

# CHILBERT POST.

WILLIAM C. MILLER,  
Proprietor.

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## LITERATURE.

### WHEN THEY GATHERED IN THE HAY.

"Your cousin Helen is coming next week," Robert Brail's mother said when he came in from his work and sat down to read for a few minutes. "There's the letter on the window sill if you'd like to read it. He took up the letter and read it through slowly. One passage he read over twice before he laid it down.

"I never spent a pleasanter summer in my life than the one I spent with you. And if Robert is the same dear old fellow that he was then, I shall enjoy this one quite as much for you know Helen and I were the best of friends, and I have seen no one since that I liked half so well."

He sat there in the door, with the letter in his hands, and he looked away across the meadow where the grass was crinkling in the wind like a sea of emerald, and thought about that summer gone by, and the summer evenings. In that vanished one he had dreamed such a sweet and beautiful dream, and his memory had never left him. But he had hidden it in his own heart, and no one had ever guessed what it was. Now she was coming back, and the old dream must be lived over again, or crushed down and kept out of sight, if so be that his will was powerful enough to do that. But he doubted his own strength. There had been times, in the dead summer, when it seemed as if his heart must speak out and be heard. But his pride had kept him silent. Here was a farmer, and she was the child of wealthy parents, and city born and bred, and he argued that he had no right to say anything of love to her, because their stations in life were so far apart. If she had been a farmer's daughter, or the child of poor parents, or had been a rich man's son, with culture and education equal to her own, then!

The next week brought Helen Hunt. Robert drove down to the depot after her. She was standing on the platform with her face turned another way, when he drove up. It did not need the sight of her face to tell him that she was there. He would have known that tall and graceful figure anywhere.

"I am glad to see you back," he said, coming up beside her. His voice was not quite steady. He had tried to make himself cool and self-controlled, but the presence of the woman he loved unmanned him a little.

"Robert!" she cried, turning quickly at the sound of his voice, with a glad, eager light flashing into her beautiful eyes. How they thrilled him! She held out her hand, and there was no mistaking the genuineness of her welcome. It spoke of love and made itself felt in her face.

"I have been looking forward to this for a month," she said. "I was so happy here that I have been longing to come back ever since I went away. I hope this summer will be as pleasant as that one was."

"I hope it will, for your sake," he said, and his face had a grave, pained look, in which her keen eyes detected at once.

"What is the matter with you, Robert?" she said, putting her hand on his arm. "You look as if something troubled you. My coming has nothing to do with it, has it?"

"How should it have?" he said, with a little forced laugh. "I haven't felt quite so well for a few days that's all. But I'll come around right by-and-by. Don't say anything to mother about it—she doesn't know, and there's no use in her worrying over me. She couldn't help me, is she, now?"

"Is it serious, Robert? Her eyes were grave now, as they rested questioning on his face.

"Don't ask me to tell you anything more about it," he said, turning abruptly away. "Men have lived through it before now, and I shall," he added, with a smile that was a little forced.

"Don't bother your head about me, Helen; but enjoy yourself as best you can."

It was a pleasant ride home, in spite of the thoughts that would keep coming into Robert Brail's mind. She was by his side and he loved her.

The old summer seemed to come back again, with its light which never was on land or sea, to Robert. The dream of his heart was just as sweet as it had been in the vanished days. She had not changed at all since then, but was the same winning woman who had won his heart away, and would keep it forever.

The days passed like charmed ones, with rows upon the river, and long, delightful walks at sunset time; with songs in the brief delicious evenings, and quiet talks about books and the men and women who wrote them. Robert was not her inferior in the culture which comes from reading good books; because he was a farmer was no reason why he should be ignorant and uncultured. He had studied, and formed wide acquaintance with earnest, thoughtful men—through the books they had written—and in this way he had educated himself to a higher level than most of the young men of his class.

One day Helen came out from the city. Robert had heard that she was a lover of Helen's and he was sure of it when he saw the man's face at their meeting. But Helen showed no such sudden gladness as ought to express itself in the

face of the woman when she meets the man she loves, and Robert felt satisfied that she did not care for Alayne as he did for her, and the thought brought a sense of exultation to him.

Alayne did not stay long. When he went away he carried a face which had a look of defeat in it. He had striven to win the woman he loved, and he had failed.

