

A STORY OF FREDERICKSBURG.

It was after the battle of Fredericksburg. The ground was strewn with the fallen...

HUBERT W. COLLINGWOOD.

MATTIE'S MISTAKE.

BY MRS. LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON. From the Youth's Companion.

The incidents in the story I am going to tell you took place more than thirty years ago.

Mattie Read had always lived in a small village in Vermont. Her father, when she was a child "kept" a country store.

Mattie went first to the district school, and afterwards, for a few terms, to the academy in Millville.

But Mattie did not see or feel this. She thought her life was dull, and longed to get beyond the green hills about her.

But at last Mattie's restless and dissatisfied yearnings had their opportunity for being gratified.

Now came the dressmaking and all the busy whirl of preparation. Her Aunt Melissa came bravely to the front, in spite of all her other engagements.

At Cambridge, her country home became, for the first time in her life, a valuable possession, for she could talk about it.

herstories, and her imagination enveloped her home in new beauties.

"A nut-shell was a glided hare," a shell seemed a palace large," and she drew such a picture of her country "residence" that she almost believed in it herself.

Tom Sherwood was her hero of the hour. He had always lived in Boston, but thought he should delight in the country, and she told him of her ancestral home and broad acres.

Every day brought new pleasures with it. There were drives and picnics and "spreads," and all the bewildering delights of a young girl in a college town.

But after all Mattie did not begin at home just where she left off. We never do this; and the Mattie who went back was not just the same Mattie who went away.

She talked very fast of what she had seen and heard, and what "I said," and "he said," and the name of Tom Sherwood, who was not a lover at all.

"Dear Miss Read,—I have come up to these delightful green hills to visit my cousin, Miss Maria Smith.

"Very sincerely yours, 'Thos. E. Sherwood.'" Poor Mattie! What should she do? How could she let him see the old farmhouse, with its rag carpets and yellow-painted floors.

In this dilemma she thought of Mrs. Silva, the mother of one of her young friends, a woman of rare graciousness, in whom the maternal instinct was so strong.

To this kind and wise friend she went, disclosing her affliction, and begged that she might call herself a boarder for the time in her house.

"Your house is so sweet and nice and cool, and you and the girls know how to do everything, and make everything so pretty!"

At last the brilliant idea struck her that she might forestall the visit by going over to Waverley, and meet him there quite by accident, and pretend to have received his letter.

the horse, and he never would spare Hiram to drive—and—here he left sobbing and tears began to fall.

Her distress, which was real, and by this time communicated to the whole family, so wrought upon the sympathies of a young lawyer, a prospective son-in-law of Mrs. Silva's.

Tom Sherwood and Maria Smith took an early start too, "in the cool of the day," but not being in any special haste they went by the usual route.

"Is Miss Mattie at home?" "Oh, dear, no! I'm awfully sorry, but she had been over to Waverley, and they were coming here to see her."

"Oh, Tom!" said Maria: "don't let us stop; we will drive right down to the village. I want to see Mrs. Silva, and I know she will be glad to see us."

Maria was glad to have this city cousin see this charming specimen of a farmer's home in Vermont. Every thing was so clean and appropriate and well-cared-for.

Just before ten, the other pair of excursionists drove up to the door. Mattie had lingered in Waverley until she was sure that Tom and Maria must have started for home.

Poor Tom had really such a sense of the ludicrous that he really could not help it, though he did try faithfully and was more shocked at himself than she was at him.

We do not know what account Sally gave of her visitors, but we may be sure that Mattie heard enough to give her a good lesson for all the rest of her life.

While the Rev. Dr. C. H. Parkhurst, of the Madison Square Presbyterian Church, was preaching one Sunday night on the subject "Is Life Worth Living?"

A NOVELTY IN BALLOONS.

Its Construction and the Principles Upon Which It Depends.

When the members of the Military Service Institution entered the museum building on Governor's island Thursday, says The New York Times, they found two wires stretched across the museum hall in front of the stage.

Gen. Thayer said that little real progress had been made in balloons for one hundred years until, in November last, Capt. Renard ascended from Mendon, France, sailed in the air in a nine-mile breeze for three-quarters of an hour.

"The dirigible balloon consists of two portions. The buoyant part, which correspond to the hull of a water ship, is made of supposered tissue of strong silk and rubber.

Gen. Thayer's assistant touched the battery and ran the model across the hall or wires. Gen. Thayer said he would have brought the model of the independent balloon from Philadelphia.

Gen. Thayer said he would have brought the model of the independent balloon from Philadelphia only it was thirty feet long and ten feet in diameter.

Mohammedanism makes great strides in Africa. The electric balloon, constructed on the same plan, ought to be ballasted so as to keep it on the wires.

hold the wires. Such balloons could be propelled seventy miles an hour against forty as a present maximum in calm weather for the independent balloons.

Liability of Auctioneers. The following statement of the law as to the liability of auctioneers upon sales made by them without disclosing the names of their principals was made by Judge Robinson, of the Maryland Court of Appeals:

"We take the law to be well settled that one selling property as an agent without disclosing the name of the principal binds himself personally. In such cases the purchaser has the right to rely upon the responsibility of the agent by whom the sale is made, and is not obliged to rely upon the responsibility of an unknown and perhaps irresponsible principal.

There is certainly no hardship in this rule of law, because the auctioneer knows the person on account of whom the goods are sold, and has it in his power to protect himself against loss.

