

SALLY WAGGS.

By all accounts it was more than a century ago that Miss Sally Waggs so astonished the people of this place that they made the remark then, and were given to frequent repetitions of it afterward, that Sally Waggs would have made a great stir in the world had she been a man. Whether it was in 1779 or a few years earlier is not so certain as that it was just as the pumpkin pie of a Thanksgiving dinner had been eaten, and the hickory nuts and hard cider were brought from the pantry. It was while all the company was at this dinner that Miss Sally Waggs said a thing to the people that made the grandfather look very stern, and the son go for his gun, and the others, a dozen of them old and young, forget the heaviness that followed their eating.

What Sally Waggs then said, and what she did for an hour or two thereafter, is a story that has been told in the old Scribner mansion on the Litchfield turnpike over the nuts and cider at every Thanksgiving night since, and the freshness and delight of it are always the same. It was told to-night again, and the faded coat that Sally Waggs wore was held up and reverentially touched, as it has been on a hundred or more anniversaries.

Now the wonder of it all seems to have been that such a damsel as this young Sally Waggs should have turned such a corner in her manner of life of a sudden. For her character or rather her disposition, like her name, appears to have been, up to the time she was 20 years old, very flat. Moreover, her father, old Timothy Waggs, was of no more account in the community than to be regarded as just the man to dig the graves for the dead, and toll the bell for their funerals, and to touch off the swivel on Kick hill at auspicious moments. When he did not do these things, he seemed to make a business of partaking of rum or hard cider, and it is said of him that there never was a time when he did not have this failing, because it appears in the old records of the town that about the time when the capture of Louisiana was celebrated he went so much further than his companions as to make merry on the Lord's Day. This was more serious by far than to be a little merry on any other day, and they sent him to the common jail for three weeks thereafter.

So by reason of her father's business and position and perhaps because of his name, Miss Sally Waggs had nothing to commend her to anybody. And yet of all the girls in that day there was none who could milk a cow with her, nor sooner find one that had strayed into the woods. This doubtless led Squire Scribner to take her into his family for a help to his wife, and Mrs. Scribner used to say that she was past dispute stupid in her speech and brisk about her work beyond comparison with any damsel thereabouts.

There happened to be at the Thanksgiving dinner at which Sally made the revelation of herself a young gentleman who was regarded as a man of parts, and especially worthy of consideration, because his father sent a brigantine to the West Indies from New Haven once in a while laden with goods, and brought her back filled with sugar and rum.

This young fellow was thought to have addressed more than one missive to Squire Scribner's daughter Jerusha. At all events, he was friendly with the family, and had tried his wit at a jest with Sally and came off sadly worsted, because she said nothing to him, but only looked at him with a vacant stare in her brown eyes.

He did not like being laughed at, for he had vowed, as a jest, as he was coming home from the Thanksgiving sermon, that he would make Sally Waggs say something that would astonish them that day.

"Ninapence ha'penny to a sixpence you fall," said the Squire.

father Scribner, whose mind went back to the year when the settlers in these parts were ready for surprises, and even went to meeting with their flintlocks for walking-sticks.

"Tell me where are your ears?" Sally answered, not yet dismounting from the table, but, pouring powder from the horn into her hand and a tremendous charge of shot, she loaded the weapon and then primed it. Then she put the butt upon the table, and, bracing herself therewith, leaned over and opened the window.

"Listen, now," she said. "Hear you not the red-coat Britishers firing? They're coming this way. They'll arson the house as I live. See the light of the flames. Where can be the borough militia?"

The reports of the musketry were distinct, and the light that came from over the hills showed the track of the invaders. Then it was that Grandfather Scribner seized his gun and the Squire seemed to awaken to the business before them.

"And you," said Sally Waggs, going up to young Lathrop; "will you stand there like Tom Perkins' lad at school with a dunce's cap on? What will you do? Will you go with us, or will you hide under a petticoat?"

Young Lathrop hesitated not a minute.

"In truth, Sally Waggs, you are a young woman of spirit. You'll not find me wanting."

Just then old Tim Waggs, faint with running and terror, came in, and, spite of his anxiety, his first thought was of his stomach, and he begged for a mug of flip, or cold, if they hadn't hot water ready. So they gave him a mighty mug of liquor that he made short ado with, and then told them that a handful of British had given the Continental coasters the slip, and were marching up from the coast, shooting, burning and robbing, and sad work they were making, too, he added. For their coming was so sudden, and so many of the young men were away with the Continentals, that the few lads who tried to stop them on Ridgefield hill were of no more avail than a breath of wind.

