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SOME MOONS.

I.

Just between the dark and daylight,
When the sleepy time is come,
And the angels hang the star lamps
In the windows of their home;
Babies sit and watch the new moon
Rocking gally down the sky,
Like a pretty golden milk bowl,
Or a cradle swinging high;
Then with dimpled arms uplifted,
And with shining eager eyes,
They will reach far out to grasp it—
Pull it boldly from the skies.
Moons will wane and babes grow older,
Age and sorrow come too soon,
But fresh hope, and luck, returning,
Shine with every baby moon.

II.

In the melancholy dimness
Of the half moon's ghastly light,
Poets walk abroad and ponder,
List'ning to the voice of night.
Do they dream of future glory?
Of a name to last for aye?
Do they plan a wondrous poem
To be written out some day?
No one knows, but late and weary
Poets wander thro' the night
While the dim and dreary half moon
Sheds on them a pale sad light.
Poets' songs may die unuttered,
Earth may never hear their strain,
But above, where thoughts are treasured
They shall find their songs again.

III.

When the great round moon is beaming
With a tender golden light,
Lovers seeking deep cool shadows
Walk together thro' the night.
Just the old, old story over,
For a thousand times or more,
And as sweet to-day—to-morrow—
As it ever was or yore.
Out of shadow into moonlight,
Dreaming of the life before you,
Wander on ye happy lovers,
May the great moon long shine o'er you;
Happy careless days of childhood
Cannot stay;
Golden visions of the poet
Pass away.
Love will rule the world for ever
And a day.

—*Interior.*

SAVED THE CAPTAIN.

An Old Lady's Good Act to a Poor Family.

It certainly was very provoking, as John Bathust said, "for an honest man to chop wood for weeks in the cold, and to give his own and his hired man's and his team's time to haul it up to the house, just to have it stolen by some sneak of a fellow, who was probably too lazy to work."

He talked about it several evenings at the post-office, where he went for his papers, taking care to let it be understood that he'd show the thief no mercy if he caught him. When the neighbors dispersed on one of these evenings, and took their several ways home from the post-office, one or two passed by a little cottage, at the gate of which stood a tall, soldierly-looking man. They nodded to him, as is the custom in the country, although they were not acquainted.

Some time before, he had come to the neighborhood and taken up his residence in the cottage, which, with a few acres of land, had been left by an old uncle of his. At that time they had learned that he was an Englishman, who had formerly been a Captain in the army. His wife and a little daughter had come with him, but neither the farmers nor their families had ever had any save the most formal intercourse with them. 'Squire Saunders and two or three of the leading men had shown a disposition to be friendly with him, but although he had received their advances with civility, this was of such a cold nature that he was left severely alone by the independent little community, which had no wish to be "looked down upon by any man, even if he had been a Captain in the English army."

John Bathust, especially, who had gone into the war a corporal and had come out a Captain, felt himself aggrieved at the haughty bearing of the Englishman, who had once actually addressed him as "my good man," soon after his arrival at the cottage. What Captain Gerald lived upon was a mystery which puzzled the neighborhood. He seemed to have no connection with the outside world, with the exception of one correspondent, from whom came monthly letters with such regularity that it had long since been decided by loungers at the post-office that the correspondent was a lawyer, and that the letter contained a remittance.

But for the last two months no letter had come. Evidently the Captain had not expected any, for he had not gone to the post-office, and, indeed, save for seeing him with his wife and little girl out for a daily walk, his neighbors would have forgotten him.

During the nutting season the newcomers always carried well-filled baskets home from the woods, the nuts peeping from under the red and yellow leaves with which the baskets were fancifully heaped. An irregular kind of thrift seemed to prevail at the cottage, for the apples in the little orchard had every one been picked with the elaborate care which betokens both inexperience and plenty of time.

The neighbors, who in passing had noticed the harvesting, had been greatly amused thereat. The potatoes, planted in the early spring by the old uncle, now months dead, were lifted tenderly from the earth and transported to the cellar with the concern of the miser for his gold. The corn was husked and stored away with the same solicitude, and the few vegetables which the well-tilled garden provided received the same tender care.

John Bathust's mother, who had been in Bloomington for a two days' visit to her daughter, came home just at nightfall about a fortnight after the first excitement of the wool-stealing.

"And you didn't meet John at the Corners?" her daughter-in-law had asked after greeting her.

"No; and I thought it very strange that Johnnie would not be ready to meet his mother, after she had been away for three days and two nights. I felt so certain that he'd be at the Corners, that I made Montezuma go twice into the post-office to make sure that he wasn't there."

