JACK'S ATONEMENT.

Within another two hours Lee was to surrender and Peace to plume her wings for an early flight over the distracted country. We got the orders: "Forward!" "Trot!" "Gallop!" "Charge!" and away the squadrons went, sabres flashing, scabbards rattling, and almost every man cheering as he dashed into the face of death. I heard the bullets ping! ping! about my ears—the cheers rose louder—a battery opened its cross-fire, and then everything turned black to me and I lost all consciousness of what was going on. When I opened my eyes and came back to life, as it were, I heard the sounds of strife, but they were receding. It was daylight again, with the April sun shining down through the powder cloud. My horse was beside me, dead, half a dozen men were lying close by, some dead and some grievously wounded, and within arm's length was the man who had gone into the charge at my right hand. He was one of my own company, but none of us knew him very well, and if the muster-roll gave him any other name but Jack we did not know it. I had a wound in the shoulder from the splinter of a shell, while another piece had torn Jack's side, and he hadn't ten minutes to live. His eyes were wide open as I pushed along to him with my canteen. He drank from it, raised himself on his elbow, and steadily inquired:

"How bad is it with me?"

"I am afraid you are mortally hit."

"I feel it. Come a bit nearer, for I want to talk to you. Do you mind when I came to the company?"

"Yes; it was two years ago."

"I've been a pretty bad man for my years," he resumed, "and there is one deed I want to atone for in this, my dying hour. Up in Indiana, about three miles from the village of R——, you'll find a family named ——. You'll get over your hurt, and you'll see the end of this war, and I ask you to go there. There's a gray-haired father—a broken hearted mother, and a fair young girl who ought to have been my wife. God can't forgive me for the misery and sorrow I wrought there, nor do I deserve it. I ran away and joined the army to escape the vengence that men threatened to inflict, and I have not had an hour of peace since. It weighs on my mind now in my dying hour like a mill-stone."

"I will go there if I am spared."

"Here in this inner pocket you will find my atonement—money. It is all I can do. I have $1,000, which has come no one need ask how, and I want that to go as far as money can go to bring sunshine to a ruined life."

Over us swept ball, and bullet, and shell. Around us men shouted, and cheered, and groaned. He reached for my hand, and I gave it to him, but it was hardly a minute before his grasp relaxed, and I knew that he was dead.

It was a summer's day when I rode out from R——. I had asked no questions. My mission was one the world should not know of. I knew the farm-house at a glance, but as I hitched my horse at the gate I looked in vain for any signs of life about. There were roses climbing up the weather-beaten posts, but no hand had trained them. The garden had grown to weeds—the grass had almost concealed the doorstep, and I put my face to the window-panes to find the rooms vacant. I was wondering and puzzling when a shirt-sleeved, sun-browned man came from the adjoining field and said:

"The place is vacant and has been for a year."

"And the folks?"

"Come with me."

We crossed the highway and entered a graveyard. There, under the spreading branches of a maple, were three graves, on which the grass had not yet taken root.

"Killed—murdered—dead!" he fiercely exclaimed. "They could not stand the shame of it and their hearts were broken. The villain who caused this should——"

"He is dead as well!"

There are four headstones and four graves there now, and a neat fence keeps the feet of the world off that sacred ground. I could not bring Jack's body there, but I made him a grave beside the one who should have been his wife—the one whose forgiveness he asked in the last words that came from his lips. His dying gift, stained with his own blood, could do no more.—*Private Smith in Detroit Free Press.*

She Enjoyed the Picture.

A lady who resides on Delaware avenue has a girl in her employ fresh from some region far removed from the theater. Thinking to give the girl a grand treat, and knowing that she had never seen a theater, the lady purchased a ticket for a play at the opera-house. The girl went, but returned before 9 o'clock. "What is the matter? Did you not like it?" asked the mistress. "Oh, I liked it ever so much; it's a fine painting." "But," inquired her mistress, "why have you returned so soon? Surely you did not see it all." "Yes, ma'am, I did. I went in and sat down and looked at the large picture hanging up in front. People kept coming in and pretty soon there was quite a crowd, all looking at the picture. Then they took it away, and some men and women went to talking up there where it had been about something that didn't concern me, so I got up and came home. But I enjoyed the picture."—*Wilmington (Del.) News.*

Telephoning between New York and Philadelphia is now as easy as it was between points a block apart a few months ago.

