in 20 minutes was, considering the weight of the rebel guns, their number and their admirable position, which rendered it possible to concentrate 50 guns on a single ship, by no means an unquestionable one. Another action fought under similar conditions, with our artillerists to handle shore batteries, would result more disastrously to the navy.

The Wabash fired during the entire action 900 shots, the Susquehanna 500, the Bienville 185, while the average of the smaller gunboats may be set down at 150 each. There were in all 16 vessels engaged on our side, and probably from all not far from

3,500 SHOT AND SHELL WERE FIRED.

This expedition may be set down as having cost the country not far from $5,000,000.

Among the guns captured at Fort Walker were 10 English pieces, with the coat-of-arms of "Georges Rex" cast on them. At Fort Beauregard, on Bay Point, were found eight 32-pounders, marked 1845; two Army sea coast 32-pounders, marked 1859. These were, evidently, stolen from the Government when John B. Floyd was Secretary of War and sent South. These were sent as trophies to Washington.

As soon as the negro slaves observed us coming on shore they flocked along the banks in great numbers, some bearing parcels and bundles, as if expecting us to take them at once to a home of freedom. Every variety of negro and slave was represented. It is a melancholy fact to say negro and slaves, for some were apparently as white and quite as intelligent as their masters. Some appeared mystified, and some intelligent; the quadroon and the octoroon possessing an indistinguishable tint of negro blood mingled with that of Southern nativity and "ancient family," formed, to speak mildly, an interesting scene.

As fast as the contraband article came within reach it was placed in the guard-house, an old frame building behind Fort Walker. Here quite a collection was made. They were huddled together, half in fear and half in hope. A staff officer looked in upon them, asking:

"Well, well; what are you all about?"

"Dat's jest what we'd like to find out, Massa."

The officer assured them that they would be kindly taken care of, and need not be alarmed.

"Tank God for dat, Massa," was the reply.

Two slaves were found reconnoitering about on their own account, and on being brought into camp, they explained that they belonged to Mrs. Pinckney, of Charleston, who came down to

"SEE WHAT DE WHITE PEOPLE WERE ALL ABOUT."

They said that the white people all ran away when the ships came up. "When the white folks see the little boats coming up dey laffed at dem, but when dey see the big checker-sided vessels comin', dey laffed on de oder side der moufs. When de big vessels began to throw de rotten shells, which broke all up when dey landed, us niggahs tink de debil had come, sure, to help de Yankees, and when dey turned de third time to come, de white folks all took to de woods. If the Yankees had known where Skull Creek was, dey could have cotched all de Secesh dat want killed, by sending some of de small boats to Seabrook's Landing."

Early in the morning after the victory the plantation negroes began to come into camp, with the genuine African instinct for trade. Turkeys, chickens, eggs and sweet potatoes were brought in in abundance. Several who came in brought wagons loaded with knapsacks and other accouterments, which they had picked up on the way. They all seemed wild with delight at the advent of our troops and the hasty flight of their masters.

"O, Lord, Massa," said one, "we'se so glad to see you. We'se prayed and prayed de good Lord that he would send de Yankees, and we knowed you'ss was coming."

A driver's whip which was picked up was shown one of them, and he was asked if he knew what it was.

"Golly, Massa!" said the negro with a suspicious, sidelong look at the familiar whip he saw raised aloft, "guess dis nigger knows what dat dar is."

Another asserted that the good Lord had appeared to him in the shape of a "Yankee," who assured him that the hour of deliverance had come.

From the negroes we learned that several of the fleeing Secesh were drowned in essaying to swim Skull Creek, being too anxious to put the stream between them and the cowardly Yankees to wait for the boat. Sambo said that the white folks did not wait to be carried on the broad shoulders of their slaves, but dashed madly into the water themselves,

WITHOUT REGARD TO RANK OR STATION,

and tumbled pell-mell into the flatboats, covered with mud and wet with water. It must have been a pleasant sight, that second Bull Run.

The casualties in the action of the navy was eight killed, six severely and 17 slightly wounded. Among the killed was Thomas Jackson, Coxwain of the Wabash. He deserves more than a passing notice. He was struck by a shot or splinter, which so nearly cut his leg off as to leave it hanging by a small portion of the muscle and skin. Partially rising and painfully leaning against a gun, Jackson glanced at his mangled limb, and in an instant perceived its hopeless condition. Feeling behind his back in his belt where seamen always carry their knives, he drew his sheath-knife from its leather scabbard and deliberately began to saw away at his leg; but the knife was dull and he could not cut the limb off. As he was borne away by his mates, and afterward, he continually asked how the fight was going, and kept saying: "I hope we'll win it. I hope we'll win it." In two hours he died, his last words being a wish for our victory in this battle and a word of thanks that he had been able to do something for the honor of the dear old flag.