And the old lady sat before the fire, still warmly wrapped in her heavy cloak and her serviceable, though unfashionable, furs, looking as if a trifle doubtful whether she had better remove them at all, after this slight upon the importance of her home-coming. She had always been accustomed to being treated with the utmost deference by her children, especially by "Johnnie," whom she most loved, but from whom she demanded unlimited homage.

"I don't see how John could have missed you, mother, unless he was over at Jacob Parson's. They've found out who has been stealing the wood, and John and a lot of them have set a trap and are going to wait for him to-night. It must be that they're still talking it over, and that's the way John came to miss you," Mrs. Bathust explained, with soothing manner.

"Humph! and who might the thief be, pray?" her mother asked—interested, but not quite appeased.

"Who would you suppose, mother?"

"Really, I can not think of any one in the neighborhood either so poor or so mean as to steal. Who is it?"

"Captain Gerald, the Englishman who"——

"Yes, my dear, I reckon I know who Captain Gerald is. And do you say they propose to entrap him?"

A full recital of the plan was then given. It did not meet the approval of John's mother, and she said, frankly:

"I don't like that at all. I think Johnnie might take a more manly course. I don't like traps."

Then, after a pause during which she had looked meditatingly into the glowing hickory fire, she said: "Emily, if you have any thing to do, don't wait any longer with me. When I am ready to lay aside my wrappings, I can do so in my own room."

"Very well, mother; I've had a fire made there for you, so I'll go and finish my pies before tea."

Once alone, the elder Mrs. Bathust thought awhile, then nodded with great determination and said to herself: "Yes, I will do it."

She arose and left the room, but, instead of going to her own, she passed out of the house, and turned in the direction of Captain Gera'd's. She walked briskly and independently across the snow fields,—an old lady who felt her resolution to be right, and who was going to put her foot down firmly upon traps of all kinds. Although her heart was filled with kindness and generosity, her manner was severe when the English Captain opened the door in response to her knock.

"Good-evening, Captain Gerald."

"Good-evening," responded the Captain, as he stood peering out into the darkness, quite ignorant as to who his visitor was, and mystified as to what she could possibly want at such unseasonable hour. "Will you come in, madam?"

"No I think I'll not go in. I can say all I have to say right here, and need not trouble your wife with my errand. I only came to tell you that if you are in need of wood, and are too poor to buy it, I'll give you all you choose to cut off that wood-lot over yonder. And I want to tell you that you had better not come to my son's wood-pile to-night, for he and a lot of the neighbors are watching for you, and you'll certainly be caught. I don't approve of traps, so I came to warn you."

"What do you mean?" cried the Captain, angrily. "What do you mean by coming here and insulting me?"

"I mean only to do a friendly act. Don't come out to-night."

"How dare you say I stole your son's wood? and what do those—those cads mean by talking about setting a trap for me?"

Captain Gerald had only drawn the door partially to when he stepped out upon the porch to speak to Mrs. Bathust, and his angry voice was heard by his wife, as she moved quietly about preparing the meagre supper. She came to the door, and asked, uneasily, "What is the matter, Henry?"

"Nothing—nothing, my dear; go in at once; you will get cold."

But Mrs. Gerald was not so easily disposed of. "You must not stand here, Henry with your bare head. If this person has any thing to say to you, let her come into the house. Come!" and she held the door wide open.

"Have you any thing more to say, madam?" Captain Gerald asked. "If you have, you may as well enter." And he stood aside for his visitor to pass.

Although from the army, he was a man who submitted at once to any calamity rather than fight against it. That had always been his unsoldierly weakness; but this one time, in his weakness lay his strength. The three went in.

"What is it, Henry?"

"This—wom—lady—I believe she is Mrs. Bathust—has come to offer me a chance to cut wood upon some of her land—as she seems to think we are in need of fuel. She is very kind."

His wife's face brightened up.

"You are indeed very kind, Mrs. Bathust. My husband has been terribly worried to know how we should keep warm this winter. We had no idea the cold would be so intense, or we would have been better provided for before the winter set in. It is our first year in the country. My husband and I often feel sadly alone and friendless, but your kind thoughtfulness makes me feel that after all that we are not entirely without friends."

"Will you sit down?" drawing a chair before the fire, which tried to throw out the much-needed warmth, but its scanty supply of material, failed most sadly.

"Henry," she continued, "how could you have been angry at an offer so kindly made?"

"I hope Mrs. Bathust will pardon me if I have been rude," the Captain hastened to say, with a beseeching glance at his caller, which she understood and answered with a nod; then retiring into the background, he left the conversation to his wife and their new acquaintance. Between the two there seemed at once established a bond of friendship. To the younger woman it had been a day of unusual loneliness and discouragement, and the elder had come just at the moment when a simple act of kindness was very much to her. She recognized, too, through the unconventional covering, such a sterling character that all reserve on her part soon vanished, and she gave way to an impulse to rest upon the self-reliant nature which seemed strong enough to support the troubles of others as well as her own. And before she realized it, she was unburdening her heart of many of the perplexities which had weighed it down, and basking in the warm sympathy which flowed over her.

