THE COLUMBIAN.

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A PARISIENNE.

A dainty girl of sunny skies,
Nature's fond image, full of grace;
With locks that frizzle in her eyes,
And eyes that wake up all her face.

A nose most pert and fit to turn
The sorriest vein to mirthful bliss;
A pair of roguish eyes that burn
Ever to give back kiss for kiss.

The hand is white, the footstep light,
And the arm rounded like a frond;
The waist, most slender to the sight,
Is supple as a willow wand.

Whence comes her loveliness and where
Does it all go? None knoweth it;
It is most dulcet and most rare,
And full of charm and full of wit.

A fruit it is most luscious, and
One we love more than words can tell;
Not any lady in the land
Can dress so cheap and look so well.

It blossoms forth when comes the spring
And scents the air like a sweet flower
At twenty it is a gracious thing,
And grows in beauty hour by hour.

She has a form divinely made
To thrall the soul at passion's call;
Her love throws all loves in the shade,
And is less lasting than them all.

Her sole divinity is chance;
Her breast a rose without a thorn,
She thinks of nothing else but dance
Each night until the morrow morn.

She never frets her life away;
But if she suffer love's alarms,
She kills herself—yes, once a day,
And dies—in some one's arms.

She values neither praise nor blame;
Is deaf to reason, has no care;
The world on flame, she's e'er the same;
A frail, fond creature—light as air,
—Paul Bilhaud.

AN EARLY DAY IN DEADWOOD

The Alarming Features of Life in a Western Mining Camp.

A party of old-timers were sitting in a well-known resort last evening, says the Denver Tribune-Republican, discussing past events and celebrated characters of those days. The conversation drifted on various affairs from the days of '49 in California to the exciting events which occurred in Nevada, Montana, Dakota, Wyoming and Colorado. The camps which had sprung from a small collection of tents and cabins to prosperous cities, only perhaps to be deserted at the end of the season, where spoken of in turn, and the personal reminiscences were many. When the Black Hills excitement was reached one of the gentlemen spoke up as though that part of the conversation was of particular interest to him, and he knew whereof he was talking.

"I tell you, boys, the early days of Deadwood were hard to beat. I've followed mining excitements for about thirty years; been in all of 'em, in fact, and in all my experience I never run across nothing like it."

The speaker was interrupted by general words of assent.

"The day that Wild Bill was killed there was the day of days. What an excitement! On the night before there had been a killing at Gayville, near by, and there was great excitement about the lynching that was sure to follow. The news being brought to Deadwood was the first excitement of the day. During the forenoon a man was cruelly butchered in the street, and this event was followed, a few hours later, by McCaull assassinating Wild Bill in a saloon. The population of the town was wild when the news spread, and there is no telling what would have been the result of the day had not matters been strangely turned. Citizens were assembled in the street discussing the Wild Bill affair, and an old fellow, standing on a carpenter's bench, was harranguing the crowd, when a man on horseback came dashing down the street swinging something in his hands. When the mad horseman drew up, the 'something' was found to be an Indian's head, and it was being swung about by the heavy top-knot of hair. The haranguer stopped talking and the crowd surrounded the man on horseback. The head was reeking with blood, and the horseman's hands gory-looking. The fellow explained that in a fight just had with the Indians the whites had been victorious, and this was a trophy of the battle. Well, a victory over the Indians was good news for the people of Deadwood, and for a time the Wild Bill and other excitements of the day were lost sight of. A crowd of men were seen going from saloon to saloon, bearing the Indian's head with them, celebrating the victory, although it was a poor victory, for more whites were killed than Indians. The head was set upon the bar and the men drank their liquor to toasts to the men who had slain the Indians. Had this little incident not occurred it is pretty safe to say that the man that shot Wild Bill would have been visited by the vigilantes."

