ordered his arrest in the early part of the month of May, 1861, and sent him to Governor's Island, near the city of New York, where he was kept in confinement for several weeks, until any information he might have had in regard to army movements would have been useless to the confederate authorities, when he was released. Shortly after, on the 10th day of June, he resigned his commission in the United States army,

AND, ABANDONING A BROTHER,

Major Lawrence A. Williams, and numerous relatives and friends in the loyal States, as well as his country and Government, he followed the pernicious example of Colonel Lee, and went South to support the fatal cause of slavery, State sovereignty, and secession. How much his conduct was influenced by devotion to those destructive ideas, or by his attachment to Colonel Lee's daughter, it is of course difficult to determine. Taking with him letters from many distinguished persons whose sympathies were with relatives and friends in the Southern army, he was gladly received by the confederates, who were charmed with his handsome appearance, his military bearing, his varied accomplishments, and the enthusiasm with which he enlisted in their cause. He was immediately commissioned as a colonel of artillery and assigned to duty with Bishop-General Polk, then commanding in Western Kentucky, with headquarters at Columbus. Here the ardent and impulsive temperament of Colonel Williams, combined

WITH A HAUGHTY AND OVERBEARING MANNER,

which was intensified by the strictest ideas of discipline, new and distasteful to the volunteer soldiery of the West, involved him in a difficulty with a private, which resulted in the death of the soldier. This affair made Colonel Williams unpopular in General Polk's command, and, although he behaved with great courage and gallantry at the battle of Shiloh some months afterward, he was transferred to the staff of General Bragg, then in command of the confederate forces in Tennessee, where he remained until the 1st day of June, 1863. As in the darkest hour of the Revolution treason was invoked to bring about results which could not be secured by open and honorable warfare, so during the rebellion, when the cause of the National Government was passing through its period of deepest gloom, the same cowardly agencies were called into existence by the confederates to accomplish their destructive purposes. Had the dark and treacherous designs of Benedict Arnold been successful, the result must have been the separation of the Northern from the Southern colonies, and the final conquest of all by the British crown. Had Williams and Peter succeeded in their attempt, in all probability the army of General Rosecrans would have been destroyed, the East might have been separated from the West, and secession made an accomplished fact. But fate determined otherwise, and Andre perished at that critical period of the Revolution as Williams and Peter did at a corresponding period of the rebellion.

THE CAMPAIGN DURING WHICH

were fought the battles of Fort Donelson, Shiloh, and Corinth, with many minor engagements, had ended, in the summer of 1862, by the retreat of General Buell's army of United States troops across the States of Tennessee and Kentucky to the Ohio River. The friends of the Southern confederacy were greatly elated and those of the Union were equally depressed. General Rosecrans assumed command of the Army of the Cumberland, recruited its depleted ranks, and marched south to Nashville, Tenn., in the latter part of the same year. The flower of the Southern army, under General Bragg, was assembled at Murfreesboro', about thirty miles southeast of Nashville. Both sides had made extraordinary efforts for a conflict, which was expected to be decisive in its character. General Rosecrans advanced and delivered battle on the last day of December, 1862. At the close of that day the advantages were most decidedly with the confederate troops. Massing his forces upon the right wing of the Union army, which was at the time weakened by too great an extension, General Bragg fell upon it, crushing it completely and driving it back with terrible loss upon the rear of the centre and left. General Rosecrans nevertheless held his ground, although almost entirely surrounded by the enemy, who was then greatly superior in the number and efficiency of his cavalry. On the 2d day of January, 1863, when the conflict was renewed, General Bragg was driven back with great slaughter, and at the close of the engagement retired in a southerly direction to repair his losses and recruit his shattered command. Notwithstanding the immense efforts

PUT FORTH BY BOTH PARTIES,

the battle of Murfreesboro', or Stone River, as it is sometimes called, was indecisive. The National troops retained possession of the field, but it was by a precarious tenure. Their line of communication with the rear, every mile of which required protection, was more than two hundred miles in length. About ten thousand men on each side were killed, wounded, captured, or otherwise placed *hors de combat*. The confederate army had sullenly retired some thirty miles south, and the whole of the surrounding country was vexed with the incursions of his cavalry. General Rosecrans fixed his headquarters at Murfreesboro, and began preparations for a farther advance upon his opponent. Directly south of Nashville, twenty miles distant, on the line of the Nashville and Decatur Railroad, and on the turnpike also leading south from the former city, lay the town of Franklin. At this point rested the right wing of the Union army. About twelve miles east was the village of Triune, something less than half of the distance to Murfreesboro', which is also directly east of Franklin. A division of the Union army, under the command of General Gordon Granger, was stationed at Triune. It will thus be seen that the forces under the direction of General Rosecrans were disposed in the form of a triangle, of which Nashville was the apex, while Franklin and Murfreesboro' occupied the other angles.

FRANKLIN IS A DULL AND SLEEPY,

but pleasant town of about 1,500 inhabitants, surrounded by a rich and fertile country, and containing a number of wealthy families, nearly all of whom were the friends and advocates of secession. It is located on the left bank of the Harpeth River, a stream flowing in a northwesterly direction and discharging its waters into the Cumberland. On the right bank, opposite the town, and on a rocky bluff which rises to the height of one hundred and seventy-five or two hundred feet from the bed of the river, was a fortification of considerable strength, inclosing some three or four acres of ground, and commanding not only the town of Franklin, but the railroad and turnpike bridges and the surrounding country in every direction. This post was called Fort Granger, and at the time the occurrence took place about to be detailed was in charge of Colonel John P. Baird, of the Eighty-fifth Indiana Volunteers, with portions of other regiments, including also a force of cavalry and artillery. The Sixth Kentucky Cavalry was encamped in a grove near the turnpike, some four hundred yards from the fort. This regiment was commanded by Colonel Louis D. Watkins, who had been, before the breaking out of the rebellion, a lieutenant in the Fifth United States Cavalry of the regular army. From what has been already said, the importance of this place can be readily estimated. If it could be captured and a large rebel force interposed between Nashville and Murfreesboro',

THE DESTRUCTION OF THE ARMY

under the command of General Rosecrans was inevitable. On the road leading south from Franklin, directly in front of Fort Granger, at the towns of Spring Hill and Columbia, from ten to twenty miles distant, was stationed a large force of cavalry and artillery commanded by General Van Dorn, an old army officer and one of the most brilliant of the confederate leaders. This force included the commands of Generals Forrest, Wheeler, and other noted officers. In a northeasterly direction General John Morgan was collecting a large force in the vicinity of Lebanon, and the evident intention of the confederates was to fall upon the rear of General Rosecrans' force at Murfreesboro', cut off his communications with Nashville, and thus capture or destroy in detail the whole Union army. The first and most important step in this programme was the capture of Fort Granger. Such was the situation, in a military point of view, when Colonel Williams conceived the daring and treacherous enterprise which he shortly afterward undertook. Full of a desire to distinguish himself in some bold and dashing movement, knowing from his experience in Washington how business was conducted and orders issued at the War Department, having probably in his possession the uniform he wore while an officer of the United States regular army, he undertook to render a brilliant service

