

TWO BIRDS.

I saw two birds perched on the wire
Where messages in silence run,
Their feathers gleaming as on fire,

HIS FIRST BATTLE.

The stars had gone out; dawn reddened
The horizon; the air was warm, perfumed;
The birds chirped in the grasses.

Presently, he roused himself abruptly,
Threw himself into the saddle, and looked
About him.

Was it not by his own desire he had
Gone to war? He had hurried even to be
In time for the taking of Kars, and now—

Before his battery marched the gallant
Regiment of Radofski. It moved slowly,
Almost noiselessly. The faces of the men

At this instant, a courier—an adjutant
By his dress, begrimed with smoke and
Powder, his horse covered with foam—

And, having delivered this encouraging
Information, the courier set spurs to his
Horse, and they saw him in the distance

On the other side of the hill, from the
Smoky plain, more lines and broader ones
Crawled as steadily toward the Kisl-Tapa

And, as if in answer to the question, a
Horrible spectacle at the moment unrolled
Before his eyes, a grizzled dragoon, urging

By the side of the battery a wounded
Horse now struggled painfully, dragging a
Mutilated leg, and leaving in a dew-wet

"Forward, faster!" leaving behind them
A pallid foot-soldier, sleeping solitary and

alone in the midst of the fields and the
waving grass.

Forward still! and on through a deep
and rocky ravine, a battalion of sharp-
shooters, a fresh heap of motionless bodies,

Alioehine had been in camp only two
days. An orphan from infancy, brought
up in the military school of St. Petersburg,

"Battery, halt!" rose the voice of Lit-
vinof. They stopped with a dull rumble,
a heavy shock.

"What is it now?" demanded Alioehine
of a soldier near him, with a vague pre-
sentiment of something terrible.

Rising in his stirrups, he saw them,
black spots in the distance, growing larger
and larger, till the lugubrious procession

"How beautiful," began Alioehine, but
the smile on his lips quickly vanished at
sight of the ambulance corps in the wake

"It will be finished today," thought he,
"everything—today!" but he instantly
thrust from him the cowardly thought

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LADIES, and are marked at
prices lower than they can
be made up for in Ladies
own homes.

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recruits like himself. He regretted that all
this had come so soon—he did not know
the name of even one man in his company.

"Your name?" he asked.
"Attention, men! To the carriages!"
rang the voice of Litvinof, before the lad

"Advance, men! March!" again cried
Litvinof, waving his sword above his head
like a battle-flag. "Advance, men!

"To place, first piece!" roared the voice
of Avalof, the platoon's captain. Alioehine
leaped to the ground, tossed his reins to a

"God is merciful; it missed me!" he
murmured, instinctively.
But the first was followed by a second

"Second captain in command take
charge!" cried Avalof, who had seen the
tragedy, and thus called Zaitzev to Litvinof's

And all this while the enemy continued
the carnage; three of the pieces were en-
tirely dismantled and reduced to useless-

His right hand had gone with the last
screaming ball.
No matter—the gunner of the Seventh

Alioehine found himself now in a ravine,
but not that wide ravine where the battery
had awaited the convoy of wounded; no,

"I am alive—alive!" he repeated in-
wardly, with the indescribable sensation of
a man in whom suddenly extinguished life

Here and there in the ravine groups of

soldiers, with pale, saddened faces, lay
stretched on the ground. Beside them a
jaded horse crouched wearily the sun-

Poor beast! how tired it looked, and
how tired Alioehine felt, and how suffocatingly
warm! Oh, for a drop—a single

He staggered, his eyes closed, his
strength, he fell on the burning earth.
How long had he lain there? He did

"Mr. Officer! Mr. Officer!" the voice
was at his ear.
He opened his eyes; a hand held out to

"Boom—boom—boom!"
The cannonade, which had ceased for a
moment, had begun anew. Alioehine anx-

There is nothing that makes the house-
holder so nervous as the report that there
are burglars in town. Every noise frightens.

And when at last some brave woman finds
the burglar in her closet, and holds him
until the police arrive, what a sense of re-

He was strong, vigorous, and
healthy. He did not fear sickness. But
his nerves began to weaken from overwork.

This unequalled remedy for nerve and
brain tire restored elasticity to his step,
sparkle to his eyes, color to his cheeks,

"Farewell, dearest," she sighed, as she
lay against the lapel of his double-breasted
coat; "and, George, you may kiss me

A distressing cough or cold not only
deprives one of rest and sleep, but, if al-
lowed to continue, is liable to develop

A cockney went into a cheap restaurant
on the Bowery, one of those places that
have been aptly called beaneries. He sat

"Aw, waitah, dontcherno, I want a brace
of chops, an' a poached egg, an' some but-
tered toast, an' a mug of 'alf an' 'alf an'

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"Thanks, Angelina," thoughtfully mur-
mured the young man; "but the last time

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