"I'll Kiss Him for His Wife."

(New Orleans Times-Democrat.)

An incident in the life of Colonel George D. Alexander, of the Third Arkansas Regiment, now a Professor in Thatcher Institute, Shreveport, La., during the rebellion.

The long stemmed battle o'er and lost,
The order came, "Retreat!"
But many hearts lay cold and still
On beds of daisies sweet,
And thrilled no more at th' onset bold,
Nor heard returning feet.

The living left the lonely dead
Upon the spot they fell,
And turned with saddened faces back
The tale of rout to tell;
But on the kindly daisies there
The dead slept soft and well.

The steady tramp wore thro' the night
Into the cheerless day;
And wearily they kept the pace
That led away—away;
For who could face an iron foe
That swept their ranks like hay?

Beside the road an officer
Lay wounded like to death—
All pallid, faint and helpless he,
With scarcely strength for breath;
And 'twas his company plodding by
As one to th' other saith:

"Be easy, boys; there lies the man
That led us in the fight;
We love him and we won't pass on
Until we've done him right;
Come softly; shake our captain's hand,
For he'll be dead ere night."

And boys, the flower of Arkansas,
From text-book to the ranks,
Filed past with misty eyes upon
The Shenandoah's banks,
And gently pressed their captain's hand,
And meanwhile damn'd the "Yanks."

A big, gruff, bearded Irishman
Brought up the rearmost file,
And knelt beside the suffering man,
And sobbed and sobbed the while,
And as that farewell band looked on,
Through tears there came a smile.

The sergeant turned unto the boys,
His face with grief full rife;
"Begorra, boys!" while they gazed down
On that fast waning life,
"We'll niver see the cap'n again—
I'll kiss him for his wife!"

The kiss of that rough soldier there
Thrilled through the captain's soul,
And started fresh the sluggish life
From heart-fount to its goal,
And one less grave kind nature sods
By Shenandoah's roll.

Waiting Till My Ship Comes Home.

When a merry child I wandered
Through the meadows round my home,
O'er these words I often pondered,
"Wait until my ship comes home."
Puzzled oft my childish brains were,
Well I knew that meaning some
Was contained in that brief sentence,
"Wait until my ship comes home."

As I older grew, and wiser,
Slowly then began to dawn
Vague ideas, restless fancies,
Soft and tender as the morn;
Promise sweet that in the future,
Where my fancy oft did warm,
Hidden was a deeper meaning—
"Wait until my ship comes home."

Years fled by—ill-fated voyage,
Undertaken long ago;
For that ship so richly freighted
Lies in depths of ocean low;
Never will it reach the landing
Where with eager eyes I come,
Watching, hoping, sad and lonely—
"Waiting till my ship comes home."

Starry eyes, who first love's meaning
Taught me in the years gone by,
Fondly cherished is thy mem'ry,
'Tis sacred dust where thou dost lie.
If thy life had been a long one,
Bright and happy then our home,
Promise fulfilled, no more waiting,
Surely would our ship have come.

But the waves of war broke o'er us,
Foremost in the ranks he stood,
While the fiery rain of bullets
Wrought a fierce baptism of blood,
Flag in hand my hero faced them,
Where the bay'nets thickest shone,
Till at last he fell; thus sadly
Did my mournful ship come home.

Where the proud Potomac ripples,
Lies he in a dreamless rest,
Flowers bright, each spring renewing,
Wave above his manly breast.
When my feet draw near the river,
Over which my friend has gone,
Grant this boon to me, oh, Father!
Safely may *my* ship reach home.

—*Katharine D. Knox, New York City.*

THE CHOICE OF THREE:

A NOVEL.

When Florence got home she told Eva about the letter from her lover, but she said nothing of his evident distress. He was making friends, he expected great pleasure from his shooting—altogether he was getting on well.

Eva listened, hardened her heart and went out district visiting with Mr. Plowden.

Time went on and no letters came from Ernest. One month, two months, six months passed and there was no intelligence of him. Dorothy grew very anxious, and so did Mr. Cardus, but they did not speak of the matter much, except to remark that the reason, no doubt, was that he was away on his shooting excursion.

Jeremy, also, in his slow way grew intensely preoccupied with the fact that they never heard from Ernest now and that life was consequently a blank. He sat upon the stool in his uncle's outer office and made pretence to copy deeds and drafts, but, in reality, occupied his time in assiduously polishing his nails and thinking. As for the deeds and drafts, he gave them to his grandfather to copy.