"And they've heard of your cattle and rum," Squire Scribner, and it'll not be two hours later before they are here."

"How many are there, Tim, to the best of your knowledge?" asked the Squire.

"Not more than two dozen nor less than a score, Squire."

"But we are no match. There are only four men, including you, Tim, who are more likely to run than fight," said the Squire.

"Not more than four. I'll venture I'll give the red coats cause to think that there are more than four, or twice four," said Sally Waggs.

"And what would you do, Sally?"

"That is what I would, and will do. Perceive the darkness coming; that will help us or I mistake. Now father, go to the great barn and take the three lanterns and light them. Mr. Lathrop, you light the two you will find on the beam back of the kitchen oven, and Squire Scribner, if you have your heart in it, prepare powder and shot, and suffer grandfather to load the guns the while, and put no rabbit shot in the muzzles, either. I will be back myself in the space of five minutes."

Squire Scribner said long after that it surprised him, as he thought it all over, that he did not conjecture that this stupid girl was out of her head, instead of implicitly following the commands she gave them.

made his way to the roadside, and when the others, looking up, saw the multitudinous display of flickering lanterns, they took no second thought as to whether they had better stay and fight or go the other way. They went with all speed, not stopping to see who were left behind.

Now, of all the nursing and care that wounded soldiers had in all that struggle of the Revolution, none had better than the three men whose bodies had been the targets of Capt. Sally's army, for Miss Sally Waggs nursed them herself.

By the next day the Continental militia were on hand and had driven these marauders back.

From that time on, Miss Sally Waggs went on a new road. It seemed as if she had awakened that night from a sleep that had lasted since her birth. Her advice was wisdom, her courage inspiring, and her ambition great. So great, in fact, the some years afterward she married young Lathrop and his ships and other possessions, and more than one of her descendants have been in high places since.—(New York Sun.)

The Famous Troubadour.

It is dated 1260, and describes the poet's meeting with the shepherdess.

"The other day," he says, "I was walking by the side of a brook, musing and alone, for love led me to think of song, when suddenly I saw a sweet shepherdess, lovely and kind, watching her flock; I stopped before her, seeing her so comely and she received me so well. My question was:—

"Sweetheart, are you loved by some one, and do you know what love is."

"Certainly," she said, without guile, "and I have plighted my troth; there is no doubt on the subject."

"Maiden, I am glad to have found you if it may be that I should please you."

"Sir, you have thought of me too much; if I were foolish I might fancy a great deal."

"Maiden, do you not believe me?"

"Sir, I must not."

"Sweet girl, if you accept my love, I am longing for yours."

"Sir, it is impossible; you have a sweetheart and I a lover."

"Madam, however that may be, it is you I love and your love I would enjoy."

"Sir, look somewhere else for one who is more worthy of you."

"Better than you I do not wish for."

"Sir, you are foolish."

"I am no fool, sweet mistress. Love gives me leave, and I yield to your loveliness."

"Sir, I would rid of you wooing speech."

"Maiden, as I live you are coy. My prayer is humbly made."

"Sir, I must not forget myself so much; alas! my honor would be lost if I trusted too lightly."

"Maiden, whatever I say have no fear that I dishonor you."

"Sir, I much like your kind behavior, for you know how to please."

"Maiden, what do I hear?"

"Sir, I love you."

"Tell me, sweet maiden, what has made you speak such pleasant words?"

"Sir, wherever I go I hear the sweet songs of Sir Guivart Riquier."

Pass-Lining Operations Suspended.

It is a well known fact that the Pacific Railway Company intend put their road through to completion as soon as possible, especially from Ansh east. A branch will probably cross mountains to New Tacoma, and another follow down the Columbia to the Pacific. During the past season a number of engineering parties have been sent and surveying mountain passes from Sound into Eastern Washington. On Wednesday evening Col. J. W. Sn and Major Blake returned to New Tacoma, having been examining Tacoma Pass under the supervision of Mr. Shedd the work having been

ABANDONED FOR THE SEASON.

Had the storm which drove them back delayed ten days or two weeks longer they would have been enabled to acquire all the information needed, and sought for by the expedition. Unfortunately, however, the report of the existence of this pass came too late in the season, but when it came the movement was promptly set on foot, in force, with abundance of provisions in the hope that the necessary lines could be run in spite of the rigors of mid-winter. The earliest information concerning the pass, says the Ledger, came from Mr. Bogue, who, while surveying the Snoqualmie pass two or three months ago, was told by some Indians that during the Indian war, when the Natchess and Snoqualmie passes were guarded by troops, the Indians passed from the Yakima to Puget Sound through some pass at the head of Green river, which had not since been traveled for twenty years, not being known to the young Indians, and only known by the old Indians who took part in that war. As this pass was supposed to be

NEAR THE NATCHESS.