On the Bienville particular mention was made and special thanks returned in presence of the ship's company to Henry Steele, a boy not 14 years old, a resident of Williamsburg, N. Y., who conducted himself with distinguished bravery. He was a powder-boy, and not only never flinched or dodged a shot, but when two men were killed at his guns he did not turn pale or CEASE FOR AN INSTANT IN HIS DUTIES, but handed the cartridges he had to the gunner, stepping carefully over the dead bodies and hastened for more ammunition.

Among the killed on the rebel side was found the dead body of Surg. Buist, formerly of the United States Army. This officer had deserted his country's flag after receiving an education at the public expense. Apparently afraid or not wishing to face his old comrades-in-arms, he had retired to the bomb-proof or magazine in Fort Walker, doubtless thinking that its massive walls, strengthened by great beams of wood, would prove a place of safety. A large shell had whizzed into the small room through the small diagonal aperture and struck a heavy piece of timber, tearing away its supports and tumbling down the wall on his head. A splinter from the fractured beam struck him on the head, killing him instantly, as he had apparently thrown up his hands to shelter himself from the falling walls. His watch was still keeping correct time in his pocket when a Federal soldier pointed out the fearful tableau of death.

During the bombardment of the rebel works the trite commonplacism about "brother being arrayed against brother" was literally realized. Capt. Percival Drayton, of our gunboat Pocahontas, and Brig.-Gen. Thomas A. Drayton, the chief of the rebel forces on shore, were brothers, and though the fire from the batteries was at times concentrated on the Pocahontas, and though the Pocahontas took her share in the battle with all possible fiery eloquence from the iron mouths of her largest guns, the brothers are guiltless of fraternal bloodshed, for both escaped unhurt.

FLAG OFFICER DUPONT'S REPORT.

Flag Officer Dupont, in his official report to the Hon. Gideon Welles, Secretary of the Navy, under date of Nov. 8, 1861, says:

I have the honor to inform you that yesterday I attacked the batteries of the enemy on Bay Point and Hilton Head, and Forts Walker and Beauregard, and succeeded in silencing them after an engagement of four hours' duration and driving away the squadron of rebel steamers under Commander Tatnal. The reconnoissance of yesterday made us satisfied with the superiority of Fort Walker, and to that I directed my special efforts, engaging it at a distance of 800 and afterwards 600 yards. But the plan of the attack brought the squadron sufficiently near Fort Beauregard to receive its fire, and the ships were frequently fighting the batteries on both sides at the same time. The action was begun on our part at 26 minutes after 9, and at 2 p. m. the American ensign was hoisted on the flag-staff of Fort Walker, and this morning at sunrise on that of Fort Beauregard. The defeat of the enemy terminated in utter rout and confusion. Their quarters and encampment were abandoned without an attempt to carry away either public or private property. The ground over which they fled was strewn with the arms of private soldiers, and the officers, in too much haste to submit to the incumbrance of their swords. Landing my marines and a company of seamen,

I TOOK POSSESSION OF THE DESERTED GROUND

and held the forts on Hilton Head until the arrival of Gen. Sherman, to whom I had the honor to transfer the command. We have captured 43 pieces of cannon, most of them of the heaviest caliber, the rebel flags, and two small brass fieldpieces lately belonging to the State of South Carolina. It is the gratifying duty of the Commander-in-Chief to make public acknowledgment of his entire commendation of the coolness, discipline, skill and gallantry displayed by the officers and men under his command in the capture of the batteries at Hilton Head and Bay Point, after an action of four hours' duration.

The Flag Officer fully sympathizes with the officers and men of his squadron in the satisfaction which they must feel at seeing the ensign of the United States once more in the State of South Carolina, which has been the chief promoter of this wicked and unprovoked rebellion they have been called upon to suppress.

S. F. DUPONT, Flag Officer,
Commanding South Atlantic Blockading Squadron.

The following letter was sent to Flag Officer Dupont by Secretary of the Navy Wells:

NAVY DEPARTMENT,
Washington, D. C., Nov. 16, 1861.

SIR: It is with no ordinary emotion that I tender to your command the heartfelt congratulations and thanks of the Government and the country for their brilliant success achieved at Port Royal.

In the war now raging against the Government in the most causeless and unnatural rebellion that ever afflicted a country, high hopes have been indulged in the Navy, and great confidence reposed in its efforts. The results of the skill and bravery of yourself and others have equaled and surpassed our most sanguine expectations. To you and your associates, under the providence of God, we are indebted for this great achievement, by the largest squadron ever fitted out under that flag which you have so gallantly vindicated, and which you will bear onward to continued success.

The Department announces to the Navy and to the country its highest gratification at the brilliant success of the combined Navy and Army forces, in the capture of Forts Walker and Beauregard, commanding the entrance to Port Royal Harbor, S. C. To commemorate this signal victory, it is ordered that a National salute be fired from each Navy-yard at meridian, on the day after the reception of this order.

GIDEON WELLES,
Secretary of the Navy.

REBEL ACCOUNTS.

