"HIS WIFE'S DECEASED SISTER."

[Frank P. Stockton in The Century.]

It is now five years since an event occurred which so colored my life, or rather, so changed some of its original colors, that I have thought it well to write an account of it, deeming that its lessons may be of advantage to persons whose situation in life is similar to my own.

When I was quite a young man I adopted literature as a profession, and, having passed through the necessary preparatory grades, I found myself after a good many years of hard and often unremunerated work, in possession of what might be called a fair literary practice. My articles, grave, gay, practical, or fanciful, had come to be considered with favor by the editors of the various periodicals for which I wrote, on which I found in time I could rely with a very comfortable certainty. My productions created no enthusiasm in the reading public; they gave me no great reputation or very valuable pecuniary return; but they were always accepted, and my receipts from them, at the time in which I have referred, were as regular and reliable as a salary, and quite sufficient to give me more than a comfortable support.

It was at this time I married. I had been engaged for more than a year, but had not been willing to assume the support of a wife until I felt that my pecuniary position was so assured that I could do so with full satisfaction to my own conscience. There was now no doubt in regard to this position, either in my mind or in that of my wife. I worked with great steadiness and regularity; I knew exactly where to place the productions of my pen, and could calculate with a fair degree of accuracy the sums I should receive for them. We were by no means rich; but we had enough, and were thoroughly satisfied and content.

Those of my readers who are married will have no difficulty in remembering the peculiar ecstacy of the first weeks of their wedded life. It is then that the flowers of this world bloom brightest; that its sun is the most genial; that its clouds are the scarcest; that its fruit is the most delicious; that the air is the most balmy; that its cigars are of the highest flavor; that the warmth and radiance of early matrimonial felicity so rarefy the intellectual atmosphere that the soul mounts higher and enjoys a wider prospect than ever before.

These experiences were mine. The plain claret of my mind was changed to sparkling champagne; and at the very height of its effervescence I wrote a story. The happy thought that then struck me for a tale was of a very peculiar character, and interested me so much that I went to work at it with great delight and enthusiasm, and finished it in a comparatively short time. The title of the story was "His Wife's Deceased Sister;" and when I read it to Hypatia she was delighted with it, and at times she was so affected by its pathos that her uncontrollable emotion caused a sympathetic dimness in my eyes which prevented my seeing the words I had written. When the reading was ended, and my wife had dried her eyes, she turned to me and said: "This story will make your fortune. There has been nothing so pathetic since Lamartine's 'History of a Servant Girl.'"

As soon as possible the next day I sent my story to the editor of the periodical for which I wrote most frequently, and in which my best productions generally appeared. In a few days I had a letter from the editor, in which he praised my story as he had never before praised anything from my pen. It had interested and charmed, he said not only himself, but all his associates in the office. Even old Gibson, who never cared to read anything until it was in proof, and who never praised anything which had not a joke in it, was induced by the example of the others to read this manuscript, and shed, as he asserted, the first tears that had come from his eyes since his final paternal castigation, some forty years before. The story would appear, the editor assured me, as soon as he could possibly find room for it.

If anything could make our skies more genial, our flowers brighter, and the flavor of our fruit and cigars more delicious, it was a letter like this. And when, in a very short time, the story was published, we found that the reading public was inclined to receive it with as much sympathetic interest and favor as had been shown it by the editors. My personal friends soon began to express enthusiastic opinions upon it. It was highly praised in many of the leading newspapers; and, altogether, it was a great literary success. I am not inclined to be vain of my writings, and, in general, my wife tells me, think too little of them; but I did feel a good deal of pride and satisfaction in the success of "His Wife's Deceased Sister." If it did not make my fortune, as my wife asserted that it would, it certainly would help me very much in my literary career.

In less than a month from the writing of this story, something very unusual and unexpected happened to me. A manuscript was returned by the editor of the periodical in which "His Wife's Deceased Sister" had appeared. "It is a good story," he wrote, "but not equal to what you have just done. You have made a great hit, and it would not do to interfere with the reputation you have gained, by publishing anything inferior to 'His Wife's Deceased Sister,' which has had such a deserved success."

I was so unaccustomed to having my work thrown back on my hands that I think I must have turned a little pale when I read the letter. I said nothing of the matter to my wife, for it would be foolish to drop such grains of sand as this in the smoothly oiled machinery of our domestic felicity. But I immediately sent the story to another editor. I am not able to express the astonishment I felt when, in the course of a week, it was sent back to me. The tone of the note accompanying it indicated a somewhat injured feeling on the part of the editor. "I am reluctant," he said, "to decline a manuscript from [illegible] you know very well that if you sent [illegible] g like 'His Wife's Deceased Si[illegible] e most promptly accepted."

