THE LANSINGBURGH

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### After a While.

There is a strange, sweet solace in the thought,
That all the woes we suffer here below
May, as a dark and hideous garment wrought
For us to wear, whether we will or not,
Be cast aside, with a relieving smile,
After a little while.

Only a little while this vale of tears
With moans and sighs shall hem our devious way;
Only a little while the grief that sears
And wrings and rends shall gloat above its prey;
And fade will, likewise, every hollow guile
After a little while.

What if we lose earth's pageants, fresh and fair—
The pride of morn, the sunset's gorgeous fields,
Love's leaping pulse, and the unmeasured stare
That Nature's largess for the asking yields—
If death to brighter shores our souls exile
After a little while?

No mortal roaming but hath certain end;
Though far onto the ocean spaces gray
We sail and sail, without a chart or friend,
Above the sky-line, faint and far away,
There looms at last the one enchanted isle
After a little while.

Though over burning and inveterate sands,
To seek the river's mystic source we strain,
With parching lips, scorched feet and blistered hands,
At last there rises the one mountain chain
That folds the fountains of our spirit's Nile
After a little while.

Oh, when our cares come thronging thick and fast,
With more of anguish than the heart can bear,
Though friends desert, and, as the heedless blast,
Even love pass by us with a stony stare,
Let us withdraw into some ruined pile,
Or lonely forest aisle,

And contemplate the never-ceasing change
Whereby the processes of God are wrought,
And from our petty lives our souls estrange,
Till, bathed in currents of exalted thought,
We feel the rest that must our cares beguile
After a little while!

—*Calvert's Magazine.*

## A Breach of Discipline.

"It's no use speaking, Brereton; I must go."

"Are you mad, Kendal? It's your night on guard, and you know what a martinet the colonel is."

"I tell you I will go. The colonel's not a dancing man. He'll know nothing about it."

"I don't you believe it. The colonel's thick with those Lindsay girls, and I'll bet you ten to one he's there to meet them."

"Oh, hang it! I'll take my chance then," was the reply, in the dogged tone of a man who knows he is in the wrong, but does not choose to yield.

The speakers were two officers of the —th regiment, which had been quartered for the last six months at Singleborough. The subject of discussion was a great public ball which was to take place that evening. The regiment was to be relieved in a day or two, and the ball would be the last at which the gallant officers of the —th would appear in that hospitable town.

Captain Kendal looked very obstinate as he answered the prudent admonitions of his friend Brereton, who gave a long whistle, and tapped the ground ominously with his cane.

"I gave you credit for more common sense," he resumes, after a pause.

"Then you were mistaken, you see."

"So it seems, but it is an awful pity. You'll be cashiered to a certainty, for the old fellow is keen as a hawk and is sure to find you out. I say, man, be advised; give it up; the game's too dangerous."

"Pooh!" exclaimed the other, testily. "I tell you the colonel won't be there, and if he were, trust to me to dodge him. Why, bless you, he's blind as a mole!"

His friend looked utterly unconvinced, but remonstrance was plainly of no use.

"It's all because of that Leslie girl," he said, ruefully, for he was honestly attached to his messmate, and saw clearly the consequences which might be expected to follow upon his attendance at the ball. "Thank Heaven, I'm not in love!"

"Spare your eloquence and have done now, can't you?" replied Captain Kendal, ungraciously. "Go, I must and will, but trust to me to take care of myself."

The two friends walked down the rest of the street in silence till Brereton turned into his club, while the other went on, with a slightly anxious frown on his handsome, sunburnt face, and swinging his cane uneasily. He knew Brereton was right, but wrong is apt to be stronger than right sometimes, and the temptation in this case was powerful. He was about to commit, deliberately, a glaring breach of military discipline, which, if discovered, would assuredly cost him dear and put an end to more pleasant hopes than one. Nevertheless, he was quite determined to risk it. It was his duty to keep guard that night at the Royal bank, and his colonel was not a man who would lightly overlook even a trifling offense against the military code.

What, then, was the motive which could induce this gallant young officer of her majesty's service, who had already won distinction for his bravery on the battlefield, and who had always acquitted himself well and honorably heretofore, to plan recklessly so grave an infringement of duty as the abandonment of the post he was bound in all honor to guard?

