Corvallis Weekly Gazette.

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CORVALLIS, - OREGON

Milwaukee has increased its population during the last few years to the extent of 50,000 and now feels that she is on the high road to metropolitan greatness.

That the supply of children in this country exceeds the demand is evidenced by the fact that, in almost every locality, there are not school houses enough to accommodate the would be pupils. This demand is more pressing in cities than in the country, owing to the tendency of population in that direction.

A fifty-four ton breech-loading rifle gun, twelve-inch bore, was cast for the United States government at the South Boston iron works recently in the presence of a large number of army and naval officers. The cast was successful, so far as outward appearances are concerned, but this cannot be definitely determined until the gun is tested. This is one of the largest guns cast in this country.

The civil service principle is making headway in the matter of elective judicial offices. The papers report numerous instances of nominations made without regard to party considerations. Nominations for judges by political opponents have become so common that they are not mentioned as anything unusual. Some credit is due to the lawyers, but more to the people at large, who are quick to understand and appreciate the advantages of securing the best legal talent for the bench, without regard to political affiliations.

In his argument in the Hoyt will case at New York, General Butler made these characteristic remarks: "Any will made in general restraint of marriage is void. The law wants everybody to get married, and anything is against law that prevents it. No man has a right to say that his child—male or female—shall not be married. Jesse Hoyt was a grocer's clerk himself. He made his money from what his brother-in-law gave him to start with. Still it would not be thought now that a grocer's clerk is fit for a rich man's daughter. I believe they don't hold anybody but coachmen fit."

An intimate friend of the Grant family makes the following statement: Grant had $200,000 worth of first-class railroad mortgage bonds, which were the result of several operations with prominent and wealthy friends in New York. These securities he kept in a box, which for safe keeping he placed in vaults where Ward's papers and valuables were. When he came down to the office to get his box the day after the failure, it was gone, and the securities have never been heard from. That day, Ward, in the only interview he had with Grant after the failure, acknowledged that he had taken the securities, sold them, and made way with the money. This is the reason why Grant was so completely bankrupted.

A return to the war department of the names of officers on the active list who served in the war gives a striking proof of the extent to which our army is now officered by men old enough for active service over twenty years ago. Of the total authorized force of 2,177 officers, 1,082 served in the army before June 1, 1865. There is not a man above and including the rank of lieutenant colonel who did not, and 213 majors out of 235, 475 captains out of 617 and 194 out of 656 lieutenants. Practically, if a war broke out now and the army were expanded to a force three or four times its size, it is safe to say that every colonel and upwards would be above forty years old and would soon have to be replaced by younger soldiers.

The long-continued arbitrary policy of King Christian, in refusing to dismiss an obnoxious cabinet, in compliance with a vote of parliament, and levying alleged unconstitutional taxes because parliament refused to vote the budget, has led to a number of serious riots and imposing demonstrations in Copenhagen. The people seem determined that their representatives in parliament shall have some voice in the affairs of the government, and have become so threatening in their demands that the king has ordered the garrison at Copenhagen to be largely increased. These popular demonstrations are not confined to Copenhagen alone but are general throughout Denmark. It is expected that a state siege will be declared, and it is feared that a revolution will ensue if the king persists in refusing the concessions asked by parliament. A number of political arrests have been made, tending to further incite the people, and bloodshed is anticipated.

THE WAY TO SING.

The birds must know. Who wisely sings
  Will sing as they.
The common air has generous wings;
  Songs make their way.

No messenger to run before,
  Devising plan;
No mention of the place, or hour,
  To any man.
No waiting till some sound betrays,
  A listening ear;
No different voice—no new delays
  If steps draw near.

"What bird is that? The song is good."
  And eager eyes
Go peering through the dusky wood
  In glad surprise.

Then, late at night, when by his fire
  The traveler sits,
Watching the fire go brighter, higher,
  The sweet song flits
By snatches through his weary brain,
  To help him rest.
When next he goes that road again,
  An empty nest
On leafless bow will make him sigh:
  "Ah me! last spring,
Just here I heard, in passing by,
  That rare bird sing."

But while he sighs, remembering
  How sweet the song,
The little bird, on tireless wing,
  Is borne along
In other air; and other men,
  With weary feet,
On other roads, the simple strain
  Are finding sweet.

The birds must know. Who wisely sings
  Will sing as they;
The common air has generous wings;
  Songs make their way.

—Helen Hunt Jackson.