"Tell me whatever you wish to; I am an old woman, and I can, perhaps, advise and help you; anyhow I can sympathize with you."

Mrs. Gerald turned toward the speaker, wiped her eyes, and said, with a smile which showed how bright and sunny her face could be, "Yes, I begin to feel that we have made a mistake, and have lived too much within ourselves. But we were strangers, and felt that we had no claim upon any of you, and—and"—

"Oh, I know how you felt!" interrupted her visitor; "never mind trying to tell. Of course we are not English, and are not like the people you have been used to, still we feel ourselves—but never mind about that. Tell me your trouble, my dear," with an affectionate caress over the hand she had taken.

It had been a delicate, straight little hand, but it was hardening with the drudgery which it now willingly performed, and it appealed to the other woman very strongly, and strongly, as hands often do, in their revelation of character.

"Well, when my husband—decided to leave the army, and come to America to live, I had some money invested very well, as we thought, which brought us enough to live upon very economically; but about three months ago, the house which had it failed, and we are now without a pound in the world, except as we look upon our little home here as a small fortune. Most fortunately for us our winter's supply was provided by our good old relative who left us this place. We shall get through the winter without suffering—though we do miss our mutton and beef—and in the spring my husband will be able to plant again, and provide for another year. From our poultry we have an occasional meal and plenty of eggs, and really we should be very happy and comfortable if it were not for the cold. We have only such light fragments of wood as we can pick up about the place, and unfortunately for us, our uncle must have been a very orderly man."

"And you have been cold? it is a shame, with plenty going to waste all around you!" exclaimed the old lady.

"Oh! we did not mind for ourselves, but when our little Edna complained, it went to our hearts."

"Well, there'll be no further need of that. You are welcome to all the wood your husband will cut off of my land. I live with my son, but I still control my own property; not but what he would gladly take care of his old mother if she hadn't a cent in the world, still it is a very foolish thing to give up one's rights. I always do as I please in every thing. But," returning to her hostess' story, "remember, my dear, you have at least one friend in this country, who will do any thing in her power for you. I must go now, but to-morrow I am coming to see you again. Good-night."

"Good-night. But, Mrs. Bathust, you are not going alone. Henry, you will see our friend home, will you not?"

"Certainly, my dear," answered Captain Gerald, who had been a silent listener to the conversation. He felt that he did not stand as high in the estimation of his caller as did his wife, and he felt, too, that once alone with her, he would have to give an account of himself, which might be rather embarrassing. Still he could not shirk the duty of offering his escort to one who had put herself to so much trouble to serve him.

He was not wrong in his conclusions, for they had hardly left the house before his companion began with: "I like your wife very much, Captain Gerald. You ought to be a very good man with such a good woman. I'm glad she didn't suspect the real object of my visit."

"I can never thank you enough for saving her that blow. Poor thing! she has had enough to bear. She told you I threw up my commission and left the army, but she did not tell you that it was because I was such a cowardly fool that I could not keep from drinking and and gambling whenever I got with a certain set of fellows, until I listened to her, and cut loose from them entirely. That was the reason. And even now, in spite of the good step and resolutions, I sometimes feel that I am a failure here, and that there is nothing for me but gambling or suicide. There, you see you inspire us both to confide in you."

Mrs. Bathust was touched and flattered by this second confidence.

During the evening, one neighbor after another dropped in at John Bathust's, and sat taking around the fire in rather fragmentary style. Evidently their interest did not lie within-doors. They would break off in the midst of a sentence to listen, or glance out of the window, and finally they all filed out into the clear moonlight, and scattered about in the pine grove, which made such black shadows on the snow.

Mother Bathust looked from her window as they disappeared, and smilingly resumed her knitting. About eleven o'clock she heard them re-enter the house, and she descended to the sitting-room.

"Why mother, not in bed yet?" said her son.

"No: I wanted to see you after your evening's work," she replied, with a twinkle in her bright, black eyes.

"Well, there was no work done, unless you call it work to stand around in the cold and snow for a couple of hours," said he rather sheepishly.

"Then you didn't catch your thief? Well, John, I caught your thief."

"Why, what do you mean, mother?" asked her son, rising from the hearth.

"I went over to Captain Gerald's, and told him that if he needed wood he could cut all he wanted to on my wood lot by the swamp, but that he'd better not come to your wood-pile to-night, for you were waiting for him. While you eat your apples and nuts, boys, I'm going to tell you about my visit to the Captain."