"It kept the old gentleman employed," he would explain to Dorothy, "and from indulging in bad thoughts about the devil."

But it was one night out duck-shooting that his great inspiration came. It was a bitter night, a night on which no sane creature, except Jeremy, would ever have dreamed of going to shoot ducks or anything else. The marshes were partially frozen and a fierce east wind was blowing across them; but, utterly regardless of the cold, there sat Jeremy under the lea of a dike-bank, listening for the sound of the ducks' wings as they passed to their feeding-grounds, and occasionally getting a shot at them as they crossed the moon above him. There were not many ducks, and the solitude and silence were inductive of contemplation. Ernest did not write. Was he dead? Not probable, or they would have heard of it. Where was he, then? Impossible to say, impossible to discover. Was it impossible? "Swish, swish, bang!" and down came a mallard at his feet. A quick shot, that! Yes, it was impossible; they had no means of inquiry here. The inquiry, if any, must be made there, on the other side of the water. But who was to make it? Ah, an idea struck him! Why should not he, Jeremy, make that inquiry? Why should he not go to South Africa and look for Ernest? A flight of ducks passed over his head unheeded. What did he care for duck? He had solved the problem which had been troubling him all these months. He would go to South Africa and look for Ernest. If Mr. Cardus would not give the money, he would work his way out. Anyhow, he would go. He could bear the suspense no longer.

Jeremy rose in the new-found strength of his purpose, and, gathering up the slain—there were only three—whistled to his retriever and made his way back to Dum's Ness.

He found Mr. Cardus and Dorothy by the fire in the sitting-room. Hard-riding Atterleigh was there, too, in his place in the ingle-nook, a riding-whip in his ink-stained hand, with which he was tapping his top-boot. They turned as he entered, except his grandfather, who did not hear him.

"What sport have you had, Jeremy?" asked his sister with a sad little smile. Her face had grown very sad of late.

"Three ducks," he answered shortly, advancing his powerful form out of the shadows into the firelight. "I came home just as they were beginning to fly."

"You found it cold, I suppose," said Mr. Cardus absently. They had been talking of Ernest and he was still thinking of him.

"No, I did not think of the cold. I came home because I had an idea."

Both his hearers looked up surprised. Ideas were not very common to Jeremy, or if they were he kept them to himself.

"Well, Jeremy?" said Dorothy inquiringly.

"Well, it is this. I cannot stand this about Ernest any longer, and I am going to look for him. If you won't give me the money," he went on, addressing Mr. Cardus almost fiercely, "I will work my way out. It is no credit to me," he added. "I lead a dog's life while I don't know where he is."

Dorothy flushed a pale pink with pleasure. Rising, she went up to her great strong brother, and, standing on tip-toe, managed to kiss him on the chin.

"That is like you, Jeremy dear," she said softly.

Mr. Cardus looked up, too, and, after his fashion, let his eyes wander round Jeremy before he spoke.

"You shall have as much money as you like, Jeremy," he said presently, "and if you bring Ernest back safe, I will leave you twenty thousand pounds," and he struck his hand down upon his knee, an evidence of excitement which was unusual for him to display.

"I don't want your twenty thousand pounds—I want Ernest," answered the young man gruffly.

"No. I know you don't, my lad, I know you don't. But find him and keep him safe and you shall have it. Money is not to be sneezed at, let me tell you. I say keep him, for I forgot you cannot bring him back till this accursed business has blown over. When will you go?"

"By the next mail, of course. They leave every Friday. I will not waste a day. To-day is Saturday; I will sail next Friday."

"That is right. You shall go at once. I will give you a cheque for five hundred pounds to-morrow, and mind, Jeremy, you are not to spare money. If he has gone to the Zambesi, you must follow him. Never think of the money; I will think of that."

Jeremy soon made his preparations. They consisted chiefly of rifles. He was to leave Dum's Ness early on the Thursday. On the Wednesday afternoon it occurred to him that he might as well tell Eva Ceswick that he was going in search of Ernest, and ask if she had any message. Jeremy was the only person, or thought that he was the only person, in the secret of Ernest's affection for Eva. Ernest had asked him to keep it secret, and he had kept it as secret as the dead, never breathing a word of it, even to his sister.

