THE SILENT MARCH.

When the march begins in the morning
And the heart and the foot are light,
When the flags are all a-flutter
And the world is gay and bright,
When the bugles lead the column
And the drums are proud in the van,
It's shoulder to shoulder, forward march!
Ah! let him lag who can!

For it's easy to march to music
With your comrades all in line,
And you don't get tired, you feel inspired,
And life is a draught divine.

When the march drags on at evening
And the color-bearer's gone,
When the merry strains are silent
That piped so brave in the dawn,
When you miss the dear old fellows
Who started out with you,
When it's stubborn and sturdy forward march!
Though the ragged lines are few.

Then it's hard to march in silence,
And the road has lonesome grown,
And life is a bitter cup to drink;
But the soldier must not moan.

And this is the task before us,
A task we may never shirk,
In the gay time and the sorrowful time
We must march and do our work.
We must march when the music cheers us,
March when the strains are dumb,
Plucky and valiant, forward, march!
And smile, whatever may come.

For, whether life's hard or easy,
The stronger man keeps the pace,
For the desolate march and the silent
The strong soul finds the grace.
—Margaret E. Sangster.

By the Doctor's Order.

"Hop-picking," said young Durell, as he took a rosy August apple from his pocket, and fed it leisurely to the beautiful horse against which he leaned. "Why, yes, it is a rather romantic business, if you look upon it from a romantic point of view. You're an artist, eh? Come to sketch our little bits of romantic scenery? But there's nothing particularly picturesque about our hop fields. Just sunshine and the gold-green of the clusters, and the curling tendrils reaching out for something to grasp at, and the air so blue and clear that one can almost see the straight lines of the sunshine. Of course, it looks pretty to me, for I was born and brought up upon it; but—excuse me—I can't see what there is specially worthy of an artist's pencil."

"Do you see those long perspectives of green alleys," said he; "with figures running in and out, and the old woman sitting among the fragrant heaps, with the scarlet cloak, and two little toddles at her feet? And yonder feeble, bent old man, with water cans on his shoulders? Why, there are a hundred bits of genre here, to say nothing of the background."

And Raymond took out his millboards and color boxes, set up an impromptu easel, and began digently to paint.

Squire Durell's son looked on with an amused smile. To him, the machinery of the great hop farm was the real business of life. Artists and such like were merely pleasure seekers who disported themselves airily on the outskirts of creation.

"You will find some very pretty faces here," said Durell, "if you care for sketching that sort of thing. People come here from all parts of the country in hop-picking time. Gypsies, tramps, respectable poor workers who don't object to turning an honest penny, young people who come here for the frolic of the thing, and poor old wretches who think that every season will be their last. It's healthy, the doctors say. At all events it's profitable. In hop-season there isn't a cottage, a farmhouse garret, nor even a barn untenanted. There are tents, a white sprinkle of them, down in the meadow by the vines, where people sleep at nights. You can see them from here. You are staying in this part of the neighborhood? No? My father will be very glad to see you up at the house if you will honor us by becoming our guest tonight."

And raising his light straw hat, Daniel Durell went his way, the beautiful satin-skinned white horse following like a docile kitten at his heels.

"Hugh," he said to a servant who had come down with a hamper from the house, "take a cup of coffee and two or three of these white rolls, with my complements, to that gentleman in the white linen coat who is sketching under the trees. And, Hugh!"

"Sir?"

"Did you carry the sardine sandwiches and the basket of apricots and the fresh milk to the young girl in black?"

The man nodded.

"She didn't want to take them, Mr. Durell," said he. "She was all for calling me back, but I minded your order, sir, and made off as fast as I could, pretending not to hear."

Durell smiled.

"That's right," and don't forget the cold meat and slices of new bread for old Dunstable. He grows weaker and weaker every day, and there was nothing but the heel of a loaf and a black-cheese rind in his dinner basket, for I saw it myself."

"It's all right, sir," said Hugh.

And then Durell, going up to the great house, shrewdly noticed all the hop pickers as they sat and lay around under the shadow of the vines, in the dolce far niente of the noon intermission, and finally came into the great, cool room where the scent of cheese-making filled the air and the muslin curtains fluttered to and fro in the breeze.

