GRANT'S NARROW ESCAPE.

Gen. Grant had ridden nearly every day along the lines. The soldiers of both armies drank the water of Chattanooga Creek. One day Grant was by the creek. He saw soldiers in blue dipping up water.

"To whose command do you belong?" he asked.

"To Longstreet's."

"What are you doing in those blue coats?"

"O, all our troops wear Yankee coats."

Gen. Grant had forgotten it, and the Confederates had no thought that they were talking with the commander of the Union army. Nor did he inform them who he was.

THE ADVANCE.

The pontoon bridges are made whole once more. Behind the hills opposite the mouth of Chickamauga Creek Gen. Smith, Chief of Engineers, is waiting with another bridge. A line of cannon, under Gen. Brannan, is planted on the hill, pointing across the river. Sherman's troops, with the exception of Osterhaus's Division, are also behind the hills. Osterhaus is ordered to report to Hooker, who is in Lookout Valley, where he has been since the battle of Wauhatchie.

We come to the night of the 23d. The boats are launched. The brigade under Gen. Giles A. Smith step in. A few strokes of the oars and they are across the river, capturing Bragg's pickets. The boats go back for more troops. Before daylight Sherman with 8,000 men is opposite the northern end of Missionary Ridge, with strong intrenchments thrown up, and the engineers are building a bridge. Before night it is completed—1,350 feet in length.

To deceive Bragg as to what he intends to do, Grant moves the Eleventh Corps, under Howard, across the pontoon bridge into the town. The troops move in open day, and Bragg sees them taking position immediately in front of him, as if to make an attack at that point.

"Bragg is sending troops north," is the information from Grant's spies. Gen. Grant cannot believe it, but it is true nevertheless. Longstreet has called for more men, and he has sent Gen. Buckner's two divisions, but discovers his mistake, and recalls one of them.

Let us see the position of the Union troops. Sherman is opposite the northern end of Missionary Ridge; next in line is the Fourth Corps, under Gen. Gordon Granger, with Sheridan's Division on the right and Wood's on the left; the Fourteenth Corps comes next, under Gen. Palmer, with Baird's Division in position to support Granger's right wing. Johnson's Division is in reserve. The Eleventh Corps, under Howard, is on Granger's left, to be ready to move when most needed.

Going now down the river and out on the road from the pontoons at Brown's Ferry, we come to Hooker, who has the Twelfth Corps, under Geary, Osterhaus's Division of Sherman's Corps and Cruft's Division of the Fourth Corps.

Lookout Mountain separates Hooker from the main body of the army. Hooker is to sweep up the slope of the Mountain, strike the left wing of the Confederates, get in their rear, and drive them if possible from the lofty summit. Gen. Stevenson, with six Confederate brigades, with strong breastworks and redoubts for artillery, holds the mountain-side. Hooker must climb the steep ascent in the face of a deadly fire. Hooker is several miles from Sherman, who is to assault Missionary Ridge. Gen. Sherman moves out from his position of the morning, drives in the Confederate skirmishers, advances over some low hills, scales a hill beyond, which he had supposed was the main ridge, but discovers instead a deep ravine behind it, with Missionary Ridge, bristling with Bragg's cannon, looming above it. His artillery wheels into position and the uproar begins. He is not ready to attack, and the sun goes down with the artillery on both sides flaming and thundering. The troops wrap themselves in their blankets, knowing that in the morning the great struggle will begin.

THE BATTLE.

"Attack at daylight," is the order from Grant at midnight sent to the commanders.

"I am ready," is the response from Hooker at 4 o'clock in the morning.

IN FRONT OF HOOKER.

Had we been there we should have found Gen. Stevenson with a strong picket-line along the east bank of Lookout Creek. The Confederate soldiers are crouching beneath the oak trees, wide awake and ready for Hooker. The ground is favorable for them. The oak trees are large and tall. There are gullies and deep ravines, boulders and ledges. They have breastworks and rifle-pits.

The Twelfth Corps, under Geary, with Cruft's Division, is in line. Geary is to move up the creek and find a place where the soldiers can wade through the creek. Cruft's Brigade is to cross near the railroad. The clouds hang low and there is a heavy mist. The morning has not yet dawned when the troops move. We see them picking their way over the uneven ground. Cruft advances to the creek. Muskets flash upon the opposite bank. A volley rings out upon the morning air, rolling up the mountain, awakening the Confederate troops. In a moment Stevenson's men are on their feet, but before any re-enforcements can reach the soldiers guarding the bridge the Union troops are in possession. The mist is so thick that Stevenson does not see Geary, who is making his way up the creek, but concentrates his troops to resist Cruft's, Wood's and Grose's Brigades, who have captured nearly all the 40 men guarding the bridge.