The subjoined account of the capture of Port Royal is from the Charleston (S. C.) *Mercury*:

"The battle of Port Royal will be remembered as one of the best-fought and best-conducted battles which have signalized the war in which we are engaged. The two islands of Hilton Head and Bay Point, with their extreme limits, constitute the two points which guard the entrance to Port Royal Sound, about three miles in width—Fort Walker on Hilton Head and Fort Beauregard on Bay Point.

"The island of Hilton Head was commanded by Gen. Drayton. The officers immediately superintending the artillery and conducting the force of Fort Walker were Col. Wagener, Maj. Huger, and Capt. Yates. These were especially detailed by Gen. Ripley to aid in directing the artillery. Col. Dunovant commanded at Fort Beauregard; Capt. Elliott, of the Beaufort Artillery, was second in command, and conducted the batteries of the fort. The day was beautiful, calm and clear, with scarcely a cloud in the heavens—just such a day as our invaders would have ordained, if they could, to carry on their operations.

"The great fleet of the enemy passed our bar on the 3d inst., and on the following day was anchored off Port Royal entrance. About 5 o'clock on Monday afternoon Commodore Tatnal, with his 'musketo fleet,' ran out from the harbor and made the

FIRST HOSTILE DEMONSTRATIONS.

The immense armada of the invaders, numbering at that time 36 vessels, was drawn up in line of battle, and as our little flotilla steamed up to within a mile of them and opened its fire, the scene was an inspiring one, but almost ludicrous in the disparity of its opposing fleet. The enemy replied to our fire almost immediately, and after an exchange of some 20 shots, Commodore Tatnal retired and was not pursued.

"About 7 o'clock on Tuesday morning several of the largest Yankee war steamers came within range, the batteries of Forts Walker and Beauregard were opened, and the steamers threw a number of shells in our works, inflicting no damage on Fort Walker. A similar reconnoissance was made on Wednesday, without important results. On Thursday morning all felt that the trial had at last arrived. Scarcely had breakfast been dispatched when the hostile fleet was observed in commotion. The great war steamers formed rapidly in single file and within supporting distance of each other, the frigate Wabash, the flagship of Commodore Dupont, in the van. As the long line of formidable-looking vessels, 13 in number, swept rapidly and majestically in, with ports open and bristling with guns of the heaviest caliber,

THE SIGHT WAS GRAND AND IMPOSING.

"Until the Wabash came within range of and directly opposite our batteries on Hilton Head all was still. Suddenly the 15 heavy guns of Fort Walker, which had been aimed directly at the huge frigate, belched forth their simultaneous fire and the action began. Almost immediately afterward Fort Beauregard, on the other side of the entrance, also opened their fire. The enemy at first did not reply, but as soon as the second steamer came opposite to Fort Walker the hulls of the first three were suddenly wrapped in smoke, and the shot and shell of three tremendous broadsides, making in all 75 guns, came crashing against our works. From this moment the bombardment was incessant and terrific. The Minnesota, still followed by the others, then turned around and steamed slowly out, giving a broadside to Fort Beauregard as she passed. Then the battle was continued, the enemy's vessels sailing in an elliptical course, pouring one broadside into Bay Point and then sweeping around to deliver the other against Hilton Head. This furious fire from 400 guns was maintained incessantly, and the roar of the cannonade seemed continuous. The effect of our guns was in many instances plainly visible from the forts, though

NOT WITH APPARENT DISASTROUS CONSEQUENCES.

The vessels came up within a half mile of shore; nearly all of our guns became dismounted or severely disabled, and we were no longer able to reply with serious effect.

"Soon after 11 o'clock the batteries at Bay Point were silenced. By this time the dreadful condition of Fort Walker became too apparent to be longer disregarded. The guns lay in every direction, dismounted and useless, the dead and dying were seen on every side, and still the iron balls poured pitilessly in. In this strait it was determined to abandon the fort. A long waste a mile in extent, and commanded by the enemy's guns, intervened between the garrison and the woods. Across this they had to run for their lives, each man for himself, the object being to scatter them as much as possible, so as not to afford a target for the rifled guns of the fleet.

"The preparations for running this terrible gauntlet were soon made; knapsacks were abandoned, and

THE GARRISON SCAMPERED OFF,

each one as best he could, toward the woods. The rest of the story is briefly told. Late Thursday night the garrison of Fort Walker had collected at Seabrook's Landing in the hope of reaching Bluffton by water. Luckily several Confederate steamers were within hail. A quiet trip to Bluffton followed; thence the troops marched to Hardeeville. The road along which they dragged their exhausted forms was filled with a heterogeneous throng of fugitives of all conditions, carriages, carts, and conveyances of every description that could by any possibility be pressed into service. The spectacle was a sad one. Thus ended the defense of Port Royal."

The moral effect of the reduction of the rebel batteries at Hilton Head and Bay Point was conclusive. The terrible bombardment of the fleet of Commodore Dupont could not be withstood, and as a result the whole sea coast of South Carolina and Florida was abandoned. Reconnoissances made shortly after the occupation of Hilton Head disclosed the fact that on Dawfuskie Island and at Braddock's Point, on the lower end of Hilton Head Island toward Savannah, on both sides of North and South Edisto Inlets, the Stono Inlet, and on John's Island, opposite the lower end of Folly Island, toward Charleston, formidable batteries had been constructed and abandoned.