The squire himself sat there, gouty but content. Iced tea and cold chicken were on the table; forced hothouse peaches scented the atmosphere; a plate of deviled tongue, with curry sauce, supplied the fiery element, and delicate cutlets, breaded and fried in egg; were brought in. The old gentleman's face brightened at the sight of his son.

"It has seemed a long day without you, my boy," said he. "Sit down, sit down. Do you know, Daniel, I've been thinking all the morning that I wish you'd bring a wife home to the old place. She would be company for me when you are gone. Why don't you think of it, my lad?"

"I have been thinking of it, father," said the squire's son. "But what would you say, sir, if I were to marry a poor girl?"

The squire set down his cup of iced tea. Evidently this was entirely a new view of the matter.

"A poor girl, Daniel?"

"Yes, but a poor girl, father, and as sweet and lovely as yonder half-opened rosebud. You will perhaps laugh at me," he added, "but I have lost my heart to one of our hop-pickers.

"Daniel!"

"Her name is Mary Ravenel, sir. I never saw her before this season. She is picking hops with her aunt, or some elderly relative—a pale, fragile looking girl, but as beautiful as a dream. And I—love her."

The old squire shook his head.

"I can trust you, my son," said he, "and whoever you choose to bring here will be as welcome as the flowers in May."

While all this time the artist, strolling idly along to observe the various groups, came upon a pale faced girl in black—a girl with large, melting, wine-brown eyes, straight pure features and soft dark hair, overhanging her forehead like a mist of jet.

"Miss Ravenel," he cried, in a tone of utter amazement.

"Yes, 'Miss Ravenel,'" she smiled back. "You are astonished to see me here. But the doctor declared that hop-picking would be the very thing for me. So Aunt Verna brought me, and here we are. And I am really accomplishing wonders in the hop-picking line! Sit down here and eat some of these delicious hothouse grapes. They are sent to us daily by an unknown benefactor. That is," as Aunt Verna smiled meaningly, "not exactly unknown. It is Squire Durell's son. He will persist in sending all these delightful things, although I tell him over and over, that I have no need of them. I believe he thinks I am a starving dressmaker, or something of the kind," with a blush and a smile. "But, oh, he is so good! And I like him so much! Now show us, please, what you have been sketching."

Mr. Durell came down, in the warm, red glow of the summer sunset, to the willow-shaded curve in the river where Miss Ravenel liked to sit when her day's work was done.

"I have brought you some of the rare orchids from the conservatory," said he. "You told me the other day that you liked flowers."

"I am much obliged to you," said she, gratefully. "But, Mr. Durell, I have something to tell you."

"Stop a minute," he said. "I have something to tell you—that I love you, that I want to make you my wife. Dear Miss Ravenel, you are surprised at this? Have you not seen it growing out of my heart by degrees? My father is old and infirm, but he is ready to welcome you with all paternal love, and——"

"You really love me?" she cried, with wide open eyes. "Me, a poor, pale, little hop-picker?"

"You, my queen and my ideal!"

"Then," she said, all smiles and blushes, "I think I ought to repay you by loving you a little. And I think I do—nay, I am quite certain of it."

"My darling! Oh, my darling," he murmured.

"But wait; you have not heard what I am," she urged.

"You are Miss Ravenel"

"I am General Ravenel's daughter. I am here by the doctor's order, not because I need the daily wages of a hop-picker. But you won't like me any the less, will you, for that?"

Mr. Durell stood amazed. Miss Ravenel, the great heiress!

"We are stopping at the Clancliff hotel," said she. "I have my phaeton and ponies there. I will drive up to the house to see your father, since he cannot come to me."

"But I thought you were a poor girl, hiring one of these tents at so much a night," said Daniel in perplexity.

"That's where you were mistaken," said Miss Ravenel, smiling. "But hop-picking has done me a great deal of good. Aunt Verna says my cheeks are redder than they used to be; and I must be better, because——"

"Well?"