ACROSS THE MERIDIAN.

Kortlandt drew his horse to a halt as he breasted the brow of the hill, and lifted the cap from his head that he might enjoy to the full the soft, delicious breeze. Perhaps only one who like himself had newly come from the crowded amphitheater of the lecture-room of a medical college, and from daily witness of mental and physical sufferings by the bed-sides of its hospital wards, could have felt, as he did, intensified by powerful contrast, the stillness, beauty and peace af what he looked on.

It was the field of one of the great battles of the late war, ground made holy by heroic blood—heroic, whether the hearts which throbbed forth were bursting with triumph or breaking with defeat.

So thought the young physician as his eyes wandered over the scene, discovering few marks to indicate that once this valley had seethed with fire and smoke and struggling human forms, and the whole air had been a shriek of agony and strife. Twenty years had done their work, and nature, which permits no desolation, had sown the furrowed land with grass and blooming flowers, which swayed and swung in the spring air as if in unison with the humming bees above them. But as he dismounted and led his horse down the hill he discovered traces of the battle which had escaped his eyes from above. Now and then his horse's hoof struck the rusty metal of a dismantled gun, buried beneath its brambles, and further on he found himself in a wilderness of little mounds, marked here and there with a wooden slab, its inscription effaced by the rains of years.

As Kortlandt rose from a vain endeavor to decipher one of these, a figure appeared from the woods near by, and after a momentary pause of the first surprise of seeing him, continued steadily to advance along the path which led within a few yards of his side. The figure was that of a woman, poorly clad, but tall and graceful, and moving with peculiar strength and freedom of motion. Kortlandt waited until she was near him and then said:

"I beg your pardon, but can you inform me what graves are these?"

The woman stopped abruptly as the tones of the clear northern voice reached her, and suddenly turning upon him, her face until then concealed beneath the brim of the coarse straw hat which she wore. It was that of a girl, brunette and brilliant, illuminated with a pair of glowing eyes, which now fixed themselves upon him.

"You must have come from very far away not to know whose are the graves that you are standing on," she said, in a voice which did not owe its peculiar intonation to the southern dialect in which she spoke.

"You are right," he replied, surprised at her beauty and manner; "my home is as far away as the snows of winter from these southern flowers."

A look of intense bitterness entered the girl's face. "You are from the North," she said. Her eyes flashed. "I will tell you whose are the graves upon which you are treading. They are those of the 'rebels' whom you defeated," proudly; "they are those of the martyrs, the heroes, who starved and froze, who gave up home, family, wealth and life in protection of their rights and freedom, and whom you of the North in your overpowering strength of wealth and numbers conquered and killed. Yonder upon the hill are those of my father and mother—he killed by your bullets and she by the agony of his death. And all these are mine, mine since I own the sacred earth in which they rest. Oh! that I possessed the power to protect their resting place from the insult of a Yankee's presence."

Kortlandt looked into the girl's flushed and flushing face in a very maze of astonishment. But her concluding words aroused his anger, and he drew himself up with the color mounting to his brows. Controlling himself with an effort he lifted his cap, and, bowing, said with cold courtesy, in singular contrast to her fire: "That being the case, mademoiselle, I shall not linger to bid adieu. But permit me to reassure you; you possess power to protect your heroes' resting place—in a two-edged sword," and with another bow and a straight look into her angry eyes, he drew his horse's bridle over his arm and led him back to the road.

As he mounted and rode on he found to his surprise that his hand was shaking with excitement. He was very angry. He had never before been insulted by a woman and the feeling of helplessness with which it affected him was irritating in the extreme. He felt this to be a weakness and endeavored to throw it off. But that evening at supper he could not resist giving a crisp little description of his late encounter on the old battle-field to his neighbor at the table, ending with an inquiry if such violence of feeling and expression were usual.

"Hardly, now," was the reply. "But this girl's is a peculiar case. Her name is Ellen Everestt. Before the war her father was the richest planter in the state. He put every dollar he could command into the cause, and finally was killed on the field over there fighting for it. They carried him to his house, which stood on the hill above, where his wife, who had remained there despite everything that could be deplored or commanded, received his body and tended it. While she was doing so the house was fired by a shell and burned to the ground. She had her husband's body carried to the quarters, and there that night her baby was born and she died. Before she died she gave the child to the old house steward, having made him solemnly swear never to desert it."

"Did he do so?"

