THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG.

Staggered they up the hill,
By cavalry maddened and white,
Into the battle of hell's worst fight—
Into the battle of Gettysburg!

Rallied the troops and into the fray,
Rallied till backward and broken they lay;
Rallied till trampled and ground to clay—
Into the battle of Gettysburg!

Volleys of shot and shell,
Thousands of heroes who fell,
Thousands of graves that tell—
All of the battle of Gettysburg?

Out of the cannon's hot mouth
Poured fire and shell of the South,
Onto the field of thirst and drouth—
Into the battle of Gettysburg!

Thousands of soldiers dead,
Thousands who pillowed their heads,
Dying on carnival's terrible bed—
This was the battle of Gettysburg!

Cannons quivering, mad and hot,
Backward they rushed to cooler spot,
Urging the iron's red anger to stop—
Three days in the battle of Gettysburg!

Then the foe through Liberty fell,
Onward they rushed with thundering yell,
Rushed into a deaf nin' hell—
Into the battle of Gettysburg!

Backward they turned, and they met them,
Met them with musket and saber stroke, then
Finished the battle on bodies of men—
This is the horror of Gettysburg!
—National Tribune.

THE MERCHANT'S CRIME.

BY HORATIO ALGER, JR.

CHAPTER IV—CONTINUED.

"He won't live very long, probably. Won't he leave you anything?"

"I expected that he would leavt me his entire fortune, according tan old promise between us; but only yesterday I learned that he has a son living."

"And you will receive nothing, then?" said his wife, disappointed.

"Not so. I shall be left guardian of the boy, and for seven years I shall receive half the income of the property, in return for my services."

"And how much is the property?"

"A hundred thousand dollars or more."

"What will be your share of the income?"

"Probably not less than four thousand dollars."

"Four thousand dollars!" said the lady with satisfaction. "Then you won't have to get a situation as clerk, even if you do fail. We can go to a stylish boarding-house. It won't be so bad as I thought."

"But I shan't be able to give you two thousand dollars a year for dress, as I have been accustomed to do."

"Perhaps you won't fail."

"Perhaps not. I hope not."

"Where is this boy?"

"He is at a boarding-school on the Hudson. I expect him here this morning."

Scarcely had he said this when a servant opened the door, and said, "Mr. Morton, there is a boy just come who says he is Mr. Raymond's son."

"Bring him in," said Paul Morton.

A moment later, and a boy of fourteen entered the room, and looked inquiringly at the two who were sitting at the table.

"Are you Robert Raymond?" inquired Mr. Morton.

"Yes, sir," said the boy, in manly tones. "How is my father?"

"Your father, my poor boy," said Paul Morton, in pretended sadness, is, I regret to say, in a very precarious condition."

"Don't you think he will live?" asked Robert, anxiously.

"I fear not long. I am glad you have come. I will go up with you at once to your father's chamber. I hope you will look upon me as your sincere friend, for your father's sake. Maria, my dear, this is young Robert Raymond. Robert, this is Mrs. Morton."

Mrs. Morton gave her hand graciously to the boy. Looking upon him as her probable savior from utter ruin, she was disposed to regard him with favor.

CHAPTER V.

James Cromwell Gains Some Information.

On the east side of the Bowery is a shabby street, which clearly enough indicates, by its general appearance, that it is never likely to be the resort of fashionable people. But in a large city there are a great many people who are not fashionable, and cannot aspire to fashionable quarters, and these must be housed as well as they may.

There stands in this street a shabby brick house of three stories. In the rear room of the upper story lived James Cromwell, the clerk in the druggist's store already referred to in our first chapter. The room was small and scantily furnished, being merely provided with a pine bedstead, painted yellow and a consumptive-looking bed, a wooden chair, a washstand and a seven-by-nine mirror. There was no bureau, and in fact it would have been difficult to introduce one into a room of its dimensions. The occupant of the room stood before the mirror, arranging his intractable hair, which he had besmeared with bear's grease. "I hope Hake has not deceived me. If he has I will twist the little rascal's neck."