"Because I feel so happy," said Mary Ravenel, coloring like a rose.

And so Daniel Durell found his life's treasure out among the garland hoppoles.—London Hearthstone.

The winter of Sitka is milder than that of many European capitals.

FUNERAL--WEDDINGS.

The Strange Custom Observed by a Tribe of Farther India.

Among the Shan Karens of farther India funerals are made the occasions of grand wedding festivals, in which all the marriageable young men and women of the village are privileged to participate. As it is not always convenient to hold these interesting ceremonies at the exact time a villager may die, it is customary to deposit the corpse in some temporary resting place till the marriage market is favorable to giving it obsequies worthy of its former estate. Consequently six months or a year may frequently pass before the memory of the dead Karen receives the honor which is its due.

When a good time comes for weddings the remains are taken from their resting place and set upon a platform which has been prepared for them, and the eligible bachelors and marriageable young women are invited to come and compete in a marrying match. The "funeral service" is then begun with a chorus of men celebrating the beauties of Karen maidens in general. The girls respond in a drawling falsetto. The bachelors, each in his turn, begin usually for the sake of peace, with the most muscular maiden. If one of them is rejected, he waits till his turn comes again, and addresses, if he sees fit, some other girl.

The girls receive the proposals in perfect self-possession, and respond to them in phrases like those with which they have been addressed, the models of which have come down from old times. Rejections seldom occur, except when a man makes a mistake and applies to a girl who is known to be reserving herself for another. The "funeral service" goes on in this way till it is plain that no more alliances can be made, when it is closed, and the body of the deceased is buried. The matches thus made are binding, and no other way of making them is in favor.

Story of a Bullet.

Le Petit Journal of Paris relates a remarkable experience of M. Charles Jallerat, who was wounded in the war of 1870 while serving in the artillery. He was struck by a bullet in the left temple, and in spite of repeated attempts the surgeons were unable to extract it. They expressed the opinion, however, that the man might live for years with the bullet in his head. As a matter of fact, for twenty-seven years it did not trouble him in the least. Last May, however, the bullet, which had remained buried in the frontal tissues, moved up toward the brain and M. Jallerat became insane. For nearly a fortnight his mind remained unbalanced, but happily the bullet again shifted its position, and M. Jallerat recovered. He did not feel any more inconvenience until quite recently, when he experienced a curious sensation in the throat. He succeeded in forcing the obstruction into his mouth, and was very much surprised to discover that it was the bullet which he had carried in his head for over a quarter of a century.

He Weakened.

"John told me," said the farmer to the obituary writer, "that he wanted it put on his tombstone that he died out o' debt—owin' no man a cent, an' I told him I'd pay up his debts fer him so it could be wrote down that way. Now, call out the amounts of them thar bills, if you please."

"John Jones, ten dollars."

"All right; I'll pay that."

"William Brown, fifteen dollars."

"Well, I'll settle that."

"Rufus Smith, twenty dollars."

"Gettin' steep, but I'll fix it."

"Amos Williams, thirty dollars."

"Sakes alive! but I'll settle it."

"Richard Scott, one hundred dollars."

"Stop right thar!" exclaimed the excited farmer; "consarn John's old pictur'! what did he mean, anyhow? Jest write a line or two an' say that he died happy—consarn him!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Wonderful Mineral.

There is a wonderful mineral found in Iceland that possesses the strange property of producing two images of a single object. On looking through it at a pencil, for instance, you will see two pencils, both of which will be clearly defined. The mineral is translucent and crystal-like and goes by the name of Iceland spar. The mine in which it is found is located on the eastern coast of Iceland and is controlled by the Danish government. The spar is exceedingly valuable, owing to its many uses in the sciences, particularly for the manufacture of optical instruments and for experiments in polarization.

Saved.

"I heard that Thompson once saved Miss Badd from a serious runaway, but when I spoke to her she seemed disinclined to talk about it."

"No wonder. He saved her from running away with a nobleman, who turned out afterward to be a valet out of a job."—Indianapolis Journal.

A relic hunter stole the chair on which President McKinley sat while reviewing the Grand Army parade in Buffalo, N. Y., recently.