When Fernandina and Fort Clinch, and the batteries at the mouth of the St. John's River, Fla., were threatened by expeditions sent by Commodore Dupont they were evacuated by the enemy without firing a gun.

(*The end.*)

The Arm of St. Ann.

At the little French Church of St. Jean Baptiste, New York, there arrived last week in a gold-lined casket a large fragment of what is alleged to be the arm of St. Ann, the mother of the Virgin. It is claimed that the arm has been guarded many centuries by the Benedictine Monks at Rome, in the great basilica of St. Paul's, outside the walls. Now, by special request of His Holiness Leo XIII., a portion of the now withered member has been sent to "increase the faith and devotion of all members of the Romish Church in the United States and Canada."

While there is great reason to doubt the genuineness of the relic, in spite of the array of written documents attesting it, yet the fact that the Pope indorses it is sufficient for Catholics, and thousands poured into the little church to venerate the relic and kiss the casket. Several cures are reported, the "miracles" being declared evidence by the priests, not of the strength of mind over matter, but of the genuineness of the relic.

The relic has been taken to the Church of St. Anne de Beaupre, on the St. Lawrence River.

Mines That Are Lost.

Everywhere throughout the West are lost mines. Every State and Territory that has gold or silver has several of them. Around each there clings a halo of romance. The lost Pegleg Mine on the Colorado Desert is the latest to have an inning and be noticed by the press. There is a Lost Cabin mine near Crater Lake, in Oregon. Montana, Wyoming, Idaho and New Mexico have lost mines of some sort or other, all rich, and locked in the depths of the Navajo Reservation in Arizona is another lost mine. Men with guns and picks and burros steal in from time to time in quest of the latter. Sometimes in referring to the various lost mines they are singularly mixed, until the problem is made harder to solve as to just where they are.

Takes Culcher to Do That.

[*Chicago Tribune.*]

"I shall not open the door, Harvardson," said the Boston wife at 2 o'clock a. m., "until I have satisfactory evidence that you have not been spending the evening in riotous conviviality."

"Your precautions, my dear," replied the Boston husband, who stood shivering on the outside, "is natural, but unnecessary. I have been in attendance at an unusually interesting session of the Zoroaster Club."

With clear distinct enunciation he then repeated rapidly this passage from Emerson's essay on Plato: "Seashore, sea seen from the shore, shore seen from the sea."

And the door was thrown open at once.

Modern Miracle.

[*Le Petit Liegeois.*]

There lived in the vicinity of Bergerac a parish priest who was greatly beloved. His parishioners decided upon getting up a subscription to present him with a cask of wine. One of the inhabitants supplied the cask, and each of the rest came and poured in two litres of the produce of his vineyard. One day last week our cure invited some of the subscribers to dinner, in order to taste the beverage which formed a compound of all the wines grown in the district. The servant went to turn the tap, and came back with a decanter full of water in her hand.

"Whatever is that?" was the general cry.

"That is the wine out of the barrel."

His reverence could not make it out; it was altogether puzzling! The guests were splitting with laughter. Each one had thought to himself that the presence of two litres of water would not be detected in a butt of wine; but, as it happened, they had all acted on the same idea.

Willie Tillbrook
Son of

Mayor Tillbrook

of McKeesport, Pa., Cured of

Scrofula in the Neck

By Hood's Sarsaparilla

All parents whose children suffer from Scrofula, Salt Rheum, or other diseases caused by impure blood, should read the following from Mrs. J. W. Tillbrook, wife of the Mayor of McKeesport, Penn.:

"C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

"My little boy Willie, now six years old, two years ago had a

Bunch Under One Ear

which the doctor said was Scrofula. As it continued to grow he finally lanced it and it discharged for some time. We then began giving him Hood's Sarsaparilla and he improved very rapidly until it healed up. Last winter it broke out again and was followed by

Erysipelas

We again gave him Hood's Sarsaparilla with most excellent results and he has had no further trouble. His cure is due to the use of Hood's Sarsaparilla. He has never been very robust, but now seems healthy and daily growing stronger. The doctor seemed quite pleased at his appearance and said he feared at one time that we should lose him. I have also taken

Hood's Sarsaparilla

myself and am satisfied that I have been helped by it." MRS. J. W. TILLBROOK, 5th Avenue, McKeesport, Pa.

Hood's Pills are purely vegetable, perfectly harmless, do not gripe.

WON HIM OVER.

How a Wary Wife Discovered that Husbands Wander.

[*From the French of Gustave Droz.*]

He had certainly married for love, and had thrown himself with such enthusiasm into his new life that, in a day, all his relations with the outer world were shattered—like glass. He shut himself in his sanctuary, turned the key on the inside, and tasted his happiness drop by drop. When by chance you encountered him, he hardly gave you a word; he seemed to be afraid of his past, and took care to avoid all those who could possibly recall it to mind.