It was about five o'clock on a windy March afternoon when he set out for the Cottage. On the edge of the hamlet of Kesterwick, some three hundred yards from the cliff, stood two or three little hovels, turning their naked faces to the full fury of the sea blast. He was drawing near to these when he came to a stile which gave passage over a sod wall that ran to the edge of the cliff, marking the limits of the village common. As he approached the stile the wind brought him the sound of voices—a man's and a woman's—engaged apparently in angry dispute on the farther side of the wall. Instead of getting over the stile, he stepped to the right and looked over the wall, and saw the new clergyman, Mr. Plowden, standing with his back toward him, and, apparently very much against her will, holding Eva Ceswick by the hand. Jeremy was too far off to overhear his words, but from his voice it was clear that Plowden was talking in an excited, masterful tone. Just then Eva turned her head a little and he did hear what she said, her voice being so much clearer.

"No, Mr. Plowden, no! Let go my hand! Ah, why will you not take an answer?"

Just at that moment she succeeded in wrenching her imprisoned hand from his strong grasp, and, without waiting for any more words, set off toward Kesterwick almost at a run.

Jeremy was a man of slow mind, though when once his mind was made up it was of a singularly determined nature. At first he did not quite take in the full significance of the scene, but when he did a great red flush spread over his honest face and the big gray eyes sparkled dangerously. Presently Mr. Plowden turned and saw him. Jeremy noticed that the "sign of the cross" was remarkably visible on his forehead and that his face wore an expression by no means pleasant to behold—anything but Christian, in short.

"Hullo!" he said to Jeremy, "what are you doing there?"

Before answering, Jeremy put his hand on the top of the sod wall, and, vaulting over, walked straight up to the clergyman.

"I was watching you," he said, looking him straight in the eyes.

"Indeed!—an honorable employment; eavesdropping, I think it is generally called."

Whatever had passed between Mr. Plowden and Eva Ceswick, it had clearly not improved the former's temper.

"What do you mean?"

"I mean what I say."

"Well, Mr. Plowden, I may as well tell you what I mean. I am not good at talking, but I know that I shall be able to make you understand. I saw you just now assaulting Miss Ceswick."

"It is a lie!"

"That is not a gentlemanlike word, Mr Plowden, but as you are not a gentleman I will overlook it." Jeremy, after the dangerous fashion of the Anglo-Saxon race, always got wonderfully cool as the row thickened. "I repeat that I saw you holding her notwithstanding her struggles to get away."

"And what is that to you, confound you!" said Mr. Plowden, shaking with fury, and raising a thick stick he held in his hand in a suggestive manner.

"Don't lose your temper, and you shall hear. Miss Eva Ceswick is engaged to my friend Ernest Kershaw, or something very like it, and as he is not here to look after his own interests, I must look after them for him."

"Ah, yes," answered Mr. Plowden, with a ghastly smile, "I have heard of that. The murderer, you mean?"

"I recommend you, Mr. Plowden, in your own interest, to be a little more careful in your terms."

"And supposing that there has been something between your—your friend?"

"Much better term, Mr. Plowden."

"And, Miss Eva Ceswick, what, I should like to know, is there to prevent her having changed her mind?"

Jeremy laughed aloud, it must be admitted rather insolently, and in a way calculated to irritate people of meeker mind than Mr. Plowden.

"To any one, Mr. Plowden, who has the privilege of your acquaintance, and who also knows Ernest Kershaw, your question would seem absurd. You see, there are some people between whom there can be no comparison. It is not possible that, after caring for Ernest, any woman could care for you;" and Jeremy laughed again.

Mr. Plowden's thick lips turned quite pale, the veinous cross upon his forehead throbbed till Jeremy thought it would burst, and his eyes shone with the concentrated light of hate. His vanity was his weakest point. He controlled himself with an effort, however, though if there had been any deadly weapon at hand it might have gone hard with Jeremy.

"Perhaps you will explain the meaning of your interference and your insolence, and let me go on."

"Oh, with pleasure," answered Jeremy, with refreshing cheerfulness. "It is just this: if I catch you at any such tricks again, you shall suffer for it. One can't thrash a clergyman, and one can't fight him, because he won't fight; but look here, one can shake him, for that leaves no marks, and if you go on with these games, so sure as my name is Jeremy Jones, I will shake your teeth down your throat! Good-night!" and Jeremy turned to go.

