

EUREKA.

A stout black-whiskered man sat immediately in front of me in the railroad car and indulged from time to time in the most strange and unaccountable maneuvers. Every now and then he would get up and hurry away to the narrow passage which leads to the door in these drawing-room cars, and, when he thought himself secure from observation, would fall to laughing in the most violent manner and continue the healthful exercise until he was as red in the face as a lobster.

As we neared the city these demonstrations increased in violence, save the stranger no longer ran away to laugh but kept in his seat and chuckled to himself, with his chin down deep in his shirt-collar. But the changes those portmanteaus underwent! He moved them here, there—he put them behind him. He was evidently getting ready to leave, but, as we were twenty-five miles from the city the idea of such early preparation was ridiculous. If we had entered the city when the mystery would have remained unsolved, but the stranger became so excited that he could keep his seat no longer. Some one must help him, and, as I was the nearest to him, he selected me. Suddenly turning, he said, rocking himself to and fro in his chair in the meantime, and clapping his legs together and breathing hard:

"Been gone three years!"

"Ah!"

"Yes; been in Europe. Folks don't expect me for three months, but I got through and started. I telegraphed them at the last station—they've got it by this time."

As he said this he rubbed his hands and changed the portmanteau on his left to the right and the one on the right to the left again.

"Got a wife?" said I.

"Yes, and three children," he returned.

He then got up and folded his overcoat anew, and hung it over the back of the seat.

"You are pretty nervous over the matter, ain't you? I said, watching his fidgety movements."

"Well, I should think so," he replied. "I ain't slept soundly for a week. And you don't know," he went on, glancing around at the passengers and speaking in a low tone, "I am almost certain that this train will run off the track and break my neck before I get to Boston. Well, the fact is, I have had too much good luck for one man lately. The thing can't last, 'taint natural nothing should, you know. I've watched it. First it rains, then it shines, then it rains again. It rains so hard you think it's never going to stop; then it shines so bright you think it's always going to shine; and just as you are settled in either belief you are knocked over by a change, to show that you know nothing about it."

"Well, according to your philosophy," I said, "you will continue to have sunshine, because you are expecting a storm."

"It's curious," he returned, "but the only thing which makes me think I will get through safe is because I think I won't."

"Well, this is curious," said I.

"Yes," he replied. "I am a machinist—made a discovery—nobody believed in it—spent all my money in trying to bring it out—mortgaged my home—all went. Everybody laughed at me—everybody but my wife—spunky little woman—she said she'd work her fingers off before I should give it up. Went to England—no better there—came within an ace of jumping off London bridge. Went into a workshop to earn money enough to come home with—there I met the man I wanted. To make a long story short, I've brought \$500,000 home with me, and here I am."

"Good for you!" I exclaimed.

"Yes," said he, "\$500,000; and the best of it is, she don't know anything about it. I've fooled her so often and disappointed her so much that I just concluded I would say nothing about this. When I got my money, though, you better believe I struck a bee line for home."

"And now, I suppose, you will make her happy?"

"Happy!" he replied, "why, you don't know anything about it. She's worked like a dog since I have been gone, trying to support herself and children decently. They paid her 13 cents apiece for making white shirts, and that is the way she lived half the time. She'll come down there to the depot to meet me in a gingham dress and a shawl a hundred years old, and she'll think she's dressed up. Oh, she won't have no clothes after this—oh, no, I guess not!"

And with these words, which implied that his wife's wardrobe would soon rival Queen Victoria's the stranger tore down the passageway again, and, getting in his old corner, where he thought himself out of sight, went through the strange pantomime, laughing, putting his mouth into the drollest shapes, and then swinging himself back and forth in the limited space as if he were "walking down Broadway" a full-rigged metropolitan belle.

So on we rolled to the depot, and I placed myself on the other car, opposite the stranger, who, with a portmanteau in either hand, descended and was standing on the lowest step ready to jump to the platform.

I looked from his face to the faces of the people before us, but saw no sign of recognition. Suddenly he cried:

"There they are!"

