The St. Tammany Farmer.

"The Blessings of Government, Like the Dew from Heaven, Should Descend Alike Upon the Rich and the Poor."

W. G. KENTZEL, Editor. COVINGTON, ST. TAMMANY PARISH, LA., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1896. VOL. XXI.—NO. 40.

CRADLE SONG.

Little bee says: "I am weary
Working all the day.
If I had a little cradle
I would sleep the hours away."
The wind sings low—very low:
Little bee, I love you so,
Here is rest and peace:
I will rock you to and fro
In the cradle of the clover bloom."

Little bird says: "I am weary
Singing all the day,
Let the breezes come and rock me
While I sleep the night away."
The evening stars are whispering:
Little birdie, fold your wing,
We will send a breeze
From the gateway of the spring,
And rock you in the cradle of the trees."

Baby says: "My feet grow weary
When I from you stray.
Cradle me upon your bosom
Mother mine—alway."
Mother sings her lullaby:
Baby, stars are in the sky;
Fold your hands and rest,
I will rock you while you lie
Cradled on your mother's loving breast."
—Alfred Ellison, in Chicago Record.

THAT STOUT GERMAN.

BY F. BAYFORD HARRISON.

In the city of Brussels a great deal of very pretty lace is exposed for sale. English women admire this lace and buy it. If they go straight from Belgium to England they can take it home without having to pay any duty; but if they pass through France they have to pay on all their new Brussels lace at the French custom house. And many English women pass through France on their way from Belgium to England, because they prefer the short passage from Calais to Dover to the longer one from Ostend.

The Misses Wylie were charming, middle-aged ladies, fond of travel, fond of dress, fond of lace, and very bad sailors. They had been excursioning in Germany, had come down the Rhine, and had spent a week in Brussels. More attractive than the Field of Waterloo, and more fascinating than the Musee Wiertz, was the Galerie St. Hubert. Miss Melissa Wylie could not resist the white Brussels lace; Miss Annora Wylie could not resist the black. Each of the ladies bought lace; led on by the tempter, in the shape of a seductive shopwoman, the Misses Wylie bought lace fichus, lace collarettes, lace by the meter. Day by day they added to their stock.

At length it was necessary to make for England, and to pass through that dreadful France with its protective duties. Then they realized their position; how about the lace?

"We cannot conscientiously say," remarked Miss Melissa, "that we have rien a declarer, because this lace is dutiable."

"And we dare not risk packing it," returned Miss Annora, "because they might take it into their heads to examine our boxes."

"How can we get it through?" mused the elder sister.

"We must get it through!" declared the younger sister.

Presently Annora exclaimed: "I have it! We will wear it! No duty is paid on what one is wearing."

"Yes, yes," said Melissa, "but how can we wear it? The white will get soiled and the black torn in traveling. Besides, if it looks unnatural, as it would on our dresses and mantles, the officials will be sure to notice it."

"It would not look unnatural on our bonnets," said Annora.

They set to work to decorate their bonnets with the lace. They mingled white and black, fichu and flounce, in the most skilful manner, and though the bonnets looked somewhat overdone, yet they carried the lace, and it was probable that the male eyes of the custom house officials would not notice anything abnormal.

The Misses Wylie rejoiced in their cleverness. They sat in the train on their way to France with clear consciences and light hearts. They had rien a declarer, nothing dutiable. In the compartment with them was only one other passenger, a stout man of good-humored aspect; evidently, from his extreme flabby stoutness and his extreme good humor, a middle-class German. Now, Germans who understand English are very sociable with their English fellow travelers. As this German did not address the Misses Wylie they felt sure that he did not understand English, and they talked freely to each other.

"I suppose," said Melissa, "that my bonnet looks all right? It does not strike the eyes as being too much trimmed, eh, Annora?"

"Well," said Annora, laughing, "it is too much trimmed for good taste, but then on this occasion you have bad taste. What about mine?"

"Oh, quite artistic; 'a study in black and white,' as the artists say."

The ladies laughed together, full of glee at their coming triumph over the custom house officers. The German wore the fatuous grin affected by people who listen to a language which they do not understand.

At last the train slowed into Blandain station, the frontier! Out jumped the Misses Wylie with their hand baggage. They calmly waited the approach of the officers. Out lumbered the German with his fatuous smile. He saun-

"WE ARE WEARING IT," SCREECHED ANNORA.

tered up to one of the chiefs of the douane.

"Rien a declarer," said both ladies.

"Eau de Cologne, dentelles, tabac, spiritueux—" the officer ran off.

"Rien, rien," said the Misses Wylie.

The man said nothing more, and the ladies, expecting the cry of "En voiture, s'il vous plait!" felt extremely happy.

But at that moment the official to whom the German had been speaking came up to them and said, in very fair English: "The ladies are fond of lace?"