It is not wise to turn one's back upon an infuriated animal, and at that moment Mr. Plowden was nothing more. Even as he turned Jeremy remembered this, and gave himself a slue to one side. It was fortunate for him that he did so, for at that moment Mr. Plowden's heavy blackthorn stick, directed downward with all the strength of Mr. Plowden's heavy arm, passed within a few inches of his head, out of which, had he not turned, it would have probably knocked the brains. As it was, it struck the ground with such force that the jar sent it flying out of its owner's hand.

"Ah, you would!" was Jeremy's reflection as he sprang at his assailant.

Now Mr. Plowden was a very powerful man, but he was no match for Jeremy, who in after-days came to be known as the strongest man in the East of England, and so he was destined to find out. Once Jeremy got a grip of him, for his respect for the Church prevented him from trying to knock him down, he seemed to crumple up like a piece of paper in his iron grasp. Jeremy could easily have thrown him, but he would not, he had his own ends in view. So he just held him tight enough to prevent his doing him (Jeremy) any serious injury, and let him struggle frantically till he thought he was sufficiently exhausted for his purpose. Then he suddenly gave him a violent twist, got behind him, and set to work with a will to fulfill his promise of a shaking. Oh! what a shake that was! First of all he shook him backward and forward for Ernest's sake, then he alternated the motion and shook him from side to side for his own sake, and finally he shook him every possible way for the sake of Eva Ceswick

It was a wonderful sight to see the great burly clergyman, his hat off, his white tie undone, and his coat-tails waving like streamers, bounding and gamboling on the breezy cliffs, his head, legs and arms jerking in every possible direction, like those of a galvanized frog, while behind him, his legs slightly apart to get a better grip of the ground, and his teeth firmly clinched, Jeremy shook away with the fixity of fate. At last, getting exhausted, he stopped, and holding Mr Plowden still, gave him a drop-kick—only one. But Jeremy's leg was very strong, and he always wore thick boots, and the result was startling. Mr. Plowden rose some inches off the ground and went on his face into a furze-bush.

"He will hardly like to show that honorable wound," reflected Jeremy, as he wiped the perspiration from his brow with every sign of satisfaction.

Then he went and picked his fallen enemy out of the bush, where he had nearly fainted, smoothed his clothes, tied the white tie as neatly as he could, and put the wide hat on the disheveled hair. Then he set him down on the ground to recover himself.

"Good-night, Mr. Plowden, good-night. Next time you wish to hit a man with a big stick, do not wait till his back is turned. Ah, I dare say your head aches. I should advise you to go home and have a nice sleep."

And Jeremy departed on his way, filled with a fearful joy.

When he reached the cottage he found everything in a state of confusion. Miss Ceswick had, it appeared, been suddenly taken very seriously ill; indeed, it was feared that she had got a stroke of apoplexy. He managed, however, to send up a message to Eva to say that he wished to speak to her for a minute. Presently she came down, crying.

"Oh, my poor aunt is so dreadfully ill," she said. "We think that she is dying!"

Jeremy offered some awkward condolences, and indeed was much distressed. He liked old Miss Ceswick.

"I am going to South Africa to-morrow, Miss Eva," he said.

She started violently, and blushed up to her hair.

"Going to South Africa! What for?"

"I am going to look for Ernest. We are afraid that something must have happened to him."

"Oh, don't say that!" she said. "Perhaps he has—amusements which prevent his writing."

"I may as well tell you that I saw something of what passed between you and Mr. Plowden."

Again Eva blushed.

"Mr. Plowden was very rude," she said.

"So I thought; but I think that he is sorry for it now."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that I nearly shook his ugly head off for him."

"Oh, how could you?" Eva asked, severely; but there was no severity on her face.

Just then Florence's voice was heard calling imperatively.

"I must go," said Eva.

"Have you any message for Ernest if I find him?"

Eva hesitated.

"I know all about it," said Jeremy, considerately turning his head.

"Oh, no, I have no message—that is—oh, tell him that I love him dearly!" and she turned and fled up-stairs.

CHAPTER XXI.

FLORENCE ON MARRIAGE.

Miss Ceswick's seizure turned out to be even worse than was anticipated. Once she appeared to regain consciousness, and began to mutter something, then she sank back into a torpor out of which she never woke again.

It was fortunate that her condition was not such as to require the services of the clergyman, for Mr. Plowden was for some days after the event described in the last chapter not in any condition to give them. Whether it was the shaking, or the well-planted kick, or the shock to his system, it is impossible to say, but he was in the upshot constrained to keep his bed for several days. Indeed, the first service that he took was on the occasion of the opening of the ancient Ceswick vault to receive the remains of the recently-deceased lady. The only territorial possession which remained to the Ceswicks was their vault. Indeed, as Florence afterward remarked to her sister, there was a certain irony in the reflection that of all their wide acres there remained only the few square feet of soil which for centuries had covered the bones of the race.