"There was a good deal that has never been told about the killing of 'Wild Bill'," continued the speaker, after a pause. "It was a cold-blooded murder, and McCaull deserved a lesson from the vigilantes. He didn't even know Bill, and killed him like a ruffian. Bill had a passion for playing seven-up with pilgrims for the drinks and lying to them about his exploits. He could lie about as fast as a horse could trot about some things. Well, he was playing his favorite game one afternoon in August—Bill was killed August 18, 1876, you know—when McCaull entered and shot him in the back of the head, the same ball also wounding Captain Massey, who was playing with Bill, in the arm. Massey, you know, claimed a great reputation as a fighter, but when the shot was fired he took to his heels, and I guess never did tosp running. Bill fell on his face, dead on the instant. Tom Mulqueen, now of Denver, was the first man to go into the saloon after the shooting, having been on the sidewalk in front at the time. He turned Bill over on his back, but, finding him dead, he turned his attention to the murderer, who drew his revolver down on Tom and ordered him to keep away. Tom was not armed at the time, but he went and got a rifle, and he and another man started out after the murderer. They expected McCaull would resist and they went prepared for a fight. McCaull was found on the street, and Tom got the drop on him with a rifle. The fellow squealed like a pig under a gate and asked that his life be spared. He was taken in custody without trouble. He was given a trial before a miners' jury in Jack Langrishe's theater. He got off by lying to the miners, telling them that Bill had killed his brother in Texas two years ago, and he had been hounding him ever since. This excuse seemed to satisfy the miners and they let him go. That was before there was any government in Deadwood.

"After his release McCaull swore vengeance on Tom Mulqueen, threatening to kill him on sight. This was not pleasant to Tom, and as a consequence, when legal proceedings were begun against McCaull, Tom took the lead in hunting down the murderer, who had then left the country. Tom followed his man on a hot trail for weeks, and would have got him had the officers not got him in Laramie City just before Tom got there. Tom had been deputized a deputy United States marshal, and his traveling companion in Wyoming when following the murderer's trail was Deputy Sheriff Foster.

"McCaull was taken to Yankton, found guilty and hanged. A lawyer who was in Deadwood at the time of the murder, and who made a vow that he would live to prosecute and bring the murderer to justice, conducted the prosecution and made his word good.

"Deadwood never experienced such a day as August 18, 1876."

Pen Picture of Senator Beck.

Washington Letter in Cleveland Leader: Senator Beck is as well posted on horses and their racing records as any man in Kentucky. He knows the pedigree of all the noted horses of the country better than he does his genealogical tree. There is nothing he likes so much as a good horse race, and this is the only thing that will take him away from the Senate during a session. He always attends the meetings of the Jockey club here, and is generally one of the judges of the races. He does not bet nor gamble to to any extent, and his ventures on the races extend no further than a five-dollar ticket in the French mutual pools upon his favorite. He is not a card-player, and though he can tell a number of good poker stories, he is by no means addicted to the game. He dresses very plainly, wears business clothes, a Derby hat, and is as Democratic as any man in his party. He lives here on Rhode Island avenue and spends more time in hard work than he does in going to dinners or social entertainments. Senator Beck is quite wealthy. He has made his money in law and in speculation in western lands. He came to Lexington, Ky., a boy of eighteen, from Scotland, while Henry Clay was yet alive. He knew Clay quite well and delights in talking about him. He practised law at Lexington in partnership with John C. Breckenridge, and he was, before he entered politics, one of the most noted and high-priced lawyers of the state. He has practically dropped the law since he came to Washington; at least you will not see him addressing the Supreme Court while the Senate is in session, as some of his brother Senators are wont to do. Scotch-like, Beck saved money during his practice, and after the manner of his people he invested it. He bought lands near Duluth, which greatly increased in value, and when he married he took unto himself a woman rich in an old family name and in property as well. Mrs. Beck is the great-grandniece of Gen. Washington, and I think she is the nearest living descendant of the President. Senator Beck's son, George, is the only male direct descendant of Washington now alive. A portion of the property which Mrs. Beck brought into the family was some coal lands near Pittsburg, which, I am told, were surveyed by Washington, and had been kept in the Washington family up to this time. Beck sold these some ago for $60,000 or $70,000, and he used this money and his own earnings so wisely that, a leading Kentuckian tells me to night, he is a millionaire.