"Brail, you are sorry for me, you pity me," he said. "I thank you for it. You understand what there is to pity me for. You can well afford to pity me, since you have won what I have lost. I wish you all the happiness I had hoped for myself."

"I don't understand you," Robert said, with a strange thrill at his heart. "I have won nothing you would have pined for."

"Do you call Helen Hunt's love nothing?" Alayne cried. "I would give the world for it, if I had it to give."

"You are mistaken," Robert answered. "I—"

But Alayne interrupted him.

"I am not blind," he said. "She loves you, and you will find it out soon when the day comes for you to tell her what you must, some day."

"She loved him! There was a world of rapture in the thought. But—and the haunting spectre which comes to sit by your heart and mine came into his heart then—their ways in life were so wide apart they could not be bridged over."

He could never ask this woman to stoop to his lowly life. And yet he could not lift himself to hers. And yet she loved him! He could not for one moment forget that. And to know it was so sweet; so unutterably sad.

Robert was at work in the meadow one afternoon. The loaded wagon was driven away to the barn, and he sat down to rest until his return.

As he sat there, Helen came down the lane. She saw him, and came across the meadow and sat beside him, under the old apple-tree.

"What they talked about they never could tell. He remembered, in a vague way, that they saw a darkening sky, but that was all, until the fierce fury of the sudden shower broke upon them. A flash of lightning, a crash, as if heaven and earth were being rent in twain—and he was by her side, with her head upon his knee, and he was crying out to her in an incoherent way telling her that he loved her."

"Oh, my darling," he cried out, in the wild outburst of long pent-up passion. "I love you! I love you! I love you!"

"Are you sure about that, Robert?" she said, struggling up into a sitting posture, with the color coming back into her cheeks. "I was stunned for a moment, nothing more."

"I thought you must be dead, you were so pale," he said. "If I had known—"

"Well, what?" she said slowly, when he paused.

"I would not have said what I did," he answered slowly. "Forgive me, Helen. At such times we say things we should not in sober moments."

"Robert," she cried, suddenly, "you said you loved me. If it is true, why should you not tell me so? What keeps you apart?"

His face was pale with the pain at his heart. The time had come when he must speak.

"I'll tell you what keeps us apart," he answered. "You belong to a sphere of life so much above mine that love cannot bridge over the distance between us."

"Robert," she cried, her whole face aglow, "is that the reason why you have kept silent? Because I lived in a world you know but little about, you imagine it would be wrong for you to ask me to follow my heart! Poor, foolish Robert! Love is more to me than all the world beside, and your life is the happiest I ever knew. I should make no sacrifice in taking it in place of the old one. I—"

But she stopped in mid-air, as if she had been smitten by a bolt of lightning. "My darling!" she cried, and caught her breath. "Are you sure you care enough for me to give up all you would have to willingly? I think of the change, Helen."

"I have thought," she answered. "I gave it up gladly. I tried it of long ago. I want you!"

There was a sudden breaking of the clouds, and the sun came forth in new radiance. The world was transfigured with rare and wonderful glory. Robert thought, as he bent and kissed the face upturned to his, that of love and trust, and peace. And she laid her head upon his shoulder and whispered softly:

"Robert, my king!"

Seven years ago a lot of little shad were placed in the Chuscha river. Nothing was seen of them for a long while, and most people had forgotten the experiment, when two years ago two or three strays showed the first that had ever been known in that region, were caught. Last year between thirty and forty were taken, and this spring they have been caught in immense quantities in Arkansas, in the vicinity of Hot Springs.

"Sure," said Patrick, rubbing his head with delight at the prospect of a present from his employer; "I always meant to do my duty. I believe you," replied the employer, "and therefore shall make you a present of all that you have stolen from me during the past year." "I thank your honor," replied Pat, "and may all your friends and acquaintances treat you as liberally."