When their aunt was dead and buried, the two girls went back to the Cottage and were very desolate. Such as it was, however, they, or rather Florence, decided to make the best of it. At Kesterwick they were, at any rate, known, and it was, they felt, better to stay there than to float away and become waifs and strays on the great sea of English life. So they settled to stay.

Florence had, moreover, her own reasons for staying. She had come to the conclusion that it would be desirable that her sister Eva should marry Mr. Plowden. Not that she liked Mr. Plowden—her lady's instincts rose up in rebellion against the man—but if Eva did not marry him, it was probable that she would, in the long run, marry Ernest, and Ernest, Florence swore, she should not marry. To prevent such a marriage was the main purpose of her life. Her jealousy and hatred of her sister had become a part of herself. The gratification of her revenge was the evil star by which she shaped her course. It may seem a terrible thing that so young a woman could give the best energies of her life to such a purpose, but it was none the less the truth.

Her's was a wild, strange nature, a nature capable of violent love and violent hate; the same pendulum could swing with equal ease to each extreme. Eva had robbed her of her lover; she would rob Eva, and put the prize out of her reach, too. Little she recked of the wickedness of her design, for where, in the long record of human crime, is there a wickedness to surpass the deliberate separation, for no good reason, of two people who love each other with all their hearts? Surely there is none. She knew this, but she did not hesitate on that account. She was not hypocritical. She made no excuses to herself. She knew well that on every ground it was best that Eva should marry Ernest and pursue her natural destiny, happy in his love and in her own. But she would have none of it. If once they should meet again, the game would pass out of her hands, for the weakest woman grows strong of purpose when she has her lover's arm to lean on. Florence realized this, and determined that they should never set eyes on each other until an impassable barrier, in the shape of Mr. Plowden, had been raised between the two. Having thus finally determined on the sacrifice, she set about whetting the knife.

One day, a month or so after Miss Ceswick was buried, Mr. Plowden called at the Cottage on some of the endless details of which district visiting was the parent. He had hardly seen Eva since that never-to-be-forgotten day, when he had learned what Jeremy's idea of a shaking were, for the very good reason that she had carefully kept out of his way.

So it came to pass that when, looking out of the window on the afternoon in question, she saw the crown of a clerical hat coming along the road, Eva promptly gathered up her work and commenced a hasty retreat to her bedroom.

"Where are you going to, Eva?" asked her sister.

"Upstairs—here he comes."

"He! Who is 'he?'"

"Mr. Plowden, of course."

"And why should you run away because Mr. Plowden is coming?"

"I do not like Mr. Plowden."

"Really, Eva, you are too bad. You know what a friendless position we are in just now, and you go and get up a dislike to one of the few men we know. It is very selfish of you, and most unreasonable."

At that moment the door-bell rang and Eva fled.

Mr. Plowden on entering looked round the room with a somewhat disappointed air.

"If you are looking for my sister," said Florence, "she is not very well."

"Indeed, I am afraid that her health is not good; she is so often indisposed."

Florence smiled and they dropped into the district visiting. Presently, however, Florence dropped out again.

"By-the-way, Mr. Plowden, I want to tell you of something I heard the other day and which concerns you. Indeed, I think that it is only right I should do so. I heard that you were seen talking to my sister, not very far from the Titheburgh Abbey cottages, and that she—she ran away from you. Then Mr. Jones jumped over the wall, and also began to talk with you. Presently he also turned, and, so said my informant, you struck at him with a heavy stick, but missed him. Thereupon a tussle ensued, and you got the worst of it."

"He irritated me beyond all endurance," broke in Mr. Plowden, excitedly.

"Oh, then the story is true?"

Mr. Plowden saw that he had made a fatal mistake, but it was too late to deny it.

"To a certain extent," he said, sulkily. "That young ruffian told me that I was not a gentleman."

"Really! Of course that was unpleasant. But how glad you must feel that you missed him, especially as his back was turned! It would have looked so bad for a clergyman to be had up for assault, or worse, wouldn't it?"

Mr. Plowden turned pale and bit his lip. He began to feel that he was in the power of this quiet, dignified young woman, and the feeling was not pleasant.