The memorial setting forth the claims of Dakota to admission into the Union is published, and will be urged upon Congress during the present session.

LEGENDS OF THE SEA.

Stories Told by Superstitious Sailors About Ghostly Ships and Crews.

From the Rehoboth Herald: There is nothing a genuine sailor more firmly believes in than haunted ships. Every sailor who has been long at sea has a story to tell of ships that he has been in when ghostly and unnatural things took place. An English bark recently came into Pernambuco and was immediately deserted by her entire crew. They declared that on the previous voyage, while a portion of the crew were on the upper foretopsail yard one night handling the sail, the halyards were let go by the mate and every man on the yard shaken off into the sea. They said that every time they went on that yard at night to take in sail on the voyage out to Pernambuco ghostly sailors worked alongside of them. No threats or promises of extra pay could make the crew stay by the ship, and the story spreading abroad it was a long time before the vessel got another crew.

There is a story told by sailors of a haunted ship which used to sail out of Liverpool. The last voyage she made as an ordinary ship with no ghostly accompaniment she had a supercargo who was a violinist. He used to take his violin and go up into the main cross-trees, where he would sit and play, his favorite tune being "The Girl I Left Behind Me." On the voyage the supercargo became insane and jumped overboard. Ever after that occurrence on stormy nights, when wind and waves were high and the ship groaned and creaked as she struggled through the waves, the sailors, floundering about on the dark slippery decks, heard above the howling of the tempest the sound of a violin playing "The Girl I Left Behind Me" in the main cross-trees.

Not many years ago there died in a little Cape Cod town a retired sea captain. Once when he followed the sea he came across a sinking bark off Cape San Roque. A gale was blowing at the time and a heavy sea was running. Added to this night was coming on, and though the poor wretches begged frantically to be taken off the captain sailed away and left them to their fate. The memory of the doomed crew of the sinking bark, stretching their hands out appealingly and watching his ship sail away with despairing eyes and ghastly faces, lingered with the heartless captain all the rest of his life, and in his declining days he frequently complained that the crew of the bark were haunting him, and said that some day the vessel itself would sail into harbor and take him away. One stormy winter afternoon the old man lay on his bed dying. Just as the ebb tide began to run he sprang up and shouted: "Don't! don't! I'll stand by till morning. I'll take you all off!" and fell back dead. The watchers by his bedside said afterward that through the window which overlooked the bay they saw a bark come sailing into the harbor at that moment and then vanished before their eyes.

The Doom of Human Hair.

New York World: A startling prediction comes from the Nineteenth Century club. Dr. William A. Hammond advances the opinion that in about 1,000 years, which will carry us to the year of our Lord 2885-86, all mankind will be bald. Unless the generation living in that age should choose to counterfeit their ancestors of the present day by wearing wigs, only smoothly polished heads, destitute of capillary covering, will be visible from the family circles of the theatres or the galleries of churches.

Dr. Hammond does not undertake to predict to what men and women of that distant era will resort to supply this deficiency of hair, or whether they will regard it as a deficiency at all. He only makes a proposition based on his observation of the steady increase of baldness, without even expressing an opinion whether the decline of hair will be a blemish or an ornamentation. Perhaps the esteemed doctor is inclined to regard it as the latter, since his own head emulates the days of 2885, except as to a light filamentous fringe which borders the base of the skull.

It is difficult to conjecture to what this universal baldness may lead. If the present fashion should prevail in those days, it is not improbable that the ladies may employ distinguished artist to paint "Mikado" figures, birds of bright plumage or indescribable animals on their heads, and enterprising men of business may use the smooth space for advertising purposes. If ladies decide upon wearing wigs the business of the hair-dresser and the ladies maid will be considerably lightened.

If Dr. Hammond is correct in his prediction, it is certain that the termagent wife of 2885 will not be able to take as firm a hold upon her husband as the wife of the present time. It may also be questioned whether the politicians of that date will be any more barefaced than those of 1885, even if they should be more bareheaded.

