I had worked zealously and faithfully for it. My trifles and troubles with the War Office have been told here. It had resulted in my being disappointed for many days. Yet at the time of which I am writing, along in March, 1863, while I was serving as an enlisted man, drawing my rations and pay as such, I was in fact an officer, and did not know it at the time and only learned it some months afterward. This anomaly was brought about long after Gettysburg by Mr. Lincoln, who, on learning of my former services, ordered my commission ante-dated one year. So that, when I got my parchment at last, I found that I ranked some of the older officers in seniority.

As I have furnished other references to establish the correctness of my statements, I take especial pride in putting before my readers the following correspondence.

I lost my original parchment while traveling in California in 1884. Gen. Stoneman, then Governor, kindly interested himself in assisting me in my search for it, but, not finding it, I applied to the War Department for a certified copy. The following is the reply, which explains itself:

[2677 A. V. P., 1885.]

WAR DEPARTMENT,
ADJUTANT-GENERAL'S OFFICE,
WASHINGTON, April 29, 1885.

Mr. ——

SIR: Complying with your request of the 27th instant, I inclose herewith copies of your commission as Second Lieutenant, Signal Corps, and of letter of June 12, 1865, from this office, notifying you of the acceptance of your resignation as such to date June 9, 1865.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,
C. MCKEEVER,
Assistant Adjutant-General, in charge.

Two inclosures

As will be seen in the copy, I did not resign until after the war was over.

The original was on parchment, with Mr. Lincoln's and Mr. Stanton's autograph signatures.

THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

To all who shall see these presents, greeting:

Know ye, That, reposing special trust and confidence in the patriotism, valor, fidelity and abilities of ——, I have nominated, and, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, do appoint him Second Lieutenant in the Signal Corps in the service of the United States, to rank as such from the third day of March, eighteen hundred and sixty-three. He is, therefore, carefully and diligently to discharge the duty of Second Lieutenant by doing and performing all manner of things pertaining and thereunto belonging. And I do strictly charge and require all officers and soldiers under his command to be obedient to his orders as Second Lieutenant. And he is to observe and follow such orders and directions, from time to time, as he shall receive from me, or the future President of the United States of America, or the General or other superior officers set over him, according to the rules and discipline of war. This commission is to continue in force during the pleasure of the President of the United States for the time being.

Given under my hand, at the city of Washington, this fifteenth day of July, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-four, and in the eighty-ninth year of the independence of the United States.

[SEAL.]

By the President. ABRAHAM LINCOLN.
EDWIN M. STANTON, Secretary of War.

I would like to put in parallel columns Mr. Stanton's order for arrest or confinement in Old Capitol, and his parole, wherein the words "dangerous man, disloyal, rebel spy," etc., were used.

The above copy of the original commission is furnished to the person named therein, the original commission having been destroyed or irrecoverably lost. This commission is not now effective, having expired previous to this date.

C. MCKEEVER,
Assistant Adjutant-General.

War Department, Adjutant-General's Office, April 29, 1885.

COPY ON MY BREVET COMMISSION.

OFFICE OF CHIEF SIGNAL OFFICER,
WASHINGTON, D. C., January, 1865.

SIR: I am directed to inform you that the Chief Signal Officer desires to send to the General of the Army your recommendation for brevet. You are requested, therefore, to forward to this office copies of any papers bearing upon your services which may be in your possession.

It is the object of the Chief Signal Officer to secure whatever material may influence to favorable action in the case.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,
RICHARD P. STRONG,
Acting Chief Signal Officer.

This accounts for my "Captain's" title. Promotions in this branch were rare—indeed, there were none; but I enjoyed as a general staff officer all the privileges and none of the responsibilities of the rank of a Major-General.

AN UNAPPRECIATED ARM.

I do not know either the exact date of Stoneman's raid nor the number of horses used. I have nothing in the way of histories of the war for reference. Desiring to secure something definite in the way of a date, I looked up Appleton's Cyclopedia, which is supposed to be the American standard of reference. Turning to "Cavalry," I found several closely-printed pages of fine type devoted to the subject. With the feeling that the entire cavalry history of our war would be condensed in this American authority, I squared myself in a comfortable position to study up the subject. After wading through a good deal of ancient history of cavalry in foreign wars—which, by the way, was commended to the Americans as a model system—I at last got down to our own war. Imagine my surprise, if not indignation, to find this authority stating, among other things, that the "Cavalry of the Army of the Potomac was not effectively organized until after Gen. Grant had placed it in charge of Gen. Sheridan."

This statement, so false and misleading, the writer mildly qualifies by admitting that the cavalry of the Army of the Potomac had been, in a manner, organized by Gen. Hooker, etc. After those few lines of stinted praise devoted to the cavalry of the Army of the Potomac, this historian goes on at great length to detail the history, organization and work of the cavalry in the great West.