TO THE CAUSE OF SECESSION

by entering the lines of the Union troops and obtaining such information as might lead to a magnificent success for the confederates. As Fort Granger was so desirable an acquisition, he induced his cousin, Lieutenant Peter, then serving on the staff of General Wheeler, to join him in his scheme of treachery. Having completed their preparations in pursuance of their dark and desperate undertaking, Colonel Williams and Lieutenant Peter, disguised in Federal uniforms, and mounted on fine horses, with forged orders, letters, and passes in their pockets, approached the entrance to Fort Granger and demanded admission at a late hour in the afternoon of June 8, 1863. Their coming occasioned some surprise, as skirmishing had been going on constantly for several days in almost every direction, and the fort was practically invested by the enemy. However, as they wore Federal uniforms, and presented orders in regular form from the Secretary of War, and from the headquarters of the Army of the Cumberland at Murfreesboro', they were admitted, and upon their entrance they presented the following papers, all of which were forgeries. They read as follows:

WAR DEPARTMENT,
ADJUTANT-GENERAL'S OFFICE,
WASHINGTON, D. C., May 25, 1863.
* * * * * * *

Extract Special Orders, No. 140.

IV. Colonel Lawrence W. Auton, Cavalry, United States Army, and acting special inspector-general, is hereby relieved from duty along the line of the Potomac. He will immediately proceed to the West and minutely inspect the "Department of the Ohio" and the "Department of the Cumberland," in accordance with special inspector's instructions, Nos. 70, 82, and 140, furnished him from this office and that of the paymaster-general.

V. Major George Dunlop, assistant quartermaster, is hereby relieved from duty in this city. He will report immediately to Colonel Auton for duty.

By order of the Secretary of War.
E. D. TOWSEND,
Assistant Adjutant-General

Colonel LAWRENCE W. AUTON,
United States Army, Special Insp.-Gen.

For some reason, which has never been satisfactorily explained, as far as I have been able to learn, Williams changed his name when he joined the Southern army. Usually his signature was L. Orton Williams, but sometimes William L. Auton, or Orton. His correct name was William Orton Williams. The Orton was taken from the name of one of the branches of the Lee family in England, which was known as the Horton, and subsequently as the 'Orton branch, whose arms are given in the genealogy of that family. It becomes easy, however, to descend from one miserable subterfuge of falsehood to another, and so these young men assumed names which did not belong to them for the purpose of carrying forward their base and treacherous designs. The following is the forged order under which Dunlop, alias Peter, acted:

WAR DEPARTMENT,
ADJUTANT-GENERAL'S OFFICE,
WASHINGTON, D. C., May 25, 1863.

Extract Special Orders, No. 140.
* * * * *

VI. Major George Dunlop, assistant quartermaster, is hereby relieved from duty in this city. He will report immediately to Colonel Auton, special inspector-general, for duty.

By order of the Secretary of War.
E. D. TOWNSEND,
Assistant Adjutant-General.

Major GEORGE DUNLOP,
Assistant Quartermaster, on special duty.

They also presented the following forged letter from General James A. Garfield, chief of staff for the Department of the Cumberland:

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT CUMBERLAND,
MURFREESBORO', TENN., May 30, 1863.

COLONEL: The major-general commanding desires me to say to you that he desires, if you can spare the time at present, that you will inspect his outposts before drawing up your report for the War Department at Washington city.

All commanding officers of outposts will aid you in this matter to the best of their ability.

The general desires me to give his respects to you. I remain, very respectfully, your obedient servant,
J. A. GARFIELD,
Volunteer Chief of Staff and A. A. G.

Colonel L. W. AUTON,
Cavalry, Special Inspector-General.

These documents were inclosed in an unofficial envelope, upon which was written the address: "Colonel L. W. Auton, Cavalry, Inspector-General United States Army," and across its face the following forged pass:

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT CUMBERLAND,
MURFREESBORO', May 30, 1863.

All guards and outposts will immediately pass without delay Colonel Auton and his assistant, Major Dunlop.

By command of Major-General Rosecrans.
J. A. GARFIELD,
Volunteer Chief of Staff and A. A. G.

There were two unusual features about these documents, which would have been noticed by an experienced officer. One was that printed forms were used for such orders, whilst the above were entirely in manuscript. Another was the fact that General Garfield was not an assistant adjutant-general. But, as Colonel Baird was not thoroughly conversant with military formalities, these discrepancies were overlooked, their statements were accepted as true, and they were permitted to go through the fort and give it a thorough inspection. In the mean time they represented to Colonel Baird that they had been surprised by a party of rebels while taking dinner at a house near Eaglesville, a little village some miles distant in the direction of Murfreesboro', that their orderlies, overcoats, and baggage had been captured, and that they themselves had barely escaped with their lives, which accounted for the fact that they had at the time strapped to their saddles citizen's overcoats.

THEY REPRESENTED THEMSELVES

as being destitute, for that reason, of many necessary articles as well as money, that they desired very much to go to Nashville that night, and requested of Colonel Baird a loan of $50, which he advanced to Williams at once, taking his note for that amount. After partaking of some refreshments, and apparently in the most cheerful manner, they mounted their horses and started in the direction of Nashville. Just as they were passing out of the fort, Colonel Louis D. Watkins, of the Sixth Kentucky Cavalry, entered on horseback, followed only by an orderly. As he passed Williams he caught a glimpse of the side of his face, and a consciousness of recognition came over him, though he could not at once determine or locate the individual who had attracted his attention. Riding up to Colonel Baird, who was near at hand, he inquired who the men were he met as he came into the fort. Colonel Baird replied: "They are inspecting officers of the United States army, who have just been making us a visit." Colonel Watkins remarked that "there must be some mistake about this.

I THINK I RECOGNIZE ONE OF THOSE

men as an old army officer, now in the confederate army." After a moment's consultation, for there was no time to be lost, Colonel Watkins, with his orderly, immediately started in pursuit, determined to overtake Williams and Peter, though the latter were riding rapidly toward Nashville. Giving his orderly instructions to unsling his carbine as they rode along, and to fire on the men they were pursuing if they refused to return with them, they overtook the self-constituted inspecting officers about six hundred yards from the fort. Without betraying any excitement, in a bland and pleasant tone of voice, Colonel Watkins rode up to them and politely requested them to return, as Colonel Baird desired to see them again before they went to Nashville, and suggested that perhaps an escort should be furnished them for their protection on the way. Just as Andre's presence of mind forsook him at the supreme moment when he was brought face to face with a tremendous danger, so these men failed for an instant to comprehend the situation, and in that instant their doom was sealed. Williams, during the moment when their destiny hung in the balance, had some misgivings, put his hand upon his pistol and almost determined to fire upon

WATKINS, PUT SPURS TO HIS HORSE,

and probably he could have made his escape without much difficulty; but lulled into security by the easy tone and manner of Colonel Watkins, seeing no others in pursuit but the two I have mentioned, and confident that his own adroitness and skill would find a way out of any trouble, he courteously consented to return to the fort. This was all the more remarkable, as they were well armed and mounted, and their escape was almost certain if they made the attempt. But fate had decreed otherwise, and they returned to inevitable destruction. On their way back Colonel Watkins remarked, "Gentlemen, I will not trouble you to ride back to the fort, but if you will halt at my quarters, which are near the turnpike, I will send for Colonel Baird, and he can come here to see you." To this they consented, and, having dismounted, entered Colonel Watkin's tent, where a guard, without their knowledge, instantly and quietly surrounded them. They soon became nervous and manifested impatience at the delay caused by the non-arrival of Colonel Baird. Presently one of them, looking out at the door of the tent, saw that they were prisoners. "What does this mean, Colonel Watkins?" they instantly asked. "It means," replied Colonel Watkins, "that you are suspected, and for the time being

YOU ARE PRISONERS.