Confederate Women.

"The southern confederacy turned out a host of handsome women," said an old soldier to a representative of the St. Louis *Republican*. "Yes, sir!" You talk nowadays about handsome women, but you ought to have seen them during the war. Gen. John Morgan married the prettiest girl in Tennessee, and, if I am not greatly mistaken, she is yet living, and still beautiful. She was a Miss Ready. Her father lived at Murfreesboro and was a prominent lawyer of that section forty years ago. Miss Ready was a rebel—an out-and-outer. She loved John Morgan because he was a daring, brilliant, and brave man; and so she married him. One year later he was killed, and I heard that the tragedy broke her heart. She was a marvellously beautiful woman—that sort of beauty which can not be reproduced in a photograph, and can only be suggested in an oil painting. Mrs. Morgan had a fine figure, and eyes which could melt or annihilate you, just as her emotion dictated. Tennessee has turned out thousands of pretty women, but few have ever equaled in statuesque beauty the handsome widow of Gen. John Morgan.

"Then there was the wife of Gen. J. E. B. Stuart. She was a Miss Elora Cooke, daughter of Col. Phillip St. George Cooke, of the 2d dragoons. The wedding took place, I think, at Fort Riley, Nov. 14, 1855, and it was one of the swellest affairs of the army of that day. Stuart was then only 22 years of age, and had just been appointed regimental quartermaster and commissary at Fort Leavenworth, while his father-in-law was commandant of the Fort Riley post. The western country boasted few handsomer girls than Flora Cooke and fewer finer-looking matrons than Mrs. Stuart. I hear she is now a teacher in a young ladies' seminary in Virginia, and that her daughter, Miss Virginia Pelham Stuart, has fallen heir to much of her mother's beauty.

"I never met Mrs. Beauregard, but friends tell me that she had all the brilliant qualities of a French woman and all the languorous beauty of the south. She was tall and graceful, and elegant in her speech and manners. She had sparkling black eyes, a wealth of coal-black hair, and in all respects was a highly-accomplished woman. I don't think Gen. Beauregard has ever entirely recovered from the shock of her death. I met him last year on his visit to St. Louis, and he spoke of his wife with affectionate tenderness. Hers was a type of beauty seldom seen outside of Louisiana, and I fancy she must have made a very popular impression in the wide circle of society in which herself and her husband moved.

"I cannot say that any of the ladies of Mr. Lee's household were particularly beautiful. They were all fine-looking—even to Mrs. Lee, who was an invalid throughout the war. Miss Mary Lee, the General's second daughter, is now about 35 years old, a plain, unpretentious woman, having great force of character and that gentle dignity which all the Lees possessed. Miss Mildred Lee, the eldest daughter, travels a great deal, I hear, and is seldom seen in this country, but she sometimes visits her brother, Gen. G. W. C. Lee, at Lexington, Va. Both Miss Mildred and Miss Mary are great favorites with the people of Virginia, not merely on their father's account but because of the quiet charity and sympathy which have always characterized them.

"The second wife of Jefferson Davis was a splendid appearing woman in her youth, and I have no doubt she is yet fine looking. She was a Miss Varina Howell, and I think she was born in Georgia, though her father's family lived many years in New Orleans. She is of Welsh descent, but had more marks of beauty than is generally accorded to women who have immediately descended from Wales. I remember when Mr. Davis visited this city about thirteen years ago, he was accompanied by one of his sons, then a grown young man. I was casually introduced to the latter, and when I said to him: "How much you resemble your mother, sir," he grasped my hand again and said with sudden earnestness, 'Thank you. You don't know how tired I am of having people tell me how much I resemble Zachary Taylor.' The point of the joke is, as you probably know, that Mr. Davis had no children by his first wife—the daughter of Gen. Taylor—and a great many people had aired their ignorance by greeting Mr. Davis' son as the grandson of the old Mexican hero."

Born With a Sealskin.

Now that plated ware has become so plentiful and cheap, the old expression, "born with a silver spoon in his mouth," goes out of date. Silver is not so tempting a thing as it used to be, except when the mint has struck it, although solid silver still means an awful lot. We might now say "born with a gold spoon," and not mean very much. Fortunes are growing so large that there seems no extravagance in the supposition that the next century will see them go into the billions of dollars. What was Vanderbilt's? $225,000,000; and it would be hard to put the wealth of the Rothschild family with its ramifications on paper. But everybody in Amercia might without exaggeration be said to be born with a silver spoon as compared with European communities. But the San Francisco girl has got out an expression which will probably prove more expressive than any.

