

Behm; Morse, Peter Haynes; Whitehead, C. A. French; Lockwood, G. W. Graves; Brincker, J. E. Giddings; Seymour, F. S. Wells; Ceres, John McDiarmid; Putnam, W. J. Hotchkiss; Shawkeson, T. J. Woodward; Granite, Edward Boomer; Pickett, T. P. Ives; Huzzar, Frederick Crocker; Pioneer, Chas. E. Baker; Vidette, Samuel Emerson; Ranger, M. B. Morley; Lancer, John L. Foster; Chasseur, John West.

About the middle of January the fleet sailed from Hampton Roads for its destination and when in the vicinity of Cape Hatteras it

ENCOUNTERED A STORM of unusual severity, which continued nearly three days, resulting in the loss of two transport steamers and two schooners, all loaded with army supplies for Gen. Burnside's forces.

The morning of Feb. 6 was ushered in with heavy clouds gathering in the sky, giving rise to fear of another such storm as had been previously experienced.

About 9 a. m. on the morning of the 7th the fleet again got under way. Entering Croatan Strait, which was about one mile wide, we soon came in sight of the fortifications, and the whole island seemed to be lined with heavy batteries, the first which we approached being on Pork Point, opposite to which the main channel was closed by piles and sunken vessels.

The rebel troops for some reason did not vigorously respond to our fire, having evidently sought shelter in the casemates. Many of our vessels had meantime approached as close to shore as the depth of water would permit, pouring in with wonderful rapidity and precision their destructive fire.

Our men, on landing, had to wade through the water with arms and knapsacks, and the weather being extremely cold, their condition can be better imagined than described.

About the middle of the afternoon our colors were raised by Burnside's men at Ashley's Harbor; meantime our fire on Pork Point battery continued unabated, and, as the range was perfect, it did not cease with the going down of the sun. Nothing can be imagined more sublime than a bombardment by night—the glare of the guns, so passionate and spiteful in expression, the roar of the explosions and shriek of shells, as if demons were howling through the air—all these blended with the gloom of night presents a scene which once witnessed can never be forgotten.

The fleet resumed operations again about daylight on the morning of Feb. 8, and the troops under Gen. Reno advanced toward the battery; their movements were slow but firm and steady, indicating very plainly that they meant business, and about noon a grand charge was made on the enemy's works.

A VICTORY OF SIGNAL IMPORTANCE had been won. Six forts, 2,500 prisoners, and 42 heavy guns had been captured, with a large number of small arms and munitions of war. Having no way of disposing of the prisoners they were released on parole, but it is believed generally that very shortly afterward they were again under arms.

This grand victory was the result of the combined efforts of the army and navy working harmoniously together for the accomplishment of the object in view, and both branches of the service are entitled to equal credit. It was an engagement in which one branch of the service could not succeed without the co-operation of the other.

means of defense were truly formidable, and were used with a determination worthy of a better cause. We defeated a body of men numbering about 5,000, of whom are now prisoners, and the fighting commenced on the morning of the 7th inst., and was continued until dark. The following morning it was renewed at an early hour and lasted until well into the afternoon, when, by a bold charge on my army, the rebel flag was made to ascend, and our own was hoisted everywhere on the island in its place. No attack could have been more completely executed, and it was carried out precisely in accordance with the arrangements made before the expedition left Hatteras Inlet.

On Feb. 8, it was arranged by Gen. Burnside that his forces should move at a very early hour from where they had been landed and begin the attack on the enemy, and, as the direction they were required to take would, in all probability, soon bring them in line of fire occupied by the navy, it was agreed between us last night that to-day the vessels should not occupy operations until I could receive word from him that their missiles would not be destructive to friendly vessels. It was accordingly agreed that the enemy's vessels, except the Curlew, could be discovered. At 9 a. m. a continuous firing in the interior of the island told us that our vessels were being fired upon, and about 10 o'clock the vessels of the fleet were ordered to open fire, and at this work they continued until the firing in the interior evidently slackened. At the same time, however, about 10 o'clock, a shot was fired which did not seem to be one gun against us.

A statement of casualties which occurred will accompany this communication. About 17 wounded among the army, and 17 wounded. Considering how frequently our vessels were struck, it is remarkable that more did not take place.

I had promised a report by Gen. Burnside with regard to Midshipman Porter's association with his forces, and as soon as it comes to hand I will, with pleasure, forward it to the Department.

I have the honor to be, sir, very respectfully, your obedient servant, L. M. GOLDSBOROUGH, Flag Officer, commanding North Atlantic Squadron.

Hon. Gideon Welles, Secretary of the Navy, Washington, D. C.

GENERAL ORDERS. To the officers and men under my command engaged in the reduction of Roanoke Island: Your efforts of yesterday and the day before against the enemy were alike worthy of yourselves and the sacred cause that your glorious flag upholds. I think you and congratulate you on the results achieved. No Commander-in-Chief could have been more gallantly sustained or could have desired a more gratifying display of coolness, skill and discipline. You have got more work to do in kind to accomplish and will soon deliver another blow to crush the hydra of rebellion. From what I have already witnessed I am sure you will do it well.

Flag officer commanding North Atlantic Squadron. Upon recommendation of the President, a resolution tendering the thanks of Congress to Capt. Louis M. Goldsborough, and through him to the officers, petty officers, seamen and marines under his command, for the victory at Roanoke Island, was passed as follows: That the thanks of Congress be and they are hereby tendered to Capt. Louis M. Goldsborough, and through him to the officers, petty officers, seamen and marines attached to the squadron for the successful and decisive victory achieved at Roanoke Island on the 7th, 8th, and 10th days of February last.

Approved July 11, 1862. Sheridan's Shoes. A good story of Gen. Sheridan was told the other day by a Mexican, an intimate friend of the great Northern soldier in his lifetime. One day, calling on the commander of the army at his office in Washington, he found him at his desk, his feet encased in slippers and his shoes demurely placed on the top of the desk.

Nevertheless the shoe even then a remarkable endurance. An Indian has been known to carry a letter from Guazapares to Chihuahua and back again in five days, the distance being nearly 800 miles. In some parts where the Tarahumars serve the Mexicans, they are seen to run in the wild horses, driving them into the corral; they take them two or three days to do it, sleep at night and living on a little pinole. They bring in the horses thoroughly exhausted, while they themselves are still fresh. They will outrun any horse if you give them time to get a start in the race.

Insurance Items. "I wonder if I couldn't collect at least half of the insurance on my wife," remarked Col. Percy Yergor to his friend Maj. Witherspoon, as they were sipping their mint juleps in an Austin saloon.

When the cook, disturbed by the fierce barking of the dog, opened the kitchen door, she observed a tramp hanging for dear life on the top of a clothes-line, with the dog jumping for him. She called off the dog, but he still hung on.

Questions of the Hour. "I presume you funny men aim to deal with questions of the hour, do you not?" "Oh, yes. I calculate that there have been written no less than 5,000 jokes about the young man who does not know when it is time for him to go home."



THE WIFE'S VERSION. HAT IS THE MATTER with him? Why is he angry with me? I cannot understand it. And I have done everything in my power to make him happy, everything.

I had planned such a pretty little home, nicely kept, and light and clean; and he immediately began to fill the rooms with queer old tapestries, so old and faded—and with the most extraordinary furniture, really useless, and quite out of style, and abominably soiled.

What is to become of a person with a man like that? I would like to talk over with him to see what he has in his mind. I ought to have known. My friends all told me he was crazy.

THE HUSBAND'S VERSION. I had thought of everything, and taken every precaution. I did not want to marry a Parisienne, because I was afraid of Parisian ladies. I did not want a wealthy wife, with her high pretensions, and all the important demands of wealth.

My wife was, indeed, all that I had dreamed of. I used to think: "She will owe everything to me, and what a pleasure it will be to lead that artless mind to the love of the beautiful; to let her pure soul enter into all my enthusiasms and hopes—to treat the life into me like a statue, with her great calm, serious eyes, her regular Grecian profile, and her well-defined features, which had not been softened by the delicacy which all youthful faces owe to their rose-tinted cheeks and the shadow of rippling hair."

But in those days I was hopeful. I loved her. I was happy, and ready and willing to become even more so. I was so full of ardor for my work that immediately after my marriage I began a new poem, and in the course of the matter she had written during the day. At first she would say, "That is very nice," and I was grateful for her even these childish words of approbation, hoping that some day she would understand what meant life itself to me.

For things! How I must have been! After reading my verses to her, she would explain them, seeking in her beautiful wide-open eyes a responsive gleam, and fancying always that I had found it there. I used to make her give me her opinion, tell me what she thought of my verses, and I would now and then recite to her, remembering only the few, which, by chance, happened to be good. I wanted so much to make her my real wife, the wife of an artist; but no. She did not understand.

What did I not say? What floods of eloquence did I not pour forth? But all to no purpose. I was forever bringing up short against what she called "good, sound common sense," the never-failing cant of the narrow-minded and of those "whose hearts are dry as Summer dust."

Headache, Dyspepsia, Indigestion. Are caused by bad blood, and are run down, worn out condition of the body. Hood's Sarsaparilla. Be Sure to get Hood's Cures. Hood's Pills are gentle, mild and effective.

An active, economical—oh, a very economical—housekeeper—was, as Proudfoot depicts her, and nothing more. I would have borne it, so many are situated as I am, but that modest role was not sufficient.

Little by little, quietly, and in an underhand way, she succeeded in estranging all my friends. We never stood upon ceremony before her, but continued to talk as we used to do in the past, and she was never able to falter on the irony or the playful fancy of our artistic exaggerations and our mad actions and paradoxes. It only irritated and confused her. She would listen, as she sat in a little corner of the drawing-room, without saying a word, but mentally resolving on the dismissal, each in his turn, of all those stinking and stinging species of an apparent welcome, there was making itself felt within my walls that chill little draft which is so sure a sign that the door is ajar and that it will soon be time to go.

When once my friends were driven away she renounced them by her own. I was hemmed in on all sides by Philistines, odious people, who knew absolutely nothing of art, and who looked down upon poetry as something which "doesn't pay." They used to talk in my presence of the "fashionable" writers of the day—people who turned out novels and plays by the score, and purposely say in a casual manner, "So-and-so makes a great deal of money."

That was all the wretched thought of, and I saw, to my sorrow, that my wife thought as they did. In that sordid atmosphere her provincial habits, her mean and petty views of life, narrowed down into an incredible greed. It seemed to me that with an income of 15,000 francs one might have lived without fear of the morrow, but she did not think so. She was always complaining, and the chamber was full of grating, and suggesting profitable investments. Little by little, immersed as I was in this flood of distasteful detail, I felt all love and taste for my work desert me.

Sometimes she would come to my writing-table and look over—oh, with such disdain!—my last few verses, and that all she would say, counting over all the hours wasted on those insignificant little lines. Ah, if I had listened to her, this proud title of poet, which I struggled so many years to win, would now be dragged in the mire of mere money-making scribbling. And when I think that it was to this woman I opened up my heart and poured forth all my aspirations; when I think that this aversion she manifests, because, forsooth, I do not "make money," dates from the very beginning of our married life, I blush for myself and for her.

He doesn't make money. That explains it all, her reproachful look, her love for whatever "pays," however little it may be—even to that last step of hers—her trying to obtain some kind of a Government position for me.

But there I drew the lines most decidedly. I have nothing left but a firm will, which will give way to neither force nor pleading. She may talk to me forever, freeze me with her ice-cream glances, but my thought is my own, and will forever be beyond her grasp!

Singing Him Up. The sedate, smooth-shaven, carefully-attired young Sunday-school superintendent from Englewood sat down in the chair provided by the board.

Was Well Trained. "So you think you can stand the arduous duties of a variety actor? You know in our play we find occasion to throw you down a 30-foot flight of stairs into a barrel of scrap iron."

Magazine Limitations. "There's no use in trying to deny it," she sighed, "men are terribly inconsistent."

Magazine Editor—We need a leading article for next month. Regular Contributor—I can prepare an elaborate historical sketch of Napoleon.

Association of Ideas. "Papa," said Johnny, "do you believe there is a real, sure-enough devil?" "I don't know, Johnny," said Mr. Billis. "I hope not. By the way, Maria," he continued, turning to Mrs. Billis, "when your cousin Phoebe comes to visit us this Fall is she going to bring that boy of hers along?"

He Repeated. Sunday-school Teacher—Do you understand what repentance means? Little Johnny [with deep feeling]—Yes, indeed, sir. "Give me an illustration." "Once I took a whole lot of fruit cake without asking, and I repented awfully—till mamma gave me some ginger."

A CLOSE CALL.

The Mountain Lion is a very vicious Animal. [St. Louis Globe-Democrat.] "There are no more vicious fighters in the whole animal kingdom than the mountain lions of the Northwest," said Major Jackson, of Spokane. They combine the cunning and agility of the cat tribe with the strength of the lion and the ferocity of the tiger.

"I have never been much of a hunter, but a few years ago I had an adventure with mountain lions out in Washington that gave me enough of hunting big game for all time. I had captured some young deer, elk, and foxes and started a small menagerie on my ranch.

"One day I was out in the hills looking at some timber, and near the mouth of a small creek in the rocks I found a young lion crawling about on the ground and whining like a kitten. It was only a few weeks old, and I decided to take it home and add it to my menagerie. I judged that there was a nest of the young animals somewhere among the rocks, and that this one had ventured out and got lost while the old ones were away.

"I had no trouble in catching it, and he was too young to show fight. But as soon as I took it up in my arms it set up a dreadful screaming cry, a sort of cross between the wail of a frightened baby and the bark of a small dog. Fearing that the cries would bring the old lions home in a hurry, I lost no time in getting away from the spot where I found my captive. I took off my coat, and, wrapping up the cub, tried to stop its cries, but it was no use; it only made more noise than ever.

"Before I had gone 100 yards I heard the blood-curdling shriek of a full-grown lion close behind me, and I knew that the mother of the cub was on my trail. Her cry must have been a call for help. In 10 seconds it was answered on many times, and the cries came from all directions.

"I was surrounded by mountain lions, and I knew that the cry of the cub would rouse them to fury. I hated to lose the expected addition to my menagerie, but I dropped that lion cub as if he had been a hot brick. Instead of running away as I thought he would, the cub lay right under my feet and made more noise than ever.

"Then I started to run to get away from it, but a swaying of the branches of two trees in front of me and a chorus of fierce shrieks close behind warned me that I was too late. At least a dozen full-grown mountain lions, I judged, were closing in around me, and they were there for business.

"Some 10 yards ahead of where I stood I saw a big rock that rose out of the ground 15 feet or more. I made a dash for that rock and reached it just in time. Backing up against it I faced half a score of full-grown lions, and they were as vicious a looking lot as I ever saw. I had hoped that they would stop when they found that the cub was safe, but they didn't. I had my Winchester with me, and the chamber was full of cartridges.

"When I faced my pursuers some of them came on the ground leaping along like cats at play, while others were in the trees springing from branch to branch with prodigious jumps. They were still giving vent to their cries, which were enough to raise a man's hair when heard at that distance. All the time they were coming closer, and two of those on the ground were creeping along ready to spring at my throat as soon as they were near enough.

"The apparent hopelessness of my situation seemed to steady my nerves, and I took careful aim at the nearest lion I fired. With a new kind of screech the brute leaped five feet into the air and fell back dead. But there was another one on the ground almost as near as the first and still advancing.

"A second shot finished that one, and then I glanced at the others in time. I saw two glaring down at me with their eyes gleaming like balls of fire. Both were crouching for a spring. I shot the nearest one, and again my bullet reached a vital spot.

"I heard a cough thrown out the empty shell of a second shot, and I found myself away to a hoarse growl right over my head, and then I knew that one of the animals was on the rock above me.

"For an instant I forgot the one in the tree and jumped away from the rock. At the same instant both lions jumped for me, one from the tree and one from the rock above me. I saw them coming and tried to dodge to one side. I wheeled about and escaped the full force of their spring. Both of them struck me on the shoulders with their fore feet as they came down, and their long claws tore my clothes in my waist and left my coat and shirt hanging in shreds.

"The blood spurting from my wounds and I was knocked down by the force of the blows. I closed my eyes as I fell, face down, and expected to be torn to pieces in an instant, but to my surprise the animals did not follow up the attack, and as I struggled to my feet their hoarse growling and the sounds of a terrific struggle told me that they were fighting each other.

"I picked up my rifle and again took a position against the rock, but the fighting lions were no longer aware of my presence. They rolled over and over so fast that they looked like two great yellow balls, changing to red as the blood began to flow in streams from the gaping wounds they were tearing in each other's bodies with teeth and claws.

"You won't do for me!



You may be an excellent servant in many ways, but you say you don't use Pearline for washing and cleaning—you can't be bright. My poor girl, soap takes up your time and wears out the things with the rubbing. No, you're not bright enough for me. Well, the lady is bright, to say the least. Evidently she has had the best of teachers—experience. Have you? "Yes!"—then you use Pearline. "No!"—then you had best begin at once. Ask some friend about Pearline.

14 KARAT GOLD PLATE. THE NATIONAL MFG. & IMPORTING CO., 834 DEARBORN STREET, CHICAGO, ILL.

MY HUSBAND. ARMS & LEGS. WITH RUBBER HANDS & FEET. THE BEST NATURAL COMFORTABLE & DURABLE. OVER 15,000 IN USE.

SALESWOMEN. DROPSY. TREATED FREE. FAT FOLKS. AGENTS WANTED. DEAFNESS & HEAD NOISES CURED. WOMAN'S SUCCESS. PHOTOGRAPHIC VIEWS OF THE BATTLEFIELD.

31. WANTED—Agents to take orders by sample. WANTED—Information as to time and place of death of Herman C. Hoake.

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