The authority of Gen. Grant is printed also for the reorganization of that arm of the service in the West, which seems to have required it too. The article shows that Gen. Grant gave Gen. Wilson carte blanche to put this arm into effective service in the West. Then follows a fulsome history of the Western cavalry, in which the services of Gen. Wilson prominently figure.

Such names as Pleasonton, Stoneman, Custer, Kilpatrick, Buford and Gregg on our side, or Stuart, Wade Hampton, Fitzhugh Lee, Butler, Mosby and others on the rebel side, are lost sight of.

I threw the standard American authority on cavalry down in disgust, and after walking the floor long enough to cool off a little, I turned to the index of the contributors or authors. The explanation was found in one word—it was Wilson. Gen. Wilson furnished the cavalry article to Appleton's Cyclopedia.

I may be treading on somebody's toes in this little peclade, but I feel that I shall never get on with this story until I relieve my mind on this question. There is in my mind no disposition to criticize the soldiers of the Western cavalry force, but this fact should be put down, that the cavalry of the Army of the Potomac did as much toward ending the cruel war as any other branch of the service.

Of course, Hooker offered a reward of $15 for the body of a dead cavalryman. That was Hooker's bluff way of talking, but the facts are, nevertheless, that the cavalry at Chancellorsville did their duty and cut Lee's communications, and if Hooker had done his share there, the cavalry would have gathered up the trophies and laid them at his feet. Hooker, like some others, talked too much. We all remember his famous message to the President from Chancellorsville (which, by the way, is the only instance on record of the recognition of the Almighty on the part of our General officers in the conduct of the war):

"I have got Lee in such a tight place that God Almighty can't get him out."

Yet within two hours after Hooker had sent this he was running his 130,000 men away from Lee's 60,000.

The cavalry of the Army of the Potomac was composed of as fine a body of men in 1863 as were to be found in the army. Our officers were such men as Stoneman, Pleasonton, Buford, Custer, Kilpatrick, Gregg. Such men as the present Commandant at West Point, Gen. Wesley Merritt, who was a Lieutenant in my company, composed the line officers.

In the rebel army, against this force, rode the best blood of the South in such men as Wade Hampton, J. E. B. Stuart, Fitzhugh Lee, Mosby, etc. Not only this best blood in the riders, but the stock they mounted and the arms they carried were of the very best quality.

The Western armies had, comparatively speaking, a free field; they rode hundreds of miles unmolested, while we in Virginia dare not show a head without danger of getting it hit. I am saying all this here not only to relieve my mind, but to help establish the fact that Appleton's Cyclopedia is way off. The cavalry of the Army of the Potomac made its reputation and did much of its best fighting before Grant and Sheridan saw it. History will prove this. If the reader will ride with me on this raid to Richmond and go over Brandy Station battlefield, also to Aldie and up to Gettysburg, he will be convinced on this point.

When I read of Sheridan's ride down the Valley, done up in poetry, song and painting, I think of Buford's cavalry battle and Hancock's ride to Gettysburg, on the first day, when

HE TURNED DEFEAT INTO A GREAT VICTORY.

It was then and there that the great anaconda of secession and rebellion had its back broken. When Grant and Sheridan came out of the West the head of the serpent was, of course, alive and dangerous, but it was scotched. Therefore the cavalry of the Army of the Potomac earned by hard fighting against a superior force much of its glory before Sheridan came.

Of course there was not much chance for the cavalry to operate while we were in our Winter quarters. The river served to separate the two armies as a sort of barrier or dead-line over which it was dangerous to venture. Yet, almost every Winter night a large force of cavalry was detailed to ride to the upper fords to watch J. E. B. Stuart's raiders.

When Spring opened at last, almost everybody expected and desired to get out of our tiresome quarters. Therefore when the order came to pack our five-days' rations I may say that the cavalry arm was rejoiced.

One of the reasons for my not being more familiar with the regimental brigade and corps history is that I was always on the staff. I only knew of the movements of such regiments as contained my friends, whom I visited while in camp. On the march I seldom saw any of them. We rode along in a loose, dashing way, seemingly as the spirit moved the General, without any rank formation; the Orderlies bringing up the rear in the dust or mud.

In this raid I was ordered to hang to headquarters closely, as it was expected that I would be of valuable aid in tapping the rebel telegraph lines between Richmond and Lee; also, to do any scouting or piloting in the advance to Richmond, and to signal, if necessary, by rockets from the rear or otherwise, as would be found best, over the rebels' heads, to our army signal officers in Lee's front.

THE STONEMAN RAID.

We moved off quietly at night, crossing the river at early dawn at one of the upper fords. I don't remember whether it was Kelly's or Beverly's; anyhow, we had to swim our horses partly over it. I didn't know exactly whither we were bound, except in a general way that it was to be a big raid behind Lee and perhaps into Richmond.