Then he laughed outright, but in a hysterical way, as he looked over the crowd. I followed his eye, and saw, some distance back, as if crowded out and shouldered away by the well-dressed and elbowing throng, a little woman in a faded dress, and a well-worn hat, with a face almost painful in its intense but hopeful expression, glancing rapidly from window to window as the coaches rapidly glided in.

She had not seen the stranger, but a moment after she caught his eye, and in another instant he had jumped to the

platform with his two portmanteaus, and making a hole in the crowd, pushing one here and another there, and running one of his bundles plump into the well-developed stomach of a venerable-looking old gentleman in spectacles, he rushed toward the place where she was standing. I think I never saw a face assume so many expressions in so short a time as did that of the little woman while her husband was on his way to her.

She didn't look pretty—on the contrary, she looked very plain; but somehow I felt a big lump rise in my throat as I watched her. She was trying to laugh, but, God bless her! how completely she failed in the attempt! Her mouth got into position, but it never moved after that save to draw down at the corners and quiver, while she blinked her eyes so fast that I expect she only caught occasional glimpses of the broad-shouldered man pushing his way so rapidly toward her. And then, as he drew close and dropped those everlasting portmanteaus, she turned completely round, with her back toward him, and covered her face with her hands. And thus she was when the strong man gathered her up in his arms as if she had been a baby, and held her, sobbing to his breast.

There were enough gazing at them, heaven knows, and I turned my eyes away for a moment, and then I saw two boys in threadbare roundabouts standing near, wiping their eyes and noses on their little coat-sleeves and bursting out anew at every demonstration on the part of their mother.

When I looked at the stranger again he had his hat drawn over his eyes; but his wife was looking up at him, and it seemed as if the pent up tears of those weary months of waiting were streaming through her eyelids.

Management of American and English Hotels.

From the Detroit Free Press.

When you go into an American hotel, you know, a boy takes your baggage at the door, the clerk embraces you at the counter, brushes whisk, and attendants dance around you till it seems as if the whole establishment had been eagerly expecting you for a week.

Now when you go into an English hotel it is different.

You tug and twist and shoulder-heave at the door awhile, until at last you worry it open and drag yourself and your baggage in by painful degrees against the protest of an inhospitable spring that has been cunningly contrived somewhere to keep you out. Then you set down your things in a narrow, feeble sort of an entry with the feeling of a burglar awaiting an arrest, and wipe of your forehead and look over the ground. There are no signs, no bells, no anything. You stamp and cough and rattle around for a while, and by-and-by the commotion wakes up somebody in the rear of the house, who opens the door and peers through. This is your opportunity. If you are affable, and persistent, and plausible, and state your case with respectful urgency, this person (usually a female), after some preliminary examination, will disappear, and come back in time with another and higher functionary (also a female), who examines you in the higher branches, and may end, under favorable condition, with your admission.

The Veiled Mystery.

Washington Letter in Philadelphia Telegraph.

There is one woman in the Treasury who has attracted much attention on account of the mystery surrounding her. She has been in the department for years—not less than ten—and though she is marked by everybody, I have never met anybody who has seen her face. It is the talk of the clerks brought most in contact with her. She is a woman of magnificent presence, a tall, fine figure, and one of the most perfect forms I have seen. Her appearance is that of a woman who might possess remarkable beauty, but she always has her face enveloped in a thick veil. In the office or out, at work or walking through the halls, the veil is never removed, and the efforts of her inquisitive fellow-clerks to peep under it are vain. Many susceptible young men, struck by her fine figure, have quickened their step to catch up with her in the halls only to find her face hid from sight. No one can tell whether she is old or young, but she is probably not "very either." The motive for concealing her features is not known. Whether, like the "Veiled Prophet," she seeks to hide a vision of ugliness, or whether she has some other reason, is a mere matter of conjecture. Some say that her face once comported with the promise of her form—that she was exquisitely beautiful—but was a victim of smallpox, which so disfigured her face that she is ashamed to show it.

One of the Louisville Girls.

From the Memphis Sunday Times.