Their hearts sank within them. "Rather," they conceded.

"And to carry it on the bonnet is a convenient manner of avoiding the duty."

They were undone!

"But we are wearing it!" screeched Annora; Melissa panted.

"Mesdames, I admire your ingenuity, but such an amount of new lace cannot be passed, even on your bonnets. Two, three, five meters," he went on, measuring the unlucky lace with his eye: "fichu, flounce, and so forth; so many francs, or I confiscate it."

"En voiture, s'il vous plait!" was heard.

The sum demanded by the officer, added to what they had paid in purchase, would have made the lace the dearest that ever was bought. They tore off their bonnets, pulled out innumerable pins, set free the fichus, flounces, etc., put them into the officer's hands and ran to their seats. Out of breath and out of pocket, they were most unhappy. Successful cheating is one thing; but unsuccessful cheating is another, and causes sharp pangs of conscience.

"Too bad!" cried Melissa, as the train moved on; "we were entitled to what we wore."

"It was that German," said Annora. "He understood English; he heard what we said; he told the official. Oh, a man may grin, and grin, and be a villain!"

They groaned over their misfortune. The first time the train stopped the villain entered their compartment, still grinning. They glared at him, but he still grinned. They took refuge in silence; he began to speak.

"Ladies," he said, in Londonese English, "I was very sorry to have to incur your displeasure, but I felt that it was

"YOU SHALL HEAR FROM ME."

my duty to report you to the douane. You had innocently told me all about the lace on your bonnets, and for the credit of our country, for the sake of English honesty, I was constrained to point out your bonnets to that official. Can you forgive me?"

"No," said Annora.

But Melissa thought that, notwithstanding his wicked cruelty, there was something very pleasant in his smile.

"I entreat your forgiveness, ladies; more, I humbly ask a favor."

"Sir!" exclaimed Annora.

"Miss Wylie, Miss Annora Wylie"—the presuming wretch had seen their names on their luggage, even their Christian names—"you will confer a great favor on me if you will tell me your address."

Annora reddened, Melissa blushed. Perhaps he was ashamed of the cruel part he had played and was about to offer an apology; perhaps their brave and gentle endurance of misfortune had touched him; perhaps their charms had so won upon him that he wished to see more of them, with a view—their suppositions broke off abruptly.

Annora looked at Melissa and Melissa looked at Annora. Then the elder sister spoke. "We live at 113 Angelina Gardens, Edwin square, South Kensington, S. W."

The stranger made a note of the address. Melissa was on the point of asking his name, when he said, aloud: "You shall hear from me." Then he discoursed on the country through which they were passing; after which he buried himself in a Figaro and talked no more. At the next stoppage he said a brusque "Good morning, ladies," and left the compartment, and they saw no more of him.

There was considerable of a flutter in the heart of Melissa, who was of a romantic turn of mind, and who could only imagine one reason why this stranger should want her address. She still believed that he was a German who spoke English remarkably well, and she had seen that he was not a gentleman; she therefore made up her mind to refuse the offer of marriage which, no doubt, he would shortly make.

Arrived at Angelina Gardens, the Misses Wylie were occupied in arranging the household, and a couple of busy days were spent by them. On the third day after their home-coming they received, by the same post, a parcel and a letter. Annora opened the carefully-tied and sealed parcel, while Melissa read the letter. Having read it once to herself, she next read it aloud to her sister:

"Mesdames: I felt myself under a very great obligation to you the other day at Blandain. I am a very thin man, but I was swathed round with hundreds of yards of fine Brussels lace, and I thought that the best way of drawing the attention of the custom house officers from myself was to draw it to you. It was purely in self-defense that I directed the raid on your bonnets. Having been the cause of the loss of your lace, I wish to make you due compensation, and I beg leave to send you some finer lace than that which you lost.

"I am, obediently yours,

"YOUR STOUT FELLOW-TRAVELER."

Melissa took possession of a black lace flounce and Annora of a dozen yards of white lace and a lace-edged handkerchief, and they quite forgave the stout German for his cruelty and for his stoutness.—Strand Magazine.

Four Little Hints.

To curl ostrich feathers a smooth piece of whalebone is better than a knife.

Japanned trays may be cleaned by rubbing with clear olive oil. After the oil has been applied the trays should be vigorously rubbed with a flannel cloth.

Stone dates and cut them small; place in a bowl, pour over hot oatmeal, and by the time the dish is ready to serve it will be flavored with the dates and the dates moistened.

Sometimes, even in the best-regulated kitchen, pots boil over. Either salt or coffee grounds sprinkled on the stove immediately will prevent the odor from spreading through the house.—St. Louis Republic.

—Notwithstanding the fact that the pampas of Brazil are covered with herds of cattle, that country imported from the United States last year 66,700 pounds of salted meats and paid $3,720 for it.

AFTER THE WAR.