"No; he stuck to it through everything, and when the other negroes left the plantation he and his old mammy staid and took care of it down in the quarters."

"Did none of the relatives claim the child?"

"There was none who could. Unlike most southerners, Everestt had no connections, and his wife few. Those were so impoverished that they were glad to escape the burden of supporting it."

"How did the negro do so?"

"Oh! by cultitvating as much of the most fertile land on the place as he and his mammy could manage. But here comes the most interesting part of the story to you as a physician. Three years ago the old man, who is over 70, became so crippled with rheumatism that he could not work, and what does Nell Everestt do but turn to and work the place herself."

"Do you mean with her own hands?"

"Yes, by Jove; and handsome ones they are, too, though they are hard and brown as nuts."

"Why don't she teach."

"She has no education."

"Or sew?"

"She might have done that, but she is proud as Lucifer, and said that she was willing to work for herself and her mammy and Uncle Jake whom she adores, but would not consent to be a servant to any one."

This account of the girl's history affected Kortlandt powerfully. He no longer wondered at the intensity of the hatred with which she regarded all those of northern blood. How could it be otherwise when every day of her life she had read afresh this story in those hillside graves, those unplanted fields, and the charred ruins among the ceder trees? The anger which had moved him passed away in wondering admiration when he pictured to himself that strong, beautiful young figure, which had confronted him so defiantly, taking upon itself and performing, in its pride of independence, the labors of a field-hand on the land where her forefathers had commanded in absolute supremacy the labor of hundreds.

The weeks passed by and Kortlandt found his health, which had been somewhat impaired by his professional labors, and which he had come to the South to recuperate, entirely restored. Yet he was in no haste to return to the work he had been so loth to leave. Indeed the heat of the summer was upon him in its utmost intensity, and yet he could not break the spell which held him in the south. What was the spell? Was it the occasional glimpses he caught, as he rode by, of a girl's figure at work in a strip of cotton or corn down in the rich bottom land! Or the glances he had two or three times received from a pair of defiant eyes under the brim of a broad straw-hat as he encountered their owner in the road?

At any rate, he said to himself one night as he entered his room: "You are a fool; this has got to end; you start north to-morrow."

He had passed the old Everestt plantation returning from his evening ride; the night was brilliantly moonlight; he had left his horse in the shadow of some trees and walked up the long cedar shaded drive which formerly led to the house. A shorter shaded path led to the quarters and this he had followed till he came to where he could see the door of one of the cabins, and before it in the light of the moon a young girl seated at the feet of a white-haired old negro, against whose knee she leaned her head while they sang together—she in a fresh contralto, he in the quivering tones of age—an old plantation ditty simple and plaintive.

He had stolen away unnoticed, and had ridden slowly home, with a feeling in his heart that was something like despair. It had elicited his sudden exclamation and resolve.

It was daybreak when a knock at his door aroused him and a frightened prayer took him to the bedside of one of the servants of the house. It was yellow fever.

That settled the question of his departure for him. He remained where he was and in the terrible days which followed no help that he could give was withheld. So faithful and efficient was he that soon the "Yankee doctor" was a name on the lips of every one, and never uttered without a word of commendation and gratitude.

Alone—for the old physician who had long held the practice of the little place in monopoly had early succumbed to the fever—he fought the terrible disease, battling with a courage which inspired others and kept them from despair through all.

One rainy night after the epidemic had passed its crisis, Kortlandt, after returning from a visit at a distance, and dismounting from his weary horse at his door, found a woman's figure standing by his side, which he knew even in that dim light. The voice which addressed him was so stifled as to be almost inaudible. "Forgive me," it said: "I was insane—I did not know; you are noble and good. They have the fever—Uncle Jake and Mammy. Oh! for God's sake, come." Kortlandt's heart throbbed so violently that it was a moment before he dared to trust his voice to speak. Then he said quietly. "I will go at once," and remounting he rode away with as much speed as he could get from his jaded beast.

But she was at the cabin almost as soon as he, eagerly and efficiently helpful despite the agony of sorrow and helplessness which possessed her as she saw how little science and love could prevail against the relentless death that was fighting for possession of the poor old black bodies she loved so well. For it was in vain that he expended all his knowledge, and she all her tender care; the second morning with a last faithful, loving look from his dim eyes and a last gentle murmur of "Good-by, little Missy; do'n you go to cry for me," Uncle Jake had fallen asleep, and a few hours later old Mammy too, had passed away."