A Louisville girl who was visiting here a short time ago scored a signal triumph over a fresh young society man of this city. They were sitting upon a sofa together, and as the conversation progressed he allowed his arm to gradually fall down until he had it around her waist.

She arose very indignant, and he made the following explanation and apology: "I hope you will not think anything of this. It is just a way I have. All the Memphis boys act the same way, and you will have to get used to it. I hope you will not take any offense at it, as it's just my way."

She left the room, but came back in a few minutes with a married friend and sat down on the sofa again. Soon she began to yawn and give every conceivable proof of being thoroughly bored. Finally she said: "I'm dreadfully sleepy, and I hope you'll go home. You mustn't take any offense at this. All the Louisville girls act the same way. You are exceedingly tiresome, and you had better go home at once. Don't be offended at this. It is simply a way I have."

He stood not upon the order of his going.

A VERSATILE BEGGAR.

How He Imposed Upon Preacher Whitfield and William Penn—Characteristics of American Cities in Colonial Days.

The most notorious beggar of the first half of the last century was Bamfylde Moore Carew, a man well known on both sides of the Atlantic. He was the son of respectable parents, his father being a Devonshire clergyman, but when a mere boy he broke away from the restraints of home life and attached himself to a band of traveling mendicants, of whom he eventually became chief. His first visit to America was owing to a sentence of transportation of seven years passed at the quarter sessions at Exeter. He managed to escape from shipboard in Maryland, and after divers thrilling adventures turned up at New Castle, Pa. This was a Quaker town, but the versatile genius of Carew did not forsake him. A Quaker he did not become. Pulling the bottom off his hat, flopping it on one side, and putting on a demure look, he entered a Quaker barber-shop and told a pitiable story; that his name was John Elworth, of Bristol, and that he had been kidnapped and endured great hardships. The barber willingly shaved him and gave him a half-crown bill, and recommended him to a Mr. Wiggil. Of him he got ten shillings, and of others similar amounts. At this time Whitfield, the great preacher, was in the country preaching at Derby. Along the road he met hundreds of people going to hear the great pulpit orator. "Friend," says Carew to one of them, "where are you going so fast?" "Hast thou not heard?" replied the other, "The second Christ has come."

Whitfield was preaching in an orchard to a large crowd. So great was the rush he was unable to get near enough to hear; but this did not prevent him from affecting penitence and grief. In the morning Carew, in the name of John Moore, drew up a moving petition to the great Whitfield. He set forth that he was the son of a clergyman, who had been taken on board the Tiger and carried to Havana, from whence he escaped by the aid of the governor of Maryland; that his circumstances were deplorable, and he needed help. Going to the house where Whitfield lodged, he found a hundred people waiting, and, spying a young boy whom he knew belonged to Whitfield, he persuaded him to carry in his petition. Soon the preacher came out, and the Quakers pressed around him, saying: "Pray thee, friend, come and pray by my dear wife. Pray thee, friend, come and see my dear brother." But Whitfield made his way through them all, and, going up to Carew, said he was sorry for his misfortune—that they happened by the will of God—and ended by giving him \$20. Whitfield wished him a safe return to England and, went away singing psalms, in which the crowd joined. Carew was now seven miles from Philadelphia. He ran across a friendly Irishman here who showed him the sights, and, passing a handsome residence, he asked whose it was, and was told it was Promoter Penn's, who had just come from England with his brother-in-law, Capt. Frome. This was enough for Carew. He excused himself from his host, telling him he had business to transact, and, clapping his right hand into his coat as if he had lost the use of it, he knocked at William Penn's door, which was opened by a negro with a silver collar around his neck. Invited in, the proprietor, dressed in plain clothes, and Capt. Frome, in regimentals, soon came along. Being asked what he wanted, he invented at once a plausible tale, and belonged to Capt. Davis' ship. Capt. Frome, seeing him a lusty, tall fellow, declared he should go along with him and fight the dogs. Carew, ever ready with a lie, replied that he had lost the use of his right arm by the dead palsy. William Penn gave him a guinea, and so did his brother-in-law. Through Burlington, Perth, Amboy, and Elizabeth, Carew proceeded to the then small town of New York, having 1,100 houses and 7,000 inhabitants. He was surprised at the sight of a great number of gibbets with blacks hanging upon them, but upon inquiring he found the negroes had not long before entered into a conspiracy for burning the city. The plot being discovered great numbers were executed and hung up to terrify others.