He got on board a Fourth avenue car, and rode up town. Nothing occurred to interrupt his progress, and in the course of half an hour he stood before the house which, as we already know was occupied by Paul Morton. He stood and surveyed it from the opposite side of the street.

"Now for Twenty-ninth street," he said, as he descended to the street. "That's the house that Hake described," he said, "but whether my customer of the other day lives there or not, I cannot tell. And what is worse, I don't know how to find out."

While he was devising some method of ascertaining this, to him, important point, fortune favored him. Mr. Paul Morton himself appeared at the door, accompanied by the physician. As the distance was only across the street, James Cromwell had no difficulty in hearing the conversation that passed between them.

"What do you think of him, doctor?" asked Paul Morton, in accents of pretended anxiety. "Don't you think there is any help for him?"

"No; I regret to say that I think there is none whatever. From the first I considered it a critical case, but within two or three days the symptoms have become more unfavorable, and his bodily strength, of which, at least, he had but little, has so sensibly declined, that I fear there is no help whatever for him."

"How long do you think he will last, doctor?" was the next inquiry.

"He cannot last a week, in my judgment. If he does it will surprise me very much. He is wealthy, is he not?"

"Yes; he has been a successful man of business."

"Where has he passed his life?"

"In China. That is, he has lived there for a considerable time."

"Probably the climate may have had a deleterious effect upon his constitution. I will call round upon him to-morrow."

"Very well, doctor. I will rely upon you to do whatever human skill can accomplish for my sick friend."

"I am afraid human skill, even the greatest, can do little now. There are some recent symptoms which, I confess, puzzle me somewhat, as they are not usual in a disease of the character of that which affects our patient."

"Indeed!" said Paul Morton, briefly, but in a tone which did not indicate any desire to continue the discussion of this branch of the subject. "Well, doctor, I will not further trespass upon your time, which I know very well is valuable. Good night."

"Good night!" said the physician, and drawing on his gloves, he descended the steps, and jumped into the carriage which was waiting for him.

"Well," thought James Cromwell, emerging from the shaded doorway in which he had silently concealed himself—for he did not wish to run the risk of detection and possible recognition by his old customer, whom he, on his part, had recognized without difficulty. "Well, I'm in luck. I happened here just at the right time. I know pretty well what's going on now, and I can give a guess as to the rest. It seems there's a sick man inside, and that within two or three days he has been growing sicker. Maybe I could give a guess as to what has made him grow sicker. So the doctor don't understand some of his recent symptoms. Perhaps I could throw a little light upon the matter, if it were worth my while. Then, again, the sick man happens to be wealthy. Perhaps there is nothing in that, and then, perhaps, again, there is. Well, there are strange things that happen in this world, and, if I'm not mistaken, I'm on the track of one of them. I rather think I shall find my advantage in it before I get through. I've got that man in my power, if things are as I suspect, and it won't be long before I shall let him know of it. I might as well be going home now."

James Cromwell walked to Broadway, then walked a few squares down, until he reached the Fifth Avenue hotel, bright with lights, and thronged, as usual, in the evening.

"I think I will go in and have a smoke," said James Cromwell.

He entered, and making his way to the cigar stand, purchased an expensive cigar and sat down for a smoke. It was not often that he was so lavish, but he felt that the discovery he had made would eventually prove to him a source of income, and this made him less careful of his present means.

"This is the way I like to live," he thought, as he looked around him, "instead of the miserable lodging where I am cooped up. I would like to live in a hotel like this, or at least in a handsome boarding-house, and fare like a gentleman."

While he was thinking thus, his attention was drawn to a conversation which he heard beside him. The speakers were apparently two business men.

"What do you think of Morton's business position?"

"What Morton do you mean?"

"Paul Morton."