That evening Ellen Everestt stood before the four graves, two of them freshly made; for she had laid the bodies of the blacks here, "beside her other parents," as she said. In the utter stillness which falls with the setting of the sun she could hear, far down the road, the departing footsteps and voices of the men who had borne her only friends to their resting place at her feet. She listened to them, until they had faded away, and then stood listening still—for one more sound. No; they were gone, and she was alone, alone, alone forever.

So she cried wildly, but hands stronger than her own took them and held them in a close, steady grasp, and in a frightened glance she saw the strong sympathy in the manly face which she had learned to trust and and turn to in the last few days. As naturally and thankfully as a child she accepted it, and laying her face upon his arm wept out the first bitterness of her grief there. It was not long before she had wept herself quiet, but did not raise her head for some time, and when she did so perceived that the night had almost fallen.

Gently disengaging her hands from his she rose to her feet, then again extending them to him as he stood by her side, "Good-night," she said. "You cannot know how I thank and bless you. Good-night."

"Oh! child," he cried, restraining her as she would have turned away, "I cannot let you go back to that lonely cabin alone."

"I must," she said sadly; "I have nowhere else that I can go."

"Nell," he said eagerly, "if you will have it so you need never return there—you and I need never part, if you will be my wife, Nell."

She uttered a low cry, and drawing her hands away buried her face in them and turned from him. "Oh!" she cried bitterly, "you say that because you pity me. You would never have said it else."

"I say it because I love you. I would never have said it else."

"But you are so wise, and good, and great."

"And you are so brave, and beautiful, and true. You asked me the other night to forgive you. How can I, if you trample on my heart and make it such a wreck of weeds and desolation as the northern soldiers never made of that field there? How can I, if you refuse the prayer that a man's heart never but once makes to a woman—a prayer for the complement to his being which her love alone can give? Nell, there is but one chance of happiness in this world for me, and it is that which I am asking of you."

He saw her face in the clear light of the rising moon as she turned it toward him, and it gave him all the answer that any man's heart could have required. But he waited for the words.

"There is nothing of which my life has been deprived," she said slowly, "of which it is possible to read in those wasted fields or in these graves before us, that your words have not repaid to me a hundred fold. And I—I give you all I have to give: I love you."

Theories About Eating.

An interesting paper, formely read by Dr. R. M. Hodges before the Boston Society for Medical Improvement, thus referred to a question upon which much disagreement exists among doctors:

"It is a common impression that to take food immediately before going to bed and to sleep is unwise. Such a suggestion is answered by a reminder that the instinct of animals prompts them to sleep as soon as they have eaten; and in summer an after-dinner nap, especially when that meal is taken at mid-day, is a luxury indulged in by many. If the ordinary hour of the evening meal is six or seven o'clock, and of the first morning meal seven or eight o'clock, an interval of twelve hours, or more, elapses without food, and for persons whose nutrition is at fault this is altogether too long a period of fasting. That such an interval without food is permitted explains many a restless night, and much of the head and backache, and the languid, half-rested condition on rising, which is accompanied by no appetite for breakfast. This meal itself often dissipates these sensations. It is, therefore, desirable, if not essential, when nutriment is to be crowded, that the last thing before going to bed should be the taking of food. Sleeplessness is often caused by starvation, and a tumbler of milk if drunk in the middle of the night will often put people to sleep when hypnotics would fail of their purpose. Food before rising is equally important and expedient. It supplies strength for bathing and dressing, laborious and wearisome tasks for the underfed, and is a better morning 'pick-me-up' than any 'tonic.'"

Kemmerer, Lamb & Co.'s elevator at Independence, Iowa. burns, at a loss o $12.000

EDITH'S SACRIFICE.

"It's going to be just magnificent, mamma dear," cried pretty Jennie Maxwell, bounding into the sitting-room where her mother was reading, and flinging down her bundle of books on the lounge. "There's going to be the nicest swings, and croquet and tennis, and a platform all trimmed in flowers for us to stand on, while we sing and recite our pieces."

"Yes it is, for Harold Preston told us about it at noon," joined in her twin sister, Louise, "and I for one am thankful school is over, then we can go to the seaside." Louise tossed back her long blue-black braids of hair, and flung herself into an easy chair with a contented sigh.

Edith made no remark as she entered the room. Her sweet face wore a thoughtful look and the mother saw that she had something on her mind.

