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TO HER.

Though you and I have not met for years,  
 Tonight I wake in that mist of tears  
 One thought of old had the force to start—  
 The thought that never has left my heart.

For love like mine, deny it who can,  
 Comes once, but once, in the life of man.  
 And if he triumphs the skies may fall,  
 And if he loses he loses all.

I wonder if you regret; perchance  
 Some word of the past, some circumstance,  
 Has proved the worth of that force unseen  
 And made you long for what might have been

Or in the future this written word  
 May plead with notes in my voice unheard  
 To make you pause at the broken line  
 And sigh and say, "All his life was mine!"

Ah, then perchance I shall hear the grass  
 Pressed softly back as your footsteps pass  
 To bring where my slightest eyes may see  
 The tear for my grave, denied to me.

Nay, do not come, for I think my love  
 Would burst the cerements, the weight above,  
 And my fierce arms strive through turf and  
 mold

For you, with that force you feared of old!  
 No, no! I would not that all the pain  
 I feel by you should be felt again.  
 I would not, though heaven before me shone,  
 Bring you to know all that I have known.

Live on, to think that the wound has healed  
 With never a scar to be revealed;  
 When we two meet in the coming years,  
 Peace to your smiles, and to me no tears!

—T. R. Sullivan in Scribner's.

## DOWN THE RAPIDS.

We were a merry party strolling among the woods and waters of the Adirondacks—magical word to summon up visions of nature in her sublime grandeur—lake upon lake sparkling in the summer sun like liquid diamonds; forest blending into forest until they melted in the misty shadings of the blue horizon; mountains rising beyond mountains in the distance until their pinnacles towered above us like giant fingers pointing upward; deep abysses where the torrents roared and thundered and the fleeting shadows lurked like phantoms.

We had cast life's cares and responsibilities behind us and yielded ourselves up to the grateful rest of the communion with nature. Strolling in the forests, just tinted with the first hues of autumn, hunting on the lakes or fishing in the teeming brooks—it was all one long dream of happy luxury.

Yet we did not wander aimlessly. We had a guide who chose our camps, counseled and led us on our expeditions, and concerning him, one word. He was an Indian—one of the few survivors of the tall, angular, keen eyed man past the middle age, the sinews of whose lean body seemed molded of iron. Quiet, reserved, speaking but seldom and then briefly and to the purpose, he had yet worked his way deep into our regard, for as Colonel Hood afterward remarked, "He was a brave man and a fine shot, and what more could you ask?"

Brave he was certainly, as this narrative will go to show, and a fine shot, as his prowess among the game had time and again proved. We called him John, but his name was Wahneema, and he had the proud blood of chiefs coursing in his veins.

Word came to us one morning that the track of deer had been discovered on the banks of a stream a mile or more up the mountain.

It happened to be Sunday, a beautiful day, and the majority of the party, wearied by a week of such active life, preferred to remain in our cozy little camp on the borders of the lake. But Colonel Hood and myself, the two most ardent and experienced hunters present, shouldered our rifles and announced our determination to bag one or more of those deer ere we returned. John quietly picked up his gun and took the lead as we set off.

A tiresome climb over rocks and fallen trees finally brought us to our destination—a little mountain lake, from which the stream dashed in a foaming torrent, fierce and irresistible. Here we paused to recover breath and enjoy the prospect. A beautiful scene it was too!

Above us rose the grand mountains, their tops blushing crimson in the rising sun; here a little waterfall, like a thread of gold and silver, flashing down the mountain side and twining in and out among the masses of trees and rocks; there a glimpse of fairyland through a forest opening. The lake, surrounded by dense masses of foliage, sparkled like a jewel set in green, and on its surface floated water fowl of every kind. But no deer were visible. We searched the bank, but even John's practiced eye failed to find the traces.

"Either we have been deceived or the tracks are to be met on the opposite margin," said the colonel. "I don't intend to return until I am satisfied. So here goes."

He hastily threw off his coat and vest, but was checked by John laying a hand on his shoulder.

"Better not risk it, chief," he said quietly; "the suction of the rapids is terrible."

I fancied he was more anxious than he chose to reveal and added my own expostulations, but Hood was obdurate. Nothing could restrain him when once his mind was made up, and he had determined to find the traces of those deer.

"I will make a detour wide enough to avoid the current," he said and threw off all except shirt and trousers.

John shook his head, but stood leaning on his gun without offering further protest.

The colonel plunged in—a grave mistake, of which he was only too soon to learn the consequences. I can see him now, striking out with even, powerful strokes for the opposite shore; turning neither to right nor left, yet warily veering off from the dangerous rapids. But, alas! he had fatally miscalculated the grasp of their ravenous claws.

