

"By-and-by," the maiden said—"by-and-by He will claim me for his bride.
He is strong and time is fleet;
Youth is fair and love is sweet;
Clouds will pass that fleck my sky;
He will come back by-and-by—by-and-by."

"By-and-by," the soldier said—"by-and-by." Often I have fought and bled,
I shall go home from the wars,
Crowned with glory, seamed with scars,
Joy will flash from some one's eye,
When she greets me by-and-by—by-and-by."

"By-and-by," the mother cried—"by-and-by Strong and sturdy at my side,
Like a staff supporting me,
Will my bonnie baby be,
Break my rest, then—wall and cry—
Thou'll repay me by-and-by—by-and-by."

Fleeting years of time have sped—hurried by:
Still the maiden is unwed;
All unknown the soldier lies,
Buried under alien skies;
And the son, with blood-shot eye,
Saw his mother starve and die,
God in Heaven! dost Thou on high
Keep the promised by-and-by—by-and-by?

How McCracken Went Up.

The robbing of the Deadwood coach had become the rule instead of the exception, until the only way to get the treasure box through was by strategy. That is, the impression would be given out that it was to be sent at a certain time, and a box made to represent the true one would be placed inside, where the genuity of the road and finding were sure to have little trouble in pistol it.

It was just growing dark, when the stage descended a long, not very steep hill, at the bottom of which the banks narrowed, so that scarcely room remained for two vehicles to pass.

Pete, the driver, in talking with us, had said that this was the most dangerous point in the route; and sure enough it proved to be. We were no more than fairly at the bottom of the hill, and the horses had just been brought down to a walk, when an order to halt sounded up on the air, backed up by some blistering oaths.

There were two passengers within—myself and a shrewd New Englander, named Perkins, on his way to the Black Hills, with a view to speculation. Looking out of the stage, we saw we were surrounded by a number of dark forms, every one of whom had a rifle leveled at us.

Strange as it may seem, my companion, Perkins, carried no weapon of any kind. He gave as a reason that his grandfather was killed by a big horse-pistol when he was going one eye on a squint down the barrel, and the grandson promised his mother that he would never form the habit of sporting with such gigantic weapons, lest he, too, might meet with some accident.

I supported a revolver, and I had my hand on it at the time the startling summons to surrender reached us. I might have made a respectable fight, and gone down like a perforated sieve with bullets, led on by the ambition to be referred to in my obituary notice as a passenger who had made a plucky fight against a party of road agents.

But I am old enough to have traveled sufficiently to use a little discretion, and to take matters philosophically. I preferred to surrender, and was much relieved therefore when the driver drew up without any show of resistance.

There were five of the highwaymen together, and they instantly closed in about us. The leader thrust his hand into the coach with his pistol pointed, and ordered us to get out.

It wasn't necessary for him to repeat the command. We understood and respected it.

The robbers were disappointed. There was a treasure box in the stage, and the "loot" upon the person of Mr. Perkins and myself was of little account.

My watch was of the bull's-eye pattern, descended to me from a Revolutionary ancestor, and if put up at auction, before a lot of antiquarians, might have excited an enthusiasm that would have brought five dollars.

Perkins claimed that his time piece was a full half century older, and I don't doubt it; but my New England neighbor, with all his simplicity, possessed a vein of shrewdness which was sure to stand him well.

He was worth considerable money, and he had prepared for this contingency by putting it in such a shape that no one else could get hold of it. My property has always been in such a shape that I couldn't get hold of it myself. The driver, as a matter of course, did not carry anything expensive about him.

Up to this point the proceedings partook more of a farce, but the tragedy was close at hand. The leader of the road agents announced, in a spirit of bravado, that he was Mike McCracken, for whose head there was a reward of \$5,000 off-red, and he invited all who might hanker for that sum to come and take him.

Perkins and I would have been glad to earn such a comfortable little sum, but we didn't see our way quite clear to perfect our arrangements just then.

When it was evident that McCracken and his pals had made a "water haul," there were considerable threats and mutterings; and Pete, the driver, who remained on his seat all the time, made some jesting remark to McCracken. The latter was so enraged that he raised his rifle and shot the poor fellow dead.

This horrible proceeding appalled us for a time, and we scarcely spoke until the gang were gone. Then we picked up poor Pete's body, placed it within the coach, took the seat ourselves, and drove by turns until we reached Deadwood.

We rode in silence for a mile or so, Perkins holding the reins, and then as he drew the team down to a walk, he exclaimed:

"By the great horned spoon! do you know what I'm going to do?"

"No."

"I'm going to get square with that McCracken. I'll pay him for shooting poor Pete."

