen. They looked upon the inventor as an enemy, planning to take the bread from their mouths.

But what shall we say of the manufacturers who stole the patents of Kay, without recognition of the service his genius and those labors of his wife, and what shall we say of the government which permitted this gain, in his old age, without recompense for invention which added millions to the wealth of the country, to seek refuge from persecution in France, there to die in abject poverty?—S. N. D. North in Popular Science Monthly.

What Became of the Gilbert?

When Frederick Gerstecker accompanied the Duke of Coburg to eastern Africa the navigation of the Sowelepa was dropped at Cabre, where a German soldier treated them to a dinner, followed by an exhibition of local talent in Arabian legends and dances. The performance ended with a musical, after a series of preliminary exhibitions in the magical art, invited his audience to an open terrace, and in the plain light of the evening sun flung up a number of transparent balls. These silvery globes disappeared at an apparent height of about eighty feet above the metropolis. The globes were colorless and polished like white glass, but were as light as grass, and were repeatedly submitted for the examination of the spectators.

After passing from hand to hand they were put into an open vessel, shaped like a short handled dipper, and hoisting back till his experienced arm nearly touched the ground, he wound them flying them straight up into the air, where they could be seen for a moment like glittering globes against the blue sky. But no one ever saw them come down again, though the scene of the exhibition was surrounded by a large level lawn, the air seemed to have swallowed them like globes of dissolving vapor. A sought of hand trick was clearly out of the question, but a more tasteless exposition would have puzzled a chemist as well as an epicure.—St. Louis Republic.

It Was Slow Climbing.

Young Lady Tourist (to mountain guide)—Do you make a good living at your business?

Guide—Yes, miss. Why shouldn't I? Young Lady—I fancied you might find it uphill work.—Harper's Bazar.

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—32— THE ∴ BOYS! —34—

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