"If you want my real opinion, I think he is in a critical condition."

"Is it as bad as that?"

"Yes, I have reason to think so. I don't believe he will keep his head above water long unless he receives some outside assistance."

"I have heard that whispered by others."

"It is more than whispered. People are getting shy of extending credit to him. I shouldn't be surprised myself to hear of his failure any day."

James Cromwell listened eagerly to this conversation. He was sharp of comprehension, and he easily discerned the motive arising in Paul Morton's embarrassed affairs, which should have led him to such a desperate resolution as to hasten the death of a guest. There was one thing he did not yet understand. Paul Morton must be sure that the death of the sick man would redound to his own advantage, or he would not incur such a risk.

CHAPTER VI.

The Face at the Funeral.

"Ralph, here is your son," said Paul Morton, ushering the boy into the sick chamber of his father.

The sick man turned his face toward those who had just entered, and his face lighted up as his glance rested on his son.

"I am glad you have come, Robert," he said.

"Dear father," said Robert, bursting into tears, "how sick you are looking!"

"Yes, Robert," said Ralph Raymond feebly, "I am not long for this world. I have become very feeble, and I know that I shall never leave this chamber till I am carried out in my coffin."

"Don't say that, father," said Robert in tones of grief.

"It is best that you should know the truth, my son, especially, as my death cannot be long delayed."

"You will live some months, father, will you not?"

"I do not think I shall live a week, Robert," said his father. "The sands of my life are nearly run out; but I am not sorry. Life has lost its attractions for me, and my only desire to live would proceed from the reluctance I feel at leaving you."

"What shall I do without you, father?" asked the boy, his breast heaving with painful sobs which he was trying in vain wholly to repress.

"I shall not leave you wholly alone, my dear boy. I have arranged that you may be in the charge of my old friend, Mr. Morton, who, I am sure, will take the tenderest care of you, and try to be a father to you."

"Yes," said Paul, coming forward, "as your father says, I have promised to do for you what I can when he has left us. I would that he might be with us many years, but since providence in its inscrutable wisdom has ordained otherwise, we must bow to the stroke, and do the best we can."

He put his fine cambric handkerchief to his eyes to wipe away the tears which were not there, and seemed affected by deep grief.

The interview did not last long, for it was apparent that the excitement was acting unfavorably upon the sick man, whose strength was now very slight. So Paul Morton left the room, but by Ralph's request Robert was left behind, on condition that he would not speak. The boy buried his head in the bed clothes and sobbed gently. In losing his father he lost his only relative, and though he had not seen very much of him in his lifetime, that little intercourse had been marked by so much kindness on the part of his father, that apart from the claims of duty arising from relationship, he felt a warm and grateful love for his parent. The bitterness of being alone in the world already swept over him in anticipation, and he remained for hours silent and motionless in the sick chamber of his father.

Matters continued thus for two days. During that time Paul Morton came little into the sick chamber. Even his audacious and shameless spirit shrank from witnessing the gradual approaches of that death which had been hastened by his diabolical machinations.

He would have the entire control of his ward's property, and he did not doubt that he could so use it as to stave off ruin, and establish himself on a new footing. Then again, there was the contingency of the boy's death; and upon this, improbable as it was, he was continually dwelling. After two days the end came. The nurse came hurrying into the room of her master, and said, "Come quick, Mr. Morton. I think the poor gentleman is going."

"Not dying?" asked Paul Morton with a pale face, for although expected, the intelligence startled him.

"Yes; you must come quick, or you will not see him alive."

Paul Morton rose mechanically from his chair, and hastily thrust into his pocket a sheet of paper on which he had been making some arithmetical calculations as to the fortune of his dying guest, and following the nurse entered the sick chamber. It was indeed as she had said. Ralph Raymond was breathing slowly and with difficulty, and it was evident from the look upon his face, that the time of the great change had come.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

To the South Pole.