We succeeded in a remarkable manner in getting started without detection. Stuart's cavalry had been led off on a stern chase after some of our fellows. We passed between Stuart's cavalry and Lee's army. This fact is important because the Southern historians assert that Gen. Lee was not surprised by Hooker's movement on Chancellorsville. He was, because Stuart couldn't communicate with him.

I saw at headquarters a dispatch that had been captured by our advance, which indicated this so clearly that our officers were congratulating themselves over the fact of our safety as we rode along the first day.

That our move was a complete surprise was also clearly seen by the conduct of the inhabitants. We went along quietly enough for awhile, passing houses from which perhaps we could only see a few ladies gazing at us from behind the screened windows. At one door stood an old man leaning on a cane, looking about as old folks are supposed to do when a funeral procession is passing.

In the "quarters" of the contrabands, usually behind the houses, the sights were entirely different however. Big fat aunties stood out in front of their cabins, but out of sight of the houses, and waved their bare arms or their aprons at us in a happy way; old uncles lined the fences or stood in the fields with their hoes at a "present" as we went by; pickaninnies of all sizes and shades ran around laughing, showing their white teeth and white eyeballs, capering as they do now-a-days when a Barnum circus goes along.

At the first halt over the river a sort of general order was read, or in most cases talked to the different regiments by their officers, to the effect that "we were in the enemy's country on an important campaign." It was therefore imperatively commanded that there be no straggling, no foraging, except under proper escort and under command of an officer.

Each man was asked to exert himself to the utmost to make the movement a success. It was also explained that the movement not only required the greatest vigilance on the part of every man in the command, but it was expected also that the powers of endurance of fatigue, both of men and horses, would be taxed to the utmost. We must conceal ourselves as much as possible during the daytime and march at night.

A great deal might be said here of a personal character about Stoneman's great raid that would be new in the way of war stories, but I am to bring this already-too-long narrative to a sudden ending.

I will therefore only be able to show in a general way, and very briefly, that, as far as the cavalry and my personal scouting and signaling were concerned, we were entirely successful in the Chancellorsville campaign.

We of the cavalry and Signal Service accomplished all that part of Hooker's plan that had been assigned to these twin arms of the service which the General had spoken so flippantly about.

In a word, I will say that Gen. Stoneman passed a large body of cavalry and artillery between Lee's army and Stuart's much-boasted cavalry. In accomplishing this difficult feat Gen. Hooker's cavalry effectually cut off Stuart's communications with his own General, and of course with his own army, in their own country. This resulted to Hooker's great advantage, in that Gen. Lee was surprised by the movement of Hooker's army on Chancellorsville. Gen Lee had, of course, depended on his cavalry keeping him advised of the movements of Hooker. This important historical fact seems to have been lost sight of. Nearly all of the recent writers on the war are of the infantry or artillery arm of the service, which may account for the way in which the cavalry is overlooked.

I do not pretend to be the champion or defender of the cavalry arm; there are plenty of other survivors much more competent than myself. I will, however, feel that I have relieved my mind of a great burden by simply putting on record my experiences and observations in this direction.

Stoneman's force effectually destroyed Lee's communications in his rear. Both the telegraph and the railroad were rendered useless, except on the direct line between Fredericksburg and Richmond. That this portion was not destroyed is explained, in part, in this chapter by the discovery, on my tapping the rebel wires, that they (the rebels) had defeated Hooker at Chancellorsville.

EFFECTIVE WORK.

It is a remarkable fact, and one worthy of note, that while we were lost, as it were, in the enemy's country, expecting, as a matter of course, that Hooker with his 120,000 men would whip Lee, I was able to advise our Generals, on the authority of rebel official reports taken from their wires, that we had been defeated instead at Chancellorsville, and must quickly look out for our own safe retreat.

We rode almost in sight of Richmond—completely around Lee—and returned safely after Hooker's defeat to our starting-point.

On the evening of the first days' march the headquarters rested or bivouacked near a certain farm-house. I don't know where it is located, but I am sure I could find the place if I were permitted to ride out that road again. I hope some day to be able to make the ride, too. The house and farm seem to have been left entirely to the care of two ladies and the colored help. One of these ladies I am safe enough in saying was an old maid. The other was a pretty young girl of 18 or 20. This is not to be a love story. I mention the two ladies, that I may have this long-deferred opportunity of expressing the thanks of a host of our headquarters boys for their sisterly and motherly kindness to one of our comrades.

Attached to headquarters was a bugler who became a general favorite with everybody, among the staff officers and men alike. He was but a mere boy; a round-faced, rosy-cheeked, laughing, happy boy of 15 or 16 years. He was, in a word, a pet of the General and his Chief of Staff; but, unlike most pets, he was not spoiled and disagreeable with the rest of us. When we wanted any especial favors from the Chief of Staff in the way of an approval for a requisition for an extra ration of "commissary," "Eddy" was selected as a messenger-boy to carry the paper to the Chief's tent. He never refused to undertake the errand for us, and we noticed that the Chief Commissary never refused Eddy, and he invariably came back with a happy laugh twinkling from his eyes and handed in the answer—"O. K."

