

KEENAN'S CHARGE.

Chancellorville, May, 1863.

The sun had set;
The waves with dew were wet;
Down fell a bloody dusk;
On the woods, that second of May,
Where Stonewall's corps, like a beast of prey,
Tore through with angry tusk.

"They've trapped us, boys!"
Rose from our flank a voice,
With a rush of steel and smoke
On came the rebels straight,
Eager as love and wild as hate;
And our line reeled and broke;

Broke and fled,
No one staid—but the dead!
With curses, shrieks and cries,
Horses, wagons and men
Tumbled back through the shuddering
glens,
And above us the fading skies.

There's one hope still—
Those batteries parked on the hill!
"Battery, wheel!" (mid the roar)
"Pass pieces; fix prologues to fire
Retiring. Trot!" In the panic dire
A bugle rings—"Trot"—and no more.

The horses plunged,
The cannon lurched and lunged,
To join the hopeless rout.
But suddenly rode a form
Calmly in front of the human storm,
With a stern commanding shout:

"Align those guns!"
(We knew it was Pleasanton's).
The cannoners bent to obey,
And worked with a will at his word;
And the black guns moved as if they had
heard.
But ah, the dread delay!

"To wait is crime;
Oh God, for ten minutes' time!"
The general looked around
There Keenan sat, like a stone,
With his three hundred horse alone—
Less shaken than the ground.

"Major, your men?"
"Are soldiers, General." "Then,
Charge, Major! Do your best;
Hold the enemy back, at all cost,
Till my guns are placed—else the army
is lost.
You die to save the rest!"

By the shrouded gleam of the western
skies,
Keenan looked in Pleasanton's
eyes
For an instant—clear, and cool, and
still;

Then, with a smile he said, "I will."
"Charge, charge!" Not a man of them
shrank
Their sharp, full cheer, from rank on
rank,
Rose joyously, with a willing breath—
Rose like a greeting hail to death.

Then forward they sprang, and spurred
and clashed;
Shouted the officers crimson sash'd;
Rode well the men, each brave as his
fellow.

In their faded coats of blue and yellow;
And above in the air, with an instinct
true,
Like a bird of war their pennon flew.

With clank of scabbards and thunder of
steel,
And blades that shine like sunlit reeds,
And strong brown faces bravely pale,
For fear their proud attempt shall fail,
Three hundred Pennsylvanians close
On twice ten thousand gallant foes.

Line after line the troopers came
To the edge of the wood that was ring'd
with flame;
Rode in and sabbard and shot—and fell;
Nor came one back his wounds to tell,
And full in the midst rose Keenan, tall
In the gloom, like a martyr awaiting his
fall.

While the circle-stroke of his sabre,
swung
'Round his head, like a halo there,
luminous hung.
Line after line, whole platoons,
Struck dead in their saddles, of brave
dragoons.

By the maddened horses were onward
borne
And into the vortex flung, trampled and
torn;
As Keenan fought with his men side by
side.

So they rode, till there were no more to
ride,
But over them, lying there, shattered and
mute,
What deep echo rolls—"Tis a death
salute
From the cannon in place; for heroes,
you braved
Your fate not in vain; the army was
saved!"

Over them now—year following year—
Over their graves, the pine-cones fall,
And the whip-poor-will chants his spectre-
call;
They have ceased, but there glory shall
never cease,
Nor their light be quenched in the light
of peace.

The rush of their charge is resounding
still
That saved the army at Chancellorville.
—Geo. Parsons Lathrop

A GIRL WHO NEARLY THREW AWAY A HUSBAND.

Alice Crawford stops on the stair and
listens. She hears the sound of singing
in the parlor, and one of the voices
thrills her as no voice has ever done—
Kingsley Dunham's voice.

"He is singing with her," she says,
and a shadow crosses her face and
settles in her eyes, making them look as if
tears are not far away. She puts out a
hand with a gesture of repulsion, as if
to put away fate. "She does not need
his love as I do," she cries, with a bitter
rebellious feeling at her heart. "I
more than half believe she does not
care for it. But he thinks she does.
And she will accept it, while I, who
would value it more than all the world,
or a thousand worlds, am left to re-
member and regret that the only man's
love I ever cared for was not for me."