If you are what you represent yourselves to be you will only be delayed a short time; but we must be convinced of that fact before you are released." They stormed and raved greatly, and threatened to denounce Colonels Watkins and Baird to the Secretary of War for the outrage they were perpetrating in delaying officers on special duty from Washington, but the cool demeanor of Colonel Watkins was proof against all such demonstrations. While this conversation was in progress Colonel Baird entered. "Let me see your papers again, please," said he to Colonel Williams. The papers, letters, and orders were glanced over and returned. Turning to Lieutenant Peter, he said, "Let me see your sword, please." Realizing the peril of their situation and becoming greatly alarmed, they both protested against what they called an insult, but finding resistance useless they submitted. The sword was drawn by Colonel Baird from its scabbard, and upon its blade the tell-tale words were etched, Lieutenant W. G. Peter, C. S. A. "Let me look at your cap, please," Colonel Baird said again. The cap was removed, the white flannel havelock lifted, and again the same characters appeared on the facing. The same articles worn by Colonel Williams were examined, and similar revelations made. They were almost overcome with confusion for a moment, but quickly rallied, and preserved their coolness ever after. "Gentlemen," said Colonel Baird, "this is a very bold game you have been playing." "Yes," replied Colonel Williams, "and it came near being a perfect success." From this moment their guilt was neither doubted on the one side nor denied on the other. In the meantime, while Colonel Watkins went in pursuit of the so-called inspecting officers, Colonel Baird sent the following dispatch to General Rosecrans:

FRANKLIN, TENN., June 8, 1863.

To Brigadier-General Garfield, Chief of Staff:

Is there any such inspector-general as Lawrence W. Auton, colonel United States army, and Assistant, Major Dunlop? If so, please describe their personal appearance, and answer immediately.

J. P. BAIRD,
Colonel Commanding Post.

Shortly after the developments above related took place the following reply was received:

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT CUMBERLAND,
June 8, 10:15 p. m.

Colonel J. P. Baird, Franklin:

There are no such men as Inspector-General Lawrence W. Auton, colonel, United States army, and Assistant Major Dunlop in this army, nor in any army, so far as we know. Why do you ask?

J. A. GARFIELD,
Brigadier-General and Chief of Staff.

In reply to the question propounded by General Garfield, Colonel Baird transmitted the following telegram:

FRANKLIN, TENN., June 8, 10:30 p. m.

To Brigadier-General Garfield, Chief of Staff:

Two men came into our camp about dark, dressed in our uniforms, with horse equipments to correspond, saying that they were Colonel Auton, inspector-general, and Major Dunlop, assistant, having an order from Adjutant-General Townsend, and your order, to inspect outposts, but their conduct was so singular that we have arrested them. They insisted it was important to go to Nashville to-night. The one representing himself as Colonel Auton is probably a regular officer of the old army, but Colonel Watkins, commanding cavalry here, in whom I have the utmost confidence, is of the opinion that they are spies, who have either forged or captured these orders. They can give no consistent account of their conduct. I want you immediately to answer my last dispatch. It takes so long to get an answer from General Granger, at Triune, by signal, that I telegraphed General Robert Grainger, at Nashville, for information. I also signaled General Gordon Granger. If these men are spies it seems to me important that I should know it, because Forrest must be waiting their progress. General, I am your obedient servant,

J. P. BAIRD,
Colonel Commanding Post.

The possession of the order said to have been given by General Rosecrans fully convinced that officer that in all probability they were spies, and he instructed his chief of staff, General Garfield, to order a court-martial at once. The following is the order, brief, peremptory, and to the point:

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE CUMBERLAND,
MURFREESBORO', June 8, 12 p. m.

Colonel J. P. Baird, Franklin:

The two men are no doubt spies. Call a drum-head court-martial to-night, and if they are found to be spies hang them before morning without fail. No such men have been accredited from these headquarters.

J. A. GARFIELD,
Brigadier-General and Chief of Staff.

On this order Colonel Baird acted with promptness. A court of commission was speedily organized, which began its labors at once at his headquarters. The detail for the court, with a verbatim copy of its proceedings, findings, and sentence, will be found elsewhere. There were few men who slept that night within the limits of Fort Granger. The excitement was intense. Not only was great interest felt in the result of the trial, but speculation was indulged in to an unlimited extent as to the future movements of the enemy, who was supposed to be in the vicinity in strong force, ready to act upon the information he might receive from the absent officers. These officers, however, were never to return. Finding that they were to be promptly tried by a court-martial in obedience to orders from General Rosecrans, they acknowledged their guilt. Colonel Baird, when satisfied as to the true character of his visitors, proceeded to inform General Rosecrans, as follows:

HEADQUARTERS, FRANKLIN, June 8, 1863.

To General Garfield, Chief of Staff:

I had just sent you an explanation of my first dispatch when I received your dispatch. When your dispatch came they owned up as being a rebel colonel and lieutenant in the rebel army; Colonel Auton by name, but in fact Williams, was once on General Scott's staff, and belonged to the Second Cavalry of the regular army. Their ruse was nearly successful on me, as I did not know the handwriting of any commanding officer. I am much indebted to Colonel Watkins, Sixth Kentucky Cavalry, for their detection, and to Lieutenant Wharton, of General Granger's staff, for the detection of the forgery of the papers. As these men don't deny their guilt, what shall I do with them? I communicate with you because I can get an answer sooner than by signal, but I will keep General Granger posted. I will telegraph you in a short time, as we are trying to find out and believe there is an attack contemplated in the morning. If Watkins can get anything out of Auton I will let you know. I am, General, your obedient servant,

J. P. BAIRD,
Colonel Commanding Post.

In the meantime the court-martial ordered by General Rosecrans had organized, and in the silent watches of the night was proceeding with its mournful task. There was no question as to the guilt of the prisoners. "Out of their own mouths they were condemned," as was declared, on a similar occasion, by an American officer during the Revolutionary War. Colonel Baird saw rising before him the painful task of executing these handsome and accomplished officers as common spies, and his generous and sensitive nature shrank from the unpleasant duty. While the court was taking the confession of the prisoners—which constituted in reality their principal task—Colonel Baird, searching for some way of escape, sent the following dispatch to General Rosecrans:

FRANKLIN, June 9, 3:25 a. m.