[illegible] ed to speak of the affair to my [illegible] quite as much surprised, tho [illegible] quite as much shocked, as I [illegible]

"L[illegible]," she said, "and see [illegible]"

When we had fin[illegible] Hypatia remarked: "It is qu[illegible] as many of the stories you have had p[illegible] and I think it very interesting, although, of course, it is not equal to 'His Wife's Deceased Sister.'"

"Of course not," said I; "that was an inspiration that I cannot expect every day. But there must be something wrong about this last story which we do not perceive. Perhaps my recent success may have made me a little careless in writing it."

"I don't believe that," said Hypatia.

"At any rate," I continued, "I will lay it aside, and will go to work on a new one."

In due course of time I had another manuscript finished, and I sent it to my favorite periodical. It was retained some weeks, and then came back to me. "It will never do," the editor wrote quite warmly, "for you to go backward. The demand for the number containing 'His Wife's Deceased Sister' still continues, and we do not intend to let you disappoint that great body of readers who would be so eager to see another number containing one of your stories."

[illegible] this manuscript to four other period[illegible] from each of them it was returned [illegible] to the effect that, although it [illegible] good story in itself, it was not what [illegible] expect from the author of "His [illegible] Deceased Sister."

[illegible] of a western magazine wrote [illegible] story, to be published in a special [illegible] which he would issue for the holi[illegible] wrote him one of the character and [illegible] asked for, and sent it to him. By [illegible] it came back to me. "I had [illegible] the editor wrote, "when I asked for [illegible] from your pen, to receive something like 'His Wife's Deceased Sister,' and I must own that I am very much disappointed."

I was so filled with anger when I read this note that I openly objurgated "His Wife's Deceased Sister."

"You must excuse me," I said to my astonished wife, "for expressing myself thus in your presence, but that confounded story will be the ruin of me yet. Until it is forgotten, nobody will ever take anything I write."

"And you cannot expect it ever to be forgotten," said Hypatia, with tears in her eyes.

It is needless for me to detail my literary offers in the course of the next few months. The ideas of the editors with whom my principal business had been done, in regard to my literary ability, had been so raised by my unfortunate story of "His Wife's Deceased Sister" that I found it was of no use to send them anything of lesser merit; and as to the other journals which I tried, they evidently considered it an insult for me to send them matter inferior to that by which my reputation had lately risen. The fact was that my successful story had ruined me. My income was at an end, and want actually stared me in the face; and I must admit that I did not like the expression of its countenance. It was of no use for me to try to write another story like "His Wife's Deceased Sister." I could not get married every time I began a new manuscript, and it was the exaltation of mind caused by my wedded felicity which had produced that story.

"It's perfectly dreadful," said my wife. "If I had had a sister, and she had died, I would have thought it was my fault."

"It could not be your fault," I answered, "and I do not think it was mine. I had no intention of deceiving anybody into the belief that I could do that sort of thing every time, and it ought not to be expected of me. Suppose Raphael's patrons had tried to keep him screwed up to the pitch of the Sistine Madonna, and had refused to buy anything which was not as good as that. In that case I think he would have occupied a much earlier and narrower grave than that on which Mr. Morris Moore hangs his funeral decorations."

"But, my dear," said Hypatia, who was posted on such subjects, "the Sistine Madonna was one of his latest paintings."

"Very true," said I; "but if he had married as I did, he would have painted it earlier."

I was walking homeward one afternoon about this time when I met Barbel, a man I had known well in my early literary career. He was now about 50 years of age, but looked older. His hair and beard were quite gray, and his clothes, which were of the same general hue, gave me the idea that they, like his hair, had originally been black. Age is very hard on a man's external appointments. Barbel had an air of having been let for a long time, and quite out of repair. But there was a kindly gleam in his eye, and he welcomed me cordially, and on his invitation I went with him to his room. It was at the top of a very dirty and well-worn house, which stood in a narrow and lumpy street, into which few vehicles ever penetrated except the ash and garbage carts and the rickety wagons of the venders of stale vegetables.

"This is not exactly a fashionable promenade," said Barbel as we approached the house, "but in some respects it reminds me of the streets in Italian towns, where the palaces lean over toward each other in such a friendly way."

Barbel's room was, to my mind, rather more doleful than the street. It was dark, it was dusty, and cobwebs hung from every corner. A few chairs upon the floor, and the books upon a greasy table, seemed to be afflicted with some dorsal epidemic, for their backs were either gone or broken. A little bedstead in the corner was covered with a spread made of New York Heralds, with their edges pasted together.