Mrs. Bathust told her story so eloquently, that the company was a very quiet one when she had finished. After a pause, her son said:

"Well, it's a pretty hard case. Of course, I can't understand why a man should be too proud to come and ask a neighbor for the privilege of cutting his winter's wood—it's done every day—or why he didn't hunt up work."

"One thing," as he picked the last fragment of hickory nut from its shell "we mustn't let him get discouraged and go back to his old habits, or worse. I've plenty of light work I can give him, and I suppose the rest of you have, too. But after this I expect he'll be pretty sensitive; so I guess we'd better let mother manage the business for us. You know, mother, you must make him feel that we are his friends. Anyhow we must see him along."

Then he sat thinking, and after looking around at his companions, said with a smile: "And since mother's wood isn't seasoned, suppose, boys, we contribute a few dry logs from my pile to-night?"

And once more Mother Bathust watched them from the window. This time they passed out from the pine grove shadows, each with a generous log on his shoulder, and stole silently over the snow toward Captain Gerald's house. "It is better to prevent than punish crime," she said. "A friendly warning is a good thing."

The old lady's face showed quiet triumph as she went up to her room, for she had saved the Captain.—*Annie Howells Frechette, in Youths' Companion.*

—The very recentmost agony is for a lady to have her photograph taken, full length panel, and then after having elaborately dressed the picture in silks and laces to send it to her best young man. The true significance of this is not to be misunderstood by the average acute young man. It means, "That's about the style I shall expect to dress." Whereupon he goes and gets introduced to a more economical girl.—*Hartford Post.*

—Another undesirable emigrant is the elm-leaf beetle, who came to this country some half-dozen years ago. His real name is Galeruca xanthome lœna, and he is first cousin to the potato bug. His active working life lasts only about two weeks, but unfortunately there are four generations of the pest each season.

LAKES OF KILLARNEY.

Beauties of the Country Surrounding the Far-Famed Waters.

When Lord Palmerston spent a brief holiday in Ireland his host apologized for the rain (which rained every day) as a shower; and twenty years after, in writing to Lord Carlisle, Lord Palmerston added: "P. S. Is that shower over yet?" The shower continues still, with twenty years added to the original score, and to see fair Erin aright it must be visited in mackintosh. Thus equipped, the gentle dews of Heaven may be defied, as they fall from a mild gray sky, laced here and there with a sunbeam. Immediately on reaching Killarney the traveler becomes absorbed in the great hotel system, which is the same in Paris, Geneva, Munich, and probably in every corner of the habitable globe. A man is shot dead ten miles off in Tralee, but the table d'hote is conducted on the same safe principles as if it were in London. The shaggy corner-boys lounge in the streets of Killarney as in Dublin; but the spruce waiters of the great hotels do their work in the last fashion of Italy or Hamburg; and the hotel, situated in the fairest position to catch the first morning rays upon the unruffled luster of the lake, is as vast a pile of dollars as energy and capital can make it. The lake itself differs from the great continental waters in many qualities. Tones of pure cobalt take the place of the striking yellow and strong high lights of foreign lands. There is no sparkle in the sunshine; the slow, calm movement of the light travels over the vast and plumy mountains as if the side of a lantern were opened and shut, now disclosing a gentle slope of fervid green or purple heather, now the thick rounded growth of trees, of a brilliant emerald; or as the light falls on the hill tops, discovering the heigths of purple slate and gray stone, which wall in a foreground of exquisitely humid myrtle-green, every changing hue softly given back in the waters of Killarney. The tint of gray, dear to Sir Edwin Landseer, spreads over the sky, opening on pale transparent azure; indicative of serene heights above. The hilly distances retreat coyly into the background, unlike foreign mountains, which are cut out in bright lines on the eyesight. Fantastic shapes traced in purple on the horizon mark Magillicuddy's (the second i is silent) Reeks, and beyond them the imagination passes over seven miles easily and quickly to the Atlantic, which joins the Killarney waters.