The popular verdict is generally the right one; and concerning Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup the people have long since decided that it is the best cough remedy ever introduced.

—A company to build a $100,000 crematory has been formed in Chicago.

If all so-called remedies have failed Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy cures.

VISIONS OF YOUNG GIRLS.

Remarkable Outbreak of Religious Enthusiasm in the Bahamas.

Rev. P. B. Mathews writes from San Salvador, Bahamas, to the London Times that a remarkable outbreak of religious enthusiasm or halucination occurred on the island a few months ago. It was reported that a young girl had seen visions and was under some influence not belonging to this world. Her excitement soon communicated itself to others, and in the course of a few weeks some twenty young girls were affected. They then organized religious meetings, and much excitement was caused.

I went once to see what took place at these meetings. About fifty people sat round in a room singing, clapping hands and stamping the feet, keeping time to a kind of monotonic chant. The girls who saw visions were standing in the center, sometimes walking up and down. They had a vacant kind of stare. Gradually the singing quickened, until at last it came fast and furious. Then the girls would dance, shout and bark like dogs.

After twenty minutes of this they would fall down with a shriek. Their struggles, cries and foaming at the mouth were dreadful to see, and in many cases it took four or five men to hold them still. After the fit was over they would lie exhausted for about an hour; then, when they came to, they gave very detailed accounts of the visions they had seen. A great deal of these visions was, of course, nonsense, but one thing was remarkable—they spoke of people doing things many miles away from the place. Upon inquiry it was found that in some cases that what they had seen corresponded exactly with the events.

One most remarkable feature in this outbreak was that it was not confined to one spot. Almost simultaneously in every settlement on the island (the island is forty-five miles long and twelve broad in places) similar outbreaks occurred. Girls living at distances of five or ten miles from the scene of the "shouting meetings," as they were called, would be seized. Being seized with a kind of frenzy, they would run, as if by inspiration, to the spot where the rest were assembled, no matter how far.

Most of those attacked with the fits were people who belonged to the Baptist society. Consequently their visions were not of the Madonna, but of the distinctive predestination doctrine of their sect. Very glowing accounts were given of the various punishments and tortures reserved for the wicked in hell, and they were most liberal in dispensing these punishments among their friends.

Up and down the island about 400 or 500 people were seized, and it was at first thought it was a kind of epidemic of hysteria. In a few cases girls of highly respectable character were seized, and, although they did not see visions, yet for weeks they would have fits daily, and such was their superhuman strength that I have seen a young girl of 16 struggle out of the grasp of four strong men. The outbreak lasted from January to July, and at one time it was feared that it would lead to serious consequences, for all the people who gave credence to the visions neglected work and abandoned themselves to holding meetings day and night for singing, shouting, barking and listening to accounts of the visions seen.

In the daytime, especially on Sundays, they had processions with banners. This led to some bad feeling, and in a few cases the law had to be appealed to in the interests of peace. It was a singular thing that, although they organized themselves into a sect, and all who disbelieved in the visions were "heretics," yet they showed the utmost courtesy and good will toward the church, but toward their own particular denomination and the various other sects they displayed great animosity. The excitement has died out now, and they have ceased to exist as a sect.

The Balance of Trade.

From a New York Dispatch: The year just ended has not been as satisfactory in the way of exports as was that which immediately preceded it. The exportation of domestic merchandise during the year amounted to a very little over $650,000,000 in value, a falling off of nearly $50,000,000, as compared with last year. The country seems to have understood the situation, however, for it immediately reduced in about the same proportion its purchases abroad, for the importations fell off nearly $75,000,000, being in the year only $580,000,000. The importations happily continue a little less than the exportations, a balance of about $75,000,000 being in our favor. Yet of the $580,000,000 sent abroad during the year it would seem as though nearly one-half ought to have been kept at home. It seems unfortunate, for instance, that with the facilities for wool-growing and manufacturing that we have, that we should have sent $50,000,000 out of the country for wool, manufactured and unmanufactured. Our sugar bill for the year was 85,000,000, while the country really ought to be producing every pound of sugar that its people need. It is claimed by all manufacturers that as good a quality of iron and steel can be manufactured in this country as anywhere, and yet our importations of manufactured iron and steel for the year were over thirty millions. There are cotton mills all over the South, just alongside the cotton fields, so to speak, and many of them scattered through the experienced North, yet in spite of the fact that we grow the cotton for the world, so to speak, and have the great mills for its manufacture, our importations of cotton goods during the year were twenty-five millions.