Raoul was thus for some eight months. Toward the middle of the ninth, he had a relapse into former habits. One met him more frequently. He had resumed his cigars, walked more leisurely, and did not disdain to cast an occasional glance at a pretty woman.

This was not because he was less happy at his home or loved less his pretty little wife. O, no, not at all; for whenever I met him, he assured me earnestly "that his wife was a treasure."

When a husband says this so positively, there is no room to doubt that he is still a lover. You do not agree with me? A man, you say, who announces thus that his wife is a treasure, is a man who blows upon tea or ashes already cold. Ah, well, perhaps you are right; when the fire flames, one warms himself and generally says nothing.

To tell the truth, Raoul had begun to blow upon his fire. The sweetness that had intoxicated him nine months ago appeared to him now a little insipid, the warm temperature about him a little heavy; and when his wife came softly behind him and kissed him on the brow, he began to notice what he had never noticed before—that she ruffled his hair. He said nothing, but he was irritated, annoyed; all the more so as the tender little woman, seeing nothing herself, after her kiss, would close his eyes with her little hands and laugh like a gleeful child.

"Come, come, Louise," said he one morning, finding it impossible to be silent longer, "do you not see that I am reading?"

"Then say, 'My dear little wife, I adore you!' and I'll let you go," Louise returned, with the pout of an angel.

"But I have said it five hundred and one times already, and, to be frank, Louise, I decline to be forced to repeat it every quarter of an hour." And he stooped for his book, which had fallen to the floor, and closing as it fell, obliged him to lose five minutes more seeking the place where he had left off; which so increased his bad humor that, 10 minutes later, when they sat down to lunch, he found the soup decidedly too salt, and said so.

"Why, no, Raoul; I do not find it so," Louise returned, innocently.

"But I do; and that settles it," Raoul declared peremptorily, pouring water in his bouillon with a determined air. "The fact is, my dear, your cook knows no more of seasoning than she knows of finance. This food is uneatable. It is only at a restaurant that a presentable fillet can be had." And he breathed a sort of sigh that resembled a stifled regret.

"But a month ago she pleased you," urged Louise, who, in spite of her love and gentleness, did not lack spirit; "I do not understand it."

"You do not understand! Now, why do you say that? And such a tone! The very minute, it seems to me, that I object to anything, you jump to the conclusion that I am content with nothing."

"I did not say that."

"You leave it to be supposed, nevertheless."

Silence fell between them, but meanwhile, Raoul, still fuming, thought how, presently, they would go to install themselves in the sitting-room, having neither theater nor ball to attend this evening: that he would open his paper, and, while reading, he would see over its edge the regular movement of his wife's needle, plying back and forth in that eternal embroidery, and that, after the paper, he would resume his book, yawn three times, look at the clock, and then, to keep him from going to sleep entirely, his wife would appeal to him with the usual question: "Blue, black, or red in this corner, Raoul? What do you say, Pet?"

"Pet!" An expression that had once brought tears of tenderness to his eyes, and that now seemed absurd.

All these thoughts came one by one, and gradually he felt his bad humor increase, till, suddenly, he resumed, sharply: "I do not see what there is so extraordinary in wishing to have a properly-cooked fillet."

"Well, I was wrong; I'll see to the next," Louise answered, with manner a little prim.

Raoul laid down knife and fork resignedly.

"My dear child," said he, "have I said that you were wrong? You have a very singular mania for posing as an injured person."

At heart, he felt himself unjust; but anger was stronger than he, and mounted to his brain.

"If only you would be calm, Raoul"——Louise began, gently.

"Be calm—be calm, you say? As if I were the one who has lost his temper! But, Louise, this is perfectly childish. What else have you for dinner besides this fillet?"

"I really do not know."

The meal came to an end in the profoundest silence. Immediately afterward Raoul took his hat.

"You are going out?" hazarded Louise, softly.

"If you will kindly permit me?"

And out he went, but not with an assured step. On the staircase he stopped to listen.

"She did not ask me, even," thought he, wonderingly, "if I were going to be late. How strange! But it proves what I believed—that I have been too weak with her in the first months of our marriage."

Once in the street, he paused again, irresolutely, not knowing where to go; but finally strolled on at random, buttoning his gloves and still uneasily reflecting. His wife was the best little woman in the world, but—he had been too weak with her, there was no doubt of it.

At the tobacconists on the corner, he stopped to light his cigar. On the boulevards, all the cafes were open, a crowd filling the chairs. Ah, how good it was! To stroll at one's ease in Paris, one must always stroll alone.

He passed before his old club, blazing with light and astir with men, but he dared not enter, though he had a great desire to do so; he dreaded the smiles that would greet his appearance, and crossed to the opposite side.

Then, too, how irritating it was, when he gave his arm to his wife to have her make those long stops before the jewelers' and milliners' that always made him so furious. Yes, he was right—to stroll agreeably in Paris, one must be alone.