The first evening out Eddy was sick, so sick that he could scarcely sit on his horse. The Surgeon's attention was directed to the sad-looking sick boy by a number of us who felt interested. The doctor decided at the first interview that our boy bugler could not ride any farther with us. He was threatened with typhoid fever. We were then a long day's ride from the river. It was impossible for him to return, even with an escort. When we heard of the doctor's decision a couple of us voluntarily interested ourselves in finding a suitable place to leave our boy.

I went to the ladies referred to and explained the situation. Without a word or question the kind-hearted old maid put on her bonnet and shawl and accompanied us to the shelter-tent in the grove in which our poor boy lay.

I shall never forget the pleasant scene there. If Eddy's mother had been on the ground she could not have talked in a more hopeful, encouraging way. This old maid—the female rebel, as we are apt to call them all—wiped the hot brow of the flushed Yankee boy, and talked to him as a mother would to a five-year-old child.

He was then partially delirious, and had been raving about the rebels capturing him. With both her hands she smoothed his brow, assuring him in her sweet, cooing way that no one should harm him; that she had a father and brother in the Confederate army, and they would protect her guest.

CHARITABLE SOUTHERN WOMEN.

It is only a short story. We left Eddy with this lady, all of the boys insisting on contributing some portion of their rations or clothing toward his support. I reckon that lady received enough coffee and sugar to last her a year. We rode away that night, after carrying Eddy into the house and putting him into a nice, clean bed. We were gone I do not now remember how many days, but on our hasty return I was allowed to take a few men and make a detour from our hidden march, so as to get back to this house. We succeeded in reaching the place undisturbed, and found Eddy in bed, raving like a wild person in his delirium. He did not know me, but acted as if he thought I were a rebel officer. The good lady bade me take off my belt and saber, and put over me an old coat to conceal my uniform, in hopes of allaying his fears. It did not have the least effect. The younger girl, who had also become very much interested, at the elder sister's request, as if in answer to the poor boy's longing looks, sat on the side of the bed and took the invalid's hand. While she was near him he was calm.

We were told that the morning after we left him there some of the rebel home guard, or guerrillas, that class of soldiers who are so very officious at home, had heard of the boy being left there. They came upon the house in a body, or as a committee, headed by an old squire of the community, who insisted on taking the sick boy's parole in writing.

The lady told me with expressions of the greatest indignation toward their own men, that she begged and urged them not to go near the boy, but they insisted. It was her opinion that the sight of the crowd had made him worse. Eddy was, therefore, a paroled prisoner. We could not take our pet back with us. I had his address and also his mother's, and, at the lady's urgent request, I wrote the mother on my return. They lived somewhere in New York State. In a few days Gen. Hooker's Aid came to me with an order to report at a certain house to meet some person who had authority from the Secretary of War to visit me. Wondering who my visitor could be, and expecting that it was Covode or some of his agents, I rode to the house. I met there a kind-looking, motherly old lady in black, who introduced herself as Eddy's mother. The scene for a few moments was quite embarrassing to me. The poor lady, overcome by my recital of Eddy's condition, wept and prayed alternately that she might see her only child—her baby, as she fondly and tearfully called him over and over—once more. I accompanied her to headquarters and assisted in procuring her the necessary letters, asking the privilege of passing through the rebel line to this house. We procured the necessary papers. I gave her full directions, and saw her over the river. I heard afterwards that when she reached the house she was met by the two sisters on their return from the burial of Eddy in their family graveyard. They were the only mourners until joined by the broken-hearted mother.

Some correspondence that I preserved for a number of years after would show a very bright side to the character of those two Southern ladies.

[To be continued.]

It is a duty you owe to your comrades to get at least one new subscriber for THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE.

True Kind of Religion.

[Independence (Iowa) Journal.]

About 17 years ago a farmer named Gleason, living northeast of Independence, one morning found one of his colts dead, and there was certain evidence that it had been killed by some one. The young man supposed to have killed the colt left the country about that time, and very little was heard from him until last Fall, when it was learned that he had been converted and had joined the church. A short time ago the young man returned to Buchanan County for a visit. While there he went to Mr. Gleason's farm, and, meeting that person, said:

"I believe you lost a colt several years ago."

"I did," was the reply.

"How much was it worth?" was the next question.

"About $80."

"Will this pay for it?" said the visitor, handing out $100."

"Yes, and more too," said Mr. Gleason, handing back $20.

The other person took the $20 and departed, starting for Nebraska that day. This is the kind of religion that is needed.

Have you done your duty in getting one more subscriber for THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE? You should do this, for it is the best way to help your comrades.

A Model Husband.

[Boston Traveller.]

