

SORROW.

If sorrow the poet's heart has wrong,
Should you blame his song were it sadly sung?
Or the wounded bird that with drooping wing
In mournful plaint can but feebly sing?
The rose in her beauty smiles not so bright
When the sun has withdrawn his kindly light.
Or his mimic orb, with the night dew wet—
The tears that he sheds when his god has set.
You may have lost that which you love the best.
But chide not your bosom's deep unrest,
The song and flower and heart may be
More pure and sweet for their agony.
—Exchange.

DISENCHANTED.

"Of all things, a night journey is the most tedious," said Clarence Hatfield as he let himself fall heavily into the stiff and uncomfortable seat of the railway car, with its faded velvet cushions and its back at exactly the wrong angle for aught approaching a nap. "I say, Clifton, do you think we might smoke?"
"Well, I rather imagine not," said I, with a motion of my head toward the other passengers. "There appears to be ladies on board."
Hatfield shrugged his shoulders.
"Such ladies!"
"Well," laughed I, "they don't appear to be particularly stylish in manner or costume, but nevertheless, my dear fellow, the divinity or their sex hedges them around like a wall."
"Divinity of their humbug!" shortly interrupted Hatfield. "As if these ill-dressed dowdies, with babies and bandboxes, could possibly belong to the same world with Beatrice Hale!"

To this I made no answer. It did not seem to me exactly appropriate to lug the sacred name of Beatrice Hale into a discussion in a place like this. Yet what could I do, except to feel my cheeks flush and the roots of my hair tingle? For I was unmistakably in love with Beatrice Hale, and so was Clarence Hatfield.
If I were to waste quarts of ink and reams of paper in trying to describe her manifold charms and excellencies to the reader, it wouldn't do any good. Such things have been tried before, and failed. Let him imagine the fairest brunette that sun ever shone on, and he may come somewhere near the mark. Suffice it to say that she was as beautiful as a dawn, and that Hatfield and I were both slaves at her feet.

Which of us did she like best? Ah, that was the question! It was something like the children's old game of "seesaw." "Up I go, down you come." Sometimes I fancied I had a ghost of a chance—sometimes I was convinced that Hatfield was altogether the preferred, and that I had better emigrate to Australia at once.
"Hello!" cried Hatfield, breaking unceremoniously in upon the thread of my musings. "there goes the whistle. We shall be off directly. Thank goodness for that!"

And he put his feet on the opposite seat and prepared for as comfortable a four hours' ride as possible.
Clarence Hatfield and I, be it understood, were employes in the extensive business of Messrs. Jenkins, Jumperton & Co., auctioneers, and had been down to the country "putting up" a sale of swampy lots, cut into streets and squares, according to the most approved metropolitan methods of doing such things.

It had been a dismal business. November is not an inspiring month at the best, and a three days' fog had conspired against the success of "Mount Morra Park," as Jenkins, Jumperton & Co. had christened the new speculation. Yet we had done reasonably well, and were now thankful enough to get back to New York.
As the train gave its starting lunge the door flew open, and in came a tall old lady, in a prodigious black bonnet and a fur cloak, surrounded by a perfect chevron-de-ferise of squirrel cages, leathery bags, brown paper parcels and sandwich boxes. She was followed closely by a younger lady, dressed in black and closely veiled, and paused hesitatingly in front of our seat.

"Young man," said she, in a low voice, as gruff as that of a man. "is this seat engaged?"
"Yes," said Hatfield: "it is."
"For your feet?"
"No matter what for," superciliously replied the head clerk of Jenkins, Jumperton & Co. "Please to pass on, old lady. You'll find seats enough beyond."
But this was a stretching of the truth. There were no seats beyond, as the old lady could easily perceive, unless she chose to sit directly opposite a red hot coal fire or upon one of those corner arrangements close to the door, which was equivalent to no seat at all.

The old lady hesitated and changed her heavy carpet bag from one shoulder to the other. I thought of my own good Aunt Polly at home, and rose at once.
"Pray, take this seat, ma'am," said I. "And let me put your parcel up in the rack for you."
"Clifton, what a fool you are!" cried Hatfield, in an impatient sotto voce. "Why couldn't you have sat still and minded your own business?"
"It is my own business," I answered brusquely, "to see that every lady is made as comfortable as it is in the nature of things to be. Now the squirrel cage, ma'am—it'll go very comfortably under the seat, I think."

Hatfield uttered a contemptuous grunt, but he never offered to trust his feet off the opposite cushions, although the younger woman stood in the aisle, and comfortably swaying backward and forward with the motion of the train, until a woman beyond, observing the state of affairs, drew a sleeping child into her lap and beckoned the other to take the place thus vacated.
By this time my old lady had established herself to her entire satisfaction and opened her sandwich box.
"Much obliged to you, young man," said she. "It's easy to see that you're a mother of your own at home, and that you're in the habit of doing reverence to her gray hairs. As for this person," with a nod of her poke bonnet in the di-

rection of Mr. Hatfield, "if he's got a mother, I can't say much for her bringing of him up. Perhaps he may be old himself one day, and stand in need of a little politeness and consideration from the young."