After traveling through Long Island, Carew took a ship at New London for England, and accomplished his threat of getting back to Exeter two months before the captain who took him out, though he narrowly escaped being impressed into the navy when within sight of shore. His escape was owing to his pricking his arms and breast with a needle, and rubbing it with bay salt and gunpowder, which made it appear like the small-pox coming out. Then he played the lunatic, came on deck with one before he was sold. He was with nausea, and frightened everybody so that they were only too glad to put him ashore. His return to England was hailed by his friends with joy and merry-making, for they had long given him up as dead. He now went about the country in various disguises, sometimes as an old woman; he bound a beefsteak on his leg to represent a running sore, and begged from door to door with varied luck and a great amount of adventure. He passed through a number of escapades in Russia, Germany, France, and Sweden, and was sent again to America, this time illegally being kidnapped by the owner of the vessel which had first carried him, who felt defrauded of the loss of his purchase-money. Carew having escaped a basket he was sold. He was no sooner landed than he again escaped, captured a horse in a pasture, and swam the Delaware, and by the aid of friends reached Boston. In this city he was struck with the number of booksellers' shops. At New York there was but one, and none at all in Virginia, Maryland, or the Carolinas.

His greatest performance was perhaps his invention of the cant or slang language. "Bingo" was rum; "ribben," money; "quail pipe," a woman's tongue; "romboyled," sought after with a warrant; "ruffin," the devil; "stubble it," hold your tongue; "stick-dams," a pair of gloves; "swag," a

shop; "jet," a lawyer; "humpty dumpty," ale boiled with brandy; "kicks," breeches; "laced mutton," a woman, "gigger," a door; "glue-pot," a parson; "ferret," a pawnbroker; "fogas," tobacco; "gan," the mouth; "dog," a gun, and so on he made a vocabulary of several hundred words.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Lee's Parting from His Generals.

Appropos of Appomattox, writes a Washington correspondent to *The Cincinnati Commercial Gazette*, I give the following as a subject for a southern poet or painter:

The parting between Washington and his generals has been celebrated in song and story, and the famous painting of that occurrence has, in millions of copies, become familiar to the people. But no singer has sung of the parting between Gen. Robert E. Lee and his generals after Appomattox. No painter has painted it. Washington and his officers separated in the sunshine of a magnificent victory, the fruition of their brightest hopes. Lee and his officers separated in the gloom of defeat, the darkness of despair. Amid the happy homes of their people, the shouts and the banners and the merry music and the rejoicing multitudes, Washington and his generals parted to go each one to his pleasant home. Amid the ruins of their capital, with bare, bowed heads, in utter silence and tears, Lee and his generals separated and went their several ways to homes destroyed, families broken up and scattered, and often into exile and oblivion.

The final parting was in front of Lee's mansion in Richmond, two days after Appomattox. Lee's house is an ordinary square brick, standing alone on Franklin street, one square from the capitol. All the other houses on the square are connected. Upon the afternoon of the second day after the surrender people in that vicinity were surprised to see come riding up the street from the south a company of confederate horsemen. They were unarmed. Their gray uniforms were worn, soiled and often tattered, their trappings old and patched. They wore slouched hats, and here and there was a feather remaining of the once smart and jaunty drooping plume of the confederate cavalryman. They were bronzed, and browned, and bearded. They sat erect and came on with the splendid horsemanship for which they were noted. Upon the collars of some of the gray jackets could still be seen the faded and tarnished gilt stars, the emblems of the wearers' rank.

In front of them rode Lee. His two hands held the loosely-swinging reins and rested upon the pommel. His head was bent, and his eyes were looking straight ahead from under his downcast brow, but they seemed to see nothing.