If every woman could be sure of a husband like Mr. Joseph Cummings, of East Oxford, Me., it is probable that the number of those who sign themselves "Old Maid" would materially lessen. As reported by the Mechanic Falls *Ledger*, Mr. Cummings, who will be 80 years old next month, has done the housework and taken care of his sick wife much of the time for the past 10 years, since Mrs. Cummings had a paralytic shock. This Winter she has been afflicted with rheumatism so she cannot rise from her chair without help. Mr. Cummings has done the cooking, washing and ironing for four years, and this Spring has been cleaning house in the most approved style. He lives on a large farm, keeping a horse and 12 head of cattle. If this worthy man should ever be so unfortunate as to become a widower, he would be in very great danger.

If each subscriber to THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE will charge himself with getting one new subscriber the circulation of the paper will be doubled at once, and with little trouble. Let each subscriber try it.

Misfortunes Never Come Singly.

[Philadelphia Press.]

A West Philadelphian, who has been patronizing a chirpy German's saloon on Lancaster avenue for a number of years, dropped in the other morning, as usual. The host was leaning up against the bar looking as cheerless as a tombstone. "Hallo, Fritz," said the visitor, "what's the matter with you?" "Ah, mein frent," replied the saloon-keeper, with a sad shake of the head, "I never knowed vat vas mesfortune yet alretty till now. Dis morning my wife had twins, and I vas refused my license."

Almost Killed by Kindness.

Mrs. Crimsonbeak—Good morning, Doctor. How is Mr. Yeast this morning?

Doctor—I have just spent three hours with him and his condition is very critical.

"Ah, yes, I see. You stand too long."

Every man who wore the blue, and every friend of his, should take THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE. It gives more and better matter than any other family weekly paper, and costs only two cents a week.

Immense Spider Webs.

[Dry-Goods Chronicle.]

Lieut. W. Smyth, of the British Royal Navy, in his "Narrative of a Journey from Lima to Para," published some years ago, gives the following extraordinary account of a spider web. He says: "We saw at Pachiza, on the river Huayabamba, in Peru, a gigantic spider's web supended from the trees. It was 25 feet in hight and near 50 feet in length. The threads were very strong, and it had the empty sloughs of thousands of insects hanging on it. It appeared to be the habitation or a great number of spiders of a larger size than we ever saw in England."

Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy cures when every other so-called remedy fails.

HUMOR.

Termination of a Divorce Case.

[San Francisco Chronicle.]

A well-known lawyer told me a few days ago a story of a late experience.

"I've had a funny case lately. It was a divorce case, and I was counsel for the lady. I never heard two people abuse each other so. I never knew two people to make such a bitter, hard fight as those two. The property was considerable, and I had it tied up with an injunction. All efforts to compromise were no good. At last I thought the man was trying to cheat the woman, so I stopped negotiations for a compromise and prepared to put the case into court. The lady came to see me.

"It's no use, madam. I'm going to put the case straight through the court."

"I wish you would; it's what I want. I never will compromise with that man—never, never, never!"

"All right. You will call here at 10 o'clock to-morrow, and we will see about the witnesses."

Next morning at 10 o'clock she was there. She was nattily dressed, in great style, and she sat down with a pleased assurance.

"Well, madam, let us proceed."

"I want that case dismissed."

"Dismissed! How is that?"

"Well, we've fixed it."

"You have?"

"Yes. It's all settled.

"May I ask how you settled it?"

"Well, last night he came up to my rooms. The door was locked, and when he knocked I said, 'Who's that?' 'It's me.' 'You can't come in.' He kept knocking. I told him he couldn't come in, and he knocked harder, and I told him louder he couldn't come in, and he kicked the door down and came in, and we sat down and fixed it all up."

Bluffing a Policeman.

[Albany Journal.]

A 10-year old boy was trundling a two-wheeled cart loaded with laundry work on the sidewalk down State street below Pearl recently, when a policeman approached him pompously and ordered him to roll the cart in the middle of the street. The boy obeyed with ill grace, and the policeman, knowing that the lad would turn up Broadway, hastily went around to that thoroughfare via James street and Maiden Lane. He reached the corner of Broadway and Maiden Lane just in time to meet the boy, who had again resumed his way on the sidewalk.

"Didn't I tell you to roll that cart in the roadway?" said the "cop," thoroughly angered, as he seized the boy by the collar.

"Yep," replied the boy.

"Well, I'm going to take you in,"

"Huh?" queried the boy, not seeming to understand.

"I'm going to take you to the station house," repeated the policeman.

"Well," said the boy, "go ahead. But if you do you'll wheel that cart with you, for I'm durned if I do."

He was not taken in.

Oscar Wasn't Such a Fool.

[Omaha Herald.]