"So far back as Hanson vs. Roberson, Peake's N. P. C. 129, Lord Kenyon said, 'that though where an auctioneer names his principal, it is not proper that he should be liable to an action, yet it is a very different case when the auctioneer sells the commodity without saying on whose behalf he sells it; in such a case the purchaser is entitled to look to him personally for the completion of the contract.'"

"We have not been able to find a single case in conflict with the rule thus laid down. On the contrary, it is sustained by all the subsequent decisions, both in England and in this country: Jones vs. Littledale, 6 Adolph & Ellis, 486; Mills vs. Hunt, 29 Wend. 431; Frank vs. Lamond, 4 C. B. 637.

"In Babington on Auctions, Law Lib. Vol. 9, Sec. 185, the rule is thus laid down: 'Where an auctioneer does not disclose the name of his principal at the time of his sale he is personally liable to an action for damages for not completing the contract.'"

Carl Pretzel's Philosophy. Lift once mit yourself like der peaceful oyster. Make open your mouth when you did want to said something, and unclain it, when you hafe consulted yourself.

You will been a trinker on society, offer you done mit fellers vat you like pooty vell dot they vas done on you, cferly keedle while, also.

Der man dot vas foerst to blant der cabbage hed to make der sour kraut come, shoed got a toomb shone so high like a shteebie, und mine mudder vood dook der bremium.

Offer you got some goot rebutations, geeb id lock out. Id vas yoost like some omberrrela, when you lose him you nefer dond got it pooty gwiek back.

It was a bully virtue to been so shtrong like an oxen, but when virtue get mixed mit der butter up, I got to dank about dot. Dot was a pad example to saw a much olt man gomme to been virtuous enuff.

A Good Suggestion. A correspondent suggests the following remedy for the nervous trouble engendered by two persons sleeping together: A partition lengthwise of the bed. This partition might be of boards, handsomely painted and touched off with a few happy designs.

Mohammedanism makes great strides in Africa.

THE CUSTER MASSACRE.

A Molee Indian Participant's Account of the Fight.

A gentleman of Kenosha, Wis., for many years connected with the United States army, and more recently (in the fall of 1884) engaged in trapping and shooting near Cotwood Creek, Northern Wyoming, found an opportunity to interview one of the Indians who participated in the terrible fight in which Gen. Custer and his brave companions perished.

The information received from the Molee warrior was freely given, and bore the semblance of truth. In substance he said:

Sitting Bull was not their chief when Gen. Crook struck their trail and chased them across the Rose Bud River, but Rain-in-the-Face, a warm friend of Sitting Bull, was in command. After crossing the Rose Bud a council of chiefs was held to decide whether they would fight Gen. Crook or run to the Big Horn Mountains and make a stand.

After this "big talk" the Sioux warriors were ready to go anywhere with Rain-in-the-Face, who told them that "Crook was a walk-a-heap and a very bad man."

"If the above statement is true," adds the correspondent, "it is evident that Rain-in-the-Face, although an unlettered savage and scarcely knowing the difference between a parapet and a Gatling gun, had grasped the situation, and with the intuition of military genius had determined to destroy his foes in detail, and that he went to his task with the cunning of a wolf and the ferocity of a tiger.

The warrior further stated in answer to questions, that in the fight with Custer's force a party of about twelve soldiers shot their own horses and fought behind them in a "bunch;" that Gen. Custer was one of that party, and that they all fought like great soldiers, and would not give up the struggle.

In reply to the query whether Gen. Custer was the last white soldier, the warrior said that the smoke of the contest was so dense when the Indians rode rapidly around the "bunch" and finished their bloody work they could not see whether Custer was then killed or not. When asked how many Indians were killed in the fight the warrior declined to answer. The interpreter said, in reference to this, that although he had been with the Sioux several years he could get no definite idea of the number of warriors killed in the Custer battle; that the Indians are superstitious and do not like to speak about their dead, but he thought their loss was small, as the Indians "had the drop," and the fight lasted only twenty minutes.

The correspondent, referring to the censure which was passed upon Maj. Reno, for his part in the unfortunate affair, defends the course of that officer, and says: "That Maj. Reno saved any of his men, envied as he was by a horde of savages flushed by victory and eager for revenge, should redound to his credit." Thus far the correspondence.

At this late day no one will wish to disparage the valor, the judgment, and the military skill of the lamented Custer. That he should fall into a fatal ambush is a mistake that an officer with less bravery would be likely to make; but Custer was daring and impulsive. It is said that Reynolds, his scout, told him to "go slow;" that the valley was full of Indians, and that they were in the bush. The opportunity for a fight overruled all other considerations, and the brave soldier rode gallantly to his death.—Chicago Journal.

Arsenic as a Beautifier. This talk of a person with a ghastly white look being an arsenic eater is all bosh. I was at a social the other night and a young lady who looked as if she had been bleached for a year was pointed out to me. I got near her and made an examination. It was bismuth and nothing else, though she must have greased her face well with mutton tallow before she used the bismuth.—Denver (Col.) News.

Just a Hint, as it Were. A lady was speaking to a fashionable society reporter and closed with the following pertinent suggestion: "Speak of me in your society news if you wish, but do it in the same way that my dressmaker cuts my evening dresses—so as to reveal a little and leave a great deal to be divined."—San Francisco Post.

Even Belgium has a chrysanthemum craze.