HIS LAST RESTING PLACE

A KENTUCKIAN WHO HAS IDEAS ALL HIS OWN.

And Has Worked Them Out In His Cemetery Lot—A Remarkable Group of Statuary—Every Person and Animal He Ever Loved to Be Represented in Marble.

Here in Mayfield, a flourishing little city in the Pennyroyal district of Kentucky, writes a correspondent of the Washington Star, lives one of the most interesting characters in the state. He has a passion, like unto which there was never one possessed before—a passion for tombstones. Seventy-five years old and well preserved, this man, Mr. Henry G. Wooldridge, has only begun the task of fitting up his last resting place.

"Uncle Henry," as he is familiarly known to every one, was born in middle Tennessee, November 29, 1822, and was the youngest of a family of eight children. His father died when he was but two years old, and his mother died fifteen years after. His four brothers and three sisters are all dead now, leaving him the sole survivor of the family and "the last of his race."

About five years since Mr. Wooldridge purchased a lot in the Mayfield cemetery and had a marble shaft erected to mark his grave, when he should he buried there. On this shaft he had the date of his birth, a masonic emblem and a horse chiseled, leaving a space for the date of his death to be carved, when he died. He was not pleased with this monument, and had a statue of himself made in Italy and mounted by the side of his monument. He then concluded to have his statue mounted on his favorite horse, "Fop," placed with the group, which he did, and then had a marble sarcophagus erected, on which he had chiseled a likeness of his trusty shotgun.

"Uncle Henry" was never married, never having experienced a thrill of love for the fairer sex, hence his affections were centred upon his dumb animal friends. He was a great hunter in his younger days, and many a buck has felt the sting of death from his gun. He was very fond of chasing the cunning fox, and had a fine pack of hounds at his home at all times. Mounted upon his hunting horse, "Fop," with his favorite foxhound, "Bob," in the lead, he has spent many a night in the chase. His deerhound, "Towhead," was especially dear to him, and, together with "Bob," is placed in front of his mounted statue. A deer is placed in front of "Towhead," in the act of running, and a fox is before the foxhound, "Bob." Thus does he do homage to the memory of his fast friends in the chase of earlier days. He had a dear little girl friend who kindly attended him during a severe spell of sickness, and he has caused to be erected a statue of her on his lot.

He next turned his attention to the family, and the first to be remembered was his mother. Her statue stands to the right of his and that of his father directly in front of her. Then a favorite niece, Maude, was remembered with a statue to the rear of his mother.

The last work of the sculptor has just been placed among the group, his three brothers—John H., William F. and Alfred T. Wooldridge. All these statues and monuments are erected in an inclosure 16 by 30 feet and are surrounded by an iron fence. The old man is not yet satisfied with the silent guards he will have above him while he sleeps the long sleep, and will enlarge his lot soon to have the statues of his sisters erected with his other relatives.

The arrangement, as well as the idea, is very unique, and it is a very rare thing that a stranger visits Mayfield without going out to see the wonderful collection which stands upon Mr. Wooldridge's lot.

His lot is situated on the brow of a small hill, to the right of the entrance, and can be seen a great distance from the cemetery.

"Uncle Henry" wants every person and every creature he loved represented in his collection, and says he will have them all there, if he lives long enough to see it carried out. While he has excellent health for one of his age, he is constantly preparing for the final summons, and has purchased his metallic casket, and his robe, in which he wishes to be laid in the tomb to rest. He has spent thousands of dollars in preparing his lot, and has much more at his command, being a very wealthy man. He has no near relatives living to whom he will leave his estate, and his greatest desire is to have his loved ones close to him in death.

He lives with none of his relations, but has built him a home, and has housekeepers to attend his wants. He takes a drive every day, and always takes a look at his lot in the cemetery while he is out driving.

His life is nearly spent now, and, when the summons has come at last, and "Uncle Henry" lies down to rest, the sweet notes of the southern mocking bird will cheer the graven images during their silent watch o'er the tomb, and the coming generations will have cause to wonder what manner of man could have possessed such a peculiar passion.