"How?"

"Never mind how. It's going to be done! that's as sure as you're born. I've been thinking over the thing, and I've got it fixed. Do you want to jine me?"

"Yes, provided I know the nature of the undertaking. In a matter of this kind, I don't propose to go it blind."

The moon was up so that we could see each other's faces with the greatest distinctness.

Perkins turned his head as if he were about to explain, and then checked himself and switched off in another direction.

"There ain't a bit of danger in my scheme—"

"Not even to McCracken?"

"What are you talking about? You ought to be ashamed of yourself to speak with such disrespectful remarks. I mean there won't be any danger to you or me, but the biggest kind of fun. Will you go along?"

"Very likely," I answered, hoping to draw the scheme from him by a course of cross-examination, but in that respect I was disappointed.

I couldn't gain the least inkling of the nature of his plan, and I began to suspect I had committed a piece of stupidity in consenting to go in his company.

A man who ventured into the Black Hills country without carrying fire arms of any description could not be looked upon as a very formidable sort of personage.

During the succeeding few days it became generally known that the stage which was to leave for the East on Thursday would carry a large amount of gold dust, consigned to Perrin & Brothers, St. Louis.

In accordance with the custom, this was placed in an iron box, which was fastened to the bottom of the stage in such a secure fashion that it would be the work of hours to loosen it.

On the day before starting, Perkins gave me to understand that if I wanted to see the fun I was to register and start on an Eastern trip in that stage. He said he and I would be the only passengers, and repeated that he had a dead sure thing of it.

I had noticed during the previous few days that Perkins seemed to be in the confidence of the Stage Company. He held frequent conferences with them, and was evidently a party to some arrangement that he had hinted about to me.

The fact that two other men applied for and were refused passes in the same vehicle indicated that some unusual scheme was under way, but Perkins took good care that its precise nature should remain unknown to all, including myself.

When finally the stage rolled out of Deadwood, it carried the treasure box and nine persons. One was the driver, Perkins and myself were two others, while six men, armed to the teeth, formed the guard of the treasure box.

"No wonder Perkins says there is no danger," I thought, as these terrible fellows clambered in and took their seats. "I should say they were able to take care of a regiment of McCrackens. I suspect there will be considerable shooting going on, and it won't be the easiest thing in the world to dodge the bullets. But McCracken isn't a fool, and he won't attack any such party as this."

This was a very natural conclusion, but I failed to see any particular brilliancy in the plan of Perkins.

A company of armed men was sent out in charge of a box of gold dust. There was reason to apprehend an attack from road agents, in which event the road agents would receive a hot reception.

That was all there was in that; and I where was the glory of Perkins to come in?

But hold!

Early beyond and clear of Deadwood, the stage halted, and the six men got out and left.

If ever a man was thunderstruck I was. I turned to the grinning Perkins: "What the mischief does that mean?"

"It's all right, it's all right," he laughed.

"I think I'll go along with them," I added, alarmed and angry. "If they're afraid to push on, I don't see what encouragement there is for me to keep the company of a man who doesn't carry a pistol."

"Sit still," said he, catching my arm and drawing me back. "I've got a pistol somewhere about the coach, but it isn't loaded."

"Why have these men left?" I demanded.

"Cause we don't need them."

"What can we do in case of an attack?"

"You'll see; rest easy; remember I am with you."

I began to doubt which was the greater fool—Perkins or myself—in placing such implicit trust in him. I concluded that an impartial jury would award me the palm of stupidity, but I now made up my mind that I would see the thing through.

During the succeeding afternoon, I discovered that one of the iron bands which held the treasure box to the bottom of the stage was loosened, and I immediately called the attention of Perkins to the same.

At first he expressed surprise and concern, but I soon saw it was all a pretense. He knew of the loosening of the band before it caught my eye, most likely he himself had caused it to be done—but he resolutely refused to admit anything of the kind to me.

That evening was expected to be an eventful one and the driver, a burly Irishman, named Dennis Callahan—turned the horses so as to reach the same gulch after dark, when the moon had risen.

Everything indicated that Perkins had striven to invite the attack from the first. The open secret of the treasure box, the withdrawal of the guard, the timing of the arrival at the gulch—all these showed that Michael McCracken was specially invited to come forward and take the loot.

"If you have put something else in there," said I, tapping the box with my foot, "instead of money, I fail to see anything smart about it. We will simply disappoint them, that's all; and poor Pete learned the danger of that."

"All you've got to do is to wait—"

"Halt!"

It was the same sharp, peremptory command to which the stage drivers and passengers to and from the Black Hills have for a long time been accustomed to.