Nevertheless, two hours later, filled with remorse, he turned his steps homeward, to find his wife with red eyes.

"Crying!" thought he; "actually crying, as if I couldn't leave the house a moment without her behaving as if I had really deserted her!" And, instead of embracing her, as he really wished to do, he calmly mounted the stairs, with an icy little "Good night, my dear!"

Louise, on her side, was far from stupid; her husband was bored when with her—she felt it; she felt, too, that even the rustle of her skirts irritated Raoul. What should she do? The best she could at all events; by a thousand and one little wifely efforts and attentions, she sought to re-establish the tender little chats and jokes and joyous laughter in the corner by the fire. But the very restraint that she imposed upon herself made the effort abortive. Time and again she opened a talk with him in the old, light-hearted fashion, only to be thrown back upon herself by a cold or nonchalant "yes" or "no" from Raoul, accorded without even raising his eyes. More than all, too, she was wounded in her self-respect, when trying on a dress or hat before him, on the effect of which she had counted, to receive only an indifferent "No, it isn't bad, that dress—or hat—but, had I been you, I'd have taken yellow in place of that blue."

Proud little Louise! Only a woman and a wife would know how she suffered!

This state of things had lasted perhaps a month, when one evening, Raoul, who was still at table, received a note, all sealed and white and daintily perfumed.

"Allow me," said he, addressing his wife, and he tore open the note, which ran:

MY DEAR RAOUL: Who knows if it would not be agreeable to you to find yourself again in that little restaurant of the Bois de Vincennes, which is in the middle of the water.

It is room No. 3, is it not, whose windows open upon the lake? I have an idea that Tuesday p. m. (to-morrow), that room will be free. What do you think? At all events it will be well to see.

Toward 7 o'clock the sun will have gone behind the trees; it will be fresh and cool in that little chalet, and the *filets chateaubriand* there are simply delicious. Thine, AMANDA.

"Amanda, Amanda," said Raoul to himself; "where the devil have I known an Amanda?" and he remained a moment pondering.

"Is it bad news?" asked Louise, quietly.

Then he remembered his wife's presence, and answered like a man interrupted by an importunate chatterer: "No, no—only from my tailor." And, as he hurriedly began to sugar his coffee to escape looking his wife in the face, it seemed to him, from the corner of his eye, that she was observing him fixedly. Thrown off his balance, he did not tear up the note, as one usually does with tailor's effusions, but replaced it carefully in the envelope and slipped it into his pocket. Stranger still, and a still more difficult thing to explain, he was charming all the rest of that evening.

That letter and Amanda—whom he could not recall the least in the world—roused in him, apparently, the gayest fancies. He was flattered, though he would never have admitted it, that there were some who did not believe the old spirit entirely dead in him.

"I shall certainly go to that rendezvous," he told himself, "and it is well for me that I am not like some men. Very few, indeed, could resist a moment of madness, which, for me, will be only a moment of frolic. To go on as I am is to rust out like iron. Ah, how lucky it is for me, too, that my wife is an angel! She does not suspect, poor darling; not the least in the world." He turned to look at her bending tranquilly over her embroidery, and murmured again: "No, not the least in the world!" And with swaggering air he began to pace the salon, humming to himself with satisfaction, like one who is armed to the teeth and who tells himself: "I kill no one; it is only because I am good—how good, they do not know." And really, feeling himself at that moment of a superior essence, he was happy as a king.

Next morning, while breakfasting, Raoul could not resist the temptation to explain what a *filet chateaubriand* was, and how to cook it.

"If you would like one this evening," said the young wife, "suppose I try it."

"No, thanks; I spoke of it, but do not want it. Moreover, it would not be possible this evening," and he thrilled with pleasure at putting his foot on the slippery incline, persuaded that he, at least, would not fall.

"But why not this evening?" Louise persisted.

"Have I not told you, then? I met Paul Varennes to-day, and promised to dine with him to-night. His brother, he says, has just returned from Mexico. I tried to excuse myself, but he insisted so much that I couldn't get out of it, you know."

"Indeed!" said Louise.

Presently Raoul rose, kissed his wife and started out, turning carelessly at the door to call back that maybe he would not go, after all; he really could not tell.

Nevertheless, toward 5 o'clock the model husband returned.

"I'm going," said he; "Paul would be seriously vexed if I failed to dine with him. And you, my little Louise, you are not to worry. Besides, I've thought of something—go to your aunt's to dinner. Jean will bring you home, and I'll take you there myself before I start. How does that suit you?"

"Perfectly; but it is needless to trouble yourself to escort me there; I can easily go alone."

Half an hour later, Raoul, fresh shaven, perfumed, smiling, carefully dressed, jumped into a coupe, and set out for the Bois de Vincennes.

He was 50 pounds lighter, it seemed to him, as he mounted the restaurant steps. But then, what if, after all, she did not come? No matter; he would not think of it, but continued on, greeting again with pleasure that varied odor peculiar to restaurants, that rattle of plates and glasses clinked up and down the stairs by hurrying waiters, towel on arm, and knives and forks sticking like quills from their jacket-pockets.