"When I'm anxious for your good opinion, ma'am, I'll let you know," returned Mr. Hatfield, rather flippantly. The old lady could only express herself by a vehement sniff. And even I was a little annoyed at his manner.
"Hatfield," said I in a low tone, "you might behave like a gentleman."
"So I will," he retorted, with a shrug. "when I find myself in company that calls for such measures."

I said no more, but leaning up against the side of the door, prepared to make myself as comfortable as possible until the train should stop at Stamford, its first way station, and some descending passenger might make room for me.

Reader, did you ever stand in an express train in full motion? Did you ever feel yourself swayed backward and forward, bumping one of your phenological developments against one side of the car, and bringing the base of your spinal column against the top of a seat at the opposite swerve of the train? Did you ever grasp blindly at nothing for support? Or did you ever execute an involuntary pas seul, by way of keeping your balance, and then grind your teeth to see the two pretty young ladies beyond laughing at your antics? If so you will know how to pity me during the hour and a half between B. and Stamford.

Hatfield went to sleep and snored; the old lady in the gigantic bonnet ate sandwiches and drank from a wicker flask of excellent smelling sherry; the young lady sat as noiseless as a black veiled statue; fretful babies whimpered; old gentlemen uttered strange sounds in their sleep; the lamps flared like sickly moons overhead; and the shriek of the train as it flew through sleeping villages sounded like the yell of a fiery throated demon.
"Stamford!" bawled the conductor.

At last I succeeded in dropping my weary and stiffened limbs into a seat, where slumber overtook me in just a minute and a quarter, for I had been asleep on my legs once or twice even in my former disadvantageous attitude, and I could scarcely believe the evidence of my own senses when we finally tumbled into the echoing vastness of the Grand Central depot in New York.
Hatfield, alive to the necessity of catching a car before all the world of travelers should crowd into it, stumbled over the old lady's ankles with small ceremony.

"Oh, take care! You have knocked the squirrel cage over!" cried she.
"Confound the squirrel cage!" shouted Hatfield, gnashing his teeth as the ancient dame placed herself directly in the aisle to set the ferry pet up again, thereby completely blocking up his egress.
"Serves you right, Hatfield," said I, as I stooped to assist.

Just then the young companion of our lady advanced, flinging back her veil.
"Grandma," said she, "the carriage is waiting. I'll send Thomas for the parcels. Mr. Clifton, I am very much obliged to you for your politeness to my grandmother, who is unused to traveling. As to Mr. Hatfield, the less said about his courtesy the better." And Beatrice Hale's black eyes flashed disdainfully on Clarence's cowed visage.
"Miss Hale," he stammered, "if I had had the least idea who you were—"

"You would have regulated your conduct accordingly," impatiently interrupted Miss Hale. "Thanks—I prefer to see people in their true light. Mr. Clifton," turning graciously to me, "you'll call and see how grandma stands her journey tomorrow, won't you? Oh, thank you! The carriage is close by."

And to this day I believe that is the way I won my wife, for Clarence Hatfield was a brilliant, showy sort of a fellow, who far outshone me in general society, and I think Beatrice was inclined rather to fancy him until that night. But she was disenchanted now for good and all. And Grandma Hale comes to see us every Christmas with a hamper of good things from Hale farm.—Boston True Flag.

Curiosities About Boots.

Boots, which are only a lengthened variety of shoes, were among the most ancient articles of attire. Shoes extending a certain height up the leg, laced, ornamented and of fanciful colors, were in use by the ancient Egyptians, Greeks and Romans. Different kinds of half boots were worn by the Anglo-Saxons and Anglo-Normans. In the reign of Edward IV the boot proper, with tops and spurs, was established as an article of knightly dress.

In the reign of Charles I a boot, wide at the top, made of Spanish leather, came into use. Charles II introduced a highly decorated French boot as an article of gay courtly attire. Meanwhile the boot, or jack boot, as it was called, had become indispensable in the costume of cavalry soldiers and horsemen generally, and was regularly naturalized by William III and his followers in England.

The jack boot was strongly made, extending in length above the knee, was large at the top and had a very high heel, and around the ankle had a flat leather band bearing a strong spur.—St. Louis Republic.

An Experiment with Hot Water.

In support of the theory that retention of waste is a potential cause of corpulence, it is instanced that one physician cured himself by the use of hot water. While under treatment he was careful not to overeat, and excluded from his diet some of those foods which are richest in fat producing elements, but the dietetic restrictions were not at all severe, so that the credit must be given to the hot water, a gallon or more of which was drunk daily. By this means the accumulated waste was well washed out of the system, and a rapid reduction in weight took place. And what is even more important, a permanent cure was effected, for when he stopped the treatment and ate anything and everything he craved, there was no return of the trouble.—Boston Herald.