Geary finds a crossing place, moves over, and the men begin to ascend the mountain, marching northeast, while Cruft, Grose and Osterhaus are moving east.

Daylight comes; the men with axes are hard at work slashing down the oaks and rebuilding the bridge. It is past 10 o'clock before they complete it so that Osterhaus can cross. Geary has moved up the mountain-side. The battle is growing warm—flashes from the Confederate breastworks, wreaths of blue smoke curling above Geary's advancing lines. Geary is so far around that the Confederates in front of Cruft and Grose give way and flee up the mountain to the higher breastworks. The Union troops send out a lusty cheer and move on.

Hooker's cannon come into position and the thunder rolls along the valley, echoing from mountain to mountain. The men under Thomas, Howard and Sherman hear it, and know that Hooker is knocking at Bragg's side door. The instinct of the soldier is quick. Not one of them but understands from the situation of the troops that Grant at the right time will give a thundering knock at the front door.

The day is dark. At noon the clouds settle thick and heavy, but up the mountain-side are bright flashes and heavy thunders. The Confederates fight desperately, but give way at last, fleeing up the mountain, throwing away their arms, cartridge-boxes, and blankets. Bragg sends re-enforcements, but they arrive too late to retrieve the lost ground. Stevenson rallies his troops by Mr. Craven's house, a cabin far up the mountain-side, but Hooker's men have their blood up and rush on so impetuously that the Confederates break and flee once more, a panic-stricken crowd, over rocks and fallen trees, so hard pressed that nearly 2,000 are captured. At 4 o'clock Hooker is in possession of the whole western slope; but night is coming on, and the wearied troops, exultant over what has been done, build their bivouac fires and cook their coffee. Carlin's Brigade comes up and relieves Geary, and the line is extended round the northern end of the mountain to connect with Thomas.

MIDNIGHT.

Gen. Grant is issuing his orders for to-morrow. At daylight Sherman is to attack; Hooker is to move at the same moment, drive Stevenson down the eastern slope of the mountain, follow him, cross Chattanooga Creek, strike the southern end of Missionary Ridge and fold back Bragg's left flank. The moment Hooker reaches that point, Thomas is to begin his knocking at the front door. There is to be knocking all round—Hooker on the right, Thomas in the center, Sherman on the left, the cavalry in the rear.

THE BATTLE.

Day comes. The clouds are gone. The morning light rests on Lookout, but not a Confederate is there. Stevenson has abandoned the top of the mountain and is on Missionary Ridge. He has burned the bridges across Chattanooga Creek, leaving all his baggage behind. Hooker's men climb the mountain, fling out the Stars and Stripes, give a cheer, and descend the eastern slope to the creek. He must rebuild the bridges before he can cross.

SHERMAN.

Going up now to Sherman, we see the lines advancing at daylight. A few steps and the skirmishes begin. Morgan L. Smith's Division moves south along the east base of the ridge. Corse's Brigade is next in line, advancing directly against the hill. Loomis's Brigade is moving southeast up the western slope, with two brigades of John E. Smith's Division in reserve.

Gen. Grant is in Fort Wood, whence he can see a great deal that is going on. He can see Bragg's headquarters on Missionary Ridge, with officers coming and going. He can see Bragg sending troops to assist Sherman.

Morgan L. Smith moves through thick woods, drives the enemy, swings his left round till it reaches the railroad. It is a severe blow upon Bragg, for it cuts him off from his supplies at Chickamauga Depot. Hardee's, Cleburne's, Gists, and Cheatham's Divisions make a stubborn fight. Bragg's cannon are as thick as they can stand, and the ridge flames like a volcano. Corse's troops make a desperate struggle to climb the side of the ridge. Corse is wounded and his troops are hurled back, but not in panic. Not a soldier anywhere thinks of fleeing. Through the forenoon—past noon—the struggle goes on. You are to think of the Union troops charging up the hill, then falling back to reform and get more ammunition, then moving up once more, just as the waves creep up the shore of the ocean.

Four o'clock. Sherman all the while has been doing all the fighting. Grant has been waiting to hear the thunder of Hooker's cannon far off in the South, but Hooker has not been able to get across Chattanooga Creek. It will not do to let the battle end with nothing more attempted. Grant has seen Bragg sending brigade after brigade north, weakening his center. Sheridan's and Wood's Divisions of Thomas's Corps have been waiting all day. The time has come to let them loose. The order is issued. An hour passes, but the troops do not move, and Grant is surprised upon turning round to see Wood standing almost by his side.

"Why have you not charged, sir?"

"I have received no orders."

"I issued the order an hour ago."

"This is the first I have heard of it."

"Charge at once."