"And it would not look very well if the story got round here, would it? I mean even if it was not known that you hit at him with the stick, when he was not looking, because, you see, it would sound so absurd! The idea of a clergyman more than six feet high being shaken like a naughty child! I suppose that Mr. Jones is very strong."

Mr. Plowden winced beneath her mockery, and rising, seized his hat, but she motioned him back to his chair.

"Don't go yet," she said. "I wanted to tell you that you ought to be much obliged to me for thinking of all this for you. I thought that it would be painful to you to have the story all over the country-side, so I nipped it in the bud."

Mr. Plowden groaned in spirit. If these were the results of a story nipped in the bud, what would its uninjured bloom be like!

"Who told you?" he asked brusquely. "Jones went away."

"Yes. How glad you must be, by the way, that he is gone! But it was not Mr. Jones, it was a person who oversaw the difference of opinion. No, never mind who it was; I have found means to silence that person."

Little did Mr. Plowden guess that during the whole course of his love-scene, and the subsequent affair with Jeremy, there had leaned gracefully in the angle of the sod wall, not twenty yards away, a figure uncommonly resembling that of an ancient mariner in an attitude of the most intense and solemn contemplation; but so it was.

"I am grateful to you, Miss Ceswick."

"Thank you, Mr. Plowden, it is refreshing to meet with true gratitude, it is a scarce flower in this world; but really I don't deserve any. The observer who over saw the painful scene between you and Mr. Jones also oversaw a scene preceding it, that, so far as I can gather, seems to have been hardly less painful in its way."

Mr. Plowden colored, but said nothing.

"Now you see, Mr. Plowden, I am left in a rather peculiar position as regards my sister; she is younger than I am, and has always been accustomed to look up to me, so you will easily understand, I feel my responsibilities to weigh upon me. Consequently, I feel bound to ask you what I am to understand from the report of my informant?"

"Simply this, Miss Ceswick; I proposed to your sister, and she refused me."

(To be continued.)

The Value of a Moustache.

The London *Times* of a recent date contained the following among its police court reports: "At Marlborough street, Samuel Scaneider, a tailor of Cross court, West street, Soho, was summoned by Isaac Julius, a tailor of Broad street, Golden square, for assaulting him on the 6th Nov. The complainant, who wore a thick, bushy moustache, one end of which had been recently clipped, deposed that on the day in question the defendant came behind him in a workshop on Poland street and clipped off one of the ends of his moustache with a pair of scissors.

Emily Rose said that on the day in question she said to the complainant, 'What a nice moustache you have,' and the words had scarcely escaped her lips when the defendant went behind Mr. Julius and clipped his moustache with a pair of scissors.

Mr. Newton—It is a question of compensation. (To the complainant.) What do you value your moustache at?

The complainant—I think he ought to pay something.

Mr. Newton—The parties had better retire and see if they cannot come to some arrangement.

Later in the day the parties again came into court and informed the magistrate that they had been unable to come to an agreement.

Mr. Newton (to the complainant)—What do you put the value of your moustache at?

The complainant—Well, I want the defendant to pay the costs and give £1 to the poor box, and he refuses to do that.

Mr. Newton—Then I will inflict a fine of 10s and costs, with the alternative of seven days' imprisonment.

Queer Walking.

Jabe Mathis, of the Thirteenth Georgia, was a good soldier, but one day when the Confederates were retreating from the gory field of Gettysburg Jabe threw his musket on the ground, seated himself by the roadside and exclaimed, with great vehemence:

"I'll be dashed if I walk another step! I'm broke down! I can't do it!" And Jabe was the picture of despair.

"Git up, man!" exclaimed his captain. "Don't you know the Yankees are following us? They'll git you sure!"

"Can't help it," said Jabe, "I'm done for. I'll not walk another step!"

The Confederates passed along over the crest of a hill and lost sight of poor, dejected Jabe.

In a moment there was a fresh rattle of musketry and a renewed crash of shells. Suddenly Jabe appeared on the crest of the hill moving like a hurricane and followed by a cloud of dust. As he passed his captain that officer yelled:

"Hello, Jabe, thought you wasn't going to walk any more?"

"Thunder!" replied Jabe, as he hit the dust with renewed vigor, "you don't call this walking, do you?"—*Atlanta (Ga.) Constitution.*

Telegraph messenger boys of Albany carry dark lanterns, which they use at night to find the numbers on houses in the dark streets of the town.