To General Garfield, Chief of Staff:

Colonel Watkins says that Colonel Williams is a first cousin of General Robert E. Lee, and he has been chief of artillery on Bragg's staff. We are consulting. Must I hang him? If you can direct me to send him to be hung somewhere else I would like it; but if not, or I do not hear from you, they will be executed. This dispatch is written at the request of Colonel Watkins, who detained the prisoners. We are prepared for a fight.

J. P. BAIRD,
Colonel Commanding Post.

General Rosecrans was strongly of the opinion that the men were spies when he learned that they had presented orders or letters purporting to come from him; he was apprehensive and uneasy in regard to the military operations of the following day, and was, therefore, anxious to hear the result of the trial, and, if guilty, that they had been executed without delay. The confession of the men themselves removing all doubts in the matter, he determined to hasten their punishment before the enemy could profit by their information. Being a man of tender and sympathetic feeling, he was somewhat apprehensive that his judgment might be overcome by appeals for mercy; therefore, when he retired to his sleeping apartment, between three and four o'clock in the morning, he gave positive instructions to General Garfield to have his former orders promptly carried out, with directions, at the same time, not to bring him any more telegrams, dispatches, or appeals of any kind whatever on the subject. In pursuance of these instructions General Garfield subsequently sent, through Major Bond, the following telegram to Colonel Baird:

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT CUMBERLAND,
June 9, 4:40 a. m.

Colonel J. P. Baird, Franklin:

The general commanding directs that the two spies, if found guilty, be hung at once, thus placing it beyond the possibility of Forrest's profiting by the information they have gained.

FRANK S. BOND, Major and A. D. C.

This dispatch left Colonel Baird no discretion. Its terms were as brief, but as positive and as emphatic, as the famous dispatch of Israel Putnam in revolutionary history. Nothing remained to be done but to carry the order into execution. The men had confessed their guilt. The early dawn of a June morning was at hand, and no one could tell how soon the sullen and threatening tones of artillery might be heard, which would indicate the approach and expected attack of the enemy. Williams and Peter were informed that their doom had been pronounced, and that their execution must take place as soon as the necessary preparations could be made. They protested against the sentence which had been decreed against them. They denied that they were spies in the ordinary sense of the term, although they admitted that they had entered the Federal lines wearing the uniform of United States officers, and with forged orders, letters, and passes from commanding officers of the Union army upon their persons. Like Andre, if they were not spies in the ordinary sense of the term, it was because of the boldness and daring which characterized

THEIR SCHEME OF VILLAINY,

and which made them all the more criminal and all the more dangerous. They did not explain the grounds upon which they made the plea that they were not spies under the peculiar circumstances which surrounded them. This is to be regretted, as it might have thrown some light upon certain features of their conduct which have never been fully comprehended. That two officers of their rank and character should have undertaken so serious and dangerous an enterprise, knowing as they did the inevitable consequences of detection, is remarkable, and no full explanation of their objects and purposes has ever yet, to my knowledge, been given. Finding that they were about to be executed, they made the following request, which was transmitted by telegraph to Murfreesboro':

FRANKLIN, June 9, 1863.

To Brigadier-General Garfield:

Will you have any clemency for the son of Captain Williams who fell at Monterey, Mexico? I protest our innocence as spies." (A portion of the dispatch is illegible. It appears to be signed by Lawrence W. Anton, formerly L. Anton Williams.) Williams then adds: "I send this as a dying request." The dispatch is concluded by Colonel Baird, who says: "The men are condemned, and we are preparing for their execution. They prefer to be shot. If you can answer before I get ready, do.

J. P. BAIRD,
Colonel Commanding Post."

General Garfield, remembering the course pursued by General Washington in the case of Major Andre, refused their request to be shot, and determined that the sentence should be carried into execution as originally ordered. He knew nothing whatever at the time of their personal connection with or relation to the Washington family. Probably it would have made no difference in the decision or in the final result, but it would have lent a new and romantic coloring to their deliberations had they known that the young men upon whom they were sitting in judgment were so nearly connected with that distinguished family. Colonel Williams made a most touching and earnest appeal, first for his cousin, Lieutenant Peter, who was his companion and associate in the execution of the plot, though he was not responsible for its original conception and preparation; second,

THAT THEY MIGHT BE SHOT,

if their death were fully determined. Williams alone assumed the responsibility of the scheme, whatever it might have been, and Peter had been led into it by his attachment for his elder and more experienced companion in arms, who had, in the beginning, induced him to desert home and friends and follow the fortunes of the so-called Southern Confederacy. While the preparations were being made for their execution they wrote letters to their friends, gave directions as to the disposition of their worldly effects, and requesting a visit from a clergyman, had the sacrament administered to them by the Rev. Robert F. Taylor, who was the chaplain of the Seventy-eighth Illinois Infantry. The dawning of the day found men at work constructing a scaffold. This was done on a wild cherry tree, which stood about one hundred and fifty yards from the railroad, on the right hand side going south from Nashville toward Franklin, and a short distance from the bridge—on the north side—which crosses Harpeth River. On an eminence to the left stood Fort Granger, where all these sad and solemn scenes were being enacted. The cherry tree stood on the left bank of a little brook, which makes its way a short distance below the bridge into the Harpeth River. Captain Julius H. Alexander, of the Seventh Kentucky Cavalry, and provost marshal of Franklin, was charged with the execution.

IT WAS A MOST PAINFUL DUTY,

and was discharged with extreme regret by all concerned. Colonel Baird shed tears when he announced the judgment of the court-martial and the order of General Rosecrans to the unhappy victims in this mournful transaction. Colonel Watkins took charge of their effects, and as a memento of old and more pleasant army associations, he was presented by Williams with the fine black horse which the latter had ridden into the fort. At nine o'clock a. m. Captain Alexander reported the gallows ready. The troops of the garrison and vicinity, including infantry, cavalry, and artillery, which were under arms during the morning, were disposed in an open square around the spot assigned for the execution. A guard conducted the prisoners, who behaved with the greatest possible coolness and self-possession, through the gateway of the fort, across an open space of ground in the rear, thence across the railway to the cherry tree, where two ropes hung dangling within eight feet of the ground, ready for the bloody sacrifice so soon to be offered up. Two poplar coffins lay in the vicinity. Dr. Wilson Hobbs, surgeon of the Eighty-fifth Indiana Infantry Regiment; Dr. William Forrester, of the Fifth Kentucky Cavalry, and Dr. Samuel C. Mess, of the Seventy-eighth Illinois Infantry, were detailed to pronounce upon the extinction of life in the bodies. At 9:20 o'clock the guard, marching with arms reversed, arrived with the prisoners at the place of execution. Lieutenant Peter was almost overcome with grief and terror as he looked upon the scene, but Colonel Williams promptly restored his courage by saying,

"DRY THOSE TEARS AND DIE LIKE A MAN."

Taking their places upon the cart, Captain Alexander tied a linen handkerchief over the face of each one and adjusted the ropes. They then asked permission to take a last farewell, which was granted. Clasping Peter in his arms, Williams said, "Good-by, Peter; let us die like brave men." The scene was one of awful solemnity. Many of the spectators turned away in tears, unable to look upon the sorrowful sight. The ropes were again adjusted, the cart moved from under them; they dropped in the air, and in two minutes

LIEUTENANT PETER CEASED TO STRUGGLE.