As the troops cantered up to his old home his horse stopped at the gate, and he aroused himself suddenly as from a dream, and cast his eyes upon the familiar windows and then around over the group of gallant soldiers who had followed his fortunes for four bloody years and gone down in defeat under his banner.

The end of it all had come at last. He threw himself from his horse, and all his companions followed his action. They stood hat in hand with an arm through the bridle rein while Lee went from man to man, grasping each hand, looking intently into each face as though he would press it upon his memory forever. Then he turned and walked through the gate and up the steps to his door. As a servant opened the door he paused with his left foot upon the veranda, his right upon the last step, and looked back for the last time. Not a word had been spoken, not a sob uttered. There was no sound heard but that of sobs as these unkept and grizzled heroes of a hundred battles leaned their heads against the shoulders of their horses and wept.

Lee gave one look, and broke down at last. His hands went over his eyes, his frame shook with sobs, as he turned quickly and disappeared into his lonely house. With the closing of the door behind him ended forever the wild dream of the southern confederacy.

A Fighting Family.

Gen. Negrier, of whom we have heard so much lately, comes of fighting stock. His grandfather, who was in command of a French frigate at San Domingo when the Revolution broke out, had as wonderful an escape from death as any to be found in the fictions of Ponson du Terrail. His crew mutinied and hung him at the yard-arm, but his black servant contrived to cut the rope before life was extinct, and Capt. Negrier fell into the sea. He swam to a foreign vessel under a hail of bullets from his own, and got safely on board. He subsequently took part in several French royalist expeditions, and died in Portugal shortly before the restoration. His eldest son entered Napoleon's service and fought at Waterloo, where he received five wounds, none of them mortal. He was killed in 1848, before a barricade in the Faubourg St. Antoine, while expostulating with the rioter and endeavoring to bring them to reason. Gen. Negrier's father, also a general, distinguished himself at the battle of Solferino, and received the grand cross of the Legion of Honor from Napoleon III. on the field. The old general is still alive, and, although in his eighty-sixth year, is in excellent health, and is naturally gratified to see that his son is maintaining the honorable traditions of his family.—*St. James's Gazette*.

Bullets and Biscuits.

Mr. Sweete—Here is an account of a St. Louis woman, only a few weeks married, who shot her husband. Mrs. Sweete (bride of a month)—On purpose? "Yes; and the bullet landed in his stomach." "Oh! Then probably she only wanted to prove to him he was wrong." "In what way?" "He probably asserted that her biscuits were heavier than lead."—*Philadelphia Call*.

LOST HIS RELIGION.

The Severe Trial of a Renowned Preacher—A Calf That Was Much Tickled.

People who live in the neighborhood of the Blue Knob church were much surprised and were greatly shocked the other day, upon learning that the Rev. Galvin Bobbington had lost his religion. During many years Mr. Bobbington had been the pastor of Blue Knob church; and, so endeared has he become to the quiet and good people of the vicinity, that the children actually cry for the old gentleman. Several days ago, a committee selected from the Blue Knob congregation, called upon Mr. Bobbington and presented him with a fine plug hat. The spokesman said that the congregation desired to express, with a token, the great esteem in which the worthy pastor was held. The thankful tears of warm-hearted emotion streamed down Mr. Bobbington's face when he arose and accepted the hat. He hoped that he was not a weak man, but he had long wanted just that kind of a hat. He shook hands with the committeemen, and promised them that he would handle the hat with tenderness.

"It could not have come in a better time," mused the preacher when the generous visitors were gone. "I shall wear it to town and when the city preachers see me at conference, they cannot put me down as a country hoosier. Because a man is a preacher is no reason that he should despise the elegant adornment of life. Would the gospel be any more effective, I'd like to know, if all the preachers were to wear flax breeches and straw hats? No sir. Nothing is too good for me."

When Mr. Bobbington arrived in town, he was assigned to the care of Major Henry Gliddee. Gliddee is a devout member of the church. It is said that he would rather pray than to eat. Well, when Gliddee conducted Bobbington into the parlor, and immediately after he had been presented to Mrs. Gliddee, the host said:

"Brother Bobbington, I have heard much of your piety and ability."