A moment later and the line is in motion, Wood's and Sheridan's Divisions rushing upon the Confederates. Grant hears a loud cheer, and a moment later sees the Confederates falling back from their rifle-pits. Half way up the ridge is their first line of breastworks. On from the rifle-pits to the breastworks rolls the wave, the men in blue so close upon the heels of the men in gray that Grant can hardly tell which reached the works first. Many of the Confederates throw down their guns and surrender. It is only the beginning. The Confederate cannon flame; the uproar is terrific; but the Confederates fire wildly, and the Union troops, without stopping a moment, rush up the ridge. In an instant they are swarming over the breastworks on the summit in a half dozen places at once, seizing the cannon. It is like the sudden rising of a mountain river, which sweeps all before the mighty rush of waters. Bragg is astounded. He has no time to think of rallying troops then. He rides to the rear amid a panic-stricken command throwing away their arms and thinking of nothing but to get beyond Chickamauga Creek.

The whole left of Bragg's line has given way. There is but one thing to be done by the troops confronting Sherman—retreat. Night is closing in and Sherman does not know what Thomas has accomplished, and he does not pursue.

The battle is over. Bragg has met with a crushing defeat, losing 40 cannon, 7,000 muskets, 6,100 prisoners, besides the killed, wounded and missing. His army was demoralized. Longstreet could not rejoin him. He had nothing to do but retreat into Georgia. Never again was the Confederate flag to wave from the summit of Lookout; never again a Confederate regiment to threaten Chattanooga.

[To be continued.]

Human Calves.

An exchange says: "Nine-tenths of the unhappy marriages result from human calves being allowed to run at large in society pastures." Nine-tenths of the chronic or lingering diseases of to-day originate in impure blood, liver complaint or biliousness, resulting in scrofula, consumption (which is but scrofula of the lungs), sores, ulcers, skin diseases and kindred affections. Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" cures all these. Of druggists.

Emigrant Babies in Improvised Cradles.

[*Chicago Herald.*]

"Saw a queer thing coming in the other day on the Fort Wayne Road," said a drummer. "There were several cars of immigrants along, and you know how they do crowd 'em in. You think this smoking saloon crowded, with 12 of us in here and every man puffing at his cigar; but you just ought to have seen some of those emigrant cars. They were loaded from door to door, and the air in 'em was so bad that when the door opened you see clouds of it waft off over the homes of poor innocent, unoffending families. I've heard that the farmers along the route claim the escaping air from those emigrant cars has ruined their crops, and they propose to sue the company for damages; but that may not be true. You can't believe everything you hear while traveling. For instance ——"

"But the queer thing you were going to tell us about?"

"Oh, yes; you know these little racks on the sides of the cars up over the seats. They are for parcels, hats and things. But what do you suppose those emigrants were using them for? Babies, sir, as I live. If there was one baby hanging up there in a rack there were a dozen."

Nervous, Debilitated Men,

You are allowed *a free trial of thirty days* of the use of Dr. Dye's Celebrated Voltaic Belt with Electric Suspensory Appliances, for the speedy relief and permanent cure of Nervous Debility, loss of Vitality and Manhood, and all kindred troubles. Also, for many other diseases. Complete restoration to health, vigor and manhood guaranteed. No risk is incurred. Illustrated pamphlet, with full information, terms, etc., mailed free my addressing Voltaic Belt Co., Marshall, Mich.

A Baseball Character.

[*Sun.*]

Proprietor of sporting goods house (to college freshman who has just purchased a complete baseball outfit)—Anything else to-day, sir?

Freshman—H'm; do you keep baseball literature?

Proprietor—Oh, yes; everything ever written.

Freshman—Well, you might give me a copy of the "Rise and Fall of the Roman Umpire."

Every one owning a building is directly interested in having a cheap and durable as well as a fire-proof roof; the acme of perfection in roof covering has been reached by Rubber Roofing, which has attracted the earnest and favorable attention of our leading capitalists, architects and real estate owners, as well as hundreds of our most prominent business men.

The trade for this roofing now extends through the United States and Canada, and is largely spread through various foreign countries, including China, Japan, European countries, and the East and West Indies. In addition to this superior roofing its manufacturers have placed on the market their inimitable fire-proof Slate Roofing Paint for repairing and preserving old tin, board or shingle roofs, as well as Slate Cement, dry and tarred sheathing papers, rosin sized sheathing, carpet felts, building paper, marbleized slate mantels and grates.

All above goods are manufactured by the Indiana Paint and Roofing Co., 143 Duane St., New York, who have earned a national reputation. The facilities for filling all orders promptly and on the most advantageous terms are unsurpassed.

Write to them for samples and book circulars, giving references and particulars, including an exhaustive treatise on roofing.

THE MYSTERY OF FIGURES.

The Sergeant and His Guard—A Study for the Mathematicians.

