PAWNEE PETE.

A YARN OF THE YELLOWSTONE.

[Bill Y. Buttes in The Republic.]

"You know the Nez Perces, supple and slim,
Sluggish of soul and limber of limb,
Cruel of conscience, and cold as ice—
A sight of one of 'em will suffice.

"Up in the Yellowstone, slick and neat,
Near to the geysers, dwelt Pawnee Pete,
His dam a squaw and his sire a Yank,
Who passed in them parts for half a crank.

"Now Pete was a chap of the Carson type,
Little, determined, for fighting ripe,
Who seldom traveled without his gun,
And from white man or red could never run.

"He had a hut in the Modoc Pass,
A ledge of mica like colored glass,
And he kept a rifle beside his bed,
And a brace of pistols beneath his head.

"He skinned jack rabbits for food in spring;
In summer, he brought down game on the wing;
In autumn, set for the moose his snare;
In winter, trapped for the grizzly bear.

"You bet, that man was a nat'ral rough,
Who so got inside him a western tough,
A 'brave,' part scout and part Injun buck,
Well known to 'Frisco for craft and pluck.

"Well, Pete heard something of Canby's fate,
Of palefaces trust and of redface hate,
And he swore an oath that if e'er the hour
Came for revenge he'd try his power.

"Uncle Sam's cavalry know the wiles
Of dusky hostiles in deep defiles,
Of the tomahawk and the scalping knife,
And the sneaky tricks of savage life.

"You see, there drove thro' the Yellorstone
A prairie ship with its load alone
Of two young girls, and a lad and man,
Who built their fire and at work began.

"While snug at supper a glittering eye
Was fixed upon 'em and hovered nigh
To see 'em drop in their wagon bed;
But one on guard with a charge of lead

"Ar close in the canyon crouched and crept.
The bucks were there, when the settlers slept
To steal like snakes on the quiet camp,
And kill and scalp by the firefly's lamp:

"But how it happened they never knew,
A keener eye was watching the crew,
And when at midnight a wild wolf's yell
Awoke the echoes like shrieks of hell,

"A rifle cracked, and a redman sank
Down where the blossoms his hot blood drank;
And man and boy from the startled van
With their shooters out at the devil ran.

"Another shot, and another yet,
And another still, till the flowers were wet
With the crimson dew of that Injun band,
Cut off in their prime by a vengeful hand.

"And that hand Pete's, which he next day gave
To one of the girls he helped to save;
Then he jumped a ranch down in Wyoming
Where now the voices of children ring.

"Whenever, stranger, you go that way
You'll hear what the settlers have to say:
'No better or braver man is known
Than Pawnee Pete of the Yellorstone.'"

FARMS AND GARDENS

As They May Be Found Within the Limits of Gotham.

Spots in the Metropolis Where Nature Still Lingers—New York's Settlement of Market Gardeners—Shantytown.

[American Agriculturist.]

There are many lanes on the maps of the city of New York, but the only thing rural about them is their names. There are, however, in this city of wonderful contrasts of the miseries and splendors of modern life, certain spots in which nature still lingers. Our city farms are not nearly as numerous now as twenty years ago. But there are some left yet, even in the heart of the city, and within the far-reaching limits of Gotham thousands of acres still return their yearly crops in produce instead of rents. There are old farms and peaceful pastures, and among them people who lead pleasant rural lives, environed by the turbulent multitude that pursues fortune with a feverish fury, in factories and stores, and the great marts of commerce and speculation. People who are not New Yorkers picture the metropolis as one monumental mass of brick, and stone, and iron, with enough timber thrown in here and there to make a roaring fire once in a while. They know that there are some parks, great and small, among these rows of houses, but there, as far as they know, the touch of nature which brightens and purifies the city, ends.

Among the rocky undulations of Manhattanville, agriculture still holds its own. There is quite an extensive settlement of market gardeners on the west side of the city, between Central park and North river. There are farmers here who live in the same houses and till the same soil their grandfathers lived in and tilled nearly a century ago. The improvement in the city has made their land worth as much a foot as it once was worth an acre. The old farm-house at Manhattanville, the district above Central park and near the Hudson river, was built over a hundred years ago. Two miles further on, at Washington Heights, the upper end of Manhattan Island, is Snider's lane, a country road around the side of a hill, with a great row of tenement houses and French flats at one end of it, and a cornfield at the other. Within a quarter of a mile of Snider's lane, the life of the metropolis bustles and seethes. From its highest point you can see the myriad gas lamps and the electric lights of the city gleam and flash at night. Yet for half a mile or so along its peaceful length, you may wander in solitude, and forget, amid the rustle of leaves, and the songs of birds, that there is such a place as New York.