"There is nothing better," said Barbel, noticing my glance toward their novel counterpane, "for a bed covering than newspapers. They keep you as warm as a blanket, and are much lighter."

The only part of the room which was well lighted was at one end near the solitary window. Here, upon a table with a spliced leg, stood a little grindstone.

"At the other end of the room," said Barbel, "is my cook stove, which you can't see unless I light the candle in the bottle which stands by it; but if you don't care particularly to examine it I won't go to the expense of lighting up. You might pick up a good many odd pieces of bric-a-brac around here, if you chose to strike a match and investigate, but I would not advise you to do so. It would pay better to throw the things out of the window than to carry them down stairs. The particular piece of in-door decoration to which I wish to call your attention is this." And he led me to a little wooden frame which hung against the wall near the window. Behind a dusty piece of glass it held what appeared to be a leaf from a small magazine or journal. "There" said he, "you see a page from 'The Grasshopper,' a humorous paper which flourished in this city some half dozen years ago. I used to write regularly for that paper, as you may remember."

"Oh, yes, indeed," I exclaimed. "And I shall never forget your 'Conundrum of the Anvil,' which appeared in it. How often I laughed at that most wonderful conceit, and how often have I put it to my friends."

Barbel gazed at me silently for a moment, and then he pointed to the frame.

"That printed page," he said solemnly, "contains the 'Conundrum of the Anvil.' I hung it there so that I can see it while I work. That conundrum ruined me. It was the last thing I wrote for 'The Grasshopper.' How I ever came to imagine it, I cannot tell. It is one of those things which occur to a man but once in a life-time. After the wild shout of delight with which the public greeted that conundrum, my subsequent efforts met with hoots of derision. 'The Grasshopper' turned its hind legs upon me. I sank from bad to worse—much worse—until at last I found myself reduced to my present occupation, which is that of grinding points to pins. By this I procured my bread, coffee and tobacco, and sometimes potatoes and meat. One day, while I was hard at work, an organ-grinder came into the street below. He played the serenade from Trovatore, and the familiar notes brought back visions of old days and old delights, when the successful writer wore good clothes, and sat at operas; when he looked into sweet eyes, and talked of Italian airs; when his future appeared all a succession of bright scenery and joyous acts, without any provision for a drop-curtain. And as my ear listened, and my mind wandered in this happy retrospect, my every faculty seemed exalted, and, without any thought upon the matter, I ground points upon my pins so fine, so regular, and smooth, that they would have pierced with ease the leather of a boot, or slipped, without abrasion, among the finest threads of rare old lace. When the organ stopped, and I fell back into my real world of cobwebs and mustiness, I gazed upon the pins I had just ground, and without a moment's hesitation threw them into the street, and reported the lot as spoiled. This cost me a little money, but it saved me my livelihood."

After a few moments of silence Barbel resumed: "I have no more to say to you, my young friend. All I want you to do is to look upon that framed conundrum, then upon this grindstone, and then go home and reflect. As for me, I have a gross of pins to grind before the sun goes down."

I cannot say that my depression of mind was at all relieved by what I had seen and heard. I had lost sight of Barbel for some years, and I had supposed him still floating on the sun-sparkling stream of prosperity, where I had last seen him. It was a great shock to me to find him in such a condition of poverty and squalor, and to see a man who had originated the 'Conundrum of the Anvil,' reduced to the soul-depressing occupation of grinding pin-points. As I walked and thought, the dreadful picture of a totally eclipsed future arose before my mind. The moral of Barbel sank deep into my heart.

When I reached home I told my wife the story of my friend Barbel. She listened with a sad and eager interest.

"I am afraid," she said, "if our fortunes do not quickly mend, that we shall have to buy two little grindstones. You know I could help you at that sort of thing."

For a long time we sat together and talked, and devised many plans for the future. I did not think it necessary yet for me to look out for a pin contract, but I must find some way of making money or we should starve to death. Of course the first thing that suggested itself was the possibility of finding some other business; but, apart from the difficulty of immediately obtaining remunerative work in occupations to which I had not been trained, I felt a great and natural reluctance to give up a profession for which I had carefully prepared myself, and which I had adopted as my life-work. It would be very hard for me to lay down my pen forever, and to close the top of my inkstand upon all the bright and happy fancies which I had seen mirrored in its tranquil pool. We talked and pondered the rest of that day and a good deal of the night, but we came to no conclusion as to what it would be best for us to do.