The curious pranks that may be played with figures are well illustrated by an incident which happened, let us suppose, in the Shenandoah Valley. A Sergeant was sent with 24 soldiers to guard an important point. It was an isolated spot, and it was necessary to keep a sharp lookout on every side. So he established eight posts with three men stationed on each. He arranged them in the following order:

3	3	3
3		3
3	3	3

The Sergeant prided himself upon this skillful disposition. Taking his own place in the center, he contemplated with satisfaction a row of nine brave soldiers keeping vigilant watch on each side of his hollow square. Directing that he should be aroused at the slightest symptom of danger, he wrapped the drapery of his army blanket around him and lay down to snore. By and by the soldiers began to grow weary, and seeing nothing to cause alarm they shook up the Sergeant and asked if they might not alter the arrangement a little, promising that no point should be left unguarded. He told them he didn't care so long as they kept nine men on each side of the square, and then rolled over and went to sleep. After a nap he awoke and thought he would look after the boys, and found them disposed like this:

4	1	4
1		1
4	1	4

Carefully counting noses, he found there were but 20 men on duty, four having disappeared for the time being; but he saw that there were still nine on each of the four sides. He couldn't quite get it through his head how this could be, but there was no mistake about it, and he lay down again. But the fact that four men were gone worried him and disturbed the peaceful tenor of his dreams. After a short, fitful sleep he got up and made the rounds again, to assure himself that all was right. He found that the arrangement had been changed again, but there were still exactly nine on each side, in strict obedience to his orders. This is the way he found them:

2	5	2
5		5
2	5	2

But on counting the men again he saw, to his astonishment, that the four missing men had returned and had brought four others with them—28 in all,—as will be seen by referring to the diagram.

"Well, I'll be jammed," exclaimed the Sergeant, "if that don't beat me! First 24 men, then 20, and now 28, and every time nine on a side. These are smart boys I've got here. Everything seems to be all right and I'll just lie down again and see what they'll be up to next."

The next time he inspected the posts he discovered, surely enough, that they had again exercised their ingenuity. He carefully told them off and still found nine on a side, arranged thus:

1	7	1
7		7
1	7	1

The Sergeant was thoroughly mystified when he found on counting the whole number that there were now 32, four more having joined the squad and been placed on duty, without increasing the number on each side of the square. While the Sergeant was sandwiching another nap between his inspections four other men from camp re-enforced the boys. They wanted to take a trick on guard with their comrades, and the boys, after a little figuring, found that there was no trouble about it. When the Sergeant rubbed his eyes and went around the next time he found them arranged like this:

0	9	0
9		9
0	9	0

"Nine brave fellows on each side again," said the Sergeant, "but if I can count straight there are 36 in all. A little while ago they made the same show with only 20. I'll have to recommend these gallant lads to be appointed professors of mathematics at West Point."

Feeling a double sense of security with so large a force of trusty men on guard, and more than ever assured that he had nine pairs of eyes watching on each side of him, the Sergeant once more lay down. He racked his brain in trying to solve the mystery of these strange transformations, until he went to sleep. When he awoke it was daylight. He jumped up and making a careful inspection of the lines he found half the men asleep on the ground. There were only 18 men on duty, but to his amazement there were still nine on each side of the square. This is the way they were arranged:

5	0	4
0		0
4	0	5

There were the same number of men available on each front, and yet there were only half as many as when he made his previous round. The Sergeant began to think by this time that there was something in witchcraft, after all, and that his men were possessed of evil spirits, or else he himself had the jim-jams. He was glad enough when a squad was sent out from camp to relieve him.

FORTUNES IN DEFORMITY.

Museum Freaks Who Draw Bigger Salaries Than Accomplished Actors.

[*Philadelphia Times.*]

The first dime museum was started on the Bowery, in New York, in 1872. At first the museums multiplied slowly, but about three years ago they sprang up all over the country, and now all large cities have from one to three. It is a bigger thing to be a freak than marry a rich widow. Freaks grow rich. The competition between museums has run up the price of curiosities until they draw more pay than a receiver in a railroad suit. A good freak makes more money without opening his mouth than the most accomplished actor. Little Luci Zerate, the Mexican midget, who is undoubtedly the smallest human being ever exhibited, got $2,800 for four weeks in this city, and now wants $800 a week. Jo-Jo, the dog-faced boy, gets $500 a week. The first season he exhibited he drew $700, but curiosities, as a rule, draw larger salaries on their first tour. The Greeley survivors were offered $1,000 a week to show themselves, but the Government interfered. The "Turtle Boy," a misfit little darkey, whose limbs are frightfully distorted, commands $75 a week. The gentleman with the elastic skin, who thinks nothing of pulling the skin of the back of his neck over his face and can make a necktie of his nose, got $300 a week for his first season, and now gets $150.