"Yes," said a poor young lady, discussing the daughter of a rich man; "Lottie was born with a sealskin!"—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

MISSING LINKS.

The Prince of Wales has become an expert banjo player.

Serpent skin is coming into fashion as a covering for books.

A Chinaman has opened up a news-stand at San Bernardino, Cal.

In Napa county, California, wine can be obtained at 18 cents a gallon.

A Boston chess player owns a set of chessmen that are over 108 years old.

A citizen of Montgomery, Ala., has been in the city jail fifteen years for drunkenness. He is 30 years old.

Exactly 150 lives have been lost so far in the construction of the new Croton aqueduct, near New York city.

Miss Chamberlain, finding so much competition in England in the professional American beauty business, is coming home to stay.

"The spectacle of a $10,000 lawyer arguing before a $2,000 judge should be prohibited in Georgia as indecent," says a Georgia contemporary.

A Michigan man cut off a six-inch limb sixty feet from the ground by firing at it, the job requiring sixty-seven bullets. He was after honey.

A house in Philadelphia, Pa., is noted for being the birthplace of tall men. Every person born under its roof has reached the height of six feet.

The Queen of Roumania, already an eminent poet, has engaged to deliver a course of lectures on "Modern Literature" next year at the Bucharest high-school.

A Williamsport (Pa.) man has a pair of antlers measuring five feet between the tips, which were taken from the head of a buck killed on Pine creek recently.

Charles Freund, a truck-driver of Savannah, claims to have fallen heir to a trifle of $12,000,000, left him by a cousin of his father who lately died in Paraguay.

The longest span of wire in the world is used for a telegraph in India over the river Kistnah. It is more than six thousand feet in length and is twelve hundred feet high.

In the record of marriages of Christ church, Philadelphia, under date of March 5, 1756, is found that of John Codd and Mary Fish, the ceremony being performed by Rev. William Sturgeon.

Gov. Swineford makes the startling assertion that the white population of Alaska has more than doubled in eighteen months; yet the Alaska boom has scarcely been perceptible to the unassisted optic.

Joel Chandler Harris (Uncle Remus) is a son of the late Judge Harris of Knoxville, Tenn., who was the author of the "Sut Livengood" sketches, famous among the lovers of humor some thirty years ago.

A Philadelphia gossip laments the fact that there are so many tall girls in fashionable society, and the available men are as a rule so small in stature that some of the girls will have to "stoop to conquer."

Rev. Solomon Jones, who for the past fifty years has preached the gospel to the colored people in Houston county, Tennessee, has been recently sentenced to three years in the state penitentiary for arson.

Miss H. Maude Merrill of Bucksport Center, Me., has received a personal letter of thanks and commendation from Gen. Grant's private secretary for the best poem on the General's death that the family received.

During the past year $13,284,986 was expended for educational purposes in the State of New York. Of this amount $9,102,268 was for teachers' wages. There are 31,325 school teachers and 1,735,073 school children in the State.

Dr. Hammond of New York threatens to write twenty-four novels before he quits. Several of them have already appeared, and some one who has read them declares that the doctor has discovered an excellent substitute for morphine.

Twenty-one years ago the steamer Brother Jonathan went down off the Oregon coast with $2,000,000 in specie on board. Various unsuccessful efforts have been made to get the money, and now another effort on an elaborate scale is to be made.

There are 25,810 doctors in Great Britain, or one for every 1,350 inhabitants. In France the proportion is one for 1,400; in Austria, Germany and Norway, one for every 1,500; in the United States, one for every 600, while in Russia there is only one for 6,226.

A New York housekeeper writes that she has a maid-servant now working for $14 a month who has several thousand dollars in railroad stock, which she has accumulated. She reads the news, dresses well, and does good work, from scrubbing to cooking or sewing.

A Pittsburg natural-gas company is the largest one in the country. It supplies over four hundred manufactories and over seven thousand dwellings with the entire amount of fuel consumed. The total area of pipe leading into Pittsburg is given as 1,341,602 square inches.