"Yes, I have no doubt but what it will be nice," remarked Mrs. Maxwell, "and you deserve it, for you have studied hard this term. Mrs. Knott brought home your dresses this afternoon. They are in my bed room, if you wish to see them." Jennie and Louise gave a scream of delight, and immediately left the room. When they had gone, Edith rose up from her chair and coming over to her mother's side, said: "Mamma, need I go to morrow unless I wish?"

"No, dear, but you surely would not desire to stay at home, when every one else is going?"

"No, I wouldn't stay at home—I—well—mamma, you know Margery White, who is so sickly all the time, and she was in my class, too."

"Well, dear, what is it?" questioned the mother, caressing the golden head lovingly.

"You know she hasn't many pleasures, and Mrs. White has to work so hard, and I thought—that—as I didn't care to go to the picnic, I would go and spend the day with her, take a basket of dainties and some flowers along and we'll have a nice time together."

"As you like, Edith," was Mrs. Maxwell's response. "I visited Mrs. White yesterday, and she said Margery felt bad because she could not attend the picnic. She looks very pale and ill, but I've no doubt she would be glad to see you. Now run, dear, and see your new dress."

The dress had no attraction for Edith, but she went into the room where the girls were promenading before the long mirror, admiring the effect of their new dresses. "How do they look Ede?" inquired Jennie, spreading out the folds of her pretty white mull. "Aren't they too sweet and simple for picnic dresses?" "Very," was Edith's brief reply as she flung her white dress over her arm and went upstairs to her little chamber. She did not pause to try it on, hung it up in the wardrobe and closed the door with a snap, thus shutting the dress and all her happy expectations of the picnic from sight.

Then she drew up a chair to the open window and sat down to think. The Greenville academy closed that evening, and on the morrow was to give a grand picnic. Great preparations had been made for the occasion, and every boy and girl looked forward to the day with delight.

Edith had also, but she was a girl who wished far more to give pleasure to a person than receive it. She was not one of your-too-good-for-the-world girls, but she always tried to do right and generally succeeded. Of Judge Maxwell's three daughters, Edith was his and the whole household's favorite. She was ever ready to offer her services to those who needed them, and it grew to be a very natural thing for the girls to say when any work was to be done: "Oh let Edith do it. I have to practice my music," or "I haven't finished this painting yet."

And Edith cherfully did it.

The picnic day came. The weather was perfect, not a cloud to be seen and a gentle breeze rustled the trees and stirred the flowers in the Maxwell garden, wafting their sweet perfumes in through the open doors and windows of the mansion. At 9 Mrs. Maxwell, Jennie and Louise got in the phaeton and rode away to the picnic grounds, leaving Edith to go when she chose to Margery's.

When the girls learned of Edith's sudden resolve, they merely said, "It's just like her."

Laden with a basket of the most delicious edibles the pantry afforded, several late magazines and a charming boquet of roses, heliotrope and smilax, Edith set out. She passed down the broad avenue, then entered a quiet, secluded street, and soon stopped at the gate of a low, unpainted house, with a bit of yard in front, and a fine apple tree leaning over the little board fence.

A woman, sad and weary looking, opened the door and asked Edith in with such a kind smile that made her homely features really beautiful. The room Edith entered was uncarpted, its furniture consisting of only a rough table, two battered chairs, a bed and one rocker, in which Margery sat. She was a pale, emaciated girl, with dark circles around her large, dark eyes, which lighted up when she saw Edith.

"How glad I am that you have come," she said, holding the bouquet to her face to inhale their fragrance; "and isn't it a perfect day? Why didn't you go to the picnic, Edith?"

"Oh, because I would much rather spend the day with you, Margie."

"How good you are!" Margery exclaimed, with a grateful smile; "and the magazines are just what I want, I haven't had anything to read for a week or more, have I, mother?"

"No," replied her mother, who was bending over the wash-tub; "I am as glad as Margie is that you've come Miss Edith. Seems as though Margery would pine right away if it wasn't for the sight of your sweet face."

"I would have been down before," said Edith, "but we've been having examination at school, and I couldn't leave."

Out in Mrs. White's yard, under the great, spreading apple tree, Edith and Margery spent the whole of that day, talking and laughing, till Margery forgot about her troubles and was as much of a girl as ever. At noon they spread a feast from the basket Edith had brought, and Mrs. White came out and lunched with them.