Then the outstretched, rebellious
hand drops heavily at her side, and
tears come. Hot passionate tears, fresh
from the heart that is full of the dumb
ache that comes to those who believe
that her love is valued as lightly as a
wayside flower would be by the man to
whom it is given.

Then she listens again. She hears
Mary Grayle's voice, clear and flute-
like in its sweetness, but it makes no
such music as that other voice does.
Years may come and go, but the sound
of that voice will linger there forever.
Her heart will be haunted by the ghost
of a dead but unforgotten love. Her's
will be a haunted heart and a haunted
life, she thinks, as she hears Kingsley
Dunham's voice ring out in silver melody
in the song he is singing with Mary
Grayle.

"I am a foolish creature," she says

presently. "Aren't you ashamed of
yourself, Alice Crawford? To a man
who cares nothing for you and behave
in this silly way about it! Haven't you
any pride? If you have it's time you
began to make use of it. A woman is a
fool to give her heart to any man un-
asked, and yet—"

And yet Alice Crawford knows, as
many other women do, that many a
woman's heart is given without asking.
A feeling of shame comes over her to
think it is so in her case, but she knows
it is useless to deny the truth.

She brushes away her tears and
forces herself to be calm. She then
goes down the stairs and enters the
parlor.

Miss Grayle looks around from the
piano as she comes into the room, and
says:

"Kingsley has just been wondering
why you did not come. We want your
help. He has brought us some new
music."

Alice Crawford hardly dares trust
herself to look at the man who stands
by the piano. But she feels his eyes
upon her, and it is as if he compelled her
to look at him. In the look she gives
him there is something like defiance.

He has made her love him—without
knowing it himself, perhaps—and she
will not let him see how her heart re-
sponds to his lightest touch if she can
help it. She has resolved to conquer
her heart. Pride shall help her to do
it.

Ah! but it is easier to talk of conquer-
ing hearts than to do it. She will find
it so.

Kingsley Dunham bows, with a smile
brightening his eyes as sunshine brightens
a spring that has been in shadow.

"We have missed your voice sadly in
our singing," he says. "Shall we go
over the music again, now that you are
here to try it with us?"

"If you please," she answers, and
goes to the piano and puts Miss Grayle
between the man she loves and herself.
It is a fitting action. Has not Miss
Grayle come between their lives?

Then they sing.

Alice Crawford has never sung more
brilliantly, but there is something in
her singing that Kingsley Dunham has
never noticed before—something that
jars like a discord. They are out of
tune, as many other voices and lives
have been.

Once she looks toward him and
catches him watching her with an earnest,
puzzled look in his face. He seems
to be trying to comprehend her or her
mood.

A flush of color comes into her
cheeks and she turns away abruptly.
The thought brings with it a kind of
fierce anger. It is hard enough to know
that she loves him; she cannot bear to
feel a man's elation over her weakness.
Anything but that.

By-and-by they tire of singing. They
sit down together and talk of this
and that. She feels that Kingsley
Dunham is watching her, and she is on
guard over her heart. Her mood is
changeable. One moment she is gay
and her conversation sparkles with wit
and jest. Then suddenly, she seems
to shrink back into a cold reserve.

He has never felt that he understood
her, and less to-night than ever before.
She is a puzzle to him. It perplexes,
and fascinates, and baffles him.

Miss Grayle gets up and goes out of
the room. An awkward silence follows
her going. He breaks it by saying:

"I missed your face at church last
Sabbath."

"I am not going any more," she
answered: "at least, not to your church.
I do not like Dr. Canfield's sermons."

She does not tell the truth. For the
truth is she is not going there because
she has made up her mind to conquer
her heart, and the work, which will be
difficult at best, will be more difficult if
she sees him often. She must keep
away from him as much as possible.

"I am sorry," he says. "I have grown
accustomed to seeing your face there,
and I always find it hard to give up
familiar faces—when I care for them."
His voice is low, almost tender.

She feels his eyes upon her face,
though she does not look at him.

"I must go back to my work soon,"
she says, trying to make her words
sound quiet and commonplace. "I
have had a long and pleasant rest and
I begin to tire of doing nothing. I—"

Then Miss Grayle comes back and
she gets up suddenly, leaving her sentence
unfinished, and goes to the piano
and begins playing a dashing little fan-
tasia that hasn't a particle of soul in it.