It is interesting to note where our exports went, in order that we may know who are our customers abroad. Take wheat and flour for instance. The exportation of these two articles to Great Britain alone were $22,000,000, while to all the rest of Europe the total was not $1,000,000. Of the $35,000,000 worth of cotton exported, about one-half went to Great Britain and the remainder was scattered over the world. Of the $20,000,000 worth of hog product sent abroad, about three-fourths went to Great Britain.

The Silver Standard Not Dishonest

From the St. Louis Republican: All debts are payable in dollars—and the first dollar known to the American people was the silver coin of that name. It contained 371¼ grains of pure silver when it was first coined in 1785; and it contains the same amount now—no more, no less. And there has not been an hour since 1785, one hundred years ago, when these silver dollars were not a full legal tender for all obligations. Indeed, it could not have been otherwise; for from 1785 to 1849, a period of sixty-four years, silver dollars were the only dollars existence. There is not banker or bondholder in New York or anywhere else who ever saw a gold dollar until 1849, and there are probably 30,000,000 of the people of this country who never saw one at any time.

And yet the people are told that they are dishonest if they insist on paying the "enormous aggregate of debts they owe to the east" in these original standard and lawful silver coins. They would violate any moral obligation. But the creditors do not like silver. Gold is worth 20 per cent. more, and, of course, they would rather have it—and because the west and south, the debtor regions, claim their lawful option, they are charged with seeking to defraud the creditor class of one-fifth their honest dues.

In point of fact, the case is just the reverse. The silver dollar is the real par, and gold is 20 per cent. premium, because it has become comparatively scarce—and when the creditor class demand gold for the $6,000,000,000 aggregate indebtedness of the country, they are simply demanding 20 per cent., or $1,200,000,000 more than they are justly entitled to.

It is true, as the Bulletin asserts, that "the bulk of these obligations were incurred when the currency was on a parity with gold." All the national debt, nineteen-twentieths the state, county and city debts of the west and south, and three-fourths the railroad debts, were incurred when the currency (greenbacks and national bank notes) were 10 to 30 per cent. below the value of gold and silver, too. By the resumption of specie payments in 1879, and the consequent appreciation of currency to the par of silver, these debts were increased 10 to 30 per cent., and as if this were not enough to satisfy the creditor classes, they now demand another increase of 20 per cent. by having their claims paid in gold—and actually threaten a disruption of the Union if their exactions are not submitted to.

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 that 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 peeping through the dusky wood
In glad surprise.

Then, late at night, when by his fire
The traveler sits,
Watching the flames 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 boughs 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.
—H. H.

—In New York City within the last twenty years there have been thirty-nine deaths from hydrophobia.

Gladstone's Bill.

London special: It transpired at a late hour to-night that Mr. Gladstone's consultations with leading colleagues have resulted in an agreement on the general features of the Irish measure. Mr. Gladstone's bill as finally drafted will run largely on the lines of the state Legislatures of America. It gives Ireland a real, not a phantom, national assembly. There will be a real ministry, with absolute control over public offices, public revenues and public service. The legislature will be invested with the law-making authority. Ireland will have her own elections and elect her own Legislature, which will pass its own laws, run its own revenue and spend its own money. The imperial functions will be similar to those of the Federal Congress—namely, control over army, navy, external relations, customs and internal revenue. The question of Irish representation in the imperial Parliament is undecided, but Mr. Gladstone is stated to be in favor of local and federal representation, as in America. He does not share Mr. T. P. O'Connor's apprehensions of Irish difficulties in the imperial Parliament. He looks with confidence to the restraining influence of parties in the Irish national Assembly to safely guard national and imperial interests. The bill provides for a redistribution of Irish seats. It will be seen that Mr. Parnell's Grattan parliament scheme and Mr. T. P. O'Connor's colonial plan are alike rejected in favor of a modification of the American Legislative system adapted to geographical and ethnological conditions. The Dublin castle bureaucracy is to be swept away and leave no trace. One part of O'Connor's colonial plan is likely to be adopted—namely, the appointment of a viceroy.