In the afternoon Edith produced her checkers, and that helped the day to pass quickly. When she left in the evening, Mrs. White accompanied her to the gate, and said, while grateful tears filled her eyes:

"Oh, Miss Edith, you don't know how glad I am that you came to-day. Margery just seemed her old self again, and looks ever so much better. But you denied yourself to come here."

"Oh no, Mrs. White," returned Edith. "I am thankful if I was the means of making her feel better, and now, since school is out, I can come often. Good-night!"

They parted, and Edith walked rapidly toward home. On the way she saw her father's stately carriage, drawn by two prancing bays, approaching, and signaled for him to stop for her. When cozily seated by his side, and the horses were once more on the trot, Judge Maxwell asked:

"Were you not at the picnic, Edith?"

"No, father; I didn't care to go. I spent the day with Margery White, and we had a nice time. And, father—we have plenty of room at our seaside cottage; why couldn't we take Margery out with us? I am sure it would do her good."

"I see no objection, daughter," returned the judge, as they drew up before their home.

The picknickers had returned, but no one was to be seen save Mrs. Maxwell. Jennie had the headache and was in bed, and Louise, who had not enjoyed herself, for some reason, the whole day, went to bed also, vexed with herself and the world. So Edith had the happiest day.

That was not the last of Margery White. She accompanied them to the seaside, where she recovered her health wonderfully, growing stronger and better every day. The roses came back to the pale cheeks, and she was totally changed in appearance and disposition. When she returned to her mother so bright and healthy, Mrs. White was overjoyed and sank down on her knees to thank God for having restored her child to health and strength through the agency of one little girl.—Toledo Weekly Blade.

Jeff. Davis on His Own Capture.

The story of the capture of Jefferson Davis, ex-president of the Southern Confederacy, has been many times told, and the following series of denials of certain statements made at the recent reunion of the veterans of the Fourth Indiana Cavalry, at Indianapolis, by Lieutenant Isgrigg, derive their chief interest from the fact that they are written by Jefferson Davis himself. Lieutenant Isgrigg's statements are sufficiently indicated by the denials. Mr. Davis's letter is in the New York Herald:

It is not true, as stated, that I was turned over to the custody of one Lieutenant Isgrigg two and a half miles (or any other distance) from Macon. The troops by whom I was captured remained my guard to Macon, and a detachment of them accompanied me to Fortress Monroe in charge of their own officers.

Equally untrue it is that I rode with the said Isgrigg and my secretary (or with anyone else) in "an old farm wagon." My private secretary, Burton N. Harrison, Esq., now a member of the Bar of New York, was captured with me, and rode on horseback to Macon. I had for several days occupied an ambulance with my wife and children, and rode into Macon in it.

There was no such cowardly attempt to offer insult to me as would have been shown by hanging over my head the articles of clothing which Isgrigg falsely avers I had worn at the time of my capture. Nor did my captors obtain at the time of my capture the hoopskirt, etc., which Isgrigg describes, unless they were found among the apparel taken when the trunks of my wife and her female servant were pillaged.

On our arrival at the hotel at Macon a small body of troops in front of the entrance were at open ranks, facing inward. When I got out of the ambulance to enter the hotel they presented arms while I passed through, and I received the salute as an expression of the feeling brave men show to a fallen foe.

The story of "Captain Thompson, of the Fourth Indiana cavalry," attempted to shoot me as I entered the Macon hotel is wholly fictitious, and I leave it to that regiment itself to repel the imputation that one of its officers would have been guilty of so dastardly an assault on a prisoner.

Upon that falsehood the narrator hangs another, that I met him at the Louisville Hotel, in 1872, recognized him and renewed thanks to him "for saving my life," and that I had previously written a letter of thanks to him. I have not been in the Louisville Hotel since the war; I do not remember ever to have seen or heard of this Lieutenant Isgrigg at any time or place, and it is not true that, as he alleges, I was eight days in his custody, or that I have ever written to him a letter of thanks. I remained in Macon but a few hours, and was sent forward to Fortress Monroe the evening of the day of my arrival there.

The St. Louis Globe-Democrat cheerfully comes along with the following snake and toad story: At West Union, Mo., the other day, after a heavy blast had been fired in a vein of hard blue limestone, the workmen found a live toad and a petrified snake in a little hole in the solid stone. The snake, which was eighteen inches long, was sticking to one of the toad's hind legs. Appearances indicate that at a remote age, his snakeship had caught the toad by the leg and swallowed it, and about that time some convulsion of nature had buried both deep in a stratum of mud, since hardened into stone.