He does not stay long. He excuses
himself by saying that he has work to
do and he feels in the mood for doing it.
He says good-evening to Miss Grayle
and then stops by the piano.

"I have something I want to say to
you sometime," he says, and then
pauses as if at a loss.

"I suppose you want to tell me how
thoughtless you think me, and that it is
my duty to come into the church, and
all that sort of thing," she says looking
up with a laugh that has a defiant ring
in it that grates harshly on even her
own ears. "Thank you. We will con-
sider that it has been said if you please.
I never like to be talked to in that
way."

She gets up from the piano and
walks away as if to put an end to the
conversation. The light words have cost
her a great effort. But if she
would accomplish her purpose, she
must keep him at a distance.

ness if she sent down an excuse plead-
ing headache or any illness. So she
put on her armor of self-defense and
takes her shield of pride and goes down
to meet him.

"And Mary has gone?" he says. "It
has always been 'Mary' and 'Kings-
ley' between them. 'I am sorry, I
am obliged to go away this afternoon,
and I shall not come back until after
she has gone to Europe. I wanted to
ask her a question. But it seems that
I am too late. I shall have to write it
and leave for you to give to her. It is
about something that will affect my
whole life."

He says this, looking at Miss Craw-
ford with a strange excitement in his
face. She fancies that she knows what
his excitement is about. His glance
makes her tremble with its power.

She goes to the window and drops the
curtain to shut out the sunshine that
floods the room. Her face is left in
shadow, and she feels safer.

"If I only understood you better," he
says, coming to her side. "But—I
hardly feel as if I understood you at all.
I wonder if all women can be as per-
plexing to a man as you are to me?"

"Perhaps, if they try to be," she an-
swers. "We are said to be riddles, you
know," with a little laugh that sounds
forced and empty of merriment.

"If I only knew," he says, and then
pauses with his eyes upon her face.
What does he mean? She feels a
strange mesmerism stealing over her
beneath his glance. Is he playing
with her heart? He, Kingsley Dunham,
who is to stand before men as one of
God's teachers? "You can write your
letter to my cousin and leave it on the
table. I will give it to her," she says,
turning to the door. "I must beg to be
excused, there is so much to do."

Then she bows and leaves him. The
truth is, she does not dare to trust her-
self with him longer. If she does her
secret is not safe.

She finds the letter there when she
goes down.

"I know what the question is that he
has asked her," she says, as she takes
up the missive. "He has asked her to
be his wife. Her answer to the question
is what will effect his whole life," and
then she laughs discordantly. She
feels more like drooping her head on
the table and crying, for the pain at
her heart is sharp and bitter.

She feels a kind of fierce, hard anger
against Kingsley Dunham, against her
cousin Mary, against all the world.

She takes up the letter again, and
looks at it with eyes and face full of
rebellion at destiny.

"I am to be the bearer of a mes-
sage of love from him," she cries. "I, who
love him as she never will. Fate is full
of bitter irony when it makes me such a
messenger. I—I will not do it!" with
sudden fierce determination. She
crumples the letter in her hand, and
looks about her. She sees the old clock
in the hall. She goes to it, opens it,
and drops the letter into its mysterious
depths.

"Stay there forever," she says, and
turns with a guilty start to the postman
at the door; he has brought her a
letter from her mother.

"The schools will open two weeks
earlier than usual," she reads. "You
must come home at once or you will
lose your place as teacher."

Two days later she goes back to the
New England village in which her
work is waiting for her. And that day
Kingsley Dunham goes to a little
church in the West to begin his work.

"So our paths run apart," she says
as the train whirrs her away from the
city where she has passed a summer
full of sad and sweet experiences; for
love, even if it gives all and receives
nothing, is always sweet; "and perhaps
it is better so."

Three years have gone. Alice Craw-
ford is again a visitor at her cousin's
home.

Mary is married, but not to Kingsley
Dunham. Why she did not marry him
Alice never asks. The remembrance
of what she has done and of what the
old clock knows fills her with guilty
shame. She never goes through the
hall without feeling a hot flush come
into her face as she hears the clock
ticking out the hours. It seems to be
accusing her. She is afraid of it.