Six different parties were sent out in the early fall in search of it, the last being that of Mr. Sheets, the former expedition having failed to discover it. The great difficulty attending all their explorations arose from the difficulty of packing provisions, camp equipments, etc., on the backs of men, there being no trails in that direction. When the pass was discovered by Mr. Sheets, he had but a few days' supply of provisions, and had to determine between abandoning the further exploration and taking the risk of going down to the settlement via Green river, he having started in on the eastern side. He adopted the latter alternative, going down Green river, and the route being rendered almost impassable by small fir trees and brush bent down and matted by the snows of the previous winter, he was compelled to wade a long distance down the river, and was two and a half

DAYS WITHOUT FOOD.

Before arriving at the settlement. Immediately on the report of Mr. Sheets, it was determined to take steps for such instrumental surveys as might be possible before the closing in of the winter. A portion of the party were sent by The Dalles with provisions and supplies, and the main party with pack train over the Snoqualmie Pass. Both detachments met on the Upper Yakima in the early part of November, and found supplies awaiting them, forwarded by Mr. E. D. Willis, of Portland, who had been appointed commissary of the expedition. Immediately after arriving it snowed to a depth of 18 inches, but not enough to interrupt the progress of the work. A trail was cut from the Yakima river over the mountains through the Tacoma Pass for

FORWARDING SUPPLIES.

And sheds were built along the trail for use of the packers and for storage of supplies for the men, for use in case they were overtaken by the storm and driven backward, which proved to be a wise provision. A line was run from the Yakima river to the summit of the pass, and two grade lines westward from the summit to Green river. On Sunday night, December 5th, Sheets' party, composed of twenty-one men, were four miles west of the summit. Rising early next morning, they found they had been sleeping under four and a half feet of snow, and they determined at once to return to their source of supplies on the eastern side of the mountain, fourteen miles distant. After breakfast the party started

WITHOUT BURDENS.

One man going ahead and beating the snow until he got tired, when a fresh man was put in the lead, and so on until each one of the party had taken his turn in the laborious effort. After thus beating a trail four and one-half miles, they all returned to the camp of the night before, and on the following day at early dawn set forth, retreating in good order, each man taking blankets and provisions on his back. On the second day, after descending the eastern slope a mile or two, they saw a mule coming toward them, when a loud shout went up from the party, knowing that the hour of deliverance had come. The snow was nearly to the neck of the animal, which was driven by two men, and which followed the blaze on the trees like an experienced mountaineer. Soon afterward the party reached Camp No. 3, where a pack train and

PROVISIONS WERE IN WAITING.

And camped for the night in the shed. The next day the pack train was sent over to the abandoned camp, west of the summit, to take out the tents, provisions and remainder of the materials which would be needed in the spring. From here the party returned to the supply camp, about ten miles east of the summit, on the Yakima river, first running a compass line down the trail to obtain the topography of the country. The supply camp is about thirty-five miles west of Ellensburg, and the snow at that point was about three and one-half feet in depth. The weather was stormy and cold for several days and the animals, of which there were some twenty, were

COVERED WITH ICE AND SNOW.

The snow falling in large masses from the trees rendered it dangerous to further prosecute the work, even if the men could have waded without difficulty. And it was therefore determined to suspend operations on and about the summit for two or three months. In returning, it was at first proposed to come by way of the Snoqualmie Pass but a heavy rain set in which rendered it impossible to cross the Yakima river, and it was therefore decided to return by The Dalles, a distance of 175 miles.

Teams were hired at Ellensburg, and the party transported in five days to The Dalles. From that point Mr. Sheets' party was sent to Ainsworth, to run a line from opposite Ainsworth up the Yakima river. The provisions, horses, etc., were

LEFT IN KITTITAS VALLEY.

To be used upon resumption of work as early as possible in the spring. The height of this pass by level is 3450 feet, being the lowest pass in the Cascade mountains, with the exception of the Snoqualmie. Mr. Kinsbury is running a line up Green river, and a trail is also being cut under his direction, which is now about twenty miles from Vanderbeck's, on White river. The indications on both sides of the mountain show that this is comparatively a favorable route. But sufficient time was not afforded before the falling of the snow to make any thorough survey. Mr. Bogue has reported from his explorations of mountains south of Pend d'Oreille lake, where he has been for sometime, endeavoring to shorten the route. He reports a feasible route south of the lake, but one which would be of expensive construction.