The team stopped on the instant, and, as before, the dark figures, with the rifles leveled, summoned us to come forth and surrender.

A minute later, the driver and we two stood at the roadside.

"McCracken," said Perkins, in a whispering voice, "I want to ask a favor."

"What is that?" demanded the outlaw with an oath.

"I guaranteed to put this thing through all right and you've caught us. I can't bear to see all that gold gobbled right up before my eyes. Let me and my friends retire where we can't look upon the touching scene. 'Twould break my heart."

This ridiculous request provoked a laugh all round, and I couldn't avoid a smile myself.

McCracken said that we might go up the bank for all he cared, for he certainly incurred no risk in allowing us liberty.

So we scrambled up the steep bank, and plunged in between the sparse undergrowth beyond.

"Be quick, boys," said Perkins, in a panting undertone. "It's life or death."

The next moment I understood the meaning of this excited warning.

We were not fifty yards away from the road, which, it will be borne in mind, was a deep gully and hidden from sight, when there came a thundering explosion which made the earth tremble beneath our feet.

Turning our affrighted gaze backward we saw a sheet of flame and fire shooting upward from the road, as if from the throat of a volcano.

The treasure box, instead of gold, contained nitro-glycerine!

McCracken and his gang, and the stage and horses—where are they?

It was a clever scheme of Perkins, but had I known the dangerous contents under the seat, I am sure that there would have been one less passenger in the coach when it left Deadwood.

Somebody writes to the Woman's Journal protesting against hats that are turned up so as to look jaunty, and says that he went to a funeral the other day and found his attention distracted from the services by the jaunty millinery worn by the ladies present. There is no occasion too solemn to divert a man's mind from staring at bonnets, is there? —Boston Transcript.

When a man is rolling in wealth his fortune is appropriately expressed in round numbers.

Fifty Years Hence.

The amazing changes which have occurred on Manhattan Island within the last half century, and which the late lecture of Mr. William E. Dodge has brought before the public, suggests an inquiry as to whether the next half century has in store changes equally great. It is to be noted that Mr. Dodge himself, now a man of seventy-five years—an age which seldom takes too rosy a view of the future—declares his belief that the growth of this metropolis and of the nation will be as great during fifty years to come as it has been during the time whose changes he has witnessed. The changes effected by the introduction to general use of coal, steam, gas, and a thousand mechanical contrivances may have no parallel, and the story he tells of having crossed an old stone bridge at Canal street, that he might take a path through the meadows to carry packages to Greenwich village, a point near what is now Eighth avenue and Fourth street, may be more strange than any that will be told at the end of the next fifty years, but that the substantial growth of New York will be as rapid during the next half century as it has been in the last, Mr. Dodge believes, and probably with wholly satisfactory reasons. The consideration of such prospective development suggests a future for our city and for the nation which is too wonderful for comprehension. If fifty years hence the changes have occurred which Mr. Dodge predicts, the supremacy of our Republic among the nations, and of the metropolis among the world's commercial cities will be unquestionable, unless changes are effected in the old world, which there is now no foundation for predicting.—N. Y. Mail.

The Arctic Expedition.

The project of taking the north pole by sea is now fairly under way. Captain Howgate's plan has been approved by the government and the captain has begun the erection of an arctic house on a vacant lot in Washington which is to be used in carrying out that plan. After its completion it will be taken to piece and shipped with the first installment of explorers northward where it will be put up on the west coast of Smith's sound, about 80½ degrees north latitude. A permanent depot of supplies will be established there and thence expeditions to ward the pole will be sent out by boat and sledge. The expedition will be ready to sail about the middle of May, and after landing the men and supplies will return and make another trip next year, the colonists in the meantime working out the problem of their expedition as best they may.

It is anticipated that by this means the men will become acclimated and familiar with their work, and way by slow degrees accomplish the task which has so long baffled, yet ever fascinated, arctic explorers. If persistence, courage, skill, scientific appliances, and unstinted liberality can wrest from those high latitudes the supreme secret which still eludes the search of man, it will yet be learned. The Jeannette, the vessel equipped by James Gordon Bennett, is now in the polar regions engaged in the same investigation which the government explorers will soon undertake.—Rochester Herald.

Blocking the Wedding.

In Denver last week Rev. Mr. Waltham was engaged to perform a wedding service at a fashionable residence near Capitol Hill. He was there at the appointed hour, book in hand, ready to earn an X. The company was assembled. The groom was there, arrayed in his best of garments and deportment. The hour of 3 arrived. The guests waited, and waited, and waited, till 5:30 o'clock, when the young lady who was to be united in matrimony entered the room, her face flushed, a glare in her eyes, her hands trembling, and a look of solid satisfaction on her face. The happy pair were united, the husband appearing much cast down while the ceremony was being performed, nor did he rally when congratulations were offered.