All Quiet at the "Confluence of the Streams."

Everything Around Rocky Creek for the Old Flag and Free Coinage—Only Two Men Fighting and One "Shamed to Death."

In regards to the great and growing question of politics the war is now about over with everybody down in this pleasant strip of country exceptin Blev Scroggins and Jule Nabors. Everybody is glad but Blev and Jule, which they are mad—rale foamin, fightin mad. Blev aint mad with Jule, you understand, and neither is Jule mad with Blev. They aint mad with anybody in particular, but they are mad with everybody in general.

The Abundance of His Mouth.

Jule Nabors, as you all know, is one of these tangly-haired, wild-eyed third-party men and a livin epistle of free silver at the rates of sixteen to one, whilst Blev Scroggins he is a screamin democrat and still maintains flat-footed that free silver is somethin which you hear tell of so infernal frequent and see so infernal never.

"Well, when the cat bunched her feet this summer it would seem like she picked a good, soft place and landed in the middle of the big road. She didn't jump to Nabors, and she didn't jump to Scroggins. As the game now stands everybody in the Rocky Creek country is for the old flag and free silver—everybody but Blev and Jule. Blev is mad because the democrats made friends with the third party, and Jule he is mad because the third party took and made up with the democrats.

"Dadblame it, your crowd has stole our thunder and our platform," says Jule to Blev.

"Yes, but by gatlins, your crowd has stole all our votes, and votes are the mainest thing," says Blev to Jule.

So there they are—just two men and the onlyest two in the settlement—that want the fight to go on after the war is over, and each one flockin off in a lonesome little gang all by himself. I reckon no doubts they would light in and cuss out the American republic from Reelfoot Lake to Habbersham if they thought they could do the subject justice.

Blev and Jule they put me in mind right frequent of old man Lon Hunter, of Cyclone Streak, and his load of pumpkins. Uncle Lon, as we boys are now wont to call him, used to be a scandlous bad man about cussin. If everything didn't run smooth and proper with old man Lon he would pitch in and cuss creation out quicker than a cat could shet her eye.

But I recollect onest upon a time when old man Lon got mighty mad and didn't do any cussin to speak of. That was along in the fall of the year, and he had took his ox wagon and driv down in the swamp new ground after a load of pumpkins. Somehow it also come to pass that day that I had went to town, and on my return back home I overtook the old man on top of the hill on yonder side of Murder creek. He had driv the oxen and wagon up that long, steep hill, which jest as they turned the brow of it the back gate of the wagon dropped out and here went his load of pumpkins back down to the foot of the hill. Old man Lon had stayed there on his wagon and saw the last pumpkin go rollin and bounsin back to the sand bed at the foot of the hill. About that time I rid up and saw the general circumference of the surroundins, and it did look tremendius strange and funny to me to see old man Lon so silent and so still.

"What's the matter, Uncle Lon, and how comes it that you ain't cussin things out?" says I.

"Out of the abundance of his mouth a man speaketh," says he, "and I never felt more like cussin a few stanzas in all my born days. But to tell you the honest truth, Rufus, I jest naturally don't see how I could do the subject justice."

"Shamed to Death, Oh Lord."

Now as to me, I am always willin to gallop with the gang and holler for the winnin ticket and fight for the mainest thing. For the good name and honor and glory of my country—for the sake of peace and good will in the settlement—I can fuse with anything from a screamin democrat to a blood-and-thunder third party man, and then with anything else you could think of from a big barbecue dinner to a plug of "white ink" or "sperits-of-cats-a-fight-in."

But some men are so proud and so wise in their on decicts till they are shamed to stand up and take a lickin if the other fellows is man enough to lay it on. Little Bunk Weatherford—which next to Blev Scroggins he is the most all-overest democrat in the settlement—does hate to give up his gun and quit the fight.

"Takin things as they come and go, I don't see no other chance but for me to git on the band wagon and follow the music," says little Bunk to me when he found out that the war was ended, "but it will be like sheddin eye teeth or pay-in taxes."

And from that time henceforwards little Bunk has looked to me like a man about three parts shamed of himself and one part sorry for the human race. He puts me in mind of a young fellow by the name of Jenkins—Buck Jenkins they called him—which I met up with at a breakdown dance over in the Mississippi river country years and years ago. Buck was only about 17 years old, but monstrous well grown for his years. He was a great, tremendous strappin big fellow, as timid as a right young girl and clumsy and awkward as a short-handled dog at a log walkin.