At three minutes Williams caught hold of the rope with both hands and raised himself up, and in five minutes his struggles also came to an end. The pulse of each continued to beat for seventeen minutes, at twenty life was extinct, and at thirty minutes they were cut down and placed, dressed as they were, in the coffins which had been prepared for them. With Colonel Williams was buried a gold locket—worn with a chain around his neck—which contained the portrait of his intended wife, with a braid of her hair, and a portrait of the same person, which he carried in his vest pocket. Lieutenant Peter also wore about his neck, with a gold chain, a locket containing a portrait of his wife. Their requests that these lockets and portraits should be buried with them were complied with, and they were consigned the same day to one and the same grave in the burrying-ground of the town of Franklin. Their effects were sent to Murfreesboro', to be sent through the lines to their friends.

AT HALF-PAST TEN O'CLOCK

on the morning of the 9th day of June, 1863, the following brief dispatch from Colonel Baird to General Rosecrans announced the fact that the last act in this terrible and bloody tragedy had been performed—that Colonel William Orton Williams and Lieutenant Walter G. Peter, late of the rebel army, had made all the atonement it was in *their* power to make for the dark and desperate crime they had committed, had expiated their guilt upon the scaffold, and that the places which had known them in the heat and strife, the smoke and thunder of battle, should know them no more forever:

FRANKLIN, June 9, 10:30 a. m.

To General Garfield, Chief of Staff:

The men have been tried, found guilty, and executed, in compliance with your order. I am ever yours,

J. P. BAIRD,
Colonel Commanding Post.

The sorrowful story has been told. The mournful tragedy was complete. The brilliant hopes and promises of early youth and manhood, in so far as these young men were concerned, were doomed to end in a shameful and ignominious death as spies in a camp where they should have held high command, and as enemies of a country and a Government they should have been proud to assist and defend. Williams at least, if not Peter, had taken a solemn oath "that he would bear true allegiance to the United States of America; that he would serve them honestly and faithfully against all their enemies and opposers whatsoever; and that he would observe and obey the order of the President of the United States and the orders of the officers appointed over him, according to the rules and articles for the government of the armies of the United States." In utter disregard of this tremendous obligation he had not only abandoned the path of patriotic duty himself, but had seduced his cousin into the same course, and both had left their homes and friends in the District of Columbia to engage in a wicked cause, to die an infamous death, and

TO FILL AT LAST A DISHONORED GRAVE.

"Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, and dust to dust," was all that could be said by the most tender of friends or the most ardent of admirers over the grave which hid from the light of the sun all that remained of two ambitious, highly-educated, and accomplished young officers, who forgot the teachings and the example of the illustrious heroes and worthies of the Republic, and sought for glory in the iniquitous paths of slavery and secession. Who did all this? is the question which naturally forces itself upon us when we remember the unhappy occurrences of that gloomy morning. Who were the authors and architects of the ruin and death which resulted from the attempt to divide by imaginary lines communities bound together by every tie of language and religion, of public and private interest, feeling, and affection? If Lord Clarendon could say, speaking of the death of Andre, and the war of the Revolution, "If there were no other brand upon this odious and accursed civil war than that single loss, it must be infamous and execrable to all posterity," how much more infamous and execrable should be the memory of those by whom and through whom the late war of the rebellion was precipitated upon the country!

A Fast Mare.

"Stranger," said the stage-driver, "this was how I found out her speed: I was driving alongside the railroad track just as a big load of hotel furniture started. The freight car wouldn't hold it all, but they managed to squeeze everything in except a big bar mirror, which they tied to the side of the car. The mare saw her reflection in the glass and thought it was another mare spurting for the lead. You couldn't have held her back with a steam windlass. She just laid back her ears and snorted like a twenty-inch shell. The passengers all began to get excited. They rushed out on the platform and began to make bets. The conductor stood up on a seat and began to sell pools. The engineer pulled the throttle-valve wide open and tore along at ninety-five miles an hour. Soon the mare was abreast of the cow-catcher. At San Bruno the mare had half a mile the lead. Near the six-mile house the train was so much ahead of time that it fell through an open draw and everlastingly smashed up—72 killed and 199 wounded. It was pretty rough on the passengers, but then we distanced the train, bet your life. About a month after I sold that mare to her present owner for $60,000."

A Little Friendly Game.

They had not been married long, so they sat down to play checkers. In the middle of the game she said:

"Then I do jump these two men and get a king? Of course I do. Crown me. I've got the first king," and she chuckled hysterically.

"No, you ain't, neither. I didn't mean that move," said he. "If you can't play checkers without cackling like a hen you had better give it up. I'll take that back and move here; now, so. Now you can move."

"Over here?" asked the wife.

"Certainly. That's very good," and her husband gobbled two men.

"I didn't see that, I'd rather put it here," she remonstrated.

"Too late now," said he, pegging away for the king row. "You should study your moves first."

THE PASSING CROWD.

PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE SCENES.

A Walk on the Great Promenade on a Pleasant Afternoon—Who Will Be Met—The Rich and the Poor, the Young and Old.

It was the favorite amusement of a celebrated writer to sit by a window at the eventide on one of the crowded thoroughfares of London and watch the passing throng, hurrying to their respective homes. Tales of woe, joy, gladness, hope, sorrow, and fear could be read upon the different faces as plainly as if written there in bold characters. Princes of the blood, nobles, careworn merchants, happy youth, fashion, and old age passed rapidly before him, each proving an interesting theme for his facile pen. A walk through the streets of Washington, though entirely different from a London scene, is quite as interesting. There are no princes, no nobility, no millionaire merchants; but there are distinguished men, fair women, youth, beauty, sorrow, and suffering to be seen, for human nature is pretty much the same everywhere. Take Pennsylvania avenue

SOME BRIGHT, PLEASANT AFTERNOON,

about four o'clock—probably the first person to be met may be some distinguished Senator or member who has been making the halls of the Capitol ring with his eloquence, and whose speech even while he is walking is being flashed from city to city, from town to town, all over this vast country; and yet he is walking to his home in as plain, matter-of-fact way as the weary laborer returning from his day's toil. See the fine lady approaching, attired in a rich satin dress, trimmed in the most elaborate manner; around her shoulders is drawn a handsome mantle; a fashionable hat graces her head and jewels sparkle in her ears and at her throat. The complacent air with which she walks is really amusing, and especially so when it is known that the dress is entirely new to her. She is

THE WIFE OF A WESTERN POLITICIAN,

and in the far country home her best gown was never anything better than a plain cashmere; but "when in Rome she must do as the Romans do," and nobody is of any account in Washington unless they wear fine clothes, and what does it matter if the style does sit awkwardly upon her?—she is satisfied and every one else ought to be. Right behind her is a slender figure, with a pale, sad face; the material of which her dress is made is of the cheapest kind; but the spotless collar and cuffs, the air of quiet refinement, proclaim the real lady. Her history is touching. The daughter of a brilliant man who once made his mark in public life, she was at one time the pet and joy of a happy, comfortable home. But a turn of the wheel of fortune deprived her father of his wealth, and, death claiming him soon after, there was nothing left for the daughter to do but to take up the burden of life for herself and widowed mother. She procured a clerkship in one of the Departments, which labor she has performed in the most acceptable manner; but, being "only a woman," her salary is small, and the struggle to make one salary do the work of two for the little household has paled the cheek and saddened the brow.