Dr. John Murray's proposed expedition to the South pole is attracting favorable attention in Europe. It is more than fifty years since James Ross, after discovering Victoria, penetrated to the 78th degree south latitude, and since then, with the exception of the Challenger, hardly a vessel has gone that way. The present proposal is indirectly due to the reports brought back by a couple of Scotch whalers which in 1891 went southward of Cape Horn in their search for fresh hunting grounds. Dr. Murray believes in the existence at the South pole of a continent as large as Australia, in which are to be studied the two great phenomena of glaciation and volcanic action.

The Clean English.

"An American writer," says Tit-Bits, "praises the English as the cleanest people on earth, and declares that the reason for our extra cleanliness is because the fogs and smoke of our island would make us the dirtiest people in the world but for our instinctive cleanliness. The concluding paragraph of his appreciative remark is worth quoting: 'It is to the magic of the tub and the towel that the matchless complexions and the superb figures of the English women are due.'"

The English Clergy.

The revenues of the clergy of the Church of England are $38,000,000. But of this sum, which is not so much as the clergy of America receive, almost nothing comes from the free will offerings of the people. The income from private benefactions made since 1703 amounts to less than $1,500,000 a year.

IN MODERN JAPAN.

The Picturesque Native Costume Giving Way to European Fashion.

Judith Gauthier gives in Harper's Weekly an account of the progress made by the Japanese in adopting Western customs. It seems by the following that the transformation from native to foreign attiae is attended with some difficulty: "Many of the men are in a melancholy state of indecision about their toilets, and come out in the most extraordinary combination of garments, some national, others foreign. One sees a man sometimes wearing European boots, a Japanese robe, a loose overcoat, and an English hat, while he holds above it all a paper umbrella. For officials, military men, and police agents complete disguise is obligatory, and in official balls the black coat for men and a Parisian costume for women are compulsory. This obligation led, especially when first in force, to some ridiculous effects; one among many others has become historic.

"One evening at Kioto, the now abandoned capital, a very noble seignior appeared, according to etiquet, in a black dress coat, waistcoat and trousers, but he also wore socks without shoes, and a waistcoat cut very low left the hairy chest of the daimio exposed to view. The great man knew nothing about shirts or patent-leather shoes and thought he was in a very correct French get-up. It was only those Japanese who had traveled in Europe and were altogether chic who noted the irregularities of the costume and had much ado to stifle their laughter.

"Many Japanese have confided in me with what difficulty they accustomed themselves to our costume, especially to the high collars and boots, which put them to perfect martyrdom. They would start off on an excursion sometimes very proud of their exotic boots, and how often they returned looking pitiable objects, with bleeding feet and their boots in their hands! A little while ago the wife of a general went to see the chrysanthemum show, and wishing to be in quite the latest fashion she laced herself into a pair of European stays, but she could not endure the pressure, fainted away in the middle of the fete, and nearly died. But what of that? One must do it; 'tis the fashion!

"It is impossible to understand by what ridiculous fascination the Japanese are carried away, altogether losing their judgment. Very soon the gloomy looking European costume, which cramps them, dwarfs them, makes them ridiculous, and destroys their character, will everywhere replace, at least in the towns, the ample, supple national dress of noble style, which gave such dignity to its wearers and suited the Japanese type so well."

The Economy of Pure Food.

There are many persons who, from a misguided sense of economy, purchase food which they know to be inferior, so that they may thereby save, in order to meet other demands of the family. Handsome clothing and fine houses in aristocratic neighborhoods are desirable, we admit; but not at the expense of the most important factor of our existence; especially when we know that pure, nourishing food is the immediate cause of pure blood, and, consequently, more perfect nerve and brain power. It is not only false economy but positive crime to obtain edibles below the standard for the purpose of sustaining both the mental and physical health of any human being.

Amenities and Medics.

Dr. Wisemanne, examiner of the medical college—If a tramp should die of delirium tremens on your hands, to what would you ascribe his death?

