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Poetry.

You Know You Do.

When some one's step comes up the walk,
Your cheeks take on a rosy hue,
And though no other hears his knock,
You hear it well—you know you do!

And though it may be very wrong,
When Pa is quite ignored by you,
You sing for him your sweetest song,
You cunning thing—you know you do!

And when he talks of other girls,
Of hateful Kate, and Jennie, too,
You frown at him your abject curls,
You jealous thing—you know you do!

He blushes deep and looks afraid
To be thus left alone with you,
But your eyes tell there's love in your mind,
"But could be wrong—you know you do!"

You keep at some one's neck your curls,
Until with love you burn him through,
And make him hate all other girls,
"In love for you—you know you do!"

And when his arm steals round your chair,
You give a smothered scream or two;
As if you didn't want it there,
"But O, you do—you know you do!"

You let him kiss your blushing cheeks,
Somehow your lips meet his lips, too,
You tempt him, silly thing, to speak—
"You wicked girl—you know you do!"

And when he timidly doth press
His wish to make a wife of you,
With happy heart you answer yes,
"You darling girl—you know you do!"

"IN THE MORNING."

A TRUE INCIDENT OF THE WAR.
"Do you see that young lady in white talking with Clarke?"
The speaker was a tall, distinguished-looking man of thirty-five in the uniform of a cavalry colonel in the Confederate service. The time was a summer night in 1863; the place, the hotel parlor in a small village in Middle Tennessee. The occasion was a "hop" given in honor of the presence of a detachment of "Forest's Cavalry," the daring riders whose names are household words in Southern homes, from the mountains of Tennessee to the valleys of the Mississippi. The young lady referred to was a pretty, graceful girl, with dark, gray eyes, waving hair, of a dark, reddish gold, and the exquisite complexion that accompanies it.

"Who is she?" asked the colonel's companion.
"That is Picton's sweetheart, Miss Garnett."
"Not the same that saved his life after Shiloh?" said Captain Barclay.
"The same," rejoined Colonel Terry. "She is a little creature to do such a thing, but she did. You see she was in the neighborhood at the time of the battle, and somebody told her that Picton was killed. She went over the field and found him, badly wounded through the lungs, but still alive. She sent a boy that she had brought with her to hunt up a surgeon, and she stayed with Picton. The boy found Dr. Cowan, and when they got back Miss Garnett had raised Picton up, with his head on her breast, so that he could breathe more easily. Dr. Cowan examined the wound without moving him, and told her that he was afraid it was hopeless, for the least motion, even laying him down again, might produce a fatal hemorrhage. If he could be kept perfectly quiet until morning, and the bleeding checked during the night he might have a bare chance of pulling through." "Well," said the brave little woman, "he shall be kept quiet, for I will stay just here and not let him move." And, by George, she did; she never stirred all night, and in the morning they carried him to the nearest house, and she nursed him until he was out of danger."

"That's a sweetheart worth having," said Captain Barclay, with a glance of admiration at the subject of their conversation.
Half an hour later Colonel Terry was at Miss Garnett's side receiving a warm greeting that told that the two were fast friends.
"Tell me of all my friends in the old battalion," she said, presently.
"How many?" he asked, quizzingly; "more than one?"
"I mean what I said," she answered, with a merry laugh and a quick, bright blush; "I have heard from 'one' of them very recently."
"Does Charley know you are here?" asked the colonel.
"No; it is not a week since I left Memphis. Will they join you here?"
"They?" he replied, inquiringly.
"The rest of the command, I mean," she replied, blushing again.
"A portion of it may, but for that part you are particularly interested in, I cannot say. You know they are with the old general, and their movements can't be counted on with any great certainty."
"They are the comets of the service," said Miss Garnett. "Quite as erratic, at all events."
"May I have the pleasure of this dance?" said the colonel, as the band struck up