She is glad to know that Mary was
not robbed of happiness by her act.
That she is sure of, for if ever a woman
was happy in a husband's love that
woman is Mary. If she had found her
cousin grieving for what her life had
lost she could never forgive herself for
what she has done. She begins to think
she cannot, as it is. She hates herself
for having given way to temptation. She
has lost self-respect. More than
once she resolves to confess everything
to her cousin. But the humiliation of
such a confession she feels to be
more than she can bear when she
comes to attempt it.

She is alone in the world now.
Her mother is dead. Henceforth there
is none to toil for but herself. She
misses the incentive that urged her on
to steady, hard work. The outlook is
not a bright one for a woman who feels
the need of something to love and work
for.

"You must guess what I heard to-
day," Mary says one evening as she
and Alice sit in the nursery together,
where the pride of the family is having
a hard time of it trying not to go to
sleep. "Kingsley Dunham is coming
here to fill Dr. Canfield's place through
the latter's vacation, they say."

A sudden light comes into Alice Craw-
ford's eyes. But it dies out as suddenly
as it came. And with it a warmth
kindles for a moment in her heart, then
leaves it colder than before. But it is
enough to tell her that she has not con-
quered her heart, and that she never
will.

"I shall be so glad to see him," Mary
goes on. "He was always like a
brother to me."

They are sitting together in the pew
at church the next Sabbath evening,
when they become aware of the fact
that Kingsley Dunham has come.

"O, Alice," whispers Mary, "there
he is coming in with Dr. Canfield. How
he has changed! What a splendid-
looking man he is! I knew he would be.
I wish I could go right up to the minis-
ter's desk and speak to him and shake
hands with him. I don't know how I
can wait until the sermon is over."

Alice Crawford hears her cousin's

voice, but she does not know one word
of what she is saying. She only knows
one thing—that she sees the face of the
man she loves best of any one in the
world, the man she has tried in vain to
forget. It is like looking into Heaven
over a wall she cannot pass.

Kingsley Dunham sees them, and his
face brightens. He sends them a
greeting in a glance. Mary is all
a-flutter with excitement, but Alice is
calm; at least outwardly. If he could
only see into her heart!

Kingsley Dunham's voice as he reads
from the sacred volume fills her soul
with music. When he begins to preach
it seems as if he were preaching for her
alone. He tells them that the heart
that has sinned must make atonement
by confession of its sins and by turning
away from the past. Had she not
sinned? she asked herself. The old
clock and she knows and—God knows!
It seems as if that letter lay upon her
soul, and the weight of it will hold her
soul down forever. With that guilty
act unconfessed and unforgotten how
can she ever be at peace?

She has made up her mind long be-
fore the sermon was over as to what
course she will take. She will confess
what she has done. She feels as if the
shame of confession will kill her, but
she will get rid of her secret.

The services are through at last.
She sees Kingsley Dunham coming
towards them. Her face is as pale as
it will be when she is dead. Her heart
almost stands still for a moment, then
beats faster than ever before.

She meets him before he reaches
the pew. She is aware that his hand
is reached out to her, and that his face
is radiant with pleasure. But she does
not touch the hand he offers.

"I want to tell you that I never gave
Mary that letter," she says, in a low,
swift voice. "I hid it in the old clock."
It's there now. Forgive me, if you
can." Then before he can speak or
stop her she turns and goes hurriedly
down the aisle past the wondering
Mary, who has seen all that has taken
place, but comprehends nothing of
what it means.

When Mary reaches home she goes di-
rectly to Alice's room.

"What was the matter to-night?" she
begins, but Alice stops her.

"I am glad you came here," she
says. "I should have come to you, if
you had not, to make confession of a
wrong I did you three years ago. You
will hate me, I suppose, when you hear
it, and I deserve it. I kept back a let-
ter that Kingsley Dunham left for you.
I felt sure that he asked you to give it
to me, and I had promised to do so."
I hid it in the old clock. O, I cannot look
at you! I want you to go away and leave
me to my shame and disgrace. To-
morrow I will go home. I can never
look in your face or his again." And
Alice Crawford drops her face in her
hands and sobs over the humiliation
she has brought upon herself.

"You must have been mistaken in
thinking he asked me to be his wife,"
Mary says. "I was engaged to George
at that time, and Kingsley Dunham
knew it. Let me go and find the letter.
That will explain it all."