In durin of the dance that night the other boys in the gang put in and worked on Buck till they got him in the notion to fall in with the general foot shakin. Buck lowed he would dance if Miss Gracie Winters would be his partner, and Miss Gracie she was willin. So the music went on and the proceedins proceeded. Buck Jenkins soon got limbered out and was warmin up to his work in fine shape. But he had a pair of heavy red leather shoes on, and when he got into "a weavin way," as the boys called it, hanged if he didn't look like he would shake down the house. By and by in cuttin some fancy figger with a high stroke Buck got his big feet and them loud red leather shoes all tangled up there together and down he went in one fell pile as it were. He fell face foremost and then laid there like he was dead. The crowd broke out in a big laugh at first, but when Buck didn't move everybody got skeered for fears he was killed. The boys called him, but he didn't come. Then presently they tried to turn him over and he wouldn't turn. But by this time everybody could see that he was still breathin the breath of life.

"Are you killed, Buck?" says one of the boys.

"No, I ain't killed," says Buck, as he hugged the floor and hid his face.

"Are you bad hurt, Buck?" they went on.

"No," says Buck, "I aint hurt a blame bit, but shamed to death, oh, Lord!"

They Knocked Him Out.

Black Jack Wiggins driv by our house the other day to tell us the news touchin a scandlous big rucus which come to pass over there in Cyclone Streak one night last week.

It would seem from the general way in which Black Jack gives out the news, that a gang of them bad boys from the Streak had went back there in the hills to see the Widder Harkins and her girls, and whilst there they rounded up a little square dance amongst themselves to make the time pass smooth and pleasant. But in the main time two or three members of the gang had got tangled up with some of the "first runnins of the cotrn," and naturally, of course, things then went on from bad to worse and still more of it. Then presently Raz Lumpkins—which I reckon he had got more than his share—pulled his gun and proceeded to shoot wild and promiscus. In the mighty scatteration which followed, all the lights got put out and the crowd left the house to darkness and to Raz. After so long a time it would seem like Raz come to the conclusion that he had killed some and crippled some and run the balance off, which he then come forth and got on his mule and rid off towards home.

Then finally at last when the crowd struck a light and reassembled themselves together onest more Gid Lawrence was the onlyest missin man. Nobody couldn't tell what had went with Gid—whether he was livin or dead, or jest naturally abscatulated. But torectly they found his hat and one of his boots in the chimney jam, and then one of the girls took the trail and found that Gid had started out through the top of the chimney. He went so far and no further, and then his only chance was to back down and out. Now anybody and everybody in Cyclone Streak will tell you that Gid Lawrence must of been way back by the outside door when they handed round the brains, and with the noise and confusionment and the smell of gunpowder—by this time he had lost what little sense he started out with. The boys called him and the girls called him, but he wouldn't say nothin and he couldn't come forth.

And what do you reckon that gang of boys, the Widder Harkins and her girls all then pitched in to do? They struck a match and started a little fire and proceeded to smoke Gid Lawrence out of the chimney like you would smoke a rabbit out of his hollow. Gid he sneezed and kicked and scuffled, and scuffled and sneezed and kicked hard and fast and furious. But they fetched him—oh, they fetched him. And when he did turn loose and come forth he come with a mighty crash and roar. It then took the crowd two hours to bring him around on his feet in his right mind onest more.

Everything that goes up must come down. Leastwise that's what they say in Cyclone Streak. And there is plenty of fun in America yet.

Under False Pretensions.

The wild and reckless way in which the politicians are now tryin to hornzoggle the niggers with the talk about free silver puts me in mind of the old song and dance about "40 acres and a mule." To be certainly the colored brother is for "free silver," or "free licker," or anything else that is free. He is most in generally always out for the stuff in one way or another, and some of the candidates have now got him to thinkin that if the country goes for free silver he can jest back his cart down to the pile and load up and drive out. On general principles and in a general election Blev Scroggins is right—"the mainest thing is the votes." But it always did give me a comin appetite to go out in the back yard and spit when I see candidates for public office sailin around under false pretensions.

They put me in mind of what the good Book says about the devil and some of his meanness. You recollect when Satin took the blessed Master way up on top of a high mountain and told him to look out on the broad and beautiful world around him.

"Now," says the devil, "if you will only fall down and worship me I will give you everything in sight—land and water, earth and sky"—when right then the infernal old scoundrel didn't own a foot of land in the round created world.

RUFUS SANDERS.

Not His Letter.

A Pittsburgher who possesses one of those names which can easily be misunderstood by persons hearing it for the first time, and which is usually misread by those who see it written, sometimes has trouble with his mail. Letters which should be delivered at his home are held at the post office and advertised. The other day when scanning the advertised list, he found a name so much like his own that he explained the similarity to the pretty girl at the window, and she said she would see about it. After shuffling a pile of letters she found the one wanted, and an amused smile spread over her face. "I don't think you want this letter," she said. She exhibited it to the applicant, who saw that it was addressed to the "County Jail," and had been sent back to the post-office from that institution. "No," said the applicant; "I don't think I want that letter. It's not mine."—Pittsburgh Chronicle.

The Next Best.