The next day I determined to go and call upon the editor of the journal for which, in happier days, before the blight of "His Wife's Deceased Sister" rested upon me, I used most frequently to write; and, having frankly explained my condition to him, to ask his advice. The editor was a good man, and had always been my friend. He listened with great attention to what I told him, and evidently sympathized with me in my trouble.

"As we have written to you," he said, "the only reason why we did not accept the manuscripts you sent us was that they would have disappointed the high hopes that the public had formed in regard to you. We have had letter after letter asking when we were going to publish another story like 'His Wife's Deceased Sister.' We felt, and we still feel, that it would be wrong to allow you to destroy the fair fabric which yourself has raised. But," he added with a kind smile, "I see very plainly that your well-deserved reputation will be of little advantage to you if you are to starve at the moment that its genial beams are, so to speak, lighting you up."

"Its beams are not genial," I answered. "They have scorched and withered me."

"How would you like," said the editor, after a short reflection, "to allow us to publish the stories you have recently written under some other name than your own? That would satisfy us and the public; would put money in your pocket and would not interfere with your reputation."

Joyfully I seized that noble fellow by the hand and instantly accepted his proposition. "Of course," said I, "a reputation is a very good thing; but no reputation can take the place of food, clothes, and a house to live in; and I gladly agree to sink my over-illumined name into oblivion, and to appear before the public as a new and unknown writer."

"I hope that need not be for long," he said, "for I feel sure that you will yet write stories as good as 'His Wife's Deceased Sister.'"

All the manuscripts I had on hand I now sent to my good friend the editor, and in due and proper order they appeared in his journal under the name of John Darmstadt, which I had selected as a substitute for my own, permanently disabled. I made a similar arrangement with other editors, and John Darmstadt received the credit of everything that proceeded from my pen. Our circumstances now became very comfortable, and occasionally we even allowed ourselves to indulge in little dreams of prosperity.

Time passed on very pleasantly one year another, and then a little son was born to us. It is often difficult, I believe, for thoughtful persons to decide whether the beginning of their conjugal career or the earliest weeks in the life of their first-born be the happiest and proudest period of their existence. For myself, I can only say that the same exaltion of mind, the same rarefaction of idea and invention, which succeeded upon my wedding-day, came upon me now. As then, my ecstatic emotions crystallized themselves into a motive for a story, and, without delay, I set myself to work upon it. My boy was about six weeks old when the manuscript was finished; and one evening, as we sat before a comfortable fire in our sitting-room, with the curtains drawn and the soft lamp lighted, and the baby sleeping soundly in the adjoining chamber, I read the story to my wife.

When I had finished, my wife arose and threw herself in my arms. "I was never so proud of you," she said, her glad eyes sparkling, "as I am at this moment. That is a wonderful story! It is, indeed! I am sure it is just as good as 'His Wife's Deceased Sister.'"

As she spoke these words a sudden and chilling sensation crept over us both. All her warmth and fervor, and the proud and happy glow engendered within me by this praise and appreciation from one I loved, vanished in an instant. We stepped apart and gazed upon each other with pallid faces. In the same moment the terrible truth had flashed upon us both.

This story was as good as "His Wife's Deceased Sister!"

We stood silent. The exceptional lot of Barbel's super-pointed pins seemed to pierce our very souls. A dreadful vision rose before me of an impending fall and crash, in which our domestic happiness should vanish, and our prospects for our boy be wrecked just as we had begun to build them up.

My wife approached me and took my hand in hers, which was as cold as ice. "Be strong and firm!" she said. "A great danger threatens us, but you must brace yourself against it. Be strong and firm!"

I pressed her hand and we said no more that night.

The next day I took the manuscript I had just written, and carefully folded it in stout wrapping paper. Then I went to a neighboring grocery store and bought a small, strong tin box, originally intended for biscuit, with a cover that fitted tightly. In this I placed my manuscript; and then I took the box to a tinsmith, and had the top fastened on with hard solder. When I went home I ascended into the garret, and brought down to my study a ship's cash box, which had once belonged to one of my family who was a sea-captain. This box was very heavy, and firmly bound with iron, and was secured by two massive locks. Calling my wife, I told her the contents of the tin case, which I then placed in the box: and having shut down the heavy lid, I doubly locked it.

"This key," said I, putting it in my pocket, "I shall throw into the river when I go out this afternoon."

My wife watched me eagerly, with a pallid and firm-set countenance, but upon which I could see the faint glimmer of returning happiness.

"Wouldn't it be well," she said, "to secure it still further by sealing-wax and pieces of tape?"

"No," said I, "I do not believe that any one will attempt to tamper with our prosperity. And now, my dear," I continued in an impressive voice, "no one but you and, in the course of time, our son shall know that this manuscript exists. When I am dead, those who survive me may, if they see fit, cause this box to be split open, and the story published. The reputation it may give my name cannot harm me then."