## The Islanda Shain.

### A Visit to the Scene of the Disaster.

At the top of the ascent, beyond the Bashe, which the Dragon Guards crowned in dashing style, we saw on our left front, rising above the surrounding country, the steep, isolated and almost inaccessible hill, or rather crest of Islanda, the contour of its rugged rock strangely resembling a side view of a couchant lion. On the lower neck of the high ground on its right were clearly visible up against the sky the abandoned wagons of the destroyed column. No Zulus were seen. Flanking parties covered the hill on either side the track, along which the head of the column passed at a trot with small detachments of Natal Carabineers in front of the Dragon Guards. Now we were down in the last dip, had crossed the rocky bed of the little stream, and were cantering up the slope that stretched up to the crest on which were the wagons. Already tokens of the combat and bloodless fight were apparent. The line of retreat toward Fugitive's Drift, along which through a clink in the Zulu environment, our unfortunate comrades who thus far survived tried to escape, lay ahead, a rocky slope to our right front, with a precipitous ravine at its base. In this ravine dead men lay thick—mere bones, with toughened, discolored skin, like leather, covering them and clinging tight to them, the flesh all wasted away. Some were almost wholly decomposed, heaps of clammy yellow bones. I forbear to describe the faces, their blackened features and beards blanched by rain and sun. Every man had been dismembered. Some were scalped and others subjected to yet ghastlier mutilation. The clothing had lasted better than the poor bodies it covered, and helped to keep the bodies together. All the way up the slope I traced by the ghastly tokens of dead men the ghastly line of flight. Most of the men hereabout were infantry of the Twentieth-fourth. It was a long string with knots in it, the string formed of single corpses the knots of clusters of dead, where, as it seemed, little groups might have gathered. No make of hopeless gallant stand and die. I came on a gully with a gun limber jammed on its edge, and the horses, their hides scored with assegai stabs, hanging in their harness down the steep face of the ravine. A little further on was a broken and battered ambulance wagon, with its team of mules mauling in their harness, and around lay the corpses of soldiers, poor helpless wretches, dragged out of the intercepted vehicles and done to death without a chance for life.

### THE HEROES OF DEATH.

Still following the trail of bodies through long rank grass and among stores, I approached the crest. Here the slaughtered ones lay very thick, so that the stony became a broad belt. Many hereabout were the uniforms of the Natal police. On the bare ground, on the crest itself, among the wagons, the dead were less thick, but on the slope beyond, on which from the crest we looked down, the scene was the saddest, and more full of weird devastation than any I had yet gazed upon. There was none of the stark, blood-curdling horror of a recent battle-field: no pool of wet blood; no raw, gaping wounds; no torn flesh that seems yet quivering. No sign of all that makes the scene of yesterday's battle so rampantly ghastly shocked the senses. A strange, dead calm reigned in this solitude of nature; grain had grown luxuriantly round the wagons, sprouting from the seed that dropped from the loads, falling in soil fertilized by the life-blood of gallant men. So long in most places had grown the grass, that it mercifully shrouded the dead whom four long months to-morrow we have left unburied. As one strayed almost about one stumbled in the grass among skeletons that rattled to the touch. Here lay a corpse with a bayonet jammed into the mouth up to the socket, transfixed the heart and mouth and groin into the ground. There lay a form that seemed coiled curled in calm sleep, turned almost on its face, but seven assegai stabs had pierced the back. Most, however, lay flat on the back, with the arms stretched out and the hands clenched. I noticed one dead man under a wagon, with head on a saddle for a pillow and a tarpaulin drawn over him, as if he had gone to sleep and died so.

### DURFORD'S FINAL RESTING PLACE.

In a patch of long grass, near the right flank of the camp, near Durford's body, the long meatus still clinging to the withered skin of the face. Captain Senechere recognized him at once, and identified him yet further by rings on the finger and a knife with the name on it in the pocket, which rings were brought away. Durford had died hard—a central figure of a knot of brave men who had fought it out around their chief to the bitter end. A stalwart Zulu, covered by his shield, lay at the Colonel's feet. Around him, almost in a ring, lay about a dozen dead men, half being Natal Carabineers, riddled by assegai stabs. These gallant fellows were easily identified by their comrades who accompanied the column. For Lieutenant Durford was hardly at all decayed. Clearly they had rallied round Durford in a last despairing attempt to cover the flank of the camp, and stood fast from choice, when