For many years there has been a custom kept up in the Grass Valley, Cal., schools of setting apart one day in each year for contributions in aid of the poor. Every pupil attending school is expected to contribute something—a potato, a stick of firewood or something of that kind.

A man in Cumberland county, Tennessee, found a crock containing 1,500 pieces of old money resembling $20 gold pieces, and thought he was suddenly enriched to the amount of $30,000. But an application of acid showed the metal to be mainly copper, and suddenly his feelings fell to zero.

In California, writes a correspondent, every collection of animals of any sort is called a "band." A herd of cattle, a flock of sheep, a party of Indians—anything and everything that walks—when seen in numbers, is known as a band, and it is regarded as a sure sign of being a "tenderfoot" to use any other term.

The island of Juan Fernandez is to be rendered of more practical value than it was in the days of Robinson Crusoe. An enterprising individual in Valparaiso advertises that he will run a steamer so as to enable all to pass a vacation there who wish to escape the chances of cholera in Valparaiso.

Dr. Edward H. Leffingwell of New Haven, Conn., now over 80 years of age, has a collection of autographs and engraved portraits for which he has paid not less than $20,000. In early life he was professor of toxicology in a Missouri college. He subsequently visited Peru, where he married a lady of high family.

A Boston artist tells this story of Whistler and Oscar Wilde, who has the reputation of borrowing Whistler's bright speeches. Having heard the artist say an unusually good thing, Oscar exclaimed, deploringly: "I wish I could have said that." "O," replied Whistler, derisively, "but you know you will say it."

A young man, one of a party of hunters in Colorado, left camp to go out and set a trap. He did not return in due time, and search was made for him. It was six days before he was found, and then it was seen that in setting the trap both hands had been caught in it, and thus he had been held until he was frozen to death.

Jim Brownlow's Gallant Deed.

"I remember a splendid feat of arms," said an old Senator to-day. "At the time Gen. Stoneman made his awful fiasco while on a raid inside of the Confederate lines, and surrendered his entire outfit, including himself, to a force inferior in numbers, made up principally of the hollyhock, sassafras, ginseng, and hoophole forces under the command of the Falstaff of the Rebellion—Howell Cobb—there was performed a feat of arms by a young soldier of East Tennessee which was unparalleled in the history of the war on either side, and one that called forth the applause of even Longstreet and the veterans he commanded. Finding himself, as he supposed, entirely surrounded by a superior force, Stoneman determined to surrender, though, for form's sake, he concluded to hold a council with his regiment and brigade commanders. Among those commanding a regiment in Stoneman's force was young Jim Brownlow, son of Gov. Brownlow, the fighting parson. When young Brownlow appeared before his commander, being the youngest regimental commander present, Gen. Stoneman informed him that he intended to surrender, and asked him what he thought of it. Young Brownlow objected, and said there was no necessity for it. He was overruled, however, and then he demanded the privilege of cutting his way out with his regiment, if he could, for he and his men knew that if they were captured they could expect no mercy, for they would be treated as traitors to the South. However, he was told to cut his way out if he could. Sweeping the Rebel circle with his field-glass he thought he could detect a weak place in it at one point. Riding up to the head of his regiment he announced to his men that they must either cut their way out or starve to death in a Rebel prison, and asked them to decide at once what they would do. With a shout they demanded to be led against the foe. Ordering his men to draw sabres and follow him, like a thunderbolt the thousand mountaineers hurled themselves straight at the weak spot; but they were repulsed. Again they tried it, and again they were hurled back. Forming his men again for the third time, the fearless young leader told them that there must be no more recoiling; that they must get out or die. Once more the charge was sounded, and straight as an arrow young Brownlow hurled himself and his men at the Rebel line and broke it as a whirlwind. Longstreet came up just as the first charge was repulsed, and saw the whole affair from beginning to finish. He asked who the Union leader was, and was told. Then he inquired if Col. Brownlow had been educated at West Point. He was answered in the negative, when he said: 'That young man is a natural soldier, and that is the finest feat of arms I ever witnessed. Any regiment may break through an encircling line on the first charge and thus get away, but to be repulsed twice and still persevere, and succeed in the third effort, is a feat almost unparalleled in the history of war.' The story of that day's gallant action will be remembered and rehearsed in the mountains of East Tennessee as long as the memory of the great Rebellion shall be preserved among men. Col. Brownlow was a chip off the old block, sure."—*Washington Letter in Indianapolis Journal.*

Boston has a gymnasium exclusively for the use of women. It has six bowling alleys a tennis court, a gymnasium hall, a running track of twenty laps to the mile, hot and cold water baths, etc. It was projected by Miss Mary Allen, who has for years been a devotee of physical culture. It is well patronized.