THERE COMES A HANDSOME YOUNG MAN,

wearing a suit of the latest style; delicate gloves cover his hands, which are soft and fair; he twirls a graceful cane, smokes a fragrant cigar, and has all the airs of a "perfect swell." He would be taken for the son of a millionaire, or probably an attache of a foreign legation, and if strangers were told that he is only a Government clerk on a salary of $1,200 a year they would imagine Washington was a paradise for poor people, where so much style could be supported upon so small an income; but they do not see behind the scenes—they know nothing of the board bills unpaid, of clamorous washerwomen, of dunning tailors, of the poor old father and mother in a distant State, who are so sorry Washington is such an expensive place to live in, as their son might spare a little from his salary to help pay off the mortgage on the old farm or purchase the needed fertilizers for the next crop.

A carriage dashes past; in it is seated a beautiful woman; the lovely complexion, the soft hazel eyes, and the waving brown hair are fair to look upon; the rich India shawl and the creamy white bonnet are exceedingly becoming to her. She is the wife of a young promising member of Congress, and is tasting the sweets of Washington life, which to an ambitious woman are so fascinating. What the end may be no one can tell, but history is said to repeat itself, and the past has revealed the happy, bright, loving young wife, after ten years of fashionable life in the Capital, transformed from the attractive domestic woman to the vain, frivolous, heartless woman of society. The fashionable lady rarely walks here, as is customary in other cities; the distances are so great that she usually rides upon shopping and visiting expeditions; but the French *bonnes* are to be met every day in jaunty aprons and ruffled caps, wheeling the handsome little carriages, with their bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked occupants, and the funny part of it is, not one in ten of them were born in France, but the majority of them first saw the light in Erin's Emerald Isle or "way down in Dixie" among the cotton-fields, the rice-plantations, and the canebrakes.

THE "OFFICE-SEEKER"

is one of the peculiarities of the streets of Washington. One meets him at every turn—around the steps and doors of the hotel, in the Departments, at the Capitol—he is everywhere; and it is sad to see the eagerness with which he clutches every ray of hope; how he longs and prays for the looked-for vacancy; how implicitly he believes all the promises made him, and remains day after day, week after week, until his money is all spent and his credit is gone, and then is obliged to return home or take a menial position to keep him from starvation.

The colored people are another peculiarity of the streets here. The step from slavery to citizenship was a very great one, and has wrought wonderful changes in the life of the race. There seems to be almost as many social grades among them as among their Caucasian brothers. There is the Senator, in handsome broadcloth and spotless linen; the fashionable lady, in sweeping train, showy hat, and tinted gloves; the old-fashioned house-servant, in gingham dress, voluminous white apron, and bandana turban; the laborer on the street, whose ragged, soiled garments would have shamed a plantation laborer, and the rollicking, saucy boot-black, who will "shine 'em up, sir," for almost anything you may choose to give him.

Sorrow and suffering are not absent from the streets of this city; but somehow they are not presented in such objectionable forms as are found elsewhere. The streets are so wide, and there are so many parks that one is not brought in such close contact with them as in New York, Philadelphia, and other cities.

One beautiful picture must not be omitted, and probably no other city in the country can furnish a counterpart; for where can you find such clean, smooth, hard streets, and such bright, golden sunshine? Just the thing for the merry, happy, laughing children, with the modern amusement of roller skates, and what a beautiful sight it is to see them, from the little fair-haired boy, who can scarcely be trusted alone, up to the pretty, graceful school-girl, whose evolutions are as rapid and as complicated as those of the professional skater.

Owen Lovejoy's Eloquence

Lovejoy always suggested to me a Roundhead of the days of Cromwell. He was thoroughly in earnest, almost if not quite fanatical in his politics. His courage was unflinching, and he would have died for his principles. He had a blunt, masculine eloquence rarely equaled, and on the slavery question, as a stump speaker, it would be difficult to name his superior. * * * In February, 1859, at the Capitol in Washington, speaking of the acts which led to this trial (for harboring a fugitive slave), there is one of the boldest and most effective bursts of eloquence from Lovejoy to be found in all the literature of anti-slavery discussion. He had been taunted and reproached on the floor of Congress, and stigmatized as one who, in aiding slaves to escape, had violated the laws and Constitution of his country. He had been denounced as a "niggeo stealer," threatened by the slaveholders, and they attempted to intimidate and silence him. They little knew the man, and his reply silenced them, and extorted the admiration of friend and foe. He closed one of the most radical and impassioned anti-slavery speeches ever made in Congress by unflinchingly declaring: "I do assist fugitive slaves. Proclaim it, then, upon the housetops; write it on every leaf that trembles in the forest; make it blaze from the sun at high noon, and shine forth in the milder radiance of every star that bedecks the firmament of God; let it echo through all the arches of Heaven and reverberate and bellow along all the deep gorges of hell, where slave-catchers will be very likely to hear it. Owen Lovejoy lives at Princeton, Illinois, three-quarters of a mile east of the village, and he aids every fugitive that comes to his door and asks it. Thou invisible demon of slavery, dost thou think to cross my humble threshold and forbid me to give bread to the hungry and shelter to the homeless? I bid you defiance in the name of God!"

I heard Lovejoy declare that after the death of his brother he went to the graveyard at Alton, and, kneeling upon the sod which covered the remains of that brother, he there, before God, swore eternal war and vengeance upon slavery. He kept his oath.

He was a man of powerful physique, intense feeling, and great magnetism as a speaker, and he now went forth like Peter the Hermit, with a heart of fire and a tongue of lightning, preaching his crusade against slavery.

In the log school-houses, in the meeting-houses and places of worship, and in the open air he preached and lectured against slavery with a vehemence and passionate energy which carried the people with him. The martyrdom of his brother was a sufficient excuse for this violence, and the name of Lovejoy, the martyr, like the name of Rob Roy or Douglass in Scotch history, became a name to "conjure" with. Some idea of his dramatic power may be obtained from a sermon preached at Princeton in January, 1842, on the death of his brother. After describing his murder by a cruel mob because he would not surrender the freedom of the press, he declared solemnly that for himself, "come life or death, I will devote the residue of my life to the anti-slavery cause. The slaveholders and their sympathizers," said he, "have murdered my brother, and if another victim is needed I am ready."

His aged and widowed mother was present in the church. Pausing and turning to her, he said; "Mother, you have given one son, your elder, to liberty; are you willing to give another?" And the heroic mother replied: "Yes, my son, you cannot die in a better cause!" He lived to see slavery die amid the flames of war which itself had kindled.—*Hon. I. M. Arnold before the Illinois Bar Association.*

WASHINGTON'S MOTHER.

His Visit to Her Just Preceding His Inauguration as President.