Ungrateful Tourists.

[Exchange.]

Visiting the National park is not wholly devoid of inconvenience. The London Times says that "at the first glimpse it is uncertain whether the scene around the Yellowstone gorges resembles more a factory or a vision of the inferno. The roads are toilsome and perilous. The alkali, lime and sulphur dust is knee deep. The hotels are gypsy encampment with the prices of Saratoga palaces, and without their civility. Anything like a picnic in that seared and scarred land appears equally out of place with a picnic by the Dead sea."

RANSOMED BY A BABY.

[Joaquin Miller in Philadelphia Press.]

Grizzied and gray, dazed and indolent, looking as of he had missed the train in the progress of life; as if the world had gone by and left him hopelessly behind—no Christmas turkey for him this year; not for the twenty years past, I reckon—the old Confederate soldier (who limped about awkwardly, for he had a lot of lead to carry) told me the story the other day, in the Shenandoah. If it is untrue or dull blame him, not me. I only give it as I got it.

Gen. "Jeb" Stuart was hanging on the Federal flank. His midnight camp was pitched on the hillside. Up the hill a little way lay a farmhouse; two or three haystacks hung upon the hillside. The worn-out horses fed there, and nodded their drowsy heads to the hay. All around on the ground, under the trees in camp the troopers lay—black men, white men, brown men, men who were gray and old, little lads, boys who had seen a dozen battles and hardly yet as many years, a mixed and motley lot; ragged, wretched, hungry. They lay on their bellies before the fire, munching roasted corn, gnawing it off the cob greedily, husking it, roasting it, rolling it in the ashes on the coal, singeing it in the blazing fire of the old Virginia fence rails. Now and then a shot rang out in the clear, still night, away where the tired pickets met too closely for peace, and now and then better disposed men on the picket lines, or more favored and fortunate, met together and reached each other on their bayonets tobacco and old ragged newspapers in a sort of exchange of prisoners of war. The moon rose high and white in the great blue sea above, and all the stars of heaven looked down in pity and in peace.

Then a song burst out. The black men were singing louder, sweeter, with more pathos and memories of home, then the white men. It was a sad, grotesque, weird, and unique picture. Suddenly Stuart stood in the midst of the ragged and uproarious lot.

"Discipline! Look here, Sergeant Zeb. I want discipline or death. Discipline, I say! Do you expect me to fight battles and win victories with a howling mob like this and the enemy right here waiting to recoil on us the moment we give him a chance? Discipline, I say! Hang your blacks and shoot your whites; or have discipline!"

Silence in a second! And the long, lean men and the sleeping lads pulled themselves together and tried to look like soldiers, while the blacks, at the suggestion of their being hung up, melted back from the fitful embers into the night, as if they were a part of it.

Then the weary, bearded chief threw himself on a heap of saddles at hand and forgot his sternness as he looked about over the wretched group of poor fellows gathered there for a little rest under the oaks.

"Boys, I'm hungry, hungry as a wolf. What have you got to eat?"

A dozen men sprang up, a half-dozen young, beardless troopers rushed forward, and from out the night back under the trees there came many black forms. And each, every one, black men and white men, old men and little boys, reached up and thrust into the chieftain's face, with generous alacrity, an ear of roasted corn. Some of these ears of corn had only a few teeth marks in them, being almost entirely intact. Others again were pretty well gnawed down to the cob. But they were all alike offered with prompt generosity.

"Corn!" and the Confederate chief shook his head with a grim and sickly smile as he muttered to himself: "Corn! biled corn, roasted corn, raw corn, white corn, red corn—all kinds of corn. No, no, boys, I'm hungry, but I can't eat corn any more tonight."

The men melted back in respectful silence into a broad circle. And there, suddenly, somehow in the centre of that circle, stood a child; a little boy who had been aroused from his sleep on the pile of saddles in the commotion that attended the chieftain's coming. And now, wide awake, with a little flag in one hand and a red apple in the other, this little boy stood there in the midst of these wild and ragged men with cheeks as rosy as the apple he held in his dimpled little hand.

"If yer hungry, mister, captain, general, here's my yed apple," and with this the little boy toddled right up and stood almost between the booted legs of the surprised soldier.

"Sergeant Zeb, where in all Jericho did this child come from? Is it yours? I won't have children around me here. I left my babes at home; can't you do the same?"

"Tain't my poor little chickie, Gen. Stuart."

"Then take it to its mother," thundered the chief.

"Its mother is dead, general."

"To its father, then."