It is said that, once in seven years, in the dew of a May morning, the great O'Donoghue rises from his lair under the depths, and, drawn by milk-white coursers, drives over these shining gulfs to a cave, where old men become young again if they duly light upon the spot. Once upon a time, too, all the lake was a green valley watered by a fairy well. The well was closed by a large gray stone, and the condition by which it was held decreed that no one—maid, wife or widow—should leave the spring unsealed at sunset. A girl, due at the trysting-place, forgot to close the well; and as the sun set the water rose, and welled forth so abundantly that not only the maiden and her lover, but all the township, were destroyed and melted away under the fairy tempest. But, at evening, once, every seven years or so, pinnacle and battlement rise from the waves; for one brief minute the lover clasps his sweetheart to his breast, the hum of the spinning-wheel and the lowing of cattle rise from the drowned settlement, till in another instant all is swept away and the radiant waters close again over their secret. These and scores of other legends people the lakes and their surrounding hills, side by side with tourists in checked suits and waterproofs, and with the herd of touts on horseback or on foot, selling potheen, morning dew, goats' milk, coarse knitted socks, inlaid gewgaws, or trafficking in combustions of cannon and the racket of penny whistles, in order to rouse an echo. There is a moral in the fact that a coarse instrument struck within the embrasure of the hills repeats itself in a dozen sweet echoes of fairy music; such is the power of the lake and mountain. It is to such music that the fair outlines of Howth and of Dublin bay fade upon the sky, and the traveler addresses himself to his berth and his reflection.—*London News.*

RICHFIELD SPRINGS.

Sulphurous Water Which Makes the Blind See and the Dumb Swear.

Every watering-place has a character of its own, and those who have given little thought to this are surprised at the endless variety in the American resorts. But what is even more surprising is the influence that these places have upon the people that frequent them, who appear to change their characters with their surroundings. One woman in her season plays many parts, dashing in one place, reserved in another, now gay and active, now listless and sentimental, not at all the same woman at Newport that she is in the Adirondack camps, one thing at Bar Harbor and quite another at Saratoga or at Richfield. Different tastes, to be sure, are suited at different resorts, but fashion sends a steady procession of the same people on the round of all.

The charm of Richfield Springs is in the character of the landscape. It is a limestone region of gentle slopes and fine lines: and although it is elevated, the general character is refined rather than bold, the fertile valleys in pleasing irregularity falling away from rounded wooded hills in a manner to produce the impression of peace and repose. The lay of the land is such that an elevation of a few hundred feet gives a most extensive prospect, a view of meadows and upland pastures, of lakes and ponds, of forests hanging in dark masses on the limestone summits, of fields of wheat and hops, and of distant mountain ranges. It is scenery that one grows to love, and that responds to one's every mood in variety and beauty. In a whole summer the pedestrian will not exhaust the inspiring views, and the drives through the gracious land, over hills, round the lakes, by woods and farms, increase in interest as one knows them better. The *habitues* of the place, year after year, are at a loss for words to convey their peaceful satisfaction.

In this smiling country lies the pretty village of Richfield, the rural character of which is not entirely lost by reason of the hotels, cottages and boarding-houses which line the broad principal street. The centre of the town is the old Spring house and grounds. When our travelers alighted in the evening at this mansion, they were reminded of an English inn, though it is not at all like an inn in England except in its atmosphere of comfort. The building has rather a colonial character, with its long corridors and pillared piazzas; built at different times, and without any particular plans except to remain old-fashioned, it is now a big rambling white mass of buildings in the midst of maple-trees, with so many stairs and passages on different levels, and so many nooks and corners, that the stranger is always getting lost in it—turning up in the luxurious smoking-room when he wants to dine, and opening a door that lets him out into the park when he is trying to go to bed. But there are few hotels in the country where the guests are so well taken care of.

Of course the *raison d'etre* of being here is the sulphur spring. There is no doubt of its efficacy. I suppose it is as unpleasant as any in the country. Everybody smells it, and a great many drink it. The artist said that after using it a week the blind walk, the lame see and the dumb swear. It renews youth, and although the analyzer does not say that it is a "love philter," the statistics kept by the colored autocrat who ladles out the fluid show that there are made as many engagements at Richfield as at any other summer fair in the country.—*Charles Dudley Warner, in Harper's Magazine.*

CAJOLED BY A WOMAN.

How a Dangerous Criminal Almost Escaped Arrest by a Secret Service Agent.

In the summer of 1864 complaints were made to our bureau that some one was "shoving" bogus shinplasters in the neighborhood of Green Bay. A good many hundred dollars worth of the currency was let loose all at once, and I was detailed to proceed to Wisconsin and work up the case. It was settled before I started that the "stuff" had been printed from plates made by an engraver known to us as "Slick Sam." His right name was, I believe, George Disston, and he was then in State prison on a long sentence. It was pretty certain that the plates had fallen into the hands of some of his pals, and were being made use of in a lively manner. It was probable that the printing was being done in Chicago, and that an "agent" had struck Green Bay to unload.