"Well," sighed the girl, "as I cannot be a man, I suppose I must do the next best thing!"

"What is that?" asked her mother.

"Have one."—N. Y. World.

A Certain.

"She gets her complexion from her mother's folks."

"Ah, indeed. Are they druggists, then?"—Detroit Tribune.

MAJ. CARROLL'S SCOOP.

Great Feat Performed by a War Correspondent.

He Sent News of the Battle at Pittsburgh Landing Three Days in Advance of the Official Reports.

[Special Washington Letter.]

Regular readers of newspapers are familiar with the fact that modern enterprise is nowhere better exhibited than by daily newspapers in their efforts to gather all of the news of the world. Each newspaper tries to get more news and better news, and in better form, than any of its rivals. When an important item of news is secured by one newspaper only, none of the others having received it, that successful enterprise is called a "scoop" on all of the other newspapers.

There are two great press associations in this country, and their agents are gathering news in every village, as well as in all of the great cities. Full reports of the conventions of the great political parties are sent to all of the newspapers in the country by the press associations. And yet, in addition to those full reports, the leading newspapers print special reports from their own special correspondents. This costs each one of the papers considerable money in addition to their reports from the press associations, and yet modern enterprise is such that these special reports from special correspondents are necessary, and the expense must be incurred. While congress is in session there are nearly 300 special correspondents employed in Washington; and each one of them is constantly trying to "scoop" his rivals in the newsgathering field.

When President Garfield was at Elberon, N. J., slowly dying from the effect of the bullet of the assassin Guiteau about 200 special correspondents were there on the seacoast, daily and hourly making inquiry concerning the condition of the distinguished sufferer and sending telegrams to their newspapers, because all eyes were turned towards Elberon and our entire people were anxiously reading every item of news from that point. Tom Bivins, a splendid newspaper man, was almost sleepless for nearly a week because he learned from the surgeon in charge, Dr. Bliss, that the president could not survive and that his death was but a question of days or hours. Bivins was a stenographer and telegraph operator as well as a newsgatherer, and he often sent telegrams by the hour for the regular telegraph operators at that place. Thus it happened that when Bivins rushed into the telegraph office one night and grasped the key of the instrument he was allowed to send his messages to his newspapers conveying to the world the first information of the fact that President Garfield had breathed his last, shortly after ten o'clock that night.

Naturally, the newspapers represented by Bivins were elated with his achievement, and his reputation as a faithful and successful newsgatherer was soon known throughout the entire country.

The war correspondents have always endured hardships and many of them have been actually under fire, together with the soldiers, in order that they might furnish late and reliable information for their papers. During the war between China and Japan, during the Franco-Prussian war, and during the war of the rebellion in this country the newspaper workers were diligent and faithful; and particular interest was taken by the people in the dispatches marked "special." Previous to our civil war the greatest special work ever done was by the correspondent of the London Times, who sent to his paper and had published an account of the battle of Waterloo and the downfall of Napoleon, on the very day that the offi-

TOM BIVINS AT THE KEY.

cial reports were received in London from Lord Wellington. In those days, when there were no facilities for the rapid transmission of news, that was a remarkable feat in journalism. For half a century the London Times claimed credit for that work, and no other newspaper approximated the achievement.

But during the civil war in this country the London Times' famous report was excelled by the New York Herald, when that paper printed the first account of the battle of Pittsburg Landing, the battle which almost caused the star of Grant to set forever. That report was put on the wires and transmitted by Maj. William C. Carroll, for many years recently a clerk in the pension office in this city. Maj. Carroll's story of the great battle was printed 48 hours in advance of all other reports, and that achievement stands to-day without parallel as the greatest "scoop" in the history of war correspondence. The Carroll report was printed in the Herald, transmitted to Washington, and sent to congress by President Lincoln in an official message three days before the war department received official reports concerning the decisive and sanguinary engagement.

Maj. Carroll had been at Island No. 10 on the Mississippi river, where the federal forces under Maj. Gen. John Pope had been slowly but successfully driving the enemy from his stronghold. Pope had fought the successful battle at Fort Donelson, and gained his first national reputation by sending his famous message demanding "unconditional surrender," as a result of which the newspapers used his initials in laudation, calling him "Unconditional Surrender Grant." Col. John A. Logan had been wounded in that engagement, and received a commission as brigadier general; and, on his way to the rear, had met with Maj. Carroll at Island No. 10, and attached him to his staff, ordering him to report to Gen. Grant, at Savannah, Tenn. Grant's army was located there, and he was preparing for an aggressive campaign, when the enemy surprised him on Sunday, April 6, 1862, and almost drove him into the river before nightfall came, and with it the reinforcements which were so sadly needed. It is matter of history that, with the aid of Buell's army of the Ohio, Grant retrieved himself on Monday, and won a victory over his powerful foe. On that Sunday morning Grant was at his headquarters at Savannah when the battle began, and he at once embarked on his boat to go to the scene of battle, and find out what caused the firing which was growing constantly in volume. Maj. Carroll had arrived that morning, had reported to Adjt. Gen. Rawlins, and he received permission to accompany Gen. Grant and staff. Thus it happened that he was early on the scene of action.