"Its father is dead, general."

"Dead?"

"Dead. Killed in the battle yesterday when you led over that stone fence by the farmhouse on the hill, sah."

The Confederate general bit his lips. Then, muttering to himself as he rose up and turned away: "Killed at the farmhouse where I led. Some poor farmer defending his home and little ones. I can't stand this!"

"Please, sir, mister general won't you take my yed apple! Papa growed it in his orchard. And he buyed me that, too."

Here the child reached this little flag, trying hard to make friends with the seemigly hard man, who was turning away as if to avoid it.

"Sergeant Zeb, where did that flag come from?"

"Had it in his hand when I found it, sah, and it won't give it up, sah; says its father gave it to it for the Fourth of July, sah."

"Foff of July," piped the little waif, waving the little 5-cent stars and stripes overhead, there in the midst of the dark and gathering circle of soldiers under the oaks.

The general turned, stooped and caught the child in his arms.

"Keep your little flag, and wave it when and where you like. You don't know the difference, and I wish I didn't know the difference. Here, Zeb, take care of this kid. Boys, we killed its father by chance yesterday. Let's take care of it. We can't do less; and maybe it will bring us luck? What do you say, boys?"

The wild shout that shook the leaves of the oaks overhead startled the advocate for discipline, and turning to Zeb, as he strode away in the night for another part of his camp, he shouted, "Silence! and Zeb, discipline, discipline! Damn it, discipline or death, I say!" and he was gone.

They gathered about the wide-eyed,, rosy-faced orphan with his little flag and red apples, and many a black and white and not over-clean hand reached out to toy with and stroke the hair of gold that hung heavy as corn silk in summer time over the lad's shoulder.

"I found it in the fence corner," said Zeb, "all a shiverin' and its daddy and mammy dead, shot down by stray bullets when we stormed the place."

"Yes, and dar war a rabbit right aside ub him," said a black face back in the dark, over another man's shoulder.

"An golly, we kotched and eat der rabbit," chuckled another black man.

"Wal, we'll keep the kid; keep 'm till the cows come home." And with a grunt of universal approval from all as they gradually melted away, old Zeb hoisted the little one up on his colossal shoulders, and turned suddenly to look and to listen, for there was a shout down the hill and a sudden sharp volley of shots above, beyond the haystacks. It began to look as if this little squad of raiders had got into a bite. Shouts of the enemy down the hill, shots of the enemy up the hill beyond the haystacks. Which way should the surprised and panic-stricken soldiers fly? The colossal old Virginia sergeant, with the child on his massive shoulders, was the only officer in charge. The blacks were hiding about behind trees, behind each other, under saddles, blankets, anywhere. The shouts from the advancing enemy came loud and clear from below and very near. The camp fire, the song of the soldiers had done the mischief. This little squad of ragged, panic-stricken night raiders was doomed. The leaves began to fall like autumn time over old Zeb, the tall and angular old sergeant.

What a plight for a soldier. A battle on hand and a babe in his arms. The old sergeant came near throwing it away with the heap of negroes hiding away under the saddles. Where was Stuart? The sergeant put his hand to his ear and leaned to listen as best he could between the sharp volleys from below that were ruining the prospects of the next year's acorn crop in the trees overhead. He could hear the clatter of iron hoofs on the high ridge to the west. The moon was setting large and round and low. Over the bare crest of the hill and against the moon he could see the Confederate cavalry pouring in impetuous flight. Stuart, the cautious and wary leader, had escaped.

"Come, men! We must follow our general on foot—any way to get out of this. Come! Up by the haystacks and on over the ridge."

The strong man started up the stony hill to pass the haystacks. The child, as if it was afraid it might fall, wound its little left arm affectionately about the great gray shock of hair. And that little act saved it; that accidental show of affection won the old fellow's heart entirely. Why, he would not now have pitched it aside with the terrified negroes for gold.

Up the hill he led swiftly, the men following in groups, knots, singly, armed, unarmed, limping, leaning, erect, in all manners of ways, only so as to escape the ferocious Federals, charging up the hill from below. They could see the points of shining bayonets entering their camp by the light of the burning fence rails as they fled out of it, and the black color had nearly all faded from the flying Confederates as they neared the haystacks.

Here the gray-headed old sergeant, with the child on his shoulder, paused for a moment right under the haystacks to get his bearings. The moon had fallen down behind the crest of the hill. It was nearly dark now. The Federal bayonets were only a few steps in the rear. The ragged and demoralized Confederates huddled close and helpless up and after the tall and grizzled old giant, who stood there looking out which way to lead them, with the child on his shoulder, its little left arm hugging the great shaggy gray head, its right one holding the flag.