Even while admiring his perfect freedom in the element, I noticed that he was being drawn from the line of his course—gently, almost imperceptibly at first, but gaining in velocity as he neared the treacherous suction. In an instant I realized his peril and sprang down the bank with a loud cry of warning. He cast a hasty glance to where the mist of the seething waters hung on the air like a cloud, then turned and struck out for

the open lake. But the precaution came too late—too late!  
 For one moment he held his own against the current, advancing not an inch, notwithstanding his desperate strokes, and then suddenly, quicker than eye could follow or pen could describe, he was seized in the grasp of a giant hand, resistless in its might, and whirled away like a shaft from the bow.

Down! down! he went, along the speeding waters, smooth as glass, into the vortex of the whirlpool, where they writhed and hissed and thundered on the jagged rocks. A single cry escaped him—a cry that rolled from shore to shore and died in quivering echoes high among the mountain gorges. Then he ceased to struggle, and his head fell limply back as the mist closed round his sinking form.

May I never feel again the agony of impotent helplessness I endured that moment! My friend, the schoolmate of my boyhood, the beloved companion of my later years, rushing to a horrible death before my eyes and I unable to stretch out a helping hand. Was there no escape—no help?

Ah, yes, brave John! noble heart of oak! As I sit here calmly writing in my study, how I long to grasp again that sturdy hand that may meet mine no more!

He had seen the colonel's peril as I gave my warning cry, and in the moment of my confusion had time to grasp the situation and discern with unerring judgment the only possible mode of rescue. A man born and bred to the sudden dangers of the wilderness acts with almost instinctive precision, while others stand helplessly by. And so, even as I watched with agonized heart the struggles of my friend, he had sped from my side, casting away his gun as he went.

He reached the brink of the rapids and paused. One hasty glance at the colonel's body, borne on the crest of the speeding current—one swift scrutiny of the furious waters that seethed and boiled before him—and then he gathered himself like a panther about to spring.

I watched him, spellbound, fascinated by the noble daring of the deed he contemplated. Full 15 feet from the shore in midstream rose a large rock of rugged granite, against which the angry waters roared in impotent fury, and toward this grim buttress the colonel's helpless body was hurrying head foremost. He must reach that rock before the drowning man or all was lost.

A second's pause, during which these objects flashed before me like a vision, and then John made the effort. Like a panther he had crouched, like a panther he sprang, and as his lean body shot out over the waters my prayers went with him. Would he make it? Yes, thank God! He cleared the rapids and gained a foothold on the slippery rock, clutching it with both hands as he landed.

There was not an instant's pause. With the agility of a cat he swung round the crag just as my friend shot toward him. I saw him make a desperate clutch—saw a brief struggle in the mist and turmoil—and the next I was aware a limp form lay upon the rock beside him. How human strength could overcome the momentum of that furious eddy is more than I can realize, but John was more than human—he was a man of iron.

Then I bestirred myself, and under the Indian's calm directions we got the colonel's unconscious form ashore by means of ropes, which we always carried with us. John followed next, clinging to the cord I had attached to a point of rock. The noble fellow made light of his brave deed and seemed only anxious to escape any tokens of gratitude.

Well, we bore the colonel into camp, where he lay prostrated for many days. But he recovered in time and is now well and prosperous. And, be sure, his prosperity has benefited the savior of his life.

And John? I have never seen the brave fellow since and probably never shall again. But of this I am certain—in one corner of my heart I shall always hold his memory green.—C. G. Archer in Cincinnati Post.

How the Czar Takes Exercise.

The czar takes a visible delight in manual labor, which in his case is a physical necessity no less than a favorite pastime. He unhesitatingly puts his hand to any kind of work that has to be done, but his usual occupation is to fell huge trees, saw them into planks, plane them and generally prepare them for the cabinet maker. In winter the gardeners have strict orders not to clear away the snow from the avenues and walks in the park, which is invariably left for his majesty, who, attired in a short gray jacket (tooshocka), shovels it up into enormous mounds and then transfers it to a cart. It occasionally happens, when he cannot complete the task he had set himself within the time at his disposal, that his children lend their assistance and cart away the snow to a remote part of the grounds.—Contemporary Review.

Declined the Test.

During the war a contractor made to Secretary Cameron a proposition to supply breastplates for the Union soldiers at so much a thousand. After he had used up much valuable time in expatiating on the merits of his protective armor, the secretary said:

"You will guarantee it bullet proof?"

"Absolutely so," replied the applicant for a contract.

"Very well, then," said Mr. Cameron.

"Just put on the samples you have been showing me, and stand on the other side of the room while I try a few shots at you with this pistol. If you remain unhurt, I shall be convinced of the usefulness of your breastplate."

Strange to say, the contractor refused to accede to the suggestion, and no armor was provided for the Federal soldiers.—Washington Star.

A Small Boy's Bluff.

"Johnny, where is Saskatchewan on the map?"

"I know where it is well, teacher, but I am so short that I cannot reach up to indicate the exact spot."

"Then let me give you a pointer," said the teacher. And then Johnny flunked.—Harper's Bazar.

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