"Monsieur is alone?" asked one of them, affably, advancing to meet him.

"Yes; but I expect some one. No. 3 is free, is it not?"

"Yes, monsieur." He threw open the door, and Raoul entered joyously.

"And monsieur will not order now?" demanded the man, depositing the menu with a flourish.

"Not now; I'll wait," and he threw down his hat and looked about him.

The same eternal cabinet that he had seen a hundred times—red paper, leafed with gold, a sofa with three cushions, none too soft, a clock in gilt bronze, two flower-pots without flowers, an upright piano, out of tune, a carpet where all the boots of Paris had a right to leave their traces, and a table in the center, laid with covers for two. The forks were twisted and tarnished from service to hundreds of mouths, the crystal heavy, warranted not to "nick," and on the edges of the plates and the rest of the "indestructible" china the name of the restaurant scrolled in gilt.

Something in the surroundings recalled to Raoul the disgust that he had once felt, but certainly would feel no more; nevertheless he got up and opened wide the window to freshen the atmosphere, which was indisputably a trifle close.

"How curious!" he murmured; "but I had forgotten all this!"

And he began to whistle softly to chase away fancies, not so pleasant, that were coming to mind. Somehow or other, his gayety, too, seemed leaving him. He drew out his watch to see the time—a quarter past seven, and he was distinctly hungry. What if that letter, after all, was a joke? A joke! He had not thought of it that way, but maybe, after all, it was better it should be so.

Quiet as it was now—not to say sad—in No. 3, it was very gay, indeed, in the adjoining cabinet, the loud clatter of plates and clinking glasses mingling at times with gay bursts of laughter.

At last a rustle of skirts approached in the corridor. At the same moment, the door flew back, a lady entered precipitately, and fell, evidently a prey to fear or embarrassment, breathlessly upon the sofa.

A lady?—undoubtedly. Uneasy and puzzled—why, he knew not—Raoul advanced to meet her. She raised her hand, the vail was off, and—Louise was before him!

Louise, serene, smiling, unruffled as ever and sweetly murmuring:

"I was dying, you see, Raoul, to taste a *filet chateaubriand* properly prepared."

How they settled it and what explanations were made, I have not an idea. But one thing is certain, Raoul no longer "kicks over the traces," is as happy and content as the day is long, and Louise, as generous as she was wise, has never once, since the little dinner in a restaurant, so much as whispered "filets chateaubriand" in her husband's presence.—*Argonaut.*

Fun Enough.

[*Texas Siftings.*]

"I want to go to the funeral of the little girl across the street," said little Molly Fizzletop to her mother.

"No, no, my child," said Mrs. Fizzletop. "You were at a matinee yesterday afternoon; last night you were at a concert, and you are going to a children's party to-night. That is enough amusement for a little girl of 12 years of age."

Knew All the Signs.

[*Puck.*]

Sammy Mammasboy—Going to move in May, Tommy?

Tommy Tufnut—Yep.

Sammy Mammasboy—How do you know?

Tommy Tufnut—Ah! how d' I know? Didn't m' mother lemme break a celler winder t'other day an' didn't say nartin? How d' I know? A-a-h, yoh!

The Rash Act Indorsed.

[*Chicago Tribune.*]

"What was his occupation?" asked the Coroner.

"He was a detective in the employ of a divorce lawyer," answered the witness.

The verdict of the jury was "justifiable suicide."

She Was Up to the Times.

[*Texas Siftings.*]

Steward (on Atlantic liner)—You can't go on deck now, ma'am; it's raining. It's blowin' great guns.

Mrs. Oshkosh—Mercy! Why don't they stop it? Artillery will only make more rain, my good man.

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Sunk the Alabama.

The Savannah *News*, speaking of the warships Kearsarge, Newark, Vesuvius, and Philadelphia, which participated in the ceremonies of merchants' week, beginning May 8, in that city, contrasts the two styles of ships, old and new, and then describes a famous gun of the Kearsarge.

The famous gun which sunk the Alabama stands in the center of the quarter-deck, the first object the eye of the visitor is attracted to. It is highly polished, and has the name "Winslow" on its side in German text brass letters. This name was given the gun in compliment to Capt. Winslow, who commanded the cruiser in her famous fight. Just above the gun, on a brass plate, are the words "June 19, 1864," the date of the battle. Below it, on the steering-wheel, are the words "*Semper Paratus*" (always ready). The Winslow was a 11-inch gun when it sank the Alabama, but it is now remodeled into an 8-inch rifle. In the forward part of the cruiser is a companion gun to the Winslow, which also took part in the Alabama fight. It is called Thornton, in honor of the Executive Officer of that name who was in the engagement. Besides the two famous guns the Kearsarge is equipped with four 9-inch broadside rifles and a 60-pound Parrot rifle in the forecastle.

His Other Name.

[*Detroit Free Press.*]

He was not such a dreadfully desperate-looking citizen, and when he was ranged up in front of the Judge of the Police Court, that dignitary was disposed to be lenient.