The two negro girls who figure as "What-Is-Its" are paid $200 a week. Chang, the Chinese giant, wont show for less than $350 a week; Col. Goshen, who is almost as tall and runs a farm over in New Jersey, gets but $55, but Mr. and Mrs. Bates, the well-known giants, are in demand at $600. The Count and Countess Magri (formerly Mrs. Tom Thumb) and the Count's brother, Baron Little Finger, get $600 a week. Josephine Myrtle Corbyn, the four-legged girl, gets $450 a week. The Aztecs, man and woman, who originally showed with Barnum, get $150. The "Modern Hercules," who loves to catch red-hot cannon balls, does about 20 minutes' work a day and draws $200 a week, but he is not properly a freak, although he is likely to be one if he ever misses the ball and it hits him. But these are high-priced freaks. The second-class curiosities manage to worry along on from $50 to $150 a week. Fat women are in demand at $40. Ada Briggs, who is good looking and heavy as she is pretty, gets $60. Dave Navarro, the "Fat Boy," who, by the by, was not a woman, made managers pay him $125 a week. He died recently. Living skeletons get from $40 to $80, Ike Sprague drawing the latter figure. Sprague is so delightfully ethereal that he can't stand without being propped up with straws. Armless men who do things with their toes are bribed not to run away for $50 a week. The "Leopard Boy," a colored youth who is turning white in spots, commands $25 a week. Albinos and minor curiosities that are used to fill in the bill receive $15 and $20 a week. Musical families—those families where the old gentleman plays the violin, the mother the piano and all the children some atrocious instruments—chiefly drums, draw from $50 to $100 a week.

Frieks die, and sometimes they go out of the business. Capt. Constantinus, the original tattooed Greek, retired upon a fortune, and is now living on a fine estate in Greece, but has become blind. Dudly Forster, "Hop-o-My-Thumb," a very little fellow, made enough in two years to buy his father a nice farm.

A TREASURER'S SAFETY.

An Active Screw Manufacturer has the twists taken out of his system.

Once upon a time—and it was not so many years ago, either—gimlet-pointed screws such as we have to-day were unknown. The screws of those days were finished off flat at the end, and a hole had to be bored for each screw, so as to permit it to enter the wood. Some of the best inventions the world has known were by lazy fellows; and the gimlet screw was one of them. A mechanic who was "born tired" and who hated the labor of boring a hole in the wood for each screw, conceived the thought that if the screw were furnished with a little tail end in the shape of a pointed gimlet, much trouble might be saved.

At first the manufacture of such screws was attended with difficulties, but machinery to overcome them was in due time invented.

The gimlet-pointed screw is one of the necessities of the present age. Our great screw factories turn these useful little things out by the million and million. One of the greatest of the screw concerns is the American Screw Company, whose extensive works are at Providence, Rhode Island.

The treasurer of this great corporation, and one of its most active managers, is W. H. Henderson, Esq., one of the most widely known business men of Providence. Mr. Henderson, who is now well advanced in years, has had a long experience of invalidism, against which he bravely battled. His principal trouble was catarrh, which was so obstinate as for a long time to defy all treatment and so deeply seated as to cause a great degree of deafness.

Our Rhode Island correspondent recently spent an hour with Mr. Henderson, who talked freely of his past and present experience. "My catarrh was of very long standing," said Mr. H. "At an early age I had a severe attack of scarlet fever which left me with a variety of ailments. The most troublesome and permanent of these was this catarrh. The catarrh took a very strong hold on me, and in spite of all that the doctors could do for me, it increased from year to year to such an extent that my expectorations were so copious as to be very annoying. You may judge how they were when I tell you that I would often use up as many as half a dozen handkerchiefs a day In the night time the catarrhal discharge was so great that I almost feared to go to sleep lest I should be choked while asleep. I would have to rise once or twice during the night and free my nostrils and mouth from the accumulations. I am now over the worst of my trouble, however, and my catarrh is so nearly gone that it gives me no inconvenience. One handkerchief a day is sufficient for all my needs in that direction."

"Then, Mr. Henderson, some of the treatment you have been taking has done you good?"