She comes back presently with an
excited face.

"O, Alice, read that!" she cries, and
puts the letter in her cousin's hands.
And Alice reads:

"My Dear Friend Mary: I am a fool-
ish, cowardly man. I know it. But
braver men have been cowards before a
woman's eyes. I love your cousin
Alice, but I fear to tell her so. She
puzzles me. I sometimes think she
cares for me. Then her mood changes,
and I seem to be held a great distance
away from her. You must know how
to read a woman's heart a great deal
better than I do. Is there a chance of
winning her? I shall be gone before
you come back, and I shall not be here
to see you before you leave for Europe,
but you can write to me and tell me
if there is anything to hope."

KINGSLEY DUNHAM.

Alice Crawford reads the letter
through with dry eyes. She has been
so near to Heaven! So near! But her
own hand has barred the door against
her entrance. The sense of what she
had lost, of the fatal result of her guilty
act, benumbs her.

"Go away, please," she says by-and-
by. "I want to be alone."

When morning comes she tells them
she is going away, and at once.

"You shall not go," Mary cries.
"You must not!"

"I must," she answers. "I could
not see him after reading that letter.
Don't urge me to stay, for it will do
no good."

An hour later she is being borne New-
Englandward, and she carries with her
the letter that tells her how Kingsley
Dunham loved her. It is a terrible
thing to read, but she would not part
with it for the world.

Back again in the old home, full of
the awful loneliness clinging to familiar
places after the death of those we love.
It seems to her as if years have passed
since she went out over its threshold
two weeks ago. In these two weeks
she has found out how sin brings its
own punishment. And surely sin
never had a bitterer punishment than
hers has had.

It is the second night since her return.
She sits alone. What she is thinking
about you know as well as I. It seems
to her that there is but one thing to
think about for the rest of her lifetime.
Every day will repeat the thoughts of
yesterday.

The gate opens. She hears a step on
the path—a man's step. She knows
whose it is—she would know it any-
where.

"How can I see him?" she cries. "I
cannot, I will not." But her feet refuse
to obey her when she wills to fly.

He comes in and looks about in the
twilight.

"Alice," he says gently, "are you
here?"

"Yes, I am here!" she cries. "O, why
could you not have spared me this? Was
not my punishment enough already?"

Then her voice breaks and hot tears
come.

"Ask what you will, humble me as you
will, I deserve it all. I kept the letter
back because I loved you."

"Then nothing shall henceforth
come between us," he says, softly, and
gropes about in the twilight till he finds
her hand and holds it prisoner in his
own strong palm.

"But you forget!" she cries. "You
cannot forgive my sin. You must
hate and despise me for it."

"I forget nothing," he answered.
"God forgives us and loves us after
wrong-doing. Shall not I, try to be
like him in other things, be like him
in this? And you did it because you
loved me, Alice. Perhaps I ought not
to think of it in that way, but I cannot
help doing so. I need you. Come to
me and help me do the work I have
undertaken."

"I will come if you are sure you can
forgive," she cries.

And she knows by the kiss he gives
her how great his gladness is. And
how glad she is you may understand,
but words of mine cannot tell.

A Remarkable Contribution.

The archives of the present govern-
ment contain many curious communi-
cations, but none probably possess a
more romantic interest than the follow-
ing, which a correspondent of The
Boston Herald was permitted to read
one day recently by a treasury depart-
ment official. It was a letter which
accompanied a large sum of money as
a contribution to the conscience fund.

The writer began by stating that in the
year 1866 he was a passenger on the
steamship Henry Chauncey, New York
to San Francisco. He was a telegraph
operator, and under engagement to the
California State Telegraph company.

During the voyage he became acquaint-
ed with a gentleman who was known
to his fellow-passengers as Charles
Edmund Hastings. A fast friendship
grew up between him and the writer.