Just preceding the inauguration of General George Washington he visited his aged mother. A writer gives the following graphic description of the scene: "There was another female dear to the newly-elected President, and he kept her in filial remembrance at the very moment of his greatest promotion. It was growing late in the evening of the day, when Washington mounted his horse, and, followed by his man Billy, rode off into the woods of Virginia with speed. In the morning he was at Fredericksburg, and his mother was in his arms. Marches, perils, victories, honors, powers surrendered to that piteous look of helpless love, too deep for pride to show through its tears, and the President of the new State was to her a new-born babe again—no dearer, no greater. He was just in time, for she had but the short season of summer to live, and, like many dying mothers, life seemed upheld at four score and five by waiting love till he should come. History is ceremonious as to what passed between them, but the parting was solemn and touching, like the event.

"'You will see me no more,' she said. 'My great age and disease warn me that I shall not be long in this world. But go, George, to fulfill the destiny which Heaven appears to assign you. Go, my son, and may Heaven's and your mother's blessing be with you always.'

"Passing from that dear, pathetic presence, the President-elect, perhaps, did not hear the plaudits of the people in the streets of Fredericksburg. He rode all day by the road he had come, and reached Mount Vernon before evening, having exhibited his power of endurance at the age of fifty-seven by riding eighty miles in twenty-four hours. His good wife had made all ready. The equipage and baggage were at the door next morning, and, leaving Mrs. Washington and most of the household behind, he set out for New York at ten o'clock on Thursday, the 16th of April, accompanied by Thompson and Humphreys. The new State was waiting anxiously for its Magistrate."

At the Water Office.

He stalked in early yesterday morning. One could see that he had something on his mind, and that he intended to have justice if it broke his neck. Walking up to one of the windows in the long railing he boldly demanded:

"I want to know of some of you folks in here if the river dried up last night?"

It was a long time before any one replied. Then one of the clerks said that while it was barely possible that such an event had taken place he had received no direct information to that effect.

"Oh, you haven't! Then perhaps your old pumping works have been blown up?"

"Maybe so; but it seems as if they would have telephoned down."

"Well, then, if the river didn't dry up, and the pumping works are all right, how happened it that I couldn't get any water at nine o'clock last evening?"

"Cold or hot?"

"Cold, of course! Who said anything about hot water?"

"Then you couldn't get any?"

"Didn't I say I couldn't? I pay my water tax, and as a ratepayer, a taxpayer, and a citizen I demand my rights. Now, sir, why couldn't I get any water at my house last evening?"

"It wouldn't run, eh?"

"Wouldn't run! Why blast your ears! Haven't I been telling you that it wouldn't run? Suppose there had been a fire in my house?"

"In what part of your house?" absently queried the clerk.

"In any part, sir, from cellar to garret! Suppose I had wanted a pail of water to drown an incipient conflagration?"

"You couldn't have got it."

"No, I couldn't, and I want to tell you right here and right now that I figure my damages at $100!"

"One hundred," replied the clerk, as he marked the figures in pencil on the desk.

"Yes, sir; and I won't pay my next quarter's tax!"

"Won't pay next quarter's tax," wrote the clerk.

"And you take notice that if this thing happens again this winter I'll make this water board sweat!"

"Perspire," suggested the clerk.

"Well, perspire, then, and don't you forget it."

"No, sir."

"If it wasn't winter I'd sink a well."

"Yes, sir."

"And be independent of this monopoly."

"Yes, sir."

"And I want it understood"—he was going on, when the door opened and in walked a citizen who began:

"What in blazes ails your old pumping works?"

And the clerk with the far-away look in his eyes had to leave his ledger and come forward and explain that the pumping works were all right, the river was all right, and the board was all right, and that if the water wouldn't run it was perhaps because it had got tired.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Solomon and the Blacksmith.

The story goes that during the building of Solomon's temple that wise ruler decided to treat the artisans employed on his famous edifice to a banquet. While the men were enjoying the good things his bounty had provided King Solomon moved about from table to table, endeavoring to become better acquainted with his workmen. To one he said:

"My friend, what is your trade?"

"A carpenter."

"And who makes your tools?"

"The blacksmith," replied the carpenter.

To another Solomon said:

"What is your trade?" and the reply was—

"A mason."

"And who makes your tools?"

"The blacksmith," replied the mason.

A third stated that he was a stone-cutter, and that the blacksmith also made his tools.

The fourth man that King Solomon addressed was the blacksmith himself. He was a powerful man, with bared arms, on which the muscles stood out in bold relief, seemingly almost as hard as the metal he worked.

"And what is your trade, my good man?" said the King.

"Blacksmith," laconically replied the man of the anvil and sledge.

"And who makes your tools?"

"Make them myself," replied the blacksmith.

Whereupon King Solomon immediately proclaimed him king of the mechanics, because he could not only make his own tools, but all other artisans were forced to go to him to have their tools made.

John Bright and Ireland.

John Bright, in his speech in support of the Irish coercion bill, thus referred to his position in relation to the land laws of Ireland:

I have for thirty years past not only admitted the wrongs and grievances of the Irish people, but I have on many occasions, and on more public occasions than any other Englishman connected with public affairs, urged upon the landowners of Ireland and upon the people of England remedies which I thought necessary for the grievances of the Irish people. I am not a great friend—I am no friend at all, but a great enemy—of the landlord system in Ireland, and I have been so since I knew anything of it—since, thirty years ago, I took the pains to travel, in company of a most informed Irishman, throughout nearly all the counties of that country. From that moment to this I always condemned the state of land-owning in Ireland and the state of land tenure, and I agree with the honorable gentleman opposite that it is impossible to look for the future tranquillity and prosperity of that country unless this great question is fairly grasped and dealt with by the imperial parliament. But I am not about to contend for the legality of the Land League. If you like, we will consider it perfectly legal.

A Singular Fact.

Gerome, the great French painter, has invented an art which he calls "The Analization of Features," by which he professes to give the exact conformation of a subject's face from the study of any single given feature. Wishing to quiz the artist, a professor of the Smithsonian Institution recently sent him as a test a photograph of the face of a stuffed gorilla, obliterating all but the nose. In a few weeks M. Gerome shipped him as the result a head that is a perfect fac-simile of that of Mr. John Kelly, of New York. We should like to have the scientists come forward and explain this.—*San Francisco Post.*

WHAT IT WOULD BE.

January would be Slushuary,
February would be Slopuary,
March would be Winduary,
April would be Rainuary,
May would be Buduary,
June would be Warmuary,
July would be Roastuary,
August would be Broiluary,
September would be Chilliuary,
October would be Colduary,
November would be Frostuary,
December would be Snowuary.

A WOMAN'S JEALOUSY.

The Story of Two Sisters, One Lover, and a Dagger.