To a small cupful of MOLASSES or strained HONEY add 2 teaspoonfuls of PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER and take often ½ teaspoonful of the mixture & you WILL CURE your COUGH or COLD. Pain Killer also cures Sore Throat and Diphtheria.

MONEY MADE. For all kinds of LEGAL BLANKS, such as Leases, Deeds, Mortgages, Bonds, etc., and all forms for Circuit, Probate, County and Justices' Courts, or for Book and Job Printing, Bookbinding, Blank Books, or anything in the Printing or Bookbinding line, send to E. M. WAITE, Steam Book and Job Printer and Bookbinder, State street, SALEM, Oregon.

SEDGWICK STEEL WIRE FENCE.

The best Farm, Garden, Poultry Yard, Lawn, School Lot, Park and Cemetery Fences and Gates. Perfect Automatic Gate. Cheapest and Neatest Iron Fences. Iron and wire Summer Houses, Lawn Furniture, and other wire work. Best Wire Stretcher and Plier. Ask dealers in hardware, or address, SEDGWICK BROS., RICHMOND, IND.

EVERY FARMER HIS OWN MILLER. THE BEST is the CHEAPEST.

WE HAVE HAD 32 years Experience.

Use the Halladay Standard Geared Wind Mill, I-X-L Corn Sheller and I-X-L Iron Feed Mill and do your shelling and grinding at home, thus saving toll and teaming to and from the Grist Mill. This work can be done rainy, windy days, when out-door work is suspended on the Farm. The same Mill will cut corn stalks, saw wood, run churn and grind-stone, pump water, etc.

We manufacture the Halladay Standard Geared and Pumping Wind Mills, I-X-L Corn Shellers, I-X-L Iron Feed Mills, I-X-L Stalk Cutters, Horse Powers, Jacks, Saw Tables, Standard Haying Tools, consisting of Anti-Friction, Reversible, Swivel and Rod Hay Carriers, Harpoon and Grapple Horse Hay Forks, Pullers and Floor Hooks. Also a full line of Tanks, Tank Fixtures and Pumps for Farm, Ornamental, Village and Railway purposes. Send for catalogue and prices.

Reliable Agents wanted in all unassigned territory.

U. S. WIND ENGINE & PUMP CO., Batavia, Ill.

O The BUYERS' GUIDE is issued Sept. and March, each year. 312 pages, 8½ x 11½ inches, with over 3,500 illustrations — a whole Picture Gallery. GIVES Wholesale Prices direct to consumers on all goods for personal or family use. Tells how to order, and gives exact cost of everything you use, eat, drink, wear, or have fun with. These INVALUABLE BOOKS contain information gleaned from the markets of the world. We will mail a copy FREE to any address upon receipt of 10 cts. to defray expense of mailing. Let us hear from you. Respectfully,

MONTGOMERY WARD & CO. 227 & 229 Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

FAY'S MANILLA ROOFING. ESTABLISHED 1866. WATER-PROOF. A SUBSTITUTE for PLASTER at Half the Cost. Outlasts the building. CARPETS and RUGS of same, double the wear of oil cloths. W. H. FAY & CO. CAMDEN, N. J. ST. LOUIS. MINNEAPOLIS. OMAHA.

DEDERICK'S HAY PRESSES.

Order on trial, address for circular and location of Western and Southern Storehouses and Agents. P. K. DEDERICK & CO., Albany, N. Y.

Ohio Improved Chesters. Warranted cholera proof. Express prepaid. Wins 1st prizes in the States and Foreign Countries. 2 weighed 2806 lbs. Send for description and price of these famous hogs, also fowls. L. B. SILVER CO., Cleveland, O.

HIRES' IMPROVED ROOT BEER. 25 CENTS PACKAGE. Makes Five Gallons of a delicious, sparkling temperance beverage. Strengthens and purifies the blood. Its purity and delicacy commend it to all. Sold by druggists and storekeepers everywhere.