LIFE IN THE KLONDIKE.

Gambling and Shopping With Dust—Riches on Sulphur Creek.

The following letter has been received at Seattle, Wash., by C. W. Chamberlin of C. W. Chamberlin & Co. from Joseph Green, Colonel of the First Regiment of the National Guard of Washington, and an influential business man, who left Seattle in July last for the Klondike by way of Dyea and the Chilkoot Pass.

"I arrived here on August 23 in good shape, without any serious accident, though I had quite an experience. I ran my boat through the canon and portaged the White Horse Rapids, as my boat was not long enough to run through without great risk of getting everything wet. Nearly all who came up with me on the steamer Alki are now here, or will be in a few days. This is my first chance to send out a letter.

"This is a lively camp, and all who desire to do well are making money. Wages are $10 a day for common labor, $15 for mechanics, and $15 at the mines; but grub is very high here now. Almost everybody carries a sack of gold dust, and passes it over to the clerk or dealer to take out the amount of purchase. Every kind of gambling game is running wide open. A man sits down to any kind of a game he desires, passes his sack to the dealer, and names the number of chips he desires and plays away. Games run pretty high, too—up into the three figures. Every one seems to have plenty of dust. Everybody looks alike so far as clothing is concerned. The richest mine owners will compare favorably, in wearing apparel, to the common tramps of Seattle.

"I haven't been idle since I arrived here, I can assure you. I have staked out a town lot in the resident portion of this fair city, 50x60 feet in size. On the second day after my arrival I went out on a stampede and staked out a claim on Sulphur Creek. This creek is forty-five miles from Dawson. It was only recently discovered. Every claim on it has been located. Only two claims have been worked any yet, but they are proving quite good. I saw two men with a rocker at work on one of them, and they took out $125 in three hours. On the other claim, held by Whittemore, who used to be employed in the King County court house at Seattle, and three other men, they took out with sluice boxes in two weeks $3000 and found one nugget, which I saw, which weighed $9.15. The claim I staked is only a short distance down the creek from this one. I am certain that it will prove good. If my grub arrives soon I will put in nine months this winter working it. I will put in some work anyway on what grub I can buy in case the steamer don't arrive.

"Winter is now near and log houses are building all around my tent. I have the material all out for our cabin, and when my partner arrives from a creek to which he has gone, near Sulphur we will rush it up in a hurry.

"While out locating my claim we camped one night about thirty miles from here. When I awoke in the morning I found that my shoes were frozen stiff. Had I not had on very heavy socks I should have been in a pretty fix.

A Peculiar Tribe in the Land of Fire.

Quite distinct and peculiar is the Ona tribe, which inhabits the prairie region of Tierra del Fuego. The great island has the shape of a triangle, and is almost as large as the state of New York. Once upon a time it must have had a tropical climate, inasmuch as the bones of monkeys and parrots are found fossil there in great numbers. There is much excellent grazing land, and sheep-raising is a growing industry, the Onas being killed off as fast as possible incidentally to the process of fencing the land. Their children and women are captured, when possible, and practically enslaved, being employed as servants at the stations maintained by the Argentine government on the island, or else carried to Buenos Ayres. The Onas inhabit the part of Tierra del Fuego which Magellan first saw, and their habit of signaling to one another by means of fires caused the famous navigator to call the country "Land of Fire."—Detroit Free Press.

Couldn't Take Her Back.

A Sheffield merchant whose daughter had married a man with whom it proved that she could not get on very well was much surprised some weeks ago to see the young lady return home again with all her belongings. The old man listened very attentively to her story and then went to his desk and wrote a note to his son-in-law, which he gave to his daughter, assuring her that her husband would receive her kindly after this. The pair on reading the letter found in it the following notice:

DEAR SIR—Goods that have been selected of one's own free will at my establishment are not taken back again.

The young couple laughed heartily and were reconciled.—Pearson's Weekly.

The old hall in Lincolnshire, England, the "Locksley Hall" of Tennyson's poem, offered for sale with thirty-four acres of grass arable land, was withdrawn from sale at $5300.