The Student—To drunkenness.

Dr. Wisemanne—And if the victim were Mr. Munnybags, the millionaire?

The Student—To acute alcoholism, superinduced by nervous troubles.

Dr. Wisemanne—Here's your diploma.—Chicago Record.

Not Worthy of Him.

She—It cannot be—I am not worthy of you.

He—Nonsense!

"It is true, too true."

"Impossible. You are an angel."

"No, no; you are wrong. I am an idle, silly girl, utterly unfit to become your companion through life."

"This is madness. What sort of a wife do you think I ought to have?"

"A careful, calculating, practical woman who can live on your small salary."

Disheartening.

"This is a cold, crool world," said Meandering Mike. "Folks ain't satisfied with turnin' a man down; they goes an' does it disagreeable."

"What's the matter?"

"I jes' made a call at the farmhouse. 'Madam,' says I, 'I'm hungry, I am.'"

"An' what did she do?"

"She jes' looked at me, significant like, an' says: 'so's my dog.'"—Sunday Mercury.

Sight and Hearing.

"There is nothing more pleasing than a carefully mowed lawn," said the landscape gardener.

"Well—it depends."

"On what?"

"Whether you are looking at it, or listening to it."

Something Familiar.

"Beg your pardon, sir, but you seem to be staring at me in a strange fashion. Do you see anything about me that is familiar to you?" "Yes, sir, my umbrella."—L' Intransigeant Illustre.

A Mutual Surprise.

They were sitting on the sofa in the first sweet rapture that follows the confession of a mutual and undying regard.

Her head was on his shoulder. Her right hand lay tenderly clasped in his. His left arm encircled her waist, and their lips met at frequent intervals.

The breast of the maiden was filled with flutterings of intense happiness, with the joy of an ambition gratified, of a goal attained. For had she not brought him to the point at last?

Nevertheless she said shyly, while intermittent little blushes chased themselves swiftly over her fair young face:

"Oh, Charlie, this is such a surprise! When you begun to speak, I hadn't the slightest idea that you were going to say—to say that—you know."

"No," replied Charlie, with direct and unnecessary frankness. "By Jove! Neither had I!"—Life.

Approach of Age.

The first feature which denotes the approach of age is the eye. There may be wrinkles and crow's feet which come early in life, and are caused by various untoward circumstances. But the whitened ring which encircles the iris, can be the result of but one thing, the passage of time. It is known as the arcus senilis. The coloring matter of the whole iris changes with advancing years and becomes lighter.

There are "misfit" men as well as clothing and they can be had cheap.

The Two Phases of Woman.

Nothing can be more touching than to behold a soft and tender woman who had been all weakness and dependence, and alive to every trivial roughness while treading the prosperous paths of life, suddenly rising in mental force to be the comforter and supporter of her husband under misfortune, and abiding, with unshrinking firmness, the bitterest adversity. As the vine, which has long twined its graceful foliage about the oak, and been lifted by it into sunshine, will, when the hardy plant is rifted by the thunderbolt, cling around it with its caressing tendrils and bind up its shattered boughs, so is it beautifully ordered by Providence that woman, who is the mere dependent and ornament of man in his happier hours, should be his stay and solace when smitten with sudden calamity—winding herself into the rugged recesses of his nature; tenderly supporting the drooping head, and binding up the broken heart.

An Awful Symptom.

Mrs. New Wed (in tears)—Oh, George, I'm so glad you've come! You must go for the doctor at once. I'm sure something serious is the matter with baby.

Mr. New Wed—Why, what makes you think so? Has he symptoms of croup, whooping cough, meas—

Mrs. New Wed—Oh, no, no; something more serious, I'm sure. He hasn't cried today.—Brooklyn Dife.

Whiting and benzine mixed together will clean marble.

A rainbow is the wedding ring when sunshine and shower marry.

The only reason why a lie looks white in the face is because it wears a mask.