

Alone I stand: On either hand Is gathering gloom stretch sea and land, Beneath my feet. With ceaseless beat, The waters murmer low and sweet.

flow falls the night; The tender light Of stars grows brighter and more bright The lingering ray Of dying day

Now fast, now slow, The south winds blow, And softly whisper, breathing low With gentle grace They kiss my face,

Where one pale star, O'er waters far, Droops down to touch the harbor bar, A faint light gleams, A light that seems

Fair night of June! Yon silver moon Gleams pale and still. The tendor tune, Faint-floating, plays, In moon-lit lays, A melody of other days.

With mellow haze; And to my gaze Comes proudly rising, with its rays No longer dim, The moon; its rim In splendor gilds the billowy brim

I watch it gain The heavenly plain; Behind it trails a starry train-While low and sweet The wavelets beat Their murmuring music at my feet.

'Tis sacred ground; A peace profound Comes o'er my soul. I hear no sound. Save at my feet The ceaseless beat Of waters murmuring low and sweet. -W. W. Ellsworth, in Scribner for July.

The Story of a Career from the Western Wilds to Washington Society.

Said an officer to me: "I was banished to Fort Jumpoff for expressing an illopinion of General Pumphandle. I said his arms were longer than his intellectual outlook, and that he had more hair than brain. It was an imprudent -speech, because it was true, and I was sentenced to three years' service in Fort Jumpoff, the furthest post from civilization. We had no privates at the post, for they don't stay there, and our military force consisted of a sergeant, two lieutenants, and a surgeon. The sergeant was there because he was not in his right mind, and the doctor for that he had varied his practice by killing a man with a bullet instead of the blue pill, and the rest of us were at the post because we could get away only through resignation or suicide. We thought seriously of the last sometimes, but none of the other unless when intoxicated. After a man has been educated and trained at West Point suicide seems more natural than resignation. "Few die and none resign," was said of civil officers-it is the law of cur being. We are educated to regard ourselves as superior beings, which a war demonstrates, and caste in India is not more of a fixed, iron destiny than that which keeps a man poor and dependent all his days, and leaves his family to suffer from privation because he is a West Point officer. But this has nothing to do with the little story I set out to tell you. "Some two miles from our post was a little tavern. It was an old-fashioned place of entertainment for man "and beast-that last is a distinction without a difference-where a bottle of bad whisky made up the bar, and the man, fed on rancid bacon and heavy, mouldy bread, fed in turn ravenous bedbugsthose pioneers of civilization that follow the trail of the buffalo with the instincts of a healthy appetite. When I reached the post where I had to suffer my punishment the old tavern was in ruins, for the stream of emigrant travel and bedbugs were crossing the continent in cars. But I heard its history. It had been built and occupied by a morose, ill-tempered man, who with his wife and child had dropped out of the stream of travel and attempted to make a living through what they were pleased e term 'entertainment.' The landlord it was said, and at times he even went so has to beat his poor wife. "Ope day a young fellow came along, with all his worldly possessions in a bundle caried on a stick over his broad shoulder, and offered his services as a This was abouted, and he seems to have widen satisfaction. "One morning however, he was sent last named did my respond. He was nor had he any use for a breakfast, for he was found in bed with his throat lying upon the floor, as if dropped from his hand-left hand-indicated micide; that is if men are given to severing their windpipes with the left had This eccentricity in the use of a razon sent the story traveling 450 miles to the the same road a sheriff. The young fied to the fact that the deceased lord used his right arm as did othe people, and the clothes worn on the occasion by the hostler were found well demned to be hung, but the pretty the car."