Satan still finds mischief for the occupation of the unclaimed palpitation of idle hearts, and that is principally what ails Fred Bridges. His heart was allowed to remain idle when it should have palped for Minnie Palmer alone; hence the mischief. Minnie is one of two sisters, of whom the other is Dora, whose condition in society allows them a laxity in the matter of questions of the heart not accorded to most females. So when Fred appeared and taught Minnie to love him she found no difficulty in doing so, simply because another man thought her love his to the extent of a considerable monetary consideration. Fred declared he loved her truly, and Minnie believed Fred. Still she found her time very much occupied by the attentions of the other man, who was called with delicate irony the "solid man," and so he had but few fleeting moments to listen undisturbed to the whispered tales of total devotion with which Fred would fain flush her peachy cheek—or something like that. At such time as she had to devote to Fred, Minnie would meet him in her sister Dora's room. Alas! those meetings were too rare for constancy's sake, and Fred filled in his unoccupied time making love to Dora. Minnie suspected and stormed; Fred regretted and implored. Friends again, happy and hand-in-hand they wandered to the seclusion afforded by a down-town hotel, where they registered as a married couple from Sonoma, a fiction their guileless happiness over their reconciliation assisted them in sustaining. An unexpected calamity befell them, and its climax was a tableau in a room of the down-town hotel, wherein the "solid" man assumes a bitter and unrelenting attitude, while the classic drapery of the erring couple makes their assumption of submissive despair effective and natural in the extreme.

On Sunday afternoon, unhampered by the claims of another heart, Minnie gave herself up to the delights of a quiet hour with Fred and Dora in the latter's room. Again she was disturbed, but this time only by a messenger, who bore a note summoning her to the now relenting man of solidity. Policy hastened her flight, and the fates grinned when Dora and Fred were once more left alone. Whether Minnie was not expected to return so soon, or was not expected to return at all, she certainly did return at a most inauspicious moment. Her jealous passions were so aroused at the condition of affairs she found that, whipping out a pet dagger, she had twice slashed Fred across his breast before her anger subsided. Friends of all parties determined that no arrests should be made and that the matter should be kept strictly quiet, so he was not removed from the room, where, under the medical treatment of Dr. Whitney, both sisters are carefully nursing him back to strength and health. The wounds are slight.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

Handsome Hindoos.

The women of Calcutta, says a correspondent of the San Francisco *Chronicle*, are, as a rule, very beautiful, in so far as one can reconcile beauty with the olive complexion, but fade rapidly after reaching the age of maturity. It is not unfrequently that one sees women at the age of twenty-five with furrowed jowl and crows' feet visibly encroaching the corners of her large, lustrous black eyes, and at the age of thirty many have a decided stoop and decrepit gait, as if old age had laid his vandal hand heavily upon their shoulders. The decline is rapid, and within the space of five years we behold a form, whereupon beauty had loved to sit enthroned, now ravished by the merciless grip of decay. Not old age, however, for this early decline is due to two causes; the very early and tender age at which nuptials are performed, and the destructive influences of the climate. Barring that relic of barbarism, the nose ring, there is no creature more comely, more loveable, than a "Mem Sahib" of Bengal between the ages of twelve and eighteen. Cleanliness is their constant care, which is a virtue to begin with. A figure somewhat below the medium height, and unhampered by corset or weighty skirt, and arrayed in a loose flowing robe of white, the upper portion of which is thrown carelessly over the left shoulder, exposing to view the swelling bust and well-rounded arm. The upper portion of the body is encased in a sleeveless jacket, generally of some brilliant color, and tastefully worked with silk or gold and silver thread. The arm is bare from shoulder to wrist, save a goodly portion of the wrist, which is encircled by many bands of either silver or gold. The lower part of the ample robe is drawn tightly over the hips and looped at the left side, much after the manner of the entrance to a circus tent, defining boldly the contour of a faultless figure. These ladies, in the matter of stockings, are not desultory, as they wear no shoes, and consequently no stockings, and little of the ankle is visible between the borders of their robe and the curiously little mirrored toe-rings and resonant ankles. The luxuriant black tresses are parted at the forehead and combed in thick folds behind the ears, which are pierced in many places and studded thickly with jewelry, and fall in close braids over the shoulders. No ornaments are worn in the hair, nor do they aspire to disfigure the noblest part of the human countenance, the features, by plastering the hair over it in meaningless frizzes, which, if intended to represent water marks on an old hulk, are eminently successful. Their features are regular and delicately chisled, but too often the nose is disfigured by pearls and the wire-like ring of gold that hangs from the nostril, large enough to "swing a canary." The large and tenderly-expressive eye (adumbrated by long, drooping lashes); the handsome mouth, when wreathed in smiles, exposes a double row of perfect teeth. No better study to be found for him who "would limn the human form divine."

The Lime-Kiln Club.

"I ar' pained to be obleeged to announce," observed the president at this juncture, "dat charges of cruelty to animals have bin preferred agin Pickles Smith. Dey come from white folks, an' de club has been requested to make an investigation. I see dat de member am present, and we will now h'ar his defense."

Pickles came up to the mark with a smile on his face, and replied:

"I presume dat mos' of dis club am awar' of de fact dat I own an ole hoss which kin sometimes light out as if de hull common council war' arter him. I hitched up to de pung las' Sunday, tole de ole woman to roll in, an' we went out fur a ride. Bime-by one of dem two-forty clipped hosses come flying along an' turned out to go by my ole Don Juan. I sot dar an' didn't pull a rein, an' yit dat ole hoss held de road for a hull mile agin dat flyer, an' de white man layin' on de whip fur all he was wurth. Maybe it didn't look zactly right fur an ole hoss, an' ole sled, an' two ole black folks to git away wid a white man's flyer, but dat's all de cruelty dar was about it. Bress you, my friends, dat ole Don Juan an' me have slept in de same barn, had de same sorrows, worked on de same jobs, an' felt de same heat an' cold for risin' of sixteen y'ars, an' I wouldn't hit him a lick fur a ten-dollar greenback."

The club, by a unanimous vote, decided that the charges were not sustained, and a shake-purse was made up to buy the old trotter five bushels of oats.

Giveadam Jones here secured the floor and observed that the time had come for the Lime-Kiln Club to take another leading step. He would therefore offer the following resolution:

"*Resolved*, Dat from and arter dis date dis club will officially number de hours of time de same as hours of de day, from one o'clock to twenty-four o'clock."

Trustee Pullback said that if there were twenty-four hours in a day it was all right to say twenty-three o'clock.

Nullification Q. Jones said there was no more use in having two twelve o'clocks than there was in having two girls named Sarah.

General Wholesale White said it might sound a little strange to tell a man that you would meet him at fifteen o'clock to talk business, but he was in favor of the change, and would hereafter have his dinner at thirteen o'clock.

Many other members spoke in favor of the resolution, and when the question was called it was adopted by a unanimous vote. From this date the meetings of the club will be open at twenty o'clock, and the new arrangement will be recognized in all official correspondence.

Toby and Gladstone.

Punch's dog "Toby" now sits in Parliament, and reports the following significant interview apropos of the Irish troubles:

"The worry is very plainly telling on Mr. Gladstone. He is a great man, and can do almost anything but take matters quietly. He sits all night in his place, listening anxiously, and won't go home and be put to bed at twelve o'clock, as he should. He passed me in the corridor just now, looking five years older since the session opened.

"'Toby,' he said, wearily, 'what would you do if your tail tried to wag you?'

"'Sir,' I replied, 'I would sit on it.'

"'That's not a bad idea,' the Premier said, walking off with fresh vigor in his stride.'