They Make Good Mothers.

Paris Letter: The queens of the demi-monde are almost invariably good mothers. Their daughters are educated in fashionable schools, reared in fashionable convents, and brought up far from every sight or sound of vice. When a handsome dowry is forthcoming, they often leave the school room for the altar. If a brilliant marriage is arranged, the mother usually bids farewell forever to her child. In many cases the poor girl has not an idea of who and what her mother really is till after she leaves school. A peculiarly trying case took place in this city some years ago. A woman who had been a famous demi-mondaine under the empire, and who possessed an enormous fortune, married her only child, a daughter, to a Belgian count, bestowing upon her a dowry of $800,000. She altered and partly rebuilt her hotel, arranging the upper floor for the accomodation of the newly-married couple. But the day after the wedding, the count exacted from his bride a promise that she would never see her mother more. The pair left Paris for Belgium, and from that hour the mother has been wholly ignored by the daughter, who does not even answer her letters. A terrible retribution—yet who can say that it is wholly undeserved? The true tragedy of the relations between such a mother and her daughter has still to be written. The French sentimentalities regarding "ma mere" still clog the pen of the dramatist when treating this theme. When will the stern, strong writer arise to tell for us the story of a girl so situated and to whom the bestowal of existence has only proved a curse? It is a terrible theme, and demands forcible and pitiless treatment.

Curious Names.

Philadelphia News: "What a name that young man has," said a clergyman yesterday to a News-gatherer as the person indicated left his presence.

"What is it?"

"E P. Baxter, he writes it. Nothing remarkable about that, but what an amount of foolish patriotism is concealed in those initials. The young man was born on Jan. 3, 1863, and his parents named him Emancipation Proclamation Baxter in honor of the occasion."

"That's pretty bad."

"Yes, but there are some parents with cranky ideas on the subject of naming children. One boy I christened Perseverance Jones. I endeavored to dissuade the father, but he said the child's mother was called Patience, and he saw no reason why the boy should not be called Perseverance, because the two always went together. Within a few paces of the grave of Benjamin and Deborah Franklin, in the old cemetery at Fifth and Arch streets, there is a headstone bearing the inscription, 'Sacred to the memory of S. J. U. Lloyd.' If the owner of that name were living now his friends would probably call him 'Celuloid.' I had a colored man named Alexander doing some work around here once. I used to hear the other workmen call him 'Trib' and 'Hole,' and it struck me one day to ask him what his name was.

"'Tribulation Wholesome Alexander, sah,' he replied.

"It may have been some relative of his who came to me with twins to have baptized."

"'What name will you call them?' I asked.

"'Cherubim' and 'Seraphim,' replied the mother.

"Why?" I asked, in astonishment.

"'Because,' she replied, 'de pra'r book says 'de cherubim and seraphim continually do cry,' and dese yere chil'en do nufin' else."

The News-gatherer edged toward the door, and, when he had got in the lobby, shouted "chestnut," and skipped down stairs.

—William Joyce, the builder of the great St. Patrick's cathedral in New York, died last Friday. He was an Irishman, and a stonecutter by trade, coming to this country in 1832.

ONE OF THE FOUR.

A Little Reminiscence of Senator Spencer.