"Thank you, brother, thank you."

"To me it is a great feast when I sit down with such a man."

"Thank you, brother, thank you."

The preacher placed his hat on a table near an open window.

"Brother Bobbington, will you please lead us in prayer?"

They all got down on their knees. The minister did not know exactly what to pray for, but he was willing to take anything which the Lord might feel disposed to give him. He well understood his business. During a long term of service he had asked for much and well understood shaping his petition.

A light breeze tipped over the preacher's hat. It rolled from the window sill and fell in the back yard. A yearling calf saw the performance. It tickled the calf very much. He walked up to the hat and placed one of his hoofs in it. Then he put it on his head. It settled down on his stubbed horns and he couldn't get it off. When the preacher arose, he discovered that the hat was gone. He hurried to the window, looked out, and, uttering a horrid exclamation, he rushed through the door. The calf objected to giving up the hat, and, with deer-like fleetness, he ran around the yard. The preacher and the host chased the calf. Bobbington had not taken so much exercise since the previous summer, when, during an anxious hour, he hurried through the woods, waddling a short distance in the advance of a wild hog's snout. The calf in trying to dodge the preacher, ran against the fence and tore the hat all to pieces. Then the old fellow turned up the bass viol of his wrath. A man who heard the rendition told the writer hereof that he was astonished at the old man's wonderful resources. He said that it was awful. It's not right to place a hurried estimate on a man's abilities. The old man has temporarily retired from the church. He says that he cannot turn a wheel until after the opening of the revival season.—*Arkansas Traveller*.

A Very Small Lion.

In Africa, deep pits are often made by human hunters to capture game, and among the insects we find the antlion (*Myrmelon*) adopting a similar ruse. Its eggs are laid in sandy places, and when the young antlions appear they have no wings, and are flat little creatures with immense jaws. As soon as born, the curious larvae proceed to work. Each young antlion selects a soft place in the sand, and by turning itself around and around, it traces an exterior circle; and by continuing the spiral motion, and gradually retreating to the center, it marks out and forms a cavity having spirals like those of a snail shell. Next, these are smoothed down by an ingenious process. If a pebble rolls into it is found in the middle of the antlion places it upon its head, and with a sudden jerk sends it far out of the pit. But sometimes pebbles are found that are too heavy to be thrown out in this way, and then another plan is adopted. The pebble is carefully rolled upon the flat back of the antlion, which starts up the incline with its tail high in air, so that the load is kept upon a level, and finally deposited upon the outside. If the pebble is round, many attempts have to be made. The pit completed is seen to be a circular or conical depression, at the bottom of which the tiny hunter conceals itself, only its jaws and many eyes being visible; and here it awaits its prey, that sooner or later comes tumbling in. Ants that happen to be on a foraging journey are the most frequent victims. The ant comes running along rapidly, and is over the edge of the pit before he knows it, the treacherous sand giving way and precipitating him down to ward the concealed lion. A moment more and two (to him) enormous jaws open, and the ant quickly disappears from sight forever. Sometimes, instead of tumbling down into the pit, the ant obtains a foothold and almost escapes; but in such a case the antlion throws aside all concealment, rushes out, and shovels sand upon its struggling victim, and by successive jerks bombards it with such a fusillade of sand that, beaten and confused, it

rolls down into the open jaws of the cruel hunter. For two years the antlion carries on its predatory warfare, gradually growing larger and enlarging its pit, until finally it is ready to change into a chrysalis. It then envelops itself in a round ball of sand, cemented together by fine silken cords. In this cocoon it lives for about three weeks, when it emerges a perfect four-winged insect resembling the dragonfly.—From *"Animal Traps and Trappers,"* by C. F. Holder, in *St. Nicholas* for May.

The Shirt-Tail in War.