"Yes. Let me tell you about it. I tried a great many things which were of no avail. One medicine after another failed me. I tried electricity, and thought I received some advantage from it; but the relief proved only partial and temporary. I was ready to try almost anything that gave any hope of relief. Mr. Sullivan Fenner, of this city, advised me to try Compound Oxygen, an article of which I knew nothing except what he told me. It had been of great advantage to him and his son. This gave me practical and lasting relief. It was about two and a-half years ago that I sent to Philadelphia for a 'Home Treatment' of the Compound Oxygen, and at once began using it. You may judge of my surprise at its operation, when I tell you that in a few days I felt it was doing me good, in checking the discharges and giving new life to the affected parts. I used the Oxygen regularly and persistently for several months. At first I could inhale only a few seconds at a time, and that was with considerable difficulty. But as I continued to use the inhalant, inhalation became easier, and relief was greater. The gain in my strength and general health was very satisfactory. I had been so much of an invalid that I was unable to attend to my business with regularity; but as my improvement in health went on, gradually but surely, I found myself able to do far more than I had done for years. To indicate to you the extent of my improvement I may say that I now rise early, and am at my office by nine or ten o'clock. I have nine clerks and keep them busy. I go out during the day and attend to a great deal of out-door business, down town. About six o'clock I go home and spend the evening in reading or otherwise, and go to bed about eleven. I sleep well."

"Then you are entirely free from catarrh, Mr. Henderson?"

"Quite as free as a man of my age can ever expect to be after such a protracted siege with so obstinate disease. For all practical purposes I am a well man. I still take Compound Oxygen occasionally, especially if I take cold, for there is nothing like it to break up a cold. I have visited Messrs. Starkey and Palen in Philadelphia, and have talked with them over my case. They are gentlemen for whom I have a high esteem, and I am glad they have done so much good and relieved so much distress as they have with the Compound Oxygen."

"Some of your friends have had pleasant experience with the Compound Oxygen, have they not, Mr. Henderson?"

"Yes; I have recommended it to many. My wife has taken it with good effect. She was suffering with general debility. It vitalized her and gave her strength as nothing else did.

"Then there is an old gentleman, the father of one of my clerks, Mr. Tyler. This gentleman is over seventy years of age. For many years he had suffered from asthma. For twenty-five years he had not been able to sleep except when sitting in a chair. He could not lie upon his back. He wrote to Messrs. Starkey and Palen for a 'Home Treatment' in May, and by July he was able to lie on his back and sleep like other people.

"I think it is asking a good deal of Compound Oxygen to expect it to afford relief in such old and obstinate cases as these. But you see what it has done. It can be depended upon. I firmly believe in its efficacy."

The number of those who are firm believers in the remedial power of Compound Oxygen is daily and largely on the increase. It is a wonderful remedy for the relief of the suffering and the strengthening of the weak.

An interesting treatise on the subject is published by Messrs. STARKEY AND PALEN, 1529 Arch street, Philadelphia. This will be sent by mail, free of charge, to all who apply for it.

Prince Albert's Will and Fortune.

[*London Truth.*]

In "The Four Georges" great amazement is expressed by Thackeray because George II seized his father's will, and never would permit it to be proved, nor was anything ever heard of it afterward, and its suppression produced a violent quarrel with the Royal Family of Prussia. There is a long narrative in Horace Walpole's "Memoirs" about this will; but it is rather odd that after the lapse of 134 years precisely the same thing happened again, for the Queen quietly took possession of Prince Albert's will, and nothing has ever been known of its contents to this hour, nor does any one know the amount of property which he left. The Prince had nothing when he came to England except £100 a year, or some such paltry sum, but he was very parsimonious, like his uncle, King Leopold, and I have been told that he must have left nearly a million, as he received £655,000 from the country, of which he did not spend as many shillings, and certain speculations in which he engaged turned out very profitable. I have only calculated the Prince Consort's allowance, but he also received large sums as military pay, and a trifle of £22,000 as Governor of Windsor Castle, in which sinecure office he succeeded the Duke of Sussex, although the Duke of Wellington was anxious to appoint a deserving nobleman who had worked long and hard for the country.

His Bad Luck.

[*Life.*]

Miss S.—Ah, Mr. St. John, you have been out shooting. What sort of luck did you have?

Mr. St. J.—Well, I scared up seven partridges.

Miss S.—How many did you shoot?

Mr. St. J.—I did not bag any, of course, for I had my sniping suit on, don't you know.

He Got Even.

[*Tid Bits.*]

Buttons—Missus told me to come down and tell you she was not at home.

Huffeut—Go back and tell your mistress I say I haven't called.

How Women Differ from Men.

At least three men on the average jury are bound to disagree with the rest just to show that they've got minds of their own; but there is no disagreement among the women as to the merits of Dr. Pierce's "*Favorite Prescription.*" They are all unanimous in pronouncing it the best remedy in the world for all those chronic diseases, weaknesses and complaints peculiar to their sex. It transforms the pale, haggard, dispirited women into one of sparkling health, and the ringing laugh again "reigns supreme" in the happy household.

DAHLGREN'S RAID.

(Continued from 1st page.)