Col. Vail, manager of Ragan's illustrated lectures, is the man who piloted Oscar Wilde through this country. The wonder is that he still lives. "Oscar Wilde was no fool, by any means," said the Colonel. "He worked the United States 'for all there was in it.' He cleaned up $40,000 net, not counting the $5,000 he lost against Hungry Joe's bunco game in New York. Oscar was a genteel fakir. The 'Oscar Wilde' craze was his own invention. He worked the æsthetic craze for every dollar in sight. Whenever anybody used to call on him at his hotel he always struck an attitude, arranged the lillies and sunflowers, and did everything possible for effect before the visitor entered; but the moment the visitor left he became another man and was one of the boys.

"His æstheticism was all assumed. When he returned to England he cut off his long hair, got down to business, and gave the Yankees the grand laugh. The most amusement I ever had on the Oscar Wilde tour was in Denver, when Eugene Field got a wig and personated Wilde to perfection. Field in his make-up took in the town and fooled everybody. His imitation of Wilde was very deceptive, and was a great hit. Nobody enjoyed it more than Wilde himself, who was in the party. Wilde had his long hair tucked up under a cowboy hat, and nobody recognized him, while everybody took Field for Wilde."

Points.

[Judge.]

Bosom friends—False fronts.
On the retired list—Sleeping babies.
The blush of a king is a royal flush.
There may be no hell, but there is Canada.
Stock-raising pays better than check-raising.
Bound to make his mark—The man who cannot write.
When crank meets crank then comes the tug of politics.
Belva Lockwood has a new Spring bonnet, but it contains the same old bee.
Sullivan has lost his prestige, but he hangs on like grim death to his old-time swagger.
Boston pays $10,000 for a ball-player and New York $10,000 for a cook, and yet the papers keep right on telling young men to go West.

Poor Lo Goes Up for 24 Hours.

[Portland Oregonian.]

A gorgeous specimen of that nowadays somewhat rare bird, a blanketed Indian, was seen yesterday sitting on the sidewalk at the foot of Morrison street and attracted much attention. His blanket outshone the historical coat of Joseph in the number and brilliancy of its colors, a cowboy hat adorned his head, his long "switch" of black hair awoke envy in the hearts of all females who saw it, a broad circle of pale-blue beads surrounded his swarthy neck, his flannel shirt was worn a la Byron, and his pantaloons of red blanket were made in separate parts, so that one leg could be worn at a time if desired, and his pigeon-toed feet were incased in buckskin moccasins. He had just been tried in Judge Deady's court for furnishing liquor to his red brethren, and having pleaded guilty was fined $20 and one day in the Umatilla County Skookum house. In a year or two more blanketed Indians will be as scarce as hens' teeth, and when such a fellow as the above described comes to town he should be photographed and the shadow secured before the substance fades.

Why the Preacher Laughed.

[London Tid-Bits.]

"I only laughed in the pulpit once," said a young preacher. "It happened in this manner: I was preaching at a certain place one Sunday, and during the sermon I caught sight of a young dandy, who had a head of fiery red hair. Immediately behind him sat a little urchin. The young scapegrace was amusing himself. He held one of his fingers out near the dandy's hair. After keeping it there for a short time he drew it in, and, placing it on his knee, commenced pounding it with his other fist, imitating a blacksmith hammering a red-hot nail. The whole thing was so ludicrous that I burst out laughing. I couldn't help it."

An Englishman's Blunder.

[Chicago America.]

The recent election of Mayor Shakespeare, of New Orleans, to a second term of office recalls the amusement with which an Englishman, who visited the Southern city last year, told the following story subsequently in Chicago:

"I found the Southerners deucedly ignorant," he said. "Why, a man in New Orleans showed me a big building which he called the Shakespeare Hospital. Just to test his intelligence I asked him why it had been given that name.

"'Because,' he said, 'a man named Shakespeare built it while he was Mayor of New Orleans.'

"What an idea that was! And the best part of the blooming story is that the beggar actually thought he was telling the truth."

A Reflection.

[Puck.]

"It is a curious thing in public life," said Wiggins, as he laid his newspaper on the table, "that a windy, loud-mouthed impostor often succeeds, while men of great merit are passed over."

"Not at all," replied Bobley; "it's the most natural thing in the world to put the blower before the grate."

Fatally Poisoned by a Spider.

[Wilmington (N. C.) Messenger.]

A woman in Iredell County died last week from having drank tea in which a spider had been boiled.

The purifying effects of Ayer's Sarsaparilla are sure and speedy. Take it this month.

He Resumed His Old Ways.

[Judge.]

Claude had just learned something that he never knew before.

He had read that the proper and only correct manner of absorbing soup into one's system was to take it from the side of the spoon, never from the tip—a momentous edict that has lately gone out from the public press throughout the country.

He blushed to think how often he had taken his soup in catch-as-catch-can style.

But it was not too late to reform. The only point about which his mind was still in doubt was from which side of the spoon the soup should be taken.

He sat down to dinner that day with the air of a man who is about to do a great and glorious deed. Then he tackled the soup.

