

"I fetch you news, my lord."

"Good news? Then the king is dead."

"The king lives, but Ophelia is no more."

"Ophelia dead!"

"Not so, my lord, she's married."

"I pray thee, do not mock me, fellow-student."

"Married to him that sent me hither, — a gentleman of winning ways and a most choice conceit, the scion of a noble house here in Verona, — one Romeo."

The oddest little expression flitted over Juliet's face. There was never woman yet, even on her bridal day, could forgive a jilted lover marrying.

"Ophelia wed!" murmured the bridegroom.

"Do you know the lady, dear?"

"Excellent well," replied Hamlet, turning to Juliet, "a most estimable young person, the daughter of my father's chamberlain. She is rather given to singing ballads of an elegiac nature," added the prince, reflectingly, "but our

madcap Romeo will cure her of that. Methinks I see them now" —

"O, where, my lord?"

"In my mind's eye, Horatio, surrounded by their little ones, — noble youths and graceful maidens, in whom the impetuosity of the fiery Romeo is tempered by the pensiveness of the fair Ophelia. I shall take it most unkindly of them, love," toying with Juliet's fingers, "if they do not name their first boy Hamlet."

It was just as my lord Hamlet finished speaking that the last horse-car for Boston — providentially belated between Watertown and Mount Auburn — swept round the curve of the track on which I was walking. The amber glow of the car-lantern lighted up my figure in the gloom, the driver gave a quick turn on the brake, and the conductor, making a sudden dexterous clutch at the strap over his head, sounded the death-knell of my fantasy as I stepped upon the rear platform.

T. B. Aldrich

CALLING THE DEAD.

My little child, so sweet a voice might wake
 So sweet a sleeper for so sweet a sake.
 Calling your buried brother back to you,
 You laugh and listen — till I listen too!

. . . Why does he listen? It may be to hear
 Sounds too divine to reach my troubled ear.
 Why does he laugh? It may be he can see
 The face that only tears can hide from me.

Poor baby faith — so foolish or so wise!
 The name I shape out of forlornest cries
 He speaks as with a bird's or blossom's breath. . . .
 How fair the knowledge is that knows not Death!

Ah, fools and blind, — through all the piteous years
 Searchers of stars and graves, — how many seers,
 Calling the dead and seeking for a sign,
 Have laughed and listened like this child of mine?

Mrs. S. M. B. Piatt.

CAMPAIGNING WITH MAX.

UNION CITY was not a city at all: it was hardly a village, and "Dis-union" would have been its fairer designation. It lay in the woods at the crossing of two railroads, one pointing toward Mobile and one toward Memphis, but neither leading anywhere. There was a tradition that trains had once been run upon each, but many bridges had had to be rebuilt to make the short line to Columbus passable, and the rest was ruin; for Forrest had been there with his cavalry.

The land was just so much raised above the broad swamp of Northwestern Tennessee that whisky with men to drink it, and a Methodist Church South with people to attend it, were possible. With these meagre facilities for life, and the vague inducement of a railroad-crossing, Union City had struggled into an amphibious subsistence; but it had never thriven, and its corner lots had but feebly responded to the hopes of its projectors.

For many a mile around, the forests and swamps were well-nigh impenetrable, and the occasional clearings were but desolate oases in the waste of marsh and fallen timber. The roads were wood-trails leading nowhere in particular, and all marked a region of the most scanty and unfulfilled promise.

General Asboth, seeing (by the map) that it commanded two lines of railroad, sent us to occupy this strategic point, and we gradually accumulated to the number of twenty-five hundred cavalry and four thousand infantry; drawing our regular supplies from Columbus, and occupying our time with a happy round of drills, inspections, horse-races, cock-fights, and poker. It was not an elevating existence, but it was charmingly idle, and we passed the serene and lovely autumn of 1863 in a military dreamland, where nothing ever came to disturb our quiet or to mar our repose with the realities of war. We built ourselves

houses, we shot game for our tables, we made egg-nog for our evenings, and we were happy. The charm of camp life — with just enough of occupation and responsibility, and with enough improvement in the troops for a reward — made even this wilderness enjoyable. I had the advantage of seniority and command, and the physical comforts that naturally gravitate toward a commanding officer did not fail me.

My house, built with the mouse-colored logs of a rebel block-house, covered with the roof of the post-office, and floored and ceiled with the smoke-mellowed lining of the Methodist church, was broad and low and snug. Its windows, also taken from the sanctuary in question, were set on their sides, and gave to each of the two rooms wide, low-browed outlooks into the woods and over the drill-ground, that would have made worse quarters agreeable. The bricks of an abandoned domestic fireside built a spacious fire-place across an angle of each of the rooms, and the clay of the locality plastered all our chinks "to keep the wind away." I have seen more pretentious houses and more costly, but never one in which three chosen spirits — I had, in a happy moment, selected Voisin and The Hun for my staff — got more that is worth the getting out of the simple and virtuous life of a cavalry head-quarters. We were at peace with all the world (Forrest was in Mississippi); our pay was regular, our rations were ample, and Asboth had been ordered to Pensacola.

Old A. J., his successor, — every inch a soldier, and a good fellow to the very core, — used sometimes to roll up his camp mattress and run down from Columbus for an inspection. Those are marked days in our memories. He was a lynx in the field, and wry buttoning roused him to articulate wrath; but he unbuckled his sabre at the door, and brought only geniality within, a mellow