HOW FIFTY ESCAPED.

CONFEDERATES WORKED A CLEVER SCHEME AT CAMP BUTLER.

Disguised as Citizens in Smuggled Clothes and Armed with Forged Passports a Few at a Time Passed the Vigilant Guards on Visiting Days.

A man in prison is like a man without hands, whose brain is constantly contriving to overcome physical deficiency. The ingenuity of a brain unrelieved by distraction of employment is capable of schemes which rival fiction. Many thrilling tales are told by prisoners of war about their privations and adventures while under the espionage of an alert and relentless enemy. An experience worthy of record was told an American reporter, the other night, by a man who now stands high in public life in Tennessee.

He was once a confederate soldier. He had the misfortune to be numbered with the captured at Fort Donelson, and with hundreds of his comrades was hurried across the Ohio and incarcerated in Camp Butler, a spot which will long be remembered by those who were so unlucky as to be imprisoned within its battlements.

After pining for several weary months for an exchange that was never effected these southern patriots set about to accomplish their own deliverance. Various plans were concocted, but were all successfully thwarted by the vigilance of their custodians. Finally the inspiration of this story hit upon a scheme which for audacity and cleverness is unprecedented, and won for its originator a title and distinction among his companions which time has not yet obliterated.

Among the prisoners at Camp Butler were a number of boys who served the Confederacy in the capacity of "powder monkeys," a function well known to heavy artillerists.

IT WAS A CLEVER PLAN.

The duties of these youngsters were to convey powder charges from the magazines to gunners in trenches or to assist in like manner on the floating batteries which annoyed the federal gunboats in the Mississippi river.

Two of these little fellows, who had fallen into the hands of the enemy, were treated with the dignity due prisoners of war, and consequently found themselves hundreds of miles away from home and mamma and subject to all the heartless discipline of military prison. The manly fortitude of these two juvenile warriors attracted the martial soul of Colonel Morrison, who commanded the post. To make their imprisonment less arduous he made them his office orderlies, and sent them on the hundreds of errands which a commanding officer finds a daily necessity in the discharge of his duty.

The little fellows were true patriots, and no persuasion or punishment could dissuade them from the cause of their fathers. It was through them that the hero of this story accomplished his designs. The boys had access at all times to the colonel's office, likewise the adjutant's desk. One night they were bidden to steal from the adjutant's desk a lot of blank passports.

But what good were passports to a soldier whose very uniform forbade exit from the inner stockade of the prison, might be asked. Fortunately, however, in the prison there was a sutler who possessed all the venality characteristic of his cloth.

Among the prisoners in Camp Butler there were several confederate soldiers who were the sons of wealthy parents and occasionally received money from home. From this element a general fund was collected and appropriated to the use of the plotters for deliverance. With the sutler, whose loyalty to the American dollar exceeded his fidelity to the American Union, it was an easy matter to smuggle in a suit of citizen's clothes now and then.

A FEW GO AT A TIME.

On visiting days hundreds of people from the country around would throng to the post to look at the fiery rebels. They were shown, under the escort of a guard, through every part of the prison, and on several occasions these parties, in some unaccountable way, would number one or two more on coming out than they did on coming in. Each individual, however, displayed his passport to the guard at the gate, and retired unquestioned from the portals of the fort into the loyal prairies of Illinois.

Had the guards counted their guests upon their arrival and departure some startling surprises would have resulted. On one occasion two confederate officers escaped by the guard with forged passes and had taken seats in a carriage which was waiting to serve visitors at the gate of the fort when Colonel Morrison himself came out, addressing them, asked if they had seen all they wanted to see.

"Yes, sir," replied one of the fugitives suavely. "They are a hard looking set, ain't they, colonel?" At the same time he was so alarmed that his tongue almost refused to articulate.

By this process half a hundred Confederates were released from custody and returned to their commands in the field. The reader must not imagine that these men were not missed by their guardians, for after every muster the guards were doubled and many commissioned and non-commissioned officers relieved, it being suspected that they were responsible for the mysterious disappearance of the prisoners.

So cleverly did the plan operate under cautious restrictions that the leak through which the human contents of that notorious pen escaped was not discovered until the man who created it had been duly exchanged and was fighting under his own flag on the fields of Georgia, where he was known to the army as Colonel Morrison's adjutant.—Nashville American.

Still Unimproved.

Slasher—I hear that Watkins has taken a wife from the wash tub.
Slabber—That is not so; she is there yet.—Ram's Horn.

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four pages of six columns each, will be issued every evening, except Sunday, and will be delivered in the city, or sent by mail for the moderate sum of fifty cents a month.
Its Objects

will be to advertise the resources of the city, and adjacent country, to assist in developing our industries, in extending and opening up new channels for our trade, in securing an open river, and in helping THE DALLES to take her proper position as the
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