"What is your name?" inquired the Court, rather kindly.

"John Smith, your Honor," responded the prisoner, politely.

"That ain't the name he goes by where he lives, your Honor," put in the policeman who arrested him and had noticed that the Judge was prejudiced in his favor.

"Ah," said the Judge, "he has two names, has he? What is the other one?"

"They call him 'Boardin' House Beef,' your Honor," said the policeman.

"Very odd name," remarked the Judge; "very odd. What do they call him that for?"

"Because, your Honor, he is a good deal tougher than he looks."

The Whole Story.

[*Youth's Companion.*]

It is natural to boys and girls to desire to know how a story "comes out." They are not satisfied with an abrupt termination when some good point is reached.

A bright boy once heard the story of William Tell for the first time, and was very much interested in it. He followed eagerly the account of the shooting of the apple by Tell from his boy's head, and looked unsatisfied when the story came to a conclusion.

"Well, go on!" he said.

"But that's all the story."

"How can it be?" exclaimed the boy. "You didn't tell who had the apple to eat!"

Sam Jones's Son's Diction.

[*New York Tribune.*]

"Bob" Jones, the seven-year-old son of the Rev. Samuel Jones, professional revivalist, was among the score of sinners who went up to the mourners' bench to be prayed for. The good brother, who was "leadin' the meetin'" exhorted long and solemnly.

"My young brother in the Lord," he said, in conclusion, "do you feel that the spirit of our Father has descended upon you and washed you whiter than snow?"

The church held its breath for Bob's answer, and almost rose from its foundations when the boy lifted his head and said—

"You bet."

Preferred Teaching.

[*Good News.*]

Pretty Teacher (severely)—Did your mother write this excuse?

Bad Boy—Yes'm.

Pretty Teacher—Humph! It looks very much like one of your scrawls.

Bad Boy—Mamma wrote it; but, please, ma'am, she had sister Jennie in one arm crying with a bumped head, and brother Willie in the other, with a cut finger, and a lot of sewing on her lap, and she was rocking the cradle with her knees, and she had to write with her toes.

Pretty Teacher (in the evening)—I am very sorry, Mr. Poorchap, but I have changed my mind. I shall never marry.

A Fair Fight.

"'Squire Dick" Reese, just after the war, a pig-headed lawyer of Leavenworth, Kan., was almost a pigmy in stature, but as plucky as any other bantam. One day his dignity took affront at some speech of a Missouri legal light of unusual tallness, and springing upon the big fellow like a cat, Dick began to claw, kick, and belabor him. The giant looked down at the assailant clinging to his arm, and said, with good-humored affectation, "Why, Dick, what are you doing there?" "Doing!" cried Dick, wrathfully, "doing! Why, I'm fighting you, sir, and that like hell!"

Paper-Covered Bullets.

In consequence of the enormous initial velocity of the bullet in the new Mannlisher rifle, and the resulting friction and wear on the barrel, it has become necessary to devise some method preventing both of these evils. The management of the Government laboratory at Thun, Switzerland, has consequently devised a method of inclosing the leaden bullet in a thin metalic covering, while over this he places a wrapper of specially-prepared oleaginous paper, which reduces the wear of the rifle barrel to a minimum, without interfering with the course of the bullet.

How He Spotted a Falsehood.

[*Indianapolis Journal.*]

"What do you think of that artist who painted cobwebs on his ceiling so truthfully that the hired girl wore herself into an attack of nervous prostration trying to sweep them down?"

"There may have been such an artist, but never such a hired girl."

No Damage Done.

[*Texas Siftings.*]

One of the stingiest men in New York fell from a street-car and broke his leg in two places.

"Are you hurt?" asked one of the parties who came to his assistance.

"Not a particle," replied the sufferer, grinding his teeth in pain; "I pay a doctor so much a year."

Scientific Item.

[*Texas Siftings.*]

"When I grow up I will be a man, won't I?" asked a little Harlem boy of his mother.

"Yes, my son. If you want to be a man, you must be industrious at school, and learn how to behave yourself."

"Why, ma, do lazy boys turn out to be women when they grow up?"

Hard to Suit.

[*Puck.*]

"The play last night wasn't realistic enough for me."

"What was the trouble?"

"You know that chap who was killed in the third act?"

"Yes."

"Well, I saw him on the street this morning."

Taking Time by the Forelock.

[*Somerville Journal.*]

Spriggs—It looks to me as if it were going to rain before night.

Briggs—Is that so? I must start right out now, then, and borrow an umbrella before the other fellow notices it.

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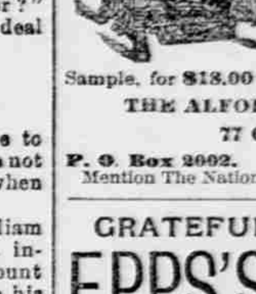

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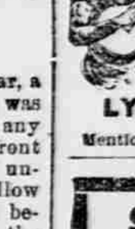

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