Upon their arrival in San Francisco
they put up at the same hotel, and oc-
cupied adjoining rooms. What follow-
ed is here given in the writer's own
words: "The next day I reported for
duty. Late in the afternoon I received,
among a number of other telegrams,
one from the chief inspector of the
postoffice department at Washington,
directing the authorities at San Fran-
cisco to look out for one Charles Em-
mons, who had stolen money to the
amount of \$5,000 while an employe of
the New York postoffice. The descrip-
tion of Emmons tallied exactly with
that of my friend Hastings, and in some
indubitable manner I became con-
vinced that he and the defaulter were
one and the same person. Upon the
impulse of the moment I slipped the mes-
sage into my pocket. When I returned
to the hotel I handed it to Hastings,
and asked him to read it. I then told
him my suspicions. Without going too
deeply into particulars, he confessed
everything. It was the old story. He
had sunk every dollar he possessed in
Wall street, and in an evil moment had
used the funds of the office until detec-
tion stared him in the face. He started
for New Orleans, but hearing that the
police were on his track, conceived the
daring plan of returning to New York
and embarking from there for Califor-
nia. While search was being made for
him in the south, he was rapidly steam-
ing away to the Pacific slope. At the
expiration of several weeks they had
probably found a new clew, which
had resulted in the sending of the
telegram in question. Hastings
begged me not to expose him, and
promised that under a new name and
in a new country he would begin life
over and in a few years make good the
government's loss. I promised silence,
and he disappeared that night. I
learned from a mutual friend some
months later that Emmons had gone
to Virginia City, Nev., and there died
of an incurable disease. A few years ago,
by the death of a relative, I came into
possession of what to a man of my
modest desire is an ample fortune. I
desired, therefore, to make restitution
to the government for the amount of
Mr. Emmons' peculation, in which I
have always considered myself an in-
direct accomplice. The sum inclosed
is the principal and interest to date.

Dog and Bird Fight.

A paper called Nature, published in
Paris, has picked up a story recently
almost eclipsing that of the cock and
the bull, for which it cites as an author-
ity the director of a glass factory in the
district of Aniche. This gentleman
had a dog and this dog was turned out
to play with other dogs in the open
field behind the factory. It was the
time of hard weather, shortly after
the recent snow-storm, and the dog
who was a rough-haired terrier, had
not finished his gambol when he was
attacked by a whole flock of birds, de-
scribed by the French paper as crows.

By this probably rooks are meant, for
the crow, as Yarell informs us, is a
solitary bird, found only alone or in
pairs, where as the glass manufacturer
writes that there were one hundred of
the black birds in question in the field
where the dog was, out of which only
about thirty joined in the onslaught.

However, the battle, once begun,
proved one-sided affair, half the at-
tacking squadron keeping in front of
the wretched quadruped and the other
half behind him on the flank. The
former, hovering at a height of about
six feet, made dashes from time to time
at the head of the victim, aiming their
beaks at his eyes and at a particular
spot in his neck, where they soon es-
tablished an open wound. The un-
fortunate beast, who in vain attempted
to flee, would have been actually picked
to pieces on the spot had it not been
carried off by a boy who came to the
rescue and brought him home in his
arms, while the detachment of persecu-
tors hovered with angry movements
over his head. The dog's life was
saved for the time, but the narrator
adds that a day or two afterward his
wounds became so dangerous that he
was obliged to have the poor wretch

executed. After this we may expect
soon to hear of a fox assaulted and
gone to death by a confraternity of
geese.—London Globe.

A Chinese Dinner.

Mr. Howard Paul, in the Hotel Mail,
gives the following account of a dinner
in San Francisco:

"A few years ago I was asked to a
swell banquet in Chinatown, San Fran-
cisco, by Mr. J. W. Mackey, the bonan-
za king. One of the guests was W. J.
Florence, the distinguished comedian. We
had both expressed an ardent de-
sire to partake of an high-class, genuine
Chinese dinner, and our host, sharing
this curiosity, arranged with a govern-
ment official, a mandarin, who had run
a restaurant in Hong-Kong, to superin-
tend a dinner. We sat down, six in all,
one of the guests being the Chinaman
who had edited the feast. Before com-
mencing he made a tour of the table
and gave each guest a small cup of hot
wine, accompanied by an emphatic and
friendly chin-chin. In front of each
guest were three plates, about the size
of a little girl's toy tea-set—three
inches in diameter. On these plates
we ate our dinner except the soups,
which were served in miniature bowls.
Each one had his chopsticks and a two-
pronged silver fork. At each place
was a pile of melon and apricot seeds,
and this pile was replen