At last one of the guests asked: "Why did you keep us so long in waiting?"

"I will tell you. Frank said at 2 o'clock that if I could work out the '15 puzzle' before we were married I should be boss for one year."

"Did you work it out?"

"Yes, I worked the confounded thing out, but, Lord bless you, how my head feels!" was the response of the fair young bride.

How many homes are there in Portland that appear to have a hidden charm about them. The parlor looks as cosy as a fireside, and most of this is due to photographic art. Frank G. Abell, the celebrated First street photographer, can furnish pictures that will make a common room look like a palace.

A Sunday in Texas.

The following narrative, says the Little Rock Gazette, was told us confidentially by a slanderer:

A Texas minister arose before a large audience, took his text and began preaching. A brisk firing of pistols began on the outside of the church.

"Brother Deacon," said the minister, "I believe those fellows are casting insinuations at me; in fact, I am very nearly convinced," he continued, as a big piece of plastering fell from the wall close to his head.

"I think, parson, that it refers to some one else," replied the deacon.

The minister raised a tumbler of water and was in the act of applying his lips when the glass fell, shattered by a shot.

"This is an innuendo no longer," said the minister, wiping the water from his vest. "This is what I term an unmistakable thrust. The congregation will please sing while I go out and investigate this matter. Is there another preacher in the house?"

"Yes," said a man throwing down a stick which he had been whittling, arising and pulling at the waist of his pants like a man who had just straightened up after setting out a row of tobacco across a broad field:

"Got on an extra?"

"Yes."

"Unlumber?"

The whittling preacher handed over a large Remington pistol, which the insulted preacher took, and drawing one from his belt started out. After going out there was an immediate improvement in the firing business. It was decidedly more life like, inasmuch that the deacons sat working their fingers. After a while the minister returned, and placing an ear and the nostril and a half of a nose on the pulpit, remarked, "He that hath ears to hear, let him behave himself." The sermon then proceeded without interruption.

Under the Moonlight.

It is moonlight on the hill. From out the trees a gentle zephyr creeps to rob the hyacinth of its perfumed breath, and adown the garden walk the whip-poor-will lends his monotonous sadness unto the balmy night. Sleep, with brooding wings, sits silent o'er the scene. But hark! it is the tinkling guitar thrummed by the lonely Augusta. He comes. Beneath the vine-clad window in the ghostly gloaming he passes and up the flower-trellised wall he shoots a melancholy tenor voice fraught with the passionate inquiry, "Must I leave thee here alone?" No answer returns save the haunting echo and the low clicking of a distant door. The scene changes. It is the back yard tableau. A white-robed old man bends above a chained dog and soothes his two eager spirits as he loosens the collar. A low voice says: "See-sick him, bull—take a short cut around the rose-bush." A flash—and the old man is alone. The clatter of a fallen guitar comes from the front; a sound like the rush of a steeplechase nearing a hedge is borne back, and neck and neck two figures cross the picket fence to disappear down the dim perspective of the deserted street. Then the old man meets Bull as he returns on the outer walk, and removes in a discouraging manner a dark object from his foaming mouth, while the animal returns to his kennel in silence. The door opens and shuts upon the white-robed form, and all is still again. But as he gets into bed and shoves the old lady's feet out of the warm place he mutters: "Bull is gettin' old and serenades don't pay dividends like they used to; but if the business keeps up I think you will be justified in startin' another patch work quilt, Maria. That last fellow left the real casumer." "What sorter sample did you get?" "Tolerable fair. There was a long strip with a pistol pocket hanging to it and one gallus butt'n."—Macon (Ga.) Telegraph.

Frederick Douglass and his Wife

I was surprised to find that Frederick Douglass was hardly regarded as a representative man among them. His sympathies are to a certain ineradicable extent with the proud white blood of his father. He is a true man, but constitutionally unlike his mother's race in many essential particulars. His wife, however, is a full blooded negress, and I am told that she has never learned to read or write. He engaged himself to her when in bondage, she being a free negress of the same neighborhood, and after his escape a sentiment of honor led him back to marry her. He seems greatly attached to her.

It is always interesting to meet and talk with Mr. Douglass. His grand head is now thickly covered with snow-white hair, and the years begin to tell upon him in other ways. But he is a majestic looking figure in a pageant, as I saw him at the White House on New Year's Day.—Troy Times.