A Terrible Experience.

Mrs. Lucy A. Still, a lady nearly 60 years of age, residing near Sharon's Hill, this county, has just passed through one of the most terrible experiences ever recorded. She was traveling with one of the great nameless stupors of Potter county on her way to her son, who lived about six miles east from her home. There had been a slight fall of snow a day or two before, and the road was partly hidden from sight by the old lady had made up her mind to go, and so she started out on foot to walk the six miles, a task she has frequently accomplished. Before she had reached the center of this greenless swamp, the snow again commenced falling and in a short time she was hidden from sight. Still she plodded bravely on, but the darkness overtook her she must have strayed from the road, and finally she found herself struggling in the mire. She was frightened and confused, and she struggled the deeper she sank, until she found it would be impossible to extricate herself. She screamed for help in vain. No one answered her. She at last, after almost superhuman efforts, succeeded in reaching a hemlock tree, which she climbed. The dense fog of the tree afforded her some warmth, and she determined to wait there until morning. The following morning dawned comparatively warm, and the fog by which she was surrounded, instead of getting harder, became more and more soft and perfectly impassable. Before starting from home Mrs. Still had put some bread and crackers in her pocket to eat along the road, and, fortunately, had in her pocket a large flask of brandy, which she was taking to her son. Upon these provisions, and quantity of snow which she ate, Mrs. Still managed to subsist for seven days, never daring to descend from her perch on the tree. She screamed almost continuously, and on the following Monday, a week after she had started to walk her son's house, her cries for help were heard by a party of hunters, who immediately made preparations for her rescue. They procured an ax and made an ingenious contrivance somewhat resembling a raft, which they succeeded in pushing to the foot of the tree in which Mrs. Still was sitting, and in a short time she was safe at her son's house. Pans had been scouring the country in all directions for days, and finally all hopes of finding her had been abandoned. While in the swamp Mrs. Still says she saw hundreds of deer and two or three bears. She was attacked by a wild cat, but her prayers for safety were answered, for as the animal came near she gave an awful scream and the "varr-r-r-r" red. Mrs. Still was so exhausted and weak that she could hardly move when found, and a serious illness has ensued, which may yet prove fatal. If experience has never been equalled by any woman of her age.—(Philadelphia Press.)

A Social Section in Washington.

The latest social sensation, says the Washington correspondent of the Boston Herald, is that caused by the arrest of a young man named St. Clair, otherwise known as "Sis" Sinclair. This young man found great enjoyment in attending the numerous fashionable balls, parties, and receptions given here during the present winter, and in the clothing of a fashionable belle of the season. His "get up" was one remarkable, and strange to say, he displayed his difficult part so well that he was not discovered until Wednesday evening last, while in attendance at the stable given by the Minnesota State Association at Masonic Temple. There he attended, and attracted much attention, being, as it were, one of the leading belles of the evening. He was arrested soon after leaving the Temple. He claims to be but fifteen years of age, but his father says he is twenty. His "get up" was of the latest fashion, and he wore four-button white kid gloves. His hair ornaments were procured at the same place where other belles procured theirs, and were decidedly tasteful. He managed his train with elegance and grace. He has a very feminine appearance, and as a lady would be called very good looking. In the pocket of the dress was found a note signed by a Southern member of Congress, who has failed to be re-elected, requesting the doorkeeper of the House galleries "to admit the bearer at all times to the ladies' gallery," besides three letters, which he, as "Miss Sinclair," had received from certain admirers and a female friend. The case was "fixed" at the Police Court, and no prosecution followed, though there were a great many curious persons there who wanted to see the young fellow.

The ship canal project from Chicago to the Mississippi, via Illinois river and the canal to LaSalle, is to be pushed this winter before Congress. The expense is estimated at \$18,000,000. It is proposed that Illinois donate the present canal to the United States, on condition that it be enlarged so as to admit the passage of large vessels from Lake to Gulf. It is much favored with the friends of navigation until the great rivers are properly attended to.

National Charities.

A State, a county, a nation, noted for its beneficent charities to unfortunate humanity is worthy a high place in the world's annuals. The times when the insane were treated like wild animals, when the deaf and dumb were left to lives of stolid ignorance and the blind allowed to sit in mental as well as bodily darkness are reviewed by the humanitarian of the nineteenth century with shuddering dismay. That part of the report of the Secretary of the Interior, that details the number of these unfortunates, cared for by the Government, in the Asylums provided for them in the District of Columbia, is one of the marks of our advancing civilization, a significant figure upon the dial of time that divides the new from the old. In

THE HOSPITAL FOR THE INSANE.