The tall, gray soldier threw up his great heavy hand to his brow and looked out under his broad palm to try and see which way to lead.

Suddenly the haystacks blazed out before him, and the whole scene was bright as day. The Federals had been waiting for the Confederates to come! And now, as they stood there, huddled together and helpless as sheep, they find the haystacks in their path of retreat and stood there behind them, before them, around them, to shoot them down in the light which they had kindled.

It was a matchless and a magnificent sight! No scene so bright, no sunlight brighter! It pleased the child, excited and delighted it. What could it care for the long line of gleaming guns leveled only a few rods away in the rear? What did it know of the death hiding down in every gleaming gun-barrel of that compact mass of uniformed men just before? Nothing at all. Its little heart leapt with wonder and delight at the beautiful uniforms, the discipline, the quick action into which every gun was brought instantly to the shoulder. The bayonets were beautiful—the gleaming bayonets all in the bright light.

The child seemed to think this a part of the celebration, and in the fullness of its delight, just as the Federal officer drew his sword and was giving the word "Fire!" the child, holding tight on the great grizzled head with its left hand, and as if to contribute its part to the celebration, waved its little flag there in the glare and light. And in that awful stillness which comes always before any dreadful catastrophe, piped out in its shrill little voice as it raised itself higher for the occasion:

"Foff of July!"

Put it upon record in gold and red that the Federal officer lowered the point of his sword. The heavy breeches of the guns struck the stony ground with a thud. The line of blue divided, and the old gray Confederate, with his little charge on his shoulder, still waving the little flag, passed on through the line, while cheer upon cheer shook the bullet-riddled leaves of the oaks overhead.

And this is the story of the old Confederate soldier of the Shenandoah who had missed the train on the line of Progress down in old Virginia.

A Story of the War.

[Nashville American.]

In a south Nashville street-car a few days ago, two or three gentlemen were talking about cases of mortal agony, where the suffering became something so great that the sufferer preferred death, and one or two cases were mentioned where, under the pressure of pain, the victim had begged to be killed.

"I wonder whether anybody ever killed a person under those circumstances, to get them out of misery," said the reporter.

Said a prominent lawyer of this city, who was on the car: "Let me tell you something. Just after one of the bloody battles of the late war the Confederate army was retreating. Under a tree by the roadside sat a poor Confederate soldier, shot in half a dozen places, with both legs and both arms broken. He was crying out in his terrible agony, begging some one for God's sake to kill him and end his suffering. A company of Louisiana Tigers was pushing by, and one of them hearing the cries stepped out of the ranks and drew the large knife he carried at his side. The wounded soldier was a slender, middle-aged man and no whiskers except a small goatee. Taking him by the goatee the "Tiger" raised his head and deliberately cut his throat from ear to ear, wiped the bloody blade on the grass and stepped back into his place, leaving the dead soldier leaning against the tree. Do you believe that?"

The reporter was watching the smoke curl up from his "Carolina;" another gentleman remarked: "It would have to be a mighty good man that told it."

"And I should want some corroborative evidence," added the reporter.

"Gentlemen," said the narrator, "Rev.——, of this city, was in the ranks and said he saw the occurrence."

No one said a word. The reporter replaced his cigar and went on smoking. None of them would dispute the authority given—and they went on thinking.

Sherman at Shiloh.

[E. V. Smalley.]

Gen. Sherman's hardest battle was Shiloh. He commanded the key of the position and held it. He regards it as the most severe struggle of the war. There was no chance for military genius to show itself by strategy and maneuvers. It was a soldier's fight—a test of manhood where courage and steadiness won the day. The question was whether Grant's forces could stand their ground against the tremendous assaults of the enemy until dark, when Buell could come up with reinforcements. Gen. Grant has often said, in describing the battle, that, as he rode from end to end of the line again and again, he always felt renewed confidence when he passed Sherman's position and passed a few words with him. Whatever happened, he felt sure Sherman would hold his ground.

Shiloh gave Sherman new life. He had been cast down by the newspaper stories about his sanity. "Now I was in high feather," he writes in his Memoirs. He had led a division in a pitched battle, and felt confidence in himself. The insanity story was revived again after his repulse at Chickasaw bayou; but he had gained the friendship and good opinion of his commanding general and the love of his soldiers, and could afford to laugh at it.