The first few broadsides he delivered at himself convinced him of these facts:

Firstly, a man, in order to absorb soup gracefully in the manner prescribed by the etiquet fiend, must shave off his mustache.

Secondly, the transverse diameter of his mouth must equal the longitudinal diameter of the spoon.

Thirdly, the tip of the spoon must be located at the side.

Fourthly, even then it isn't possible.

Having discovered these facts he resumed his former untutored manner of eating soup as was handiest.

The world kept on revolving just the same.

Suspicious Bostonian.

[Boston Budget.]

A curious sight was to see yesterday during the rain a wet umbrella leaning against the wall outside a railroad office on Washington street. A country visitor did not wish to carry the dripping head protector within the precincts of the office, and there it remained for fully a half hour without molestation. Hundreds were the questive glances cast at the tempting article, and occasionally some pedestrian unsupplied with such protection would advance a step or two toward it, but would then draw back and go his way, evidently thinking it was a trap. Had the countryman left it inside the door or in any less prominent place it would undoubtedly have disappeared almost immediately upon leaving his hand, but there it was secure, and has probably settled the vexed question as to the safest place to leave an umbrella.

From Puck.

Secretary Whitney's management of the navy has at last been vindicated. A barge recently ran afoul of the U. S. S. Atlanta, and, contrary to precedent, it was the barge that sunk.

The buttercup is the cup that cheers the bee.

A Vermont humanitarian has just patented a fly-paper skull-cap, for bald-headed men to wear in church.

The Italian opera and the German opera have their day and pass away; but the negro minstrel, like his own jokes, seems destined to last forever.

There ought to be plenty of gold in California, when you consider the price of land out there.

The life of the washerwoman is a bare-knuckle fight for existence.

From the Judge.

Mr. Pooracter—Humph! The American theater is all right as it is, but a society has been formed in Boston "to elevate the stage." What do you think of that?

Mr. Everynighter—Mighty good idea. As mankind has found after repeated attempts that it is utterly impossible to depress the ladies' hats, it becomes absolutely necessary to elevate the stage.

It has come to be an adage that the softer the love-letter the quicker the divorce.

New York Youth—That aria by Sullivan was finely rendered, wasn't it? I do love his songs! By the way, do you know whether he has written anything recently.

Boston Girl—Why, to be sure! Haven't you heard of his $10,000 challenge?

Bobley—I suppose you didn't find your college training of much use while editing a paper in such a place as Devil's Gulch?

Yalenine—Didn't, eh? Why I had to maul the backbone out of half-a-dozen ruffians the first week I was there.

From Everywhere.

A Kansas school teacher offered a prize to the scholar who would come to school with the cleanest face. He was unable to recognize some of his pupils the next day.—*Burlington Free Press.*

The Boston *Transcript* tells of two shoemakers who formerly did business in Boston. One of them placed this sign over the door: "P. Flaherty, Bootmaker, from Paris." His rival saw that this was a strong card, and determined to play one equally strong if not stronger. So he had a sign put over his door, which reads as follows: "J. Mahoney, Bootmaker. Never in Paris, But as Good."

What's in a name? One Jacob Walkawai was killed by a locomotive at East Buffalo on Friday. But if Jacob had been able to walk away he wouldn't have been run over.—*Buffalo Express.*

Augustus Popinjay—Now really, Miss De Smith, is Miss Travis a well-informed girl?

Miss De Smith—I should say she was! She knows everything that goes on in this town.—*Burlington Free Press.*

Said a rich man on the eve of departing this life the other day: "Do not let my son be brought up to sit in a club window."—*Boston Gazette.*

This morning I overheard a farmer say: "For my part I think the Gov'ment oughter set the price er cotton so we kin all know what hits er gwinter be."—*Atlanta Journal.*

At a prayer-meeting in a Western town the pastor urged the people to ask any question that they would like to have answered. This prompted an old fellow to get up and remark: "What I want to know is, of an oath taken on a Bible which hez the fust ten chapters of Gennysis kissed off'n it, is binding?"

In Volapuk "galon" means to rejoice. That is what a young man does when he has a gal-on his knee. Volapuk is no slouch of a language, after all.—*Norristown Herald.*

An Oil City boy of 12 years gets up in his sleep and plays the piano. We never hear of a 12-year-old boy getting up in his sleep and cutting wood, or doing some other useful work. As the old Greek philosopher says, "He isn't constructed on that model."

A Baptist Church might do without a bell, but you would naturally suppose that at times they would need a wringer.—*Boston Bulletin.*

You never see a man go up a side street with a long string of fish.—*Ottawa Local News.*

Miss Beaconhill—So you are a Harvard man, Mr. Go-Easy; and what class are you in?

Jack Go-Easy—I'm in the heavy-weight class now, Miss Beaconhill; but I hope to get down to middle-weight next Winter if I train hard.—*Harvard Lampoon.*

Tommy was at Sunday-school in his first pair of trousers, and a picture of a lot of little angels was before the class.