During the past 25 years, 4940 cases of insanity in all its forms have been treated. Of this number 2095 have been returned to their friends and to the world, cured. On the last day of June, 1880, there remained in this hospital for treatment 897 persons, of whom 691 were men; 529 of those treated during the year were from the army, 53 from the navy and 462 from civil life. For the proper support of the insane thus directly under the care of the Government for the current fiscal year, Congress is asked to appropriate for maintenance, clothing and medical treatment, \$196,875; for general repairs and improvements, \$10,000; for special improvements, the chief item in which is to furnish the hospital with a supply of pure water, \$40,000. The Columbia Institute for

THE DEAF AND DUMB.

Is the next on the list of the nation's charities, and is reported as follows: The number of pupils under instruction during the year was 128. Of these 79 were in the collegiate department, representing twenty-four States and the District of Columbia, and 49 were in the primary department. The general health of the pupils has been good, and but one death has occurred. Instruction in articulation has been continued with increasing success. A diploma and silver medal were received from the Paris Universal Exposition of 1878, in recognition of the remarkable advance made by the collegiate department. The president of the institution visited Europe during the summer for the purpose of attending an international convention of instructors of the deaf and dumb in Milan, Italy, early in September. The receipts of the institution amounted to \$53,522 06, and the expenditures to \$52,290 37, of which \$29,444 48 were for salaries and wages. The estimates for next year are for current expenses and repairs, \$53,500, the same amount as that appropriated for the present year; and \$15,427 07 for the completion of the gymnasium, the erection of a barn, cow-houses, etc., and for the improvement and inclosure of the grounds. Congress at its last session made provision for the care and education of the feeble-minded children belonging to the District of Columbia, the expenses of the same to be defrayed out of the appropriation for the support of the Institution for the support of the Deaf and Dumb. One applicant has been placed in the Pennsylvania Training School for Feeble-minded Children, at Media, near Philadelphia. Twenty blind children belonging to the District of Columbia have been under instruction the past year in the Maryland Institution for the Blind, at Baltimore, as beneficiaries of the United States. The exigencies that followed closely in the wake of the emancipation of vast numbers of men and women from slavery to lives of responsible liberty, created the necessity of some humane provisions for their wants by the government. Among them was the

FREEDMAN'S HOSPITAL.

The whole number of patients in the hospital during the year was 1,119. The number in the hospital June 30, 1879, was 217; the number admitted during the year was 802; 129 died; 752 were discharged, leaving 228 in the hospital at the close of the last fiscal year. About two-thirds of the patients were colored persons. Of those who were discharged, 585 are reported cured. A dispensary has been carried on in connection with the hospital upon the books of which for the year are borne the names of 1,949 patients. This hospital subserves an urgent need of this community, and the continuance of provision for it is commended to the attention of Congress. The expense of the support and medical treatment of each patient in this hospital is about fifty cents a day. As the amount of suffering relieved by these National charities is incalculable, so is the computation of the vice and crime prevented by their wise intervention beyond computation and reason and humanity alike rejoice at the record.

The Points of Law.

"You see, boss, dar's a nigger libin' up my way who orter be taken care of," said an old darkey to the captain at the Central Station yesterday.

"What's he been doing now?"

"Waal, sah, las' fall I lent him my axe, and when I wanted it back he braced right up an' tole me that possession was nine points o' law, an' refused to give it up."

"Yes."

"Waal, de odder day I sent de ole woman ober an' she borrowed his buck-saw, an' when Julius cum for it I tole him just like he answered me, an' stood on my dignity."

"Well?"

"I had nine pints o' law, didn't I?"

"Yes."

"An' how many pints am de law composed of?"

"I don't know."

"Waal, dat's what bodders me, fur he saw dem nine pints, set up dis lef' eye fur me, pitched de ole woman ober a bar'l and walked off wid his saw and my snow-shovel to boot! If I had nine pints he mus' hev had ober twenty, an' eben den he didn't half let himself out!"

A lad in Georgia was arrested as a suspected murderer, and to escape the gallows, established an alibi by producing a watch which he had stolen at a certain time and place. That brought him in unpleasant proximity to the penitentiary, and to dodge that issue he proved that he had escaped from the lunatic asylum, and was returned to his old quarters.