We offer no excuse. But the explanation of his conduct must be found in his state of mind, which was abnormal, Brereton was right. There was a woman in the case. Before his mind's eye there danced a lovely vision that lured the infatuated young man from the right path; a pair of blue eyes, a sweet smile, a graceful form, were the gaze on which the foolish fellow would have traveled miles!

And she Was to be at the ball, surrounded by admiring swains, of one or two of whom he was madly jealous; and who knew what might happen while he was absent?

He might of course have spoken a certain momentous little word before, and he had thought, now and then, that it would not have fallen on reluctant ears. But he had gone on basking in the sunshine of her smiles, his happy in the present to think of the future, and he had just heard casually that to-morrow morning early she was to leave town for her home in the country.

To-day, too, chance had brought a sudden revelation to his heart. Till then he had not been fully aware of the strength of his own feelings for that blue-eyed charmer. On turning down a street corner, he had come suddenly face to face to her, and in close attendance upon her was Maddox, of the —th Lancers, a brilliant Adonis whom ladies were terribly partial to. In his face Harry Kendal read something that made him tremble for his own hopes, and showed him, too, in a startling moment of time, how his whole life's happiness was bound up in them. That rapid glance of recognition awoke a storm of anxious fears in his breast and left the green-eyed monster raging there.

The bank, a great solid building of dark gray stone, stood in an inclosure. At the rear was a court encircled by a fence, in which was a small wicket gate opening into a lane a short distance below the main entrance, and used chiefly for communication with the back premises. At night it was always kept locked. The front of the building, on the other hand, faced one of the principal thoroughfares, and was approached through a massive outer gate, which, like the smaller one, was carefully closed after nightfall.

Captain Kendal did not change his mind. As the evening wore on he slipped out, merely informing the sentinel that he should soon return. The old soldier, who had known and loved his young officer for some years, shook his head ominously as he saw him depart, but inwardly resolved to keep his counsel if possible.

"To truth, however, he was false, in a willful way, and, banishing all anxious reflections appeared in the ballroom in time to secure the hand of his fair charmer for several dances. Fortune seemed disposed to smile propitiously on him, and the coast was clear. The colonel was not to be seen, and no one else cared to inquire too curiously what officer ought to be on guard at the bank on that particular night. As he led out the lady the schepercass lover had the satisfaction of seeing his rival turn away with a lowering brow. He was determined to lose no time here. In the maze of the waltz, while the soft undulating strains of Strauss steeped the senses of the dancers in sweet dreams of delight, under the roseate light of the many wax candles in that perfumed, crowded ballroom, a question was asked, and an answer tremulously whispered, which transported two young people into a temporary paradise of their own creating, where there were only two, and no room for any other besides. No wonder that at such a moment all minor sublunary considerations were forgotten.

But, when a brief ecstatic hour had passed, and they emerged once more from the rosy pavilion whither they had retreated among the flowers, there loomed, dark and erect in the distant doorway of the adjoining ballroom, a tall, martial figure, whose gray head towered above the company, a vision which struck a sudden chill to the ardent lover's heart.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed, with a start. "There's the colonel!"

The sharp ejaculation, breaking in strangely upon the dulcet tones of love, astonished the pretty creature who hung on his arm.

"What of the colonel?" she asked, softly. "Why should he not be here, poor man?"

"Because I am here, who ought to be on guard in—street, and because I shall be cashiered to a certainty if he sees me," was the abrupt reply.

"Oh, do go away this minute. Do, dear Harry!" she pleaded, in terrified, beseeching accents.

He looked at her, then around him, irresolute for a moment. The colonel had turned his back and was moving into another room. No, he could not go just yet, the temptation to remain was too strong.

"Leave you now, when we are happy and are to be parted so soon? No, I cannot, darling," he whispered, fondly. "But, never fear, we will keep out of his way."

She did not urge him any more. She did not fully understand the magnitude of the offense nor the risk it involved, and was too glad to keep him a little longer by all available means.

There were a number of reception rooms in the locale where the ball was held, all of which were thrown open for the occasion. Keeping a cautious eye around them the young people contrived to pass from one apartment to another whenever they detected the crowded form of the colonel approaching. After a time he settled down quietly at a whist table in the distance, and they gave themselves up with reckless gayety to the enjoyment of the evening. Another hour passed and supper time came, and still they danced or lingered in quiet nooks and managed successfully to elude the eyes whose recognition was to be so carefully avoided.