"Tommy, would you like to be a little angel?" asked the teacher.

"No, ma'am," replied Tommy, after a careful inspection of the picture.

"Not be angel, Tommy? Why not?" inquired the teacher in surprise.

"'Cause, ma'am, I'd have to give up my new trousers."—*Washington Critic.*

Mutual Confidence—Woman (to tramp)—And if I give you a nice plate of hash, you promise to saw some wood?

Tramp—Yes, 'm.

Woman (doubtfully)—I don't know whether I can put confidence in you or not.

Tramp (reproachfully)—You ought to, ma'am. I have confidence enough in you to eat the hash.—*Harper's Bazar.*

Of a Financial Nature—Bobby (thoughtfully)—Pa, do men in business worry about money matters?

Father—Sometimes, Bobby. For instance, when a man whose credit is not first-class owes me money, I worry more or less until I get it. Do you understand?

Bobby—Yes, pa, and when you owe money to other people I s'pose they worry until they get it.—*The Epoch.*

A Nice Servant Girl.—Mother—What, novel reading again, Mary?

Daughter (pulling up the heel of her slipper) Well, there's nothing for me to do. You do everything about the house.

M.—I have to. I'm sure I don't know what's to become of you, Mary. You can't cook, you can't make bread, I can't trust you to make a bed. If your father and I should be taken away what would become of you?

D.—I'd get married.

M.—But suppose you couldn't get married?

D.—Well, if the worst came to the worst, I could hire out as a servant girl.—*Boston Courier.*

Better Far than the many Medals and Diplomas awarded to Pearline Washing Compound by Expositions, State and County Fairs throughout this land, is the one great *laurel* it *wears*—Success Many millions of packages are required every year to supply the demand created by intelligence. Give PEARLINE a fair trial—you don't have to be over-bright to see that it saves time and labor, and wear and tear of both body and clothes. It takes the drudgery out of washing and cleaning—does this work better than anything known, and withal is perfectly *harmless*. Every grocer sells PEARLINE. Beware of the many imitations which are pushed on the public by prizes and peddling—they're dangerous. JAMES PYLE, New York.

SCIENTIFIC CHAT.

—F. Mengarini has discovered that on passing an electric current through wine oxidation products are produced, and an aging of the wine is effected. The wine also acquires the bouquet of a mature wine. Now, the impatient man may be able to buy new wine one day and sell it for old the next. There may be shekels in this for some enterprising producer of "absolutely pure juice of the grape."

—According to Mr. Mookerjee, a Hindoo authority on pisciculture, the results of fish farming are remarkable. Prof. Huxley has stated that an acre of land will produce in a year a ton of grain or 200 or 300 weight of meat. The same area of water, however, will yield a greater weight of fish in a week. There seems to be no good reason why fish should not be made a more important part of the diet, and with a well-managed fish pond on every farm a large amount of nutritious, valuable and excellent food could be easily produced at a very small expense. The subject is well worth the careful attention of thoughtful farmers.

—The omnipresent microbe has been detected by Dr. Chambard, of Paris, in boils. The microbe can be cultivated and on inoculation proceeds to create a boil with energy and success. Boils are hence communicable, and care should be taken in handling them. The boil microbe is named staphylococus pyogenes aureus. This discovery shows that the method of treating boils and carbuncles by poulticing is wrong; as the heat and moisture so generated aid the development of the microbe. An antiseptic treatment should be adopted.

—Pasteur's suggestion to the Government of New South Wales to exterminate the rabbits, which are a pest there, by spreading the chicken cholera among them, has had a practical test in the estate of Mme. Pommery, at Rheims. The estate includes 20 acres, and the rabbits had multiplied so as to be a great nuisance. About six quarts of the chicken cholera liquid was sprinkled on hay, which was placed near the burrows. Next morning 19 dead rabbits were found, three days after 12 more were found and no sign of a living rabbit could be found. A short time afterward the burrows were dug into and in them were found groups of dead rabbits, sometimes as many as 10 in a burrow.

PERSONS AND THINGS.

—Edison, the inventor, says he would give all his fame to recover his hearing.

—The angel in art has got to go. Mr. Beard, of the New York Art Students' League, in a lecture has shown the absurdity of giving to the artistic angel the wings of a bird, showing by drawings the impossibility anatomically and the absurdity artistically of the conventional art angel. He drew the usual form given to Satan, and said that it was akin to the flying squirrel, which flies downward, and its symbolism was correct, implying the devil's flight from a higher to a lower sphere.

—Mr. Assheton Smith has planted the side of a mountain on his estate at Llanddeinolon with forest trees so arranged as to display the words "Jubilee, 1887," in letters 200 yards long by 25 feet wide, to all the surrounding country. The letters are worked in trees of light-colored foliage planted amid others forming