Maj. Carroll has said upon numerous occasions that Gen. Buell was not in accord with Gen. Grant. He had conversations with Buell and with his staff officers, and they claimed all credit for the victory. Maj. Carroll reported what he had learned to Gen. Rawlins. Gen. Hilyer and Gen. Logan, and told them that if Buell's war correspondents

AN INTERVIEW WITH LINCOLN.

should send reports of the battle they would undoubtedly give Buell all credit for the victory. Commodore Graham gave Maj. Carroll one of his transport steamers, and the major steamed away to Fort Henry for the purpose of sending his dispatches. Telegraphic communication with the north was established at Fort Henry, and Maj. Carroll was the only newspaper man in the army who knew that fact. He still held his commission as the Herald correspondent, and wrote his account of the battle while the boat steamed down the river. He paid the telegraph operator ten dollars for his immediate attention, and immediately the news began to go over the wire. All newspaper matter was subject to censorship, and very soon the operator told Carroll that the commanding officer at Fort Donelson wanted to know who was sending that long dispatch. It happened that the commanding officer was Gen. Logan, and when the operator sent word that it was Carroll he authorized the report to go ahead. Thus it happened that Maj. Carroll sent the first news of the battle of Pittsburg Landing, and by doing so he not only accomplished the greatest feat ever performed in war correspondence, but at the same time gave the world a report which fairly represented Gen. Grant, thereby forestalling the reports which were sent later in the interest of Gen. Buell. Consequently, during his entire lifetime Gen. Grant was a warm friend of Maj Carroll, and took occasion to demonstrate his appreciation.

Maj. Carroll then secured leave of absence, went to New York, and afterwards to Washington where he saw Senator Washburn, and personally gave him a correct account of the battle, giving credit to Grant for his splendid efforts, and correcting many misapprehensions which existed. It will be remembered that Gen. Halleck gave credence to Gen. Buell's report, and relieved Grant of his command, humiliating the great soldier to such a degree that, but for the warm friendship and urgent advice of Gen. Sherman and Gen. Rawlins, Grant might have resigned from the army. Senator Washburn took Maj. Carroll to the white house, where he had an extended interview with President Lincoln, to whom he gave valuable information concerning the Illinois soldier who was at that time being roundly abused and villified from many sources.

To the friendship of Maj. Carroll, Gen. Sherman, Gen. Rawlins, Senator Washburn and President Lincoln the country is largely indebted for the subsequent career of Grant; for, during those days of misrepresentation and calumny, the great soldier was moodily determined to leave the army. His friends were few, but they warmly espoused his cause, comforted and encouraged him; and very soon thereafter President Lincoln restored him to command, and he brought the war to a conclusion with honor to his flag, and with credit to himself. And then he added luster to his laurels by his clemency to the conquered, and by his declaration: "Let us have peace."

SMITH D. FRY.

The Lesser Evil.

She—We should certainly move. There is so much malaria here.

He—My dear, the malaria is the only thing that keeps your mother from coming to live with us.—Town Topics.

A Hint to Doctors.

Invalid—I don't believe that this medicine is helping me at all.

"What makes you think so?"

"It does not taste bad enough to do me any good."—Texas Sifter.

Answered.

Ebbs—"Who shall decide when doctors disagree?" asks the poet.

Mebbs—Oh, the undertaker usually comes in and buries the bone of contention.—Town Topics.

Mannish in the Bathroom.

Charlotte—Rose, at any rate, has no mannish tastes.

Jessie—Oh, yes, she has. She writes her letters without postscripts.—Town Topics.

When He Tells the Truth.

Miss Gossippe—Do you pay much attention to what your husband says?

Mrs. Jealous—Not unless he talks in his sleep.—Tit-Bits.

—The most learned philologists declare that the origin of language is an insoluble mystery, and language itself is an uncontrollable problem.

AN UNCONSCIOUS MARTYR.

Sacrifice of a Gallant Lover in Passing Through Several Tunnels.

The train was already on the move as they emerged breathless from the rapid descent of the steep staircase on to the Gower street platform, and there was only time to jump hastily into the first carriage that presented itself. Being very young and also very much in love—indeed, they were to be married within a week—they would naturally, had there been time to choose, have tried to find an empty carriage for their journey to Earl's court, where they had decided to spend the evening. "Jack's" eyes said as clearly as words: "That fellow in the opposite corner is an infernal nuisance," and equally clearly May's look could be translated: "Yes, I do hope he'll get out at the next station."