"What a comfort it is that he is such a maypole and may be observed from afar!" laughed the girl, who had caught the infection of her lover's audacity.

At length the dreaded time for parting was at hand. The early morning train was to bear away the lady to her father's summer residence, and thus to separate for awhile the newly plighted pair. Would wonder that in those last few precious moments they forgot all precautions and saw and heard nothing in each other's all-engrossing presence? He followed her to the hall and folded her shawl carefully round her graceful form; for another happy minute yet he stood with her hand locked in his, meeting all her heart shining out through her deep blue eyes. Then the carriage door closed with a sharp bang, which struck cold and heavy on his ear as the rolling wheels bore her away into the night.

Perhaps his eyes were somewhat dazzled by the bright parting glance he had drunk in so eagerly, for all other things around looked dim. Presently he turned listlessly to take his hat and depart in his turn, still feeling like one that dreams. Suddenly, however, something impelled him to look up, and what was his dismay, when he found himself face to face with—the colonel!

There was a crowd of departing guests in the hall, and as they gathered and jostled each other the two men who had been thus inexpectedly brought together were again borne apart. The recognition was but instantaneous, therefore, and in another moment the junior officer had contrived to mingle with and disappear in the crowd. But by the stern, astonished glance which had met his eye for that brief instant he knew that he had been identified, and that the colonel fully remembered where he ought to have been.

If he still ventured to retain any hope that the recognition had not been complete, such hope was promptly dispelled by the order which presently rang out in ominous tones from the colonel's well-known voice of thunder. "Drive to the Royal bank instantly!" he said, with awful distinctness. "And go as fast as you can!"

Captain Kendal had managed to slip unobserved through the doorway, and he now stood in the street.

What was to be done? The carriages that were in waiting were all private ones. The hackney coaches were far down the file, and even had the been lucky enough to secure one, he could not drive to the bank in time to forestall the return of the delinquent officer. Neither master nor man guessed that their hot haste was bearing back the truant to his post. Within the carriage the colonel sat stiff and erect, as became a worthy disciplinarian, wholly intent on the conviction of his peccant junior, in whose impending discomfort he could not help feeling a grim and righteous satisfaction. At the back the captain sat crouching on the step, desperately concerting his measures.

"Impudence! stand my friend through this scrape," he mentally ejaculated. "Perhaps all is not lost yet." When the carriage turned into—street and the bank appeared in view he jumped lightly down, and under the friendly cover of night ran to the small wicket gate in the lane. Most luckily he had taken the key with him, and hurriedly letting himself in he passed swiftly through the court and climbed up with the sentinel inside the great gate while the carriage was taking the longer curve which led up to the front. How he blessed the chance impulse which had induced him to take that key!

"The colonel's there," he said, breathlessly. "Don't be too quick in unlocking the chain. Give me as long as you can. And I say, Dickson," he added, anxiously, "mum's the word, you know—if you can."

"Ay! ay! sir," muttered the old sentinel, as he shuffled slowly along. He was very partial to the young man and not so much so to the colonel.

The captain paused hurriedly within. Just then the bell of the great gate rang out a long, resounding peal.

The sentinel clanked the chain noisily as he hooked and unhooked it, fumbled with the key in the lock and made such judicious delays as enabled the officer on guard to compose himself in attendance at his post before the heavy doors turned on their hinges to admit the colonel.

"Where is Captain Kendal?" he asked, as he alighted, in stentorian tones which vibrated strangely through the silence, with a sort of angry expectant note of triumph.

"On guard, sir!" answered the soldier, curtly.

"What?" cried the colonel, in the shrillest of accents. He was too utterly taken aback to say another word. The sentinel, adopting his usual stolid demeanor, took no notice of his evident astonishment. Captain Kendal heard the inquiry from within, and came forward.

"Here, sir; do you require me?" he asked, coolly.

The colonel stared at him. His face, with its expression of mingled sternness and entire bewilderment, would have been no mean study for a painter.

He could hardly believe his eyes. Keenly scrutinizing the younger man, who did not quail before his gaze, he said stiffly, after a pause of some seconds:

"I certainly thought, sir, I saw you at the ball in D— street just now?"