a quadrille. "I know it is useless to ask you for a waltz."
The dance over, he led her to a chair, and after a moment's gay badinage, was about to resign his place in favor of the other claimants for her smiles, when he saw a sudden ghastly pallor overspread her features.
"Miss Alice, you are ill!" he exclaimed, anxiously. "Let me get you some water."
It was scarcely a moment before his return, but even then he was shocked at her white, drawn face.
"Call my sister," she said to another gentleman with her, while Colonel Terry had gone for the water, and both had reached her at the same time.
"Lucy, take me home," she whispered, "I am dying."
"Oh, no, darling," said her sister, tenderly, "you will be well in the morning." As quickly as possible the carriage was called and the sick girl placed in it.
When they were just starting Colonel Terry wished them good night, expressing his hope that Miss Alice would have recovered by morning. She put out her hand, and exerting her strength, said distinctly:
"Yes, I shall be well in the morning. Tell Charley—" her voice failed, and, lifting her slim white hand, loosened the flowers she wore at her breast and put them in the colonel's hand. "Give these to him—yes—in the morning." Her voice died away to a faint whisper, and her head fell back on her sister's shoulder. The lady who had acted as their chaperon hastened to apply restoratives and the carriage rolled swiftly away.
The next morning when Colonel Terry called to inquire after the invalid he had no need to ask, for from the door there floated the mournful insignia of death. Shocked beyond expression, that hardy soldier turned away, unable then to open for his services if they were needed. He went again after a while and saw Mrs. Cameron, the hostess of the sisters during their visit. From her he learned the brief details of Alice's death. Her attack had been a sudden spasm of the heart, and she had never rallied. She had spoken but once and they caught her lover's name, and a repetition of the words, "in the morning."
"Poor Charley, who will tell him?" groaned the colonel when the lady's voice ceased.
"You are his best friend," she answered. "I think no one else could do so gently."
"I can't," he replied, shaking his head. "I would rather face a battery. Why, you don't know, you can't think how his very life seems bound up in her; and now—"
They buried her next morning; six of Picton's friends carried his dead love to her grave, and then came sadly back, each questioning who would bear the tidings to the gallant sabreur far away with the old brigade.
That night the order came to join the main command, and by daylight the troops were miles away. As they reached the vicinity of the appointed rendezvous a desultory firing warned them of an approaching conflict. Presently they formed themselves in the midst of a portion of the command, drawn up in a piece of woods overlooking a sloping field, which on the opposite side rose to a sharp eminence, on the brow of which was posted a Federal battery.
Farther to the right the firing had become sharper, and soon the roll of musketry swept along the line.
"I say, Barclay," called Colonel Terry, as the officer passed him, "have you seen Picton yet?" And as Barclay shook his head, added, "Tell the boys not to let him know yet. Wait till this is over."
"All right; I'll tell them," answered Barclay as he rode away.
"The old General will be wanting that battery the first thing they know," said one of the men, as a shell exploded over their heads. "They had better keep it quiet."
"That, what did I tell you?" he added, biting off a huge piece of "long green," "that go the Mississippi boys now."
As he spoke a tawny column moved out of the woods and swept gallantly across the field. But as they reached the center a murderous round of grape and canister tore through their ranks and the column broke in confusion. Three times their leader rallied them to the charge, and three times they were shattered by the galling fire.
"Tell you what, boys," called out the private who had before spoken, "that's fun comin' now! That's the Gang's bugle. The old regiment want some of the pie!" He stooped and felt his saddle girth as he spoke, then straightened himself and waited for the command, for he was "one of the boys." The next moment there was a ringing cheer from the ranks

as General Forest rode up.
"Boys," he exclaimed, pointing with his sword, "I want that battery captured. One regiment has tried, and couldn't take it. Now I want you boys to do better than that, I am going to lead you, and I want you all to follow me."
Another cheer was the answer, as the men fell into ranks.
"Charge!" and down the slope rode the gallant old regiment, never faltering as the grape sweeps through the serrated ranks, closing each gap as it was made by the deadly fire; on, on, following the leap of the tall figure at the head of the column, till they rode right over the death-dealing guns, "sabr'ing the gunners there," and the woods gave back the majestic echoes of the famous "rebel yell" as the victory was won.
"Won! Yes, but at a fearful cost. That fatal slope was drenched with the blood of the Southland's bravest sons."
After that charge Colonel Terry found himself face to face with Charley Picton. "My God, how can I tell him?" muttered the colonel to himself as the gallant young fellow rode toward him, "hollering out his head."
"It takes the 'old regiment' to do up things in style!" said he, grasping the colonel's hand. "Say, Terry, did you see Miss Alice? Coleman has just got back from Memphis, and he told me she had gone on a visit to some friends in C—"
But as he spoke he suddenly put his hand to his side. "I am shot," he gasped, faintly. It was true. A stray bullet had struck him in the side, and Colonel Terry caught him as he reeled in his saddle and rode with him to the field hospital.
When the surgeon examined the wound he shook his head doubtfully.
"I know a nurse worth twenty doctors," whispered Picton with a smile. "Terry, can't you fetch her to me?"
Through the night the colonel stayed with him. Once he weakened and repeated the question he had asked just before he was shot.
"I saw her, yes," the colonel answered, huskily. "She sent you some flowers."
The blue eyes lighted up with a tender glow, and Picton held out his hand.
Silently Colonel Terry took from his breast pocket the withered flowers, a spray of ivy and a half-open white rose, and laid them in the outstretched hand.
The wounded man slept. But in a couple of hours he awoke, much worse, and the surgeon in his rounds, told the bronzed watcher that the end was very near.
"Terry!" and the colonel bent his head to catch the faintest sound. "I'm dying. I wouldn't mind only poor Alice. Tell her gently, please—she loves me; you know—and I, oh, Terry! it is hard to leave her. My poor darling!"
For a moment the colonel could not answer. Then, choking back a sob, he said, slowly and distinctly:
"Charley, Alice is waiting for you. You are not leaving her but going to her. A bewildered, troubled look came into his wistful blue eyes.
"Don't you understand me, Charley? She is dead. We buried her there in C—. I couldn't tell you before, dear old boy. But now you will be with her before you have time to grieve after her. She died with your name on her lips, murmuring of meeting you in the morning."
He understood now, and a smile of relief flitted across his pale lips. "Dear girl," he murmured, "I am so glad she will not have this grief to bear."
Then he slept again and the hours passed on till the eastern sky brightened with the solemn dawns.
"Terry!" The word was but the faintest whisper, but the watcher instantly bent his head to listen.
"It is morning," came the faint, gasping accents, and again the white lids drooped over the blue eyes. Five ten minutes passed. Then Colonel Terry lifted the dead hands and crossed them over the pulseless breast, reverently covered the still, white face and turned away.
His two friends had met once more—"in the morning" of a fadeless day.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