I had but a single pistol cartridge myself, which I had reserved for a last recourse. Under the disastrous circumstances, Maj. Cooke, after a consultation with Lieut. Bartley and myself, decided upon the necessity of breaking up the party, in the hope of getting through the enemy's line dismounted, and by spreading out in twos and threes to baffle pursuit, and accomplish the remaining 25 miles, which we estimated to be the distance to Gloucester Point. Maj. Cooke and myself together made a careful reconnaissance and found that

WE WERE CLOSELY SURROUNDED

by a large force. Their fires could be seen at several points, and so near were they that their voices in conversation were plainly audible. The men were dismounted and ordered to drive their sabers into the ground and picket their horses to them, it being impossible to kill the animals without attracting notice. The Spencer carbines were destroyed by removing and throwing away or burying the chambers and breaking the magazine tubes. The men were instructed to take only their belts, revolvers and haversacks, that they might not be impeded by a heavy load which would be soon abandoned, affording evidence of the trail and assist pursuit.

As soon as these arrangements were silently made we desired them to select companions and to form into parties of three or four, when we gave them the points of direction as nearly as could be determined and bade them good-by. One of the men made a collection of cartridges and brought me a charge for two revolvers. I shall never forget the kind act. About 40 men departed in this manner; the rest, being too much exhausted, remained on the ground and surrendered themselves next morning. The negroes we had to abandon to their fate. After all who could do so had withdrawn, Maj. Cooke, Lieut. Bartley, myself and three scouts took our departure, which we effected by creeping on hands and knees for about half a mile between the different parties and posts of the rebels. We traveled until daybreak, when we secreted ourselves in a jungle of young pines, where we passed the day principally in sleep, which we greatly needed. When night returned we resumed our journey.

After traveling several miles we concluded to stop at an isolated cabin to procure food. We entered the place and found an old man, overseer of the plantation, and his wife. They consented with apparent willingness to give us supper and prepare a supply of food to carry with us, for which we offered to pay liberally. The old man built a blazing fire and we all gathered around the hearth to infuse a little warmth into our benumbed limbs. Suddenly the door was opened, and before we could grasp our pistols from beneath our clothing, where we had carried them to keep dry, the room was filled with soldiers, who

DEMANDED OUR SURRENDER,

and we were forced to comply. The leader of the party was the owner of the plantation, Captain of the Home-Guards, and Rev. Mr. Bagley, pastor of a Baptist church. This gentleman of threefold calling took us to his own house near by, where a plentiful supper was already prepared for his band, who had been beating the woods all day in search of our fugitives. The chagrin occasioned by our escape from their well-contrived ambush had stimulated their exertions, and they had been rewarded with almost complete success, only three of our party making good their escape.

The country was completely aroused. Every man, and even women, children and dogs took part in the search. We were apparently objects of great interest. Numbers came to gratify their curiosity with a view of us. Our captors guarded us most assiduously, pistol in hand, or, while engaged in supper, kept them beside their plates. Maj. Cooke asserts that the parson said grace with a cocked revolver in his hand. After supper we were removed to the "best room," where "shake-downs" were prepared, and we viewed with great satisfaction the arrangements for a good night's rest. Our slumbers were guarded by five vigilant partisans, sitting cross-kneed, with leveled revolvers. Twice during the night I was aroused by the ceremony of changing guard, but found them always on the alert, a pistol being brought to bear upon me the moment my eyes opened. They were withal courteous enough, except that they would inflict upon us their views on the secession and war questions and scoff at the folly of attempting to conquer the South, and while treating us with no small degree of deference, would assert their profound contempt for Yankees universally.

Next morning, after breakfast, the precise counterpart of supper, and which I hold in grateful remembrance to this day, and reverted to in imagination many a time during subsequent days of short rations, the parson politely but firmly demanded our watches and other articles of personal property, which were handed over with no little reluctance and indignation. Seeming to think that some apology was necessary for conduct so plainly in violation of both clerical and military character, he explained that his loss had been very great, and "that it was his only means of making himself whole." Besides, he remarked, if he did not get the plunder it would be taken from us in Richmond, and he might as well have it as the officials there, who were all thieves and rascals. Well, perhaps the parson was right. He certainly estimated his Richmond friends at the true standard of morality. From these people we learned

THE PARTICULARS OF DAHLGREN'S FATE.

His body was found perforated with five bullets, and his death had been instantaneous. One of them, a physician, an intelligent and in appearance respectable man, assured me that the remains were buried in a decent manner. He said that the best joiner in the neighborhood had been employed to make the coffin, which was of stained wood, the best material available. He also stated that it was the universal wish to give a fitting burial to so gallant a soldier. It was an afterthought, which doubtless emanated from Richmond, to disinter and heap wrath and indignity upon the senseless corpse of a dauntless foe. We were subsequently informed that the body had been mutilated before burial by a Lieut. Hart, 7th Va. Cav., who severed one of the fingers to possess himself of a valuable ring worn by the Colonel; but the act was regarded as so disgraceful that several soldiers of the same regiment, who witnessed the act and informed us of it, said that the scoundrel deserved to be shot.