Upon reaching the place mentioned I found that almost every branch of trade had suffered, and pretty soon I was able to show that most of the bogus money had been passed upon them during the week. Then they began to hunt up sales and remember buyers, and it was settled that the "shover" was an old gray-haired man named Newell, who lived on a farm a few miles away. He had purchased dry goods, notions, hardware, drugs and almost every thing else, paying in shinplasters which appeared almost new. It was plain to me, after getting thus far, that he had bought his bogus money outright of some agent, or had sent to parties in some city for it. Had it been otherwise he would have sought to turn it into good money.

I swore out a warrant for him, took the cars to within four miles of his house and accomplished the rest of the way on foot. He lived in the woods, in a log house, and had but a few acres cleared. Evidences of poverty and shiftlessness could be found on every hand. I was quite certain that I saw him about the door of the house while I was yet some ways off, but when I reached it the door was shut and no one was in sight. However, after I had done some lively rapping a muscular woman about thirty years old opened the door and inquired my business. I replied that I was an agent from Chicago and desired to see her husband. She invited me in, believing, as I meant her to believe, that I had come as the agent of the counterfeiters. She stated that her husband was off hunting, but would be home soon.

After we had talked for half an hour the woman's demeanor suddenly changed. What aroused her suspicions I can't say, but I saw that she looked on me with distrust. Thinking that the plain way was the best way, I told her who I was and my errand.

"So you are a detective, come to arrest my husband!" she called in a loud voice.

I sought to calm her, and had instant success. She settled down in her chair and said she had been expecting it for weeks, and that her husband must make the best of the situation. She shed tears and seemed much affected, and as time passed and I wanted to go out and hunt up Newell, she excused his continued absence and kept me seated on the plea that he must soon show up. I had been there two hours when we heard a voice shouting for help. While I ran out doors she rushed into the other room. I passed half way around the house to find the old man hanging head downward, hands on the ground and feet in a small window four or five feet up. After I had released him and taken him into custody I found that he had run into the room when he saw me approaching the house. When the wife raised her voice it was to warn him who I was and what brought me there. He climbed out of the window to escape, but in his descent his trowsers caught on a nail and held him fast. The wife was detaining me in order to give him a good start, but it turned out that she was only prolonging his sufferings. He stood it until he could bear it no more, and then called out. The case against him was so strong that he made no defense, and received a sentence of six years.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Buying Stock in the Fall.

There is a time when the farmers may avail themselves of opportunities in purchasing that should not be allowed to pass by. As the fall is the beginning of winter, it is a time when there is a surplus, and many breeders are desirous of selling. If they can not sell, and are compelled to carry their stock over the winter, they will add such cost to the price and an additional sum as well, for, having gotten over the difficulty, they will not then be as anxious to sell. Every day large cattle sales are advertised to take place, and the prices obtained are often very low compared with the quality of the stock, which places the animals within the reach of all. Hence, fall is the time to buy, and farmers should not allow the opportunity to pass without so doing.—*Farm, Field and Stockman.*

—A lady who has traveled extensively through the South says that colored servants are among the best in the world, only one must understand their peculiarities. They are pre-eminently unambitious. When Matilda has served excellently in the winter she may suddenly refuse to continue in her situation upon the approach of warm weather. "How do you get along?" is asked her, when she seems happy with no visible means of support. "Oh, fust rate; folks gibs me lots of things," and nothing will induce her to resume service until cool weather.—*Boston Herald.*

BOOTH'S CAPTURE.

Lieutenant Doherty Tells How He Run Down President Lincoln's Assassin.

Edward P. Doherty, who captured John Wilkes Booth in Virginia on the morning of April 26, 1865, was at the Fifth Avenue Hotel recently. He is now a United States Indian trader, stationed on the Cheyenne river, Dakota Territory. He is little above the average height, has broad shoulders, dark hair, streaked with gray, and a face indicative of great determination. In conversation he speaks in a low, measured but decisive tone. He gave the following graphic description of the capture and death of Booth to a reporter:

Booth was hiding in a pine forest not far from Bowling Green, on the Rappahannock river. I was a Lieutenant then, and had command of twenty-six men, vigorously prosecuting the search. On April 25 I passed Booth's hiding place and knew nothing of it. I captured a young man who had been with Booth. He told me Booth would cross the Rappahannock that night with Harrold and sleep on the premises of a Mr. Garrett. I was some distance from Mr. Garrett's, but resolved to surround the house. It seemed incredible that I should have missed Booth. My company scoured that whole country and kept posted on the movements of all stragglers. Booth was in the habit of crossing the river on horseback and then seeking shelter during the day in the forest of pines. At four o'clock on the morning of April 26 I silently surrounded the premises of Mr. Garrett. Booth was concealed in an out-house—a barn or tobacco house. When we found him there we called upon him to surrender; he refused. Harrold, who was his companion, came to the door of the barn and surrendered to me. Booth, who was in a reclining position on account of his broken leg, raised his carbine to shoot either Harrold or myself. Corbett, one of my soldiers, quickly drew a bead and fired upon Booth. The ball entered two inches below the very spot where President Lincoln was shot. I handed Harrold over to a soldier and sprang to Booth, clasping him around the body. The barn was on fire, and I carried him out. He looked with unutterable scorn at Harrold, and waving his right hand a little, said just one word—"Useless." I gave him brandy and attempted in every way to revive him sufficiently to speak, but the word "useless" was the only one he uttered after Corbett fired. In two minutes he became irrational, and in two hours expired. Every thing possible was done for him. We had no surgeon present, and carried him to Port Royal. He was not mutilated. When he died I sewed his body up in my blanket and it was carried to Washington. At Washington his body was identified by three or four persons without a doubt. He had a scar or rising on the back of his neck. The landlady at whose house he boarded recognized him. His remains were first interred, privately, in the penitentiary at Washington. The bottom of a cell was removed and the body placed underneath. Some time afterward it was was removed to Baltimore and lies in Oakland Cemetery in that city. For eighteen months I was not allowed to say a word about the shooting, except to the proper authorities. The result was that many erroneous accounts were given of the capture. Booth had a diary or passbook upon him at the time he was shot. That book will come into my possession as soon as I call for it at Washington. All those wild-cat stories about there being doubt whether the man killed was Booth or not, amount to nothing in view of the fact that the authorities at Washington were duly convinced and paid the reward of $75,000. The detective who assisted us in placing the locality received half the above sum. I received $7,500, and the rest of the reward was distributed among my twenty-six men.—*N. Y. Mail and Express.*

WEARY WATCHERS.

How the People of Charleston Spent the Nights Following the Recent Earthquake.

Lying awake under the broad canopy of Heaven, watching through the endless hours of night, while helpless women and children are sleeping around, what horrors present themselves to the imagination. The reverberating earthquake, whose mysterious and resistless force you feel passing beneath you like a mighty wave of the ocean, is felt a thousand times in imagination to once in reality. To it are added the horrors of yawning chasm and engulfing wave, with the wild efforts to escape for yourself and loved ones, whom you see holding for dear life to tree or twig, or fleeing to some strong building that the waters can not overcome. The sky seems of a pinkish tinge and the stars bedimmed by a nebulous haze. The air is hot and stifling. What mean these portents? Shall the city be buried beneath showers of gravel like those that have already fallen? Will a part of the mainland be broken off and slip into the sea?

Wearied by wild imaginings such as these, exhausted nature is about to surrender to conquering sleep, when suddenly you are conscious of an approaching shock, the buildings of the city quiver like the leaves of the forest, the great wave of mysterious force passes under you with more or less jar according to the severity of the shock, and recedes in the distance, leaving you again a prey to the horrors of imagination.

If the shock is of the second or third rate of force as compared with the great shock, women and children jumped from their extemporized beds on the greensward and gathered around with pale faces and trembling limbs, while their beseeching looks stir your deepest sympathies—words of soothing and encouragement are all you have to give. You are as helpless as they, but their trusting you makes your words of value. While you soothe and cheer them as best you may, you are inwardly cursing the coward men, who have also jumped from their places of repose, and are hurriedly putting on their coats and shoes, as if they would flee they know not whether. In five or ten minutes their excitement is over, first one and then another returns to his or her couch, and finally silence settles on the scene, save when the shout of some negro exhorter on the next square is raised to an unusual pitch and breaks the stillness of the night.

So wears on the weary night till the dawn begins to illuminate the east, and the cheerful crow of the cock is heard, reechoed from roost to roost. Slowly appears the welcome sun, and then the camp is broken, people thank God that their lives are still spared, and wend their way to their respective homes, to take up the thread of daily cares and troubles, but ready at a moment's notice to flee to the open ground.—*Charleston News and Courier.*

PITH AND POINT.

—A thrifty housewife thinks that men ought to be useful. They might as well be smoking hams as cigars.