But Portland road came, and "the fellow in the opposite corner," who, to do him justice, was a decidedly good-looking man, still maintained his seat. "Shall we get out and look for an empty carriage?" whispered May. "I am afraid it wouldn't be very much good," returned "Jack." "There seems to be an awful lot of people about to-night, and we might get out of the frying pan into the fire." May, glancing through the window at the crowded platform, was bound to agree with him. "After all," she reflected, "that horrid man is sure to get out soon."

Baker street, however, passed, and the "horrid man" still retained his seat. May was conscious that he kept looking at her rather curiously. She was glad that the light in the carriage was so dim; it seemed to her, somehow, that it was dimmer than usual. She felt that she was blushing under his glances, why she did not exactly know, but was consoled by the thought that in the bad light the blushes would pass unnoticed.

Between Edgeware road and Praed street the light got obviously worse. The eyes of the three occupants of the carriage were by a common instinct raised toward it. "I think it is going out," whispered Jack.

He was right. As they left Praed street the gas suddenly went out entirely. "Shall we get into another carriage?" said Jack, who had put his head out of the window and ascertained that the defect in the gas supply, whatever it was, was confined solely to their compartment.

May darted a mischievous little look at him. "Oh, no," she said; "it doesn't matter," and the next moment the train had plunged into darkness again.

When they emerged into the light of the next station May's cheeks were slightly flushed—her breath seemed to be coming rather quickly.

"I am sure," protested Jack, "you are afraid, and the distance between this and the next station is even longer. We had really better change carriages."

He did not quite catch her answer, but it sounded something like "ridiculous," and before he had time to repeat his question they were in darkness again. As he had said, it was an extra long distance to the next station. When the train emerged into the light May's cheeks were more flushed than ever, her hair seemed to have lost something of its usual careful arrangement.

"I believe," whispered Jack, "the distance between this and the next station is further than that between any two on the line. Let us jump into the next carriage before it is too late. It is all very well for you to protest that the dark doesn't frighten you, but I am sure it does."

"Nonsense!" was the answering whisper, and again the train plunged into the tunnel, which this time seemed almost interminable.

When at last they did come out into the comparative brilliancy of the station lights May's cheeks were glowing a rosy red; her hat had tilted slightly to one side, her whole appearance showed the excitement under which she had obviously been laboring.

"I told you so," said Jack, as they got out at Gloucester road and looked about for an Earl's court train; "your nerves were not equal to it. However, there is no more underground now; it is an open-air run to Earl's court."

Arrived there, May and Jack got out and walked slowly up the steps. En route he remarked on the state of her hair and hat.

"But it was not my fault, Jack," protested the girl; "why couldn't you wait? I'll never let you do such a thing again."

"Do what?" said Jack, astonished.

"Why, kiss me, of course, and with another man in the carriage, too. I was in terror all the time."

"But I never kissed you at all," protested her lover.

"Good gracious! Then it was that wretch opposite. I knew he was a horrid—" She broke off abruptly. "After all, Jack," she said, with an air of resignation, "it doesn't matter, for I thought of you, and you only, all the time!"—Pick-Me-Up.

The Lovable Woman.

Very lovely and lovable is the woman who has cultivated a disposition angelic enough to see the good and not the evil side of human nature, who can be severe with her own failings, and excuse the faults of others. We are told that she is a dull, uninteresting creature, and if we take the trouble to look into the matter we find that she does not laugh at her neighbor's pet weakness; she does not enjoy hitting out right and left at the world at large, and is always ready with a plea for unseen and unsuspected reasons, which, if they could be revealed, would go a long way towards modifying harsh judgment. Our lovable woman may not be witty, she may be a little prosy; but she it is to whom we go when in trouble for sympathy, and confide with a feeling that our secret will not be torn to shreds as soon as our back is turned.—Detroit Free Press.

A Valuable Cook.

Young Jones (who has a fancy for game fowls)—Did a man bring a game bird here for me to-day, Bridget?

Cook—There was a rooster left here, and I thought he was for dinner, so I cut off his head and roasted him."

Young Jones—Great Scott, woman! That was my imported black red game cock, and cost me $40—Harper's Bazar.

He Took the Hint.

He—Let's kiss and make up.

She—Are you sure that you mean it?

"Never in such deadly earnest in my life—confound it, here's your mother."

"But you know mother's awfully shortsighted."—Detroit Free Press.

—The cost of preparing an acre of wheat land for sowing is said to be the greatest in Connecticut, amounting to $4.00.

PITH AND POINT.

—Adolphus—"I wonder if Miss Sharpe is guying me, or if she is really gone on me?" Theodore—"Why, what did she say?" Adolphus—"She said I would always be fresh in her memory."—Boston Transcript.