they might have essayed to fly for their horses. Close beside the dead at the picket line a gully traverses the ground in front of the camp. About four hundred paces beyond this was the ground of the battle before the troops broke from their formation, and on both sides this gully the dead lie very thick. In one place nearly fifty of the Twentieth-fourth lie almost touching, as if they had fallen in rallying square. The line of straggling rank back to camp is clearly marked by the skeletons along the front. Durford's body was wrapped in a tarpaulin and buried under a heap of stones. The Natal Carabineers buried their dead comrades roughly. The gunners did the same by theirs. Efforts were made at least to conceal all the bodies of the men who had not belonged to the Twentieth-fourth Regiment. These were left untouched except orders from Colonel Newdigate. General Marshall had nourished a natural and seemingly wise idea to interment to all our dead who so long have lain bleaching at Islanda, but appears that the Twentieth-fourth wish to perform this office themselves, thinking it right that both battalions should be represented, and that the ceremony should be postponed till the end of the campaign. In vain Marshall offered to convey a burial party of the regiment with tools from Durford's Drift in wagons. One has sympathy with the claim of the regiment to bury its own dead, but why postpone the interment till only a few loose bones can be gathered? As the matter stands by the medical faculty for the Twentieth-fourth, who have carefully buried their own dead, who do not appear to have been very numerous, will come back to-morrow to find that we visited the place, not to bury our dead, but to remove a batch of wagons.

### REMEMBERS OF A DISASTER.

Wandering about the desolate camp, amid the horror of the scene of death, was sickening. I chanced on many sad relics—letters from home, photographs, journals, blood-stained hooks, packs of cards. Lord Chelmsford's copybook, containing an impression of the correspondence with the Horse Guards, was found in one of his portmanteaus and identified in a knal two miles off. Col. Harney was busily engaged collecting his own belongings. Col. Glyn found a letter from himself to the Twentieth-fourth, dated the day before the fight. The ground was strewn with brushes, toilet bags, pickle bottles, and unbroken tins of preserved meats and milk. Forges and bellows remained standing ready for the recommencement of work. The wagons in every case had been emptied and the contents rifled. Bran lay split in heaps. Scarcely any arms were found and no ammunition. There were a few stray bayonets and assegais, rusted and blood. No fire-arms I shall offer few comments on the Islanda position. Had the world been searched for a position offering the easiest facilities for being surprised none could have been well found to surpass it. The position seems to offer premium on disaster, and asks to be attacked. In the rear lagged wagons would have discounted its defects; but the camp was more defenceless than an English village. Systematic scouting could have been justified and a position, and this too clearly could not have been carried out. I much wish we had remained on the ground long enough to remove every evidence of the combat, bring back the destroyed wagons, and reconstruct a redoubt in the neighborhood. Had the world been searched for a position offering the easiest facilities for being surprised none could have been well found to surpass it. The position seems to offer premium on disaster, and asks to be attacked. In the rear lagged wagons would have discounted its defects; but the camp was more defenceless than an English village. Systematic scouting could have been justified and a position, and this too clearly could not have been carried out. I much wish we had remained on the ground long enough to remove every evidence of the combat, bring back the destroyed wagons, and reconstruct a redoubt in the neighborhood.

### THE SECOND BAPTIST CHURCH AT ST. LOUIS WAS BURNED.

At St. Louis was burned the Congregation Share Emeth placed their temple at the disposal of their Christian brethren, who ever since have worshipped there. Last Sunday the Baptists having built a new church the Hebrew and Christian congregations resolved to worship together. The church was packed and an immense crowd stood without, unable to gain admission. After an organ solo and the chanting of the sentence, "The Lord is in his holy temple, a psalm was read and the hymn "Nearer, My God, to Thee" sung. Rabbi Senechere then prayed, and after a response from Beethoven, a lesson from the Old Testament and the anthem "Jubilate," the Baptist pastor, Dr. W. W. Boyd, made an address, at the conclusion of which he presented the Rabbi with a splendid silver service, which relics were brought off befriended in their time of need. The Hebrew pastor delivered an eloquent reply, in which he drew a graphic picture of an ideal brotherhood of all nations and creeds travelling to the great hereafter, with their hearts affectionately fused on the same parent, and the service concluded with the benediction by Dr. Boyd.—N. Y. Sun.

### AT ST. ANNE'S SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

Lowell, in answer to the question, "What relic is the greatest relic of the festival," a little orphan of six years promptly responded, "The straw berry festival."

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The Governor-General of the Dominion has a footnote whose dignity is quite too awful. When the Marquis and Princess were inspecting the Kingston Penitentiary this sublime funny asked a prisoner, "Aw, my man, what do you in here for?" The prisoner, remembering a venerable story, said that he had been arrested for stealing a saw-mill. "Aw, weelly, for that?" said the surprised servant. "Yes," the prisoner said, "but they did not mind that much. It is the fact that I was back to back with the dam that they went for." "The funny said it was very extraordinary and left an astonished man."

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