"It's a long way from this world to the next," said a dying man to a friend who stood at his bedside. "Oh, never mind it, my dear fellow," answered the friend, consolingly, "you'll have it all down hill."
A man about to give his only daughter in marriage quarreled with her lover, and said, wrathfully: "No, sir, you shall never enter my family. If I had a hundred only daughters I would not give you one of them."

Lake View Cemetery.
THE SPOT WHERE MR. GARFIELD'S REMAINS NOW REST.
Cleveland Special to Chicago Times.
Lake View Cemetery, where President Garfield's remains now rest, embraces three hundred acres on the south side of Euclid avenue, just beyond the east limit of Cleveland, five miles from the business centre of the city. On the other side of the avenue is Wado Park, and in close proximity the site where the new Western Reserve University buildings are being erected. Nature seems to have designed this spot for the purpose for which it has been elevated, and all that art and money could do to enhance the natural beauties has been done. The grounds are owned by an incorporated association of Cleveland gentlemen of wealth and refinement, incorporated under the law, which requires all gains or profits from the sale of lots or otherwise to be appropriated to perpetual adornment and repair of the cemetery. The land was purchased ten years ago and laid out by landscape designers selected for eminence in their professions. Wooded hills, grassy vales, secluded brooks, winding drives, sinuous walks, running brooks, and quiet lakes are the conspicuous landmarks. The association adopted a plan different from any other cemetery, and expressed tersely in the original prospectus the following language: "A feeling is growing in the public mind that burials should be made where the quiet repose of the dead may be assured forever. The human heart clings to the grave of its departed hopes and seeks consolation in rapturous monuments and emblems of beauty over the remains of its departed loved ones. This can be fully done in the tumultuous din of cities, but amid the quiet verdure, under the broad and cheerful light of heaven, where the harmonious and ever-changing face of nature reminds us by its resuscitating influence that to die is to live again."
With this sentiment prompting the plans, the cemetery has become in beauty and tasteful adornment the rival of the most celebrated cemeteries of the world, and the air of retired and rural life, and the inexpressible nearness to nature and withdrawal from the world is not found elsewhere. The great object of the association was to provide a resting place for the departed, free from the gloom of the tomb, and from which should be banished everything suggestive of a awfulness in death. No fence, either iron or wood, no coping or balustrade of brick or stone, no hedge, no wooden pillars, posts, shafts, or anything to impede the view is permitted. Head and foot boards are prohibited, headstones not allowed to exceed forty-two inches in height. Thus the cemetery rather resembles a vast well-kept park, with stately shafts, and modest or ornate vaults in lieu of stately arch structures. President Garfield loved to stroll in this cemetery. It was his ideal of a final earthly resting place.

Beautiful Women.
It is not the smile of a pretty face, the delicate tint of complexion, the luring glance of the eye, the beauty and symmetry of person, nor the costly dress or decorations that compose woman's loveliness. It is her pleasing deportment, her chaste conversation, the sensibility and purity of her thoughts; her affable and open disposition, her sympathy with those in adversity, her comfort and refuge to the distressed, and above all, her humanity, that constitute true loveliness. "Israel observes: 'It is at the feet of women we lay our laurels that, without her smile, would never have been won; it is her image that tunes the lyre of the poet,' that animates the 'rode in the baze of eloquence, that guides the brain in the rugged toils of stately councils. Whatever may be the lot of man—however unfortunate, however oppressed—if he only love and be loved, he must strike a balance in favor of existence, for love can illumine the dark road of poverty and can lighten the fetters of the slave. Beautiful women may be admired, but who can refrain from loving the impersonation of grace and virtue we every day encounter in the charmed circles of domestic life?"

Been Away.
"Hello! Is that you?"
"Yes."
"Been off on a vacation?"
"Yes."
"Feel better?"
"No."
"Gotta any flesh?"
"No."
"Tent out?"
"No."
"Go Fishing?"
"No."
"Did you sail or row?"
"No."
"Nice at the hotel?"
"No."
"Go in swimming?"
"No."
"What did you do?"
"Nothing."
"What did you go for?"
"I dunno."—*Free Press.*

A merchant died suddenly just after finishing a letter. His clerk added, in postscript: "Since writing the above I have died. Tuesday evening, 7th instant.

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