On the night of the battle of Fredericksburg, when Burnside was trying to get his army back to the Stafford side of the river over the one pontoon bridge, that was left, Lee called a council of war. Jackson had been holding a position some three miles down the river from Mary's Heights, where the fiercest fighting had taken place, but had moved his command up closer late in the afternoon. The night was fearfully dark, and a drizzling rain had set in. Jackson came into the council, saluted the officers present, and took a seat off in a corner. Gen. Lee stated the purpose for which the council had been called, and asked one of the senior officers for his opinion and then another, and another, until all had spoken save Stonewall. Lee then turned and asked his opinion, but received no response. All turned to hear what he would say, and there sat Jackson, bold upright in his chair, fast asleep. "Why, bless me," said Lee, "the old fellow is asleep," and, going to him, he shook his arm and called his name, which awakened him. "Gen. Jackson will you give us your opinion as to what should be done?"

"Gentlemen," he said, "I am sorry that I have not heard all that has been said; but my plan is, if the council will agree to it, to go back to my corps and march it into Fredericksburg at once. The enemy has met with a severe reverse, and is, in all probability, demoralized. They have only one bridge over which to escape. One corps is sufficient to do this work, to destroy what remains of that army on this side of the river, and that being done the campaign will be over."

"But, General," said Lee, "consider the fact that those men have only the one bridge over which to escape; they will fight desperately."

"What if they do? My corps is accustomed to desperate fighting. But the very fact that they have only one avenue of escape, in their demoralized condition, will cause them to make every effort to use the bridge. They will not fight so desperately as you think."

"But consider the darkness of the night. Your men will not be able to distinguish their own comrades."

"I have thought of all that. I will make my men pull their shirt-tails out and march in; they will know one another then."

Gen. Lee walked back and forth for some time, deeply engaged in thought. Finally he said: "Gen. Jackson I can not agree to your proposition; the slaughter would be horrible, and my conscience can not approve of it."

"My conscience approves of it thoroughly," said Jackson. "War is war; the slaughter to-day has been horrible, and would have been worse the enemy gained those heights. The enemy is in a trap, and we should take advantage of it. If the tables were turned they would march in on us."

"And at this very time," said a Union officer to me last April, "we were getting out of that place as fast as men could be got over one bridge. We were looking every minute for the Confederate troops to rush in upon us, and if they had done so we would have been utterly ruined. Popo's army, when Jackson got behind him, was at picnic compared to our situation that night." And when I told him of Jackson's plan for enabling his troops to know their comrades, he said: "Fabius Maximus is the only other man who ever lived who ever thought of such a thing, and his soldiers didn't have the materials."—*Louisville Courier Journal*.

A Childlike and Bland Senator.

Some years ago some Wisconsin lands were advertised for sale under the general law, and Senator Sawyer, then, as now, a large Wisconsin landholder, took care to post himself thoroughly upon the value of each parcel put up at auction. When the sale day arrived a party of eastern capitalists on the lookout for a speculation were on hand to bid. They knew Sawyer, and in every instance they raised his bid. They felt very much elated when they saw, or thought they saw, a look of annoyance steal over his placid countenance as section after section was knocked down to them. They bought nearly every parcel upon which Sawyer set a price, and went away delighted at their shrewdness. Some years after they visited Wisconsin, and called upon Sawyer. He was delighted to see them, invited them to his house in Oshkosh, and treated them very hospitably. They were going to look at the lands they had purchased at the sale. Sawyer chuckled as he shook each by the hand, and invited them to call when they came back. They have not called to date. The senator expected to meet sharpers at that sale, and so got a friend to bid on all the best lands for him, and secured the good timber lands offered. The eastern men still hold the titles to half the bogs in Wisconsin.—*Minneapolis Tribune*.

A Logical Hen.

Every one has heard of the distress of the hen on beholding young ducklings hatched by her taking to the water. This occurs so frequently as to attract little remark, except when observed by any one for the first time. Mr. Jesse, in his natural history "Gleanings," records a singular incident. A hen which had hatched three successive duckling broods got so accustomed to the aquatic tendency of her pupils, that on hatching a set of her own eggs she led the chickens to the pond, and in surprise at their unwillingness to take the water, actually pushed some of them in, and several were drowned before the awkward situation was observed and the survivors rescued.—*Lecture Hour*.