"Me, sir?" replied the other, audaciously. "Why, I am on guard, sir."

"It is very singular," resumed the colonel, without relaxing his scrutiny and slightly raising his voice. "I could have sworn I saw you there!"

"Very singular indeed, sir," retorted the delinquent, gaining boldness from the very extremity of the strait to which he found himself reduced, "since a man can't be in two places at once, and you have found me here. A case of mistaken identity perhaps, sir."

The two men stood still eyeing each other, one keenly eager to detect, the other as equally seeking to avoid detection. The colonel was completely baffled. The man was there before him—that was certain; but how, having left him, as he felt sure he had done, among the guests at the ball, he came to be there now was inexplicable. Not having wings wherewith to fly, how on earth had the fellow got there? Could he have been mistaken, he wondered for a moment. But no, he knew he had not.

He shifted the form of his interrogation:

"Then you were not at the ball?" he asked, very pointedly.

The young officer was worthy of all condemnation for having forsaken the post of duty. But though he had acted inexcusably, he was still a gentleman, and he would not pollute his lips with a lie. He hesitated for a reply; then parried the question with another.

"How could I be at the ball when you find me here, sir?" he asked.

Yes, how; that was the mystery, the simple solution of which was the farthest in the world from presenting itself to the colonel's brain. He knew that it was quite impossible for another carriage to have arrived before his own. His coachman had driven quickly enough to satisfy even his impatience, and he could not have failed to notice if another vehicle had preceded or followed his through the deserted streets. He could not in the least understand it.

Silent, but wholly unconvinced, he sat down in the hall to think what it could mean. The guests departing passed in a restless fashion, settling refreshments before him and awkwardly endeavoring to turn the conversation into another channel. The colonel answered at random, for his thoughts were perplexing.

Mystified, and righteously set on convicting the offender as he doubtless was, he could not help, nevertheless, feeling a perception of the comical side of the question. He felt, too, that however fully persuaded he might be in his own mind of Captain Kendal's offense, it would perhaps be a difficult matter to prove it. At length he cleared his throat portentously and returned to the charge:

"Look here, Captain Kendal," he said, in accents which somehow had taken a milder sound from the bent of his cogitations, "it's no use beating about the bush; I would stake my existence that I saw you at the ball. But how you come to be here now is another matter, and I don't pretend to understand how you managed it. You had better make a clean breast of it, and although it would be my duty to take proceedings against you—yet if you will explain it is possible that it may just for once, considering the peculiar features of the case, be inclined to take a lenient view of a very grave misdemeanor, sir."

Thus encouraged, the culprit, who detected a kindly twinkle in the usually stern gray eye which was fixed upon him, made a full and free confession of his fault and of the causes which led thereto.

The colonel, though well advanced in the vale of years, had not outlived the memory of youthful hopes; and was a kindly man, though a strict disciplinarian. The young lady, whose fair image had lured the lover from his duty, was rather a favorite with him, and considering, as he had said, the peculiar features of the case, he consented to overlook the offense, and inflicted no worse punishment on the delinquent then a reprimand, which was received in dutiful silence and with all due contrition. Six months later the colonel made an eloquent speech at the wedding of two happy young people, on which occasion Captain Brereton acted as best man. Then two sweet blue eyes looked playfully into his, as the pretty bride thanked him, in a mysterious whisper, for the solitary and memorable occasion when he had consented, for once in his life, to overlook and condone a signal breach of discipline.—*Temple Bar.*

### An Extraordinary Man.

In the person of Hoe Bey, Constantinople has been entertaining a most remarkable visitor. This Circassian chief, who has been paying homage to his liege lord, the sultan of Turkey, was born in 1762 and entered the Turkish military service in 1777, since which time eight successive sultans have known him as one of the most faithful and valiant officers in the Ottoman army, to which he still belongs, after an active military career of 105 years. He has fought in sixty-five pitched battles, innumerable skirmishes, received three and twenty wounds, and has earned every military decoration in the gift of the sultan. Now, in his one hundred and twentieth year, he is still strong and active and in full possession of all his faculties. Every attention was shown him that a sovereign could offer a subject.