Washington Heights is full of nooks where a metropolitan dweller may be surrounded by quiet rural life. The denizens of certain sections of Harlem can look out of their windows in summer, and imagine themselves in the country, until the jingling street cars, or the clanking elevated trains, dissipate the pleasant fancy. Beyond the Harlem river, and still within the city limits, which extend for four miles and take in the village of Fordham, perched on its wooded hills, New York exhibits a strange alternation of city and country. A couple of minutes walk from High Bridge, in full sight of its crowded picnic gardens, overlooking the Harlem filled with pleasure boats, and with rows of houses along the road, a solitary little lane leads to a farm as solitary, and out of the way among its orchard trees, as if it was in the Berkshire hills. The family who occupy this farm, have lived here since the commencement of the present century.

Jerome avenue is one of the liveliest thoroughfares in New York. It leads from the Harlem river to the famous Jerome Park race course, near Fordham. Yet there are scores of farms whose lanes lead out into the bustling street. One of these farms is quite famous for sheep, and on others blooded horses and cattle are raised. One of the loveliest lanes in the city is along Jerome avenue, leading over the Fordham hills towards the old city of Yonkers. In Tremont, nearer the city, in Morrisania and Mott Haven, you find the country elbowing the city. Below the Harlem river, where land is more valuable, the city farmer cultivates vegetable crops. On the other side he grows larger produce. The gardeners south of the Harlem, are not as a rule, the owners of the land. They commonly hold it on long leases from old estates, and as the leases expire, the owners oust the tenants and build at once. In consequence of this, you will often find an enormous French flat towering alongside of a picturesque little cottage, or a rude shanty. There is one spot where a vast flat occupies each corner of a block, and between the two is an old farm house, shaded by huge elm trees, and with its narrow strip of land covered with hot-beds, running through the block from street to street.

Apart from the real city farms, there are whole blocks of waste land, so rocky as to be useless for the cultivator, on which the famous squatters of the metropolis have built up that curious community known far and wide as Shantytown—a collection of huts built in the rudest and cheapest way, chiefly of odds and ends of lumber. Its dwellers are laboring men, carters and the like, humble, but useful toilers. The principal industry of Shantytown is goat-breeding, and since goat's milk has become a fashionable beverage, the bulk of New York's supply comes from here. With the great activity in building, however, Shantytown is steadily and surely becoming a thing of the past.

One of the most curious of our city farms, is that of the penitentiary on Blackwell's island. On it are raised the vegetables used in the prison. The warden of the island is the farmer, and the convicts his laborers. They present a melancholy appearance in their striped suits working among the fields, but not nearly so much so as do the lunatics on the Ward's Island farm. These poor wretches are employed in the kitchen garden of the asylum, and the doctors say the air and exercise are highly beneficial to them. Another very odd farm is on a rock in the East river, near Hell Gate. It is about half an acre in extent, and from the vegetables produced, and the fish caught, the family who have lived here for over forty years, subsist. These hermits of the metropolis are a brother and two sisters. They live in their little castle surrounded by the waters, and apparently enjoy life thoroughly.

The Iron Industry in the South.

[Chicago Herald.]

While the iron mills in the north are nearly all idle or running half time in consequence of the stagnation in trade, the most prosperous industry in the south to-day is the iron manufacturing business. There has not been a single furnace closed this year. And an extraordinary fact in connection with it is that the iron furnaces are nearly all running on orders received from north of the Ohio river.

Universal Information.

An office of "universal information" has been opened in London near the British museum. You pay your shilling, and ask your question, and get your answer.

SURGERY'S LATEST TRIUMPH.

One of the Most Remarkable Operations Known to Medical Science.

[New York Letter.]

November William McElroy, a truckdriver, aged 24, was shot in the abdomen, about two inches to the left and a little below the naval. The external wound was slight and the ball had stopped at some point within the abdominal cavity. The patient was put in bed, suffering greatly from the shock. It was evident that the dreaded peritonitis would soon be fully developed. A consultation was held and it was determined that