—We are thinking seriously of establishing a poet's corner. It will be connected by a trap-door with the basement.—*Burlington Free Press.*

—Wealth is an enemy to self-reliance. As soon as a man is able to own a canoe he wants some one to paddle it for him.—*N. O. Picayune.*

—An exchange says that ice two inches thick will support a man. In midsummer it supports the ice man and his entire family.—*Chicago Ledger.*

—Patient—What do think of a warmer climate for me, doctor? Doctor—Great Scott! man, isn't that just what I am trying to save you from?—*N. Y. Sun.*

—"New York depends largely upon Boston for amusement," observes the Boston *Record.* Well, who don't? It is enough to make any one laugh.—*New Haven News.*

—Simkins and his young wife had just completed their first quarrel. "I wish I was dead," she sobbed. "I wish I was, too," he blubbered. "Then I don't wish I was," and the war continued.—*N. Y. Telegram.*

—A New Jersey girl has eloped with an Indian. The manner in which our Government permits the Indians to be imposed upon by the white race is shameful.—*Norristown Herald.*

—A woman sold her wash-tub to a party of rifle men for a target. They paid her $1.50 for it, and after they had gone home she went out into the field and brought it back as good as it ever was.—*Chicago Advance.*

—Clergyman (overtaking two members of his congregation on their way to church)—Won't you and your friend get in and drive with me to church, Miss Blanche? Miss Blanche (innocently)—O, no, I thank you, we only go for the walk.—*Life.*

—It is stated that large quantities of eggs are shipped from Germany to the Land of the Free. H'm, that explains it. We had eggs at our boarding-house last week and we thought we could detect traces of german nation in them.—*Burdette.*

—Visitor (to dime museum freak)—What is your specialty, my friend? Freak—I'm the man who really knows more than he thinks he does. Want a photograph? Quarter of a dollar, sir. Visitor—Yes; give me half a dozen. I'd wear one out in a week lookin' at it.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

—"My dear," said a Chicago wife to her husband after they had returned from the wedding tour and settled down to housekeeping, "in looking over this box of books I found your father's old family Bible, and here is an entry under the head of 'Births' which says: 'Albert W., born May 3, 1840.' Didn't you tell me you were thirty-seven years old?" "Ah," replied Albert pleasantly, "that's a copy of the old version. It's full of mistakes. In my office down town I have a family Bible of the new revision. I'll bring it home this evening."—*Chicago Tribune.*

HIS SON WILLIAM.

A Bucolic Youth Who Don't Know Enough to Chew Peach-Stones.

Bright and early Monday morning a farmer-looking man entered a Detroit establishment where steam-radiators are kept on sale, and after squinting around a few minutes and asking for "the boss," he queried:

"Was my son William in here a day or two ago?"

"He might have been," was the reply."

"Tall feller—a little stoop-shouldered, and a sort of chain-lightning look about him?"

"I think he was."

"I knew he was. He came in town to look for a coal-stove, and some one asked him why he didn't buy a radiator. He came home all upsot about 'em, and nothing would do but I must come in and see 'em. This is a radiator, is it?"

It is."

"Heat goes around in all them pipes, I take it?"

"Yes, sir, the circulation is perfect."

"William said he could git one all painted up and a marble slab on top for 'leven dollars."

"Yes, I'll sell you one for that. Don't you want but one?"

"Oh, I guess one'll heat the sitting-room all right."

"You are not going to put in a boiler and pipes for just one radiator, are you?"

"What biler and pipes?"

"The boss" had a confidential chat with him for about three minutes, at the end of which the farmer remarked:

"I thought it odd that William couldn't remember where you put the coal in, or whether it was fixed to burn wood, too. Say, mister!"

"Yes sir."

"I said sunthin' about William having a chain-lightning look. I want to take it back. He don't know 'nuff to chaw peach-stones, and I'll make him cut corn all night to pay fur this!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

Their Blessed Honeymoon.

The colored female cook of a family living at the South End came up-stairs the other afternoon, and, twisting up the corners of her apron with considerable embarrassment, said to her mistress:

"You see, missus, I thought it mought be bes' to be tellin' you dat I—dat I done got married las' week!"

"Ah, indeed! and what is your name now, Hannah?"

"Mis' Williams, ma'am. You see, my husban', he am a cook, too. He am what dey calls a sheft in a hotel."

"A chef, eh? That's very nice. And do you expect to leave us directly?"

"Not d'reckly, mum. I'll stay wid ye for de present. You see, my husban', he's done gone to New York an' Washin'ton on his honeymoon, an' it'll be nigh onto six weeks befo' he comes back!"—*Boston Record.*

Adding the Extra Tea.

Major Johnstone is very particular about the spelling of his name. He is a very proud man on general principles. Nothing exasperates him more than to be mixed up typographically or otherwise with the common herd of Johnsons without a T. He was about leaving a hotel in Dallas. He had asked for his bill, and when it was handed him by the clerk he scowled fiercely.

"Is there any mistake in the bill?" asked the clerk.

"There is, sir; you have spelled my name without the T."

"Ah, I see," replied the clerk, "you should be charged with an extra tea. Fifty cents more if you please."—*Texas Siftings.*

—A tree called the Pinus Torreyana grows nowhere else in the world but in San Diego County, Cal.—*Chicago Times.*