After breakfast Friday morning, March 4, we were turned over to Capt. Magruder, of the cavalry, who escorted us to Richmond, a distance of 40 miles, where we arrived Saturday evening, footsore and hungry, to be transferred to the tender mercies of Maj. Thomas P. Turner and his fellow-Samaritan, Inspector Dick Turner, who provided us with a dungeon in the cellar of Libby Prison, where we were considerately informed we should remain until arrangements were completed to hang us.

It would be improper to conclude this paper without alluding to the good conduct of the men of the 5th N. Y. Through the entire raid their behavior elicited frequent and earnest commendation from Col. Dahlgren and reflected credit upon the regiment. But all connected with the expedition did their duty well, and if gallantry or endurance could have won success, they would not have failed to grasp it. All entered ardently into the spirit of the enterprise, inspired by the example of the "one-legged Colonel," whose noble memory no rebel vandal can ever mutilate or tarnish.

The search for the remains of Col. Dahlgren was long, earnest, and finally successful. The remains of Col. Ulric Dahlgren were laid in State in Independence Hall, Philadelphia, during the night of Nov. 1, 1865, and the funeral took place on the morning of Nov. 2. Among the distinguished mourners were Admiral Dahlgren, Gens. Meade and Humphries, and Maj. Henry.

They Both Had Suffered.

[*Detroit Free Press.*]

"Well, well, Jonathan! Is this reely you? Never would o' knowed you! Don't think I've seed you afore in 10 years. How's the world sarved you, anyhow, Jonathan?"

"Bad enough, bad enough," replies Jonathan, shaking his head sadly. "Sence I see you last I've lost my wife an' three children, had my leg broke, my house tuk fire an' burnt clean down, my Jarsey bull died, the bank I hed my few savin's in busted an' last yer I got merried again. I've hed my full sheer of afflictions, I hev, Silas."

"You hev, indeed," says Silas sadly, as a lank, sharp-nosed, thin-lipped woman put her red head out of a window and cut the air with these words:

"You come 'long here an' git me some wood, Sile Hixon, or you don't git a bite ter eat today! Mosey right 'long this minnit! You hear *me?*"

"We've both had our misfortins," said Silas, gloomily.

Politics Too Much for Him.

A lady on Fifth Avenue, New York, quickly summoned a doctor:

"Oh, doctor, my husband is nearly dead. He attended a caucus last night. He made four speeches and promised to be with his fellow-citizens again to-day. But oh, doctor, he looks nearly dead."

"Has he been in politics long?"

"No, only last year. He worked hard for *James McCaulay's election."

"He will get well, madam! He has a stomach for any disease, if he worked for him."

Political life, of short or long duration, is very exhausting, as is evident from the great mortality which prevails among public men. Ex-U. S. Senator B. K. Bruce, who has been long in public life, says:

"The other day, when stepping into a car at a crossing, I found Dr. —— within, who eyed me up and down in a surprised way, remarking:

"'Why, Senator, how well you look!'"

"'Well, I feel pretty well,' I answered."

The doctor uttered an incredulous reply, when the Senator frankly told him, in answer to an inquiry, that it was Warner's safe cure which accomplished for him what the profession had failed to do. Senator Bruce says his friends are very much astonished at this revelation of power.—*The Globe.*

*Overwhelmingly defeated.

Mr. George Manville Fenn,

whose work is constantly increasing in popularity, has written a serial story called "Iron Trials," for the YOUTH'S COMPANION. It deals with boy life in an English Manufacturing town, and is said to be unusually dramatic.

Wanted to Join the Game.

An Arkansaw man, who was summoned to serve on a jury, began to make excuses, when the Judge, interrupting him, said:

"Never mind all that. You should know, sir, that it is your duty to serve your country. The fact that your business is likely to suffer is no excuse. Such men are summoned every day."

"Hold on, Jedge, you ain't heerd all my excuse yet."

"I don't want to hear it."

"But you must."

"I tell you that I will not. Mr. Sheriff——"

"Jest a minit, Jedge, an' then ef you say I must sarve, I'll sarve. Me an' a lot o' fellows was playin' poker when the officer——"

"Poker!" exclaimed the Judge, "why, dear fellow, where's the game? I'll jine you. Mr. Sheriff, adjourn the court."

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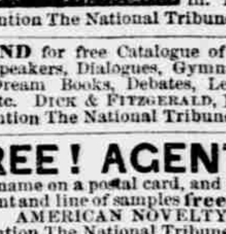

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