### FACTS AND COMMENTS.

The æsthetic movement in England has entirely died out, and to be æsthetic is to be "low" and common. *Punch* has largely assisted in killing the craze by ridiculing it.

Ann Jordan, now living in Tennessee, is 107 years old. He fought with Jackson at New Orleans. He has applied for a pension, but so far has failed to procure one. He is interesting and magnetic in conversation, and takes care of his great-grandchildren.

There has been another silent couple at Galway, N. Y., Jonathan James and his wife, who lived together over twenty-five years without speaking to each other. Having disagreed about the words of a sermon they heard in 1856, they vowed eternal silence, and kept the vow, though always on apparently good terms with each other. Mr. James died last spring, but Mrs. James is still living.

From the statistics reported by the United States commissioner of education for 1880, just published, it appears that in 1871 twenty-nine States reported a school population of 9,632,993, while in 1880 the thirty-eight States and eight Territories reported a total of 15,536,280. The number enrolled in the public schools, twenty-eight States only reporting for 1871, was 6,398,085, while for 1880 it was 9,781,521, all the States and Territories reporting this item.

It is estimated that there are 5,000 patent medicines manufactured and sold. There is one establishment that keeps them all. They include pills that cure every disease humanity is heir to, bitters, cordials, elixirs, syrups, salves, toothache drops and hair preparations. There are seventy-five medicinal waters, 150 liniments, 130 hair dyes, and of plasters, oils and other medicaments an equal jumble. Millions of dollars are yearly spent in advertising them.

A German paper estimates that the compensation which will have to be awarded by the international commission for houses destroyed by the Alexandria bombardment at $7,700,000. The property destroyed covers an area of 96,000 square meters, the average value of which is estimated at $80 per square meter. Adding $10,000,000 or $12,000,000 for furniture and for the loss of the refugees, the aggregate sum would be $22,000,000 or $24,000,000.

The Suez canal was built with the shares at the par value of $100, and, although their price now is something like $540, the company is neither reducing the dues nor giving greater facilities for the navigation of the canal. It is not surprising, therefore, that the commercial classes in England take a deep interest in building another and purely British canal, an undertaking that could be carried out, it is said, with mechanical improvements and knowledge, at a comparatively small cost.

In the event of postal savings banks in the United States where deposits as small as one cent may be received, a good opportunity will occur to test the old proverb which admonishes us to take care of the pence and let the pounds take care of themselves. In England last year such small deposits aggregated $12,500,000. Another instance of the result of this policy is afforded by the fact that the Bank of England has obtained $716,300 by reckoning in its own favor in settlements of transactions involving fractions of pennies.

Commissioner Dudley reports that the 285,695 pensioners on the list at the end of the last fiscal year, June 30, 1882, have been classified. There are 173,138 army and 2,361 navy invalids, 76,448 army and 1,958 navy widows, minor children and dependent relatives; 7,134 survivors of the war of 1812, and 24,661 widows of those who served in the war of 1812. The total amount paid to pensioners since 1861 is $560,641,324.75. It is an astounding fact that almost one-fifth of the whole amount expended for pensions since the beginning of the war twenty-one years ago will be paid for the same purpose during the present year. And there are 290,966 claims for pensions yet to be considered.

An entire Gallo-Roman town has been unearthed in the neighborhood of Poitiers. It contains a temple 114 feet in length by seventy feet in breadth, baths occupying five acres, a theatre of which the stage alone measures ninety yards on its longest side, streets, houses and other buildings covering a space of more than seventeen acres. The excavations, which are being continued, have brought to light more edifices, sculpture in the very best style and in good preservation—dating, it is thought, from the second century—and a quantity of iron, bronze and earthen articles. M. Lisch, the inspector of historic monuments, declares that the town is little Pompeii in the center of France.

A street railway has been laid in Athens. But some 2,000 years too late to find out whether or not old Socrates, Xenophon or Demosthenes, riding down to Piræus on a horse-car, would have given up their seats to a woman who wasn't pretty.

The length of the submarine cables in the whole world is estimated to be 64,000 miles, and their value to be $202,000,000. The length of all the wires in the world would reach forty-eight times around the earth.

### Wedded.

Now that I hold thee with a husband's right
Turn thy dear head, sweet wife, and let it rest
Within my encircling arms, which thus enfold
Of earth the purest, of thy sex the best.