Washington Correspondent Minneapolis Tribune: Standing in the Ebbitt house lobby the other day with an old citizen of Nebraska we noticed ex-Senator Kellogg, of Louisiana, pass by. "There is one of the four," said the Nebraskan. "What four?" said the Tribune correspondent. "The four Senators which our regiment gave the United States," was the reply. "Kellogg was our quartermaster. John M. Thayer was our colonel. He was afterwards Senator from Nebraska, and Tipton, who was chaplain of the regiment, afterwards represented our state in the Senate for six years. The other was Spencer, of Alabama, and he was the worst of the lot of the carpet-bag element. Spencer went out with us as sutler of the 1st Nebraska. After the battle of Shiloh he took a hotel at Corinth, which had been abandoned by the rebels, and run it as a sort of officers' headquarters. That is where he made the start in his fortune." "What sort of a sutler did he make?" I inquired. "He was the very worst scoundrel that ever sold bad tobacco," was the reply. "Why, that fellow Spencer would go to the sergeant after each engagement and get a list of the killed, and then the villain would charge up against them enough to take pretty near every cent of the pay coming to them. You understand that the sutlers' accounts were paid by the paymaster, and as the poor devils were dead, and no one could dispute his claim, many of them were robbed of their hard earned wages, which were so badly needed by their widows and children. After he got through the hotel business he secured a commission to enlist a regiment of cavalry in Alabama, which was known as the 1st Alabama cavalry, and I don't believe it was in more than one engagement before the whole crowd were captured. You see, most of the fellows were rebels, and they deserted and joined the confederate ranks as soon as they got a chance. I am surprised," continued the speaker, "that no one ever got on to the fact that Spencer was our sutler while he was in the Senate. He was accused of nearly everything else, and I never heard an accusation against him that was an unjust one. Yet somehow or other his enemies never seemed to find out what the real cause of his journey to the south was."

The Famous Saddle Story.

Gen. John Pope, U. S. A., in The Century: There are other matters which, although not important, seem not out place in this paper. A good deal of cheap wit has been expended upon a fanciful story that I published an order, or wrote a letter, or made a remark that my "headquarters would be in the saddle." It is an expression harmless and innocent enough, but it is even stated that it furnished Gen. Lee with a basis for the only joke of his life. It is painful, therefore, to a well-constituted mind to be obliged to take away the foundation of that solitary joke; but I think it due to army tradition and to the comfort of those who have so often repeated this ancient joke in the days long before the civil war, that these later wits should not be allowed with impunity to poach on this well-tilled manor. This venerable joke I first heard when a cadet at West Point, and it was then told of that gallant soldier and gentleman, Gen. W. J. Worth. I presume it could be easily traced back to the crusades and beyond; and while it may not be as old as the everlasting hills, it is certainly old enough to have been excused from active duty long years ago. Certainly I never used this expression, or wrote, or dictated it, nor does any such expression occur in any order of mine; and as it has perhaps served its time and effected its purpose, it ought to be retired. Let us hope that it may be permitted to sleep in peace and no longer rack the brain of those whose intellectual machinery can ill bear the strain, or be perpetuated among their natural successors.

How the Wars Begin.

Chicago News: "Papa, how do nations get into war with each other?" asked Tommy Seasonsby.

"Sometimes one way, sometimes another," said the father. "Now, there are Germany and Spain—they came near getting into war because a Spanish mob took down the German flag."

"No, my dear," put in Mrs. Seasonsby, "that wasn't the reason."

"But, my darling," said Mr. S., "don't you suppose I know? You are mistaken. That was the reason."

"No, dearie, you are mistaken. It was because the Germans——"

"Mrs. Seasonsby, I say it was because——"

"Peleg, you know better. You are only trying to——"

"Madam, I don't understand that your opinion was asked in this matter, anyway."

"Well, I don't want my boy instructed by an old ignoramus."

"See here, you impudent——"

"Put down your cane, you old brute. Don't you dare bristle up to me, or I'll send this rolling-pin at your head, you old——"

"Never mind," interrupted Tommy, "I guess I know how wars begin."

The Latest Request.

Tramp—Excuse me, madam, but would you please give me a bite—

"No, I won't. I've nothing to eat for lazy fellows like you."

"But I was not asking for food. I wish you only to give me a bite from your dog, that I may be sent to Paris for the winter."

—An extensive deposit of iron ore has been discovered near Irondale, W. T.