—"I shall have to give up going on the stage." "Why so?" "My hair is coming out in handfuls." "I don't see what—" "Pretty soon my trainer will be unable to drag me about the floor."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

—"Oh, mamma, cried little Frances, "there are two new dear little kittens in a box down in the laundry with the old cat." "Are there, dear?" "Yes, mamma, and this year's style of kittens is black, trimmed with white."—Harper's Bazar.

—"Perhaps you can guess my mission," said the reporter, after the statesman had read the proffered card. "I have called to ascertain what sort of money you are in favor of." The statesman opened the door, looked out, closed the door again, locked it, pulled down the windows and whispered in the ear of the waiting newspaper man: "Campaign funds."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

—Why He Regretted.—An old Scotchman who had been a long time in the colonies paid a visit to his "native glen," and, meeting an old schoolfellow, they sat down to have a chat about old times and old acquaintances. In the course of the conversation the stranger happened to ask about a certain George McKay. "He's dead lang ago," said his friend, "an' I'll never cease regrettin' him as lang as I live." "Dear me! Had you such a great respect for him as that?" "Na, na! It wasna' on'y respec' I had for himsel', but I married his widow."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

NOT A TRAVELER.

A Living Toad That Didn't Travel Six Inches for Thousands of Years.

In the mining district, some three miles from this city, there has just been made a most novel, and, viewed from a scientific standpoint, a most interesting and valuable discovery. Half way up the mountain a prospector was working in a six-foot ledge of calcareous rock, bearing every evidence of the silurian age. He had progressed fully five feet into the ledge when a blow of the sledge revealed to his astonished gaze a live toad snugly ensconced in a cavity in the solid rock about the size of a quart cup. The sides of this cavity were perfectly smooth and bore no evidence of crack, seam, or crevice.

The toad's position was about equally distant from the upper and lower surface of the ledge. Above the ledge is a stratum of pure white sandstone, three feet thick; and immediately over this a layer of soil, out of which tower great oak trees, two feet in diameter.

The find was made by D. D. Field, formerly of Topeka, Kan., and an experienced miner, who has for some months been prospecting in the mineral region in this vicinity. Asked as to the accuracy of the above account, Mr. Field signified his willingness to attach his signature thereto under oath. The mayor or any prominent citizen of Eureka Springs will vouch for any statement he may make, and any number of Topeka people will testify to his reputation for truth and veracity.

When first exhumed from his adamantine tomb the toad's eyes were closed and there was little manifestation of life, other than a palpitating motion of the throat. Shortly after his advent he opened one eye and began to move his front legs. Gradually his stiffened members regained their strength, until now he is a decidedly lively batrachian. He refuses all food, however, and has forgotten, if he ever knew, the art of hopping. But he is an expert crawler, and seeks, and evidently enjoys, the light of which he so long had been deprived.

Time, though, has set lightly on his batrachian brow. He seems to appreciate, too, the importance and privileges which attach to great age, and moves about with a nilemn and arrogant mien. But when you scratch his sides with a lead pencil, he readily yields to the seductive sensation, places one front foot on his heart or stomach, and, as he cocks one eye up ecstatically, seems to say: "Oh! if you would only make it my back." Unlike Shakespeare's toad, he does not sweat venom nor moisture of any kind; his color, a lurid copper hue, further marks his personality as distinctive from any batrachian yet found.

Some years ago, near Peoria, Ill., a live toad was discovered in a sub-carboniferous formation under similar conditions, except that it was of a pale slate color. Mr. Field will endeavor to preserve the life of his little ward, and it will probably be sent to the Smithsonian institution.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Variation.

The little boy whose head has a tendency to bulge out at the top like a mushroom, owing, as his parents truly believe, to the extraordinary amount of knowledge it contains, was gazing gravely at his father who was making his breakfast off ice water.

"People change a great deal when they grow up, don't they?" the boy observed.

"Of course," his mother answered.

"And yet they're very much the same, after all," he continued, musingly.

"What are you talking about?"

"About grown men and boys. When a boy goes out and eats whatever he wants and pays no attention to what anybody says the next day he has a stomach ache."

"Very often."

"And when a grown man goes out to a banquet, the only difference is that the next morning he has a headache. The ache seems to move around, but it's there, just the same."—Detroit Free Press.

Didn't Want Kid.

A little fellow who lives near us went into a shop some weeks ago to buy a pair of gloves. The shopman stared at his juvenile customer and asked him what size he took. The youngster promptly informed him.

"Do you want kid gloves, my boy?" asked the shopman.

"Kid gloves," ejaculated his customer. "I'm not a kid now. I want grown-up ones!"—Town and Country Journal.

A Misunderstanding.

Mr. Fogg—What made you so late coming home from school?

Tommy—Teacher kep' me in.

"Why?"

"It was just a misunderstanding."

"Well, what sort of a misunderstanding?"

"Why, I didn't understand my jography lesson."—Tit-Bits.