Let thy smile-winning lips all tremulous
Press soft on mine a soul-enthralling kiss;
An earnest of the happy years to us,
Of unalloyed, yet perfect wedded bliss.

So let the sunlight of thy presence shine
Athwart the future vision of my life,
Thy gentler spirit radiate through mine,
And make me worthier of thy love, sweet wife.

### HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A boy describing how he had a tooth drawn said: "The doctor collared me, pulled like wild horses, and just before my head came off the tooth dropped out."

A gentleman had his picture taken recently; cost him two hundred dollars, and still he is not happy. A fellow took it out of the hall when the latch was up.

Pedestrian, who has dropped a penny in front of "a poor, blind man:" "Why, you humbug, you're not blind." Beggar: "Not I, sir. If the card says I am, they must have given me the wrong one. I'm deaf and dumb."

A queen bee lays in the height of the season from 2,000 to 3,000 eggs in twenty-four hours. The man who will discover how to graft a queen bee on a hen will make money enough to buy out the whole continent in six months.

A man in Western Illinois advertised for a wife, his sister answered the "ad," and now the young man thinks there is no balm in advertisements, while the old folks think it's pretty hard to have two fools in the family.

An advertisement in a Western paper offers a "fashionable" piano for sale. Mrs. Yeast was at a loss to know what a fashionable piano really was, but she has come to the conclusion that it must be one that is "banged."

"There is nothing like settling down," said the retired merchant, confidentially, to his neighbor. "When I gave up business I settled down and found I had quite a comfortable fortune. If I had settled up I should not have had a cent."

"No Indian ever has his pony shod," observes an exchange, "and yet the Indian department is charged with $16,000 worth of horseshoes per year." Oh, that's all right. The Indians hang 'em over the doors of their wigwams to bring good luck.

Not exactly quenched: "You know I am a member of the fire department," said Biggs, "and if I find your young spark in the house it will be my duty to put him out." "But, father," replied his daughter, "if you do, like as not I shall have a new flame within a week."

Astronomical: "Mother, may I get up at daybreak and go out to look at the comet with Charley?" "No, my daughter, but you may go into the kitchen and peel those potatoes." It is in this way that many a youthful soaring mind is condemned to limit the realm of its knowledge to the narrow borders of our insignificant planet.

"I don't believe in this learning (German, Spanish, French or any foreign language," said a Michigan man the other day. "Why, I lived among a lot of Germans and got along with them just as well as if I had known their language, but I didn't—not a word of it." "How did you contrive it?" "Why, you see they understood mine."

"A New Orleans washerwoman has in the past fifteen years raised a family of fatherless children, given them all good educations, purchased a handsome house, and has $10,000 laid away for a rainy day. Her entire possessions were earned at the washtub." This item is valuable as throwing how promptly New Orleans men pay their wash bills.

He was a real estate agent and complained that he had had three adjoining horses to let since last April, and couldn't get rid of them on any terms. "What's the cause?" asked a friend. "Malaria?" "No." "Rum mill on the corner?" "No." "Neighborhood infested with cats?" "No." "What then?" "Well, there's a man across the way with his daughter, and he's trying to make an American prima donna of her."

### A Fable.

One day an old Turkey took a Walk through the Meadow to see how the Crops were getting along. Seeing a Hornet's Nest by a Stone Wall, she Fondly Imagined she could Hatch out the Contents. So she Sat down upon it and *did* Hatch out the contents in about two Seconds. Five Minutes later she stood filled with Humiliation, Running her Bill through her Feathers and Attempting to Count the number of Perforations in her Breast, which looked very much like a Nutmeg-Grater. The Moral of the Fable teaches us that Squatting on other People's Property is a Perilous Proceeding; and that there are some Humble Institutions which cannot be Sat Upon.—*Puck.*

Speaking of spiritual consolation and the comforting assurance that the eternity of the just shall be blessed, a Chicago clergyman tells a story. There was an old lady in his church who was noted for her penuriousness as well as her piety, and while talking with her about her hope of the hereafter he asked: "Mrs. S—, did you ever stop to think what will gratify you most in heaven?" "Oh yes," she exclaimed "it will be such a cheap place to live in!"