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In all cases of **Bronchial and Pulmonary Affections** is AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL. As such it is recognized and prescribed by the medical profession, and in many thousands of families, for the past forty years, it has been regarded as an invaluable household remedy. It is a preparation that only requires to be taken in very small quantities, and a few doses of it administered in the early stages of a **cold or cough** will effect a speedy cure, and may, very possibly, save life. There is no doubt whatever that

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Has preserved the lives of great numbers of persons, by arresting the development of **Laryngitis, Bronchitis, Pneumonia,** and **Pulmonary Consumption,** and by the cure of those dangerous maladies. It should be kept ready for use in every family where there are children, as it is a medicine far superior to all others in the treatment of **Croup,** the alleviation of **Whooping Cough,** and the cure of **Colds** and **Influenza,** ailments peculiarly incidental to childhood and youth. Promptitude in dealing with all diseases of this class is of the utmost importance. The loss of a single day may, in many cases, entail fatal consequences. Do not waste precious time in experimenting with medicines of doubtful efficacy, while the malady is constantly gaining a deeper hold, but take at once the speediest and most certain to cure,

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The necessity for prompt and efficien household remedies is daily growing more imperative, and of these Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is the chief in merit and the most popular. Irregularity of the stomach and bowels, malarial fevers, liver complaint, debility, rheumatism and minor ailments, are thoroughly conquered by this incomparable family restorative and medicinal safeguard, and it is justly regarded as the purest and most comprehensive remedy of its class. For sale by all druggists and dealers generally.

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YELLOWSTONE National Park.

LIVINGSTON, M. T.

The Denver of the Northwest—is the terminal point of three divisions of the Northern Pacific Railroad. It is located as the geographical center of that line. It has had a most marvelous growth.

POPULATION IN DECEMBER,	1882....	50
" " FEBRUARY,	1883....	1,000
" " MAY,	1883....	1,946
" " JUNE,	1883....	2,460
" " AUGUST,	1883....	3,000

The Branch line to the Yellowstone National Park has its terminal point here, and all the immense travel for that famous resort is compelled to stop here from a few hours' time to a number of days. The principal shops of the railroad company between Brainerd and the Pacific Ocean are now being built here. They will give employment to probably 1000 men. Pine timber is plenty in the surrounding country, and various sawmills in the immediate vicinity of the town furnish work for hosts of employes. The valleys of the Yellowstone, Shields and Smith rivers are vast and very rich in agricultural resources, and are well settled. Their trade is entirely tributary to Livingston, while magnificent cattle ranches abound in every direction; vast mines of true bituminous coal, which can be coked for 1½ cents per ton; also rich iron mines are within two to four miles from town, and are being worked. The gold placer mines of Emigrant Gulch, Bear Crevice, Mill Creek, and Eight-Mile Creek, are in ngston, directly tributary to it, and are being actively worked. That wonderfully rich quartz country, silver and gold, known as the Clark's Fork District, is south of town, and Livingston is the headquarters and outfitting point. Immense deposits of limestone, sandstone, clay and fine brick clay, are but two miles distant, and the manufacture of lime is already an important industry, this being the first point after leaving Duluth on the east, 1,000 miles, where lime rock is found. There are some 200 buildings in course of construction. The Park Addition on which the new $17,000 school house is expected to be built is the most desirable residence property in town, while the Palace Addition contains the cheapest business property offered for sale—the tendency of business and business improvements being largely in that direction. There are two banks, the First National and a private bank; two newspapers, one daily and one weekly. A smelting and reduction company is also in process of formation, to be located here. There are many chances for business enterprises of various kinds. Like all new countries, the opportunities for profitable employment are very good and workmen as well as men of capital will find plenty of chances in and around the town. Livingston is less than a year old, yet it is probably the second largest city in Montana: It is not surprising when one considers that agriculture alone has made Fargo; the Northern Pacific company's railroad shops, Brainerd; summer visitors, Saratoga; lumber, Eau Claire; silver and gold mines, Denver; cattle Kansas City; iron and coal, Pittsburg; that a combination of all of these factors as is found here should, within the next five years make this point a city of at least 50,000 people. The prediction may seem a wild one, but we have yet to see or know anyone who, a few years ago, was accused of being wild then in their predictions, who predicted one-half of what has actually occurred in the Northern Pacific country. We sold lots in Fargo a few years ago for $100 each that would sell to-day for $10 000; acres at Jamestown for $15 per acre (cost 48 cents) that to-day sell for $1,500, and are built on. We have acres to-day in Fargo which cost 48½ cents that are now in town lots selling at the rate of $1,250 per acre. So lots at Livingston which we now offer at from $25 to $250 will, inside of 3 years, sell at from $[illegible] to $10,000 apiece. They have done so at all [illegible] points on the road in the past, and they will in the future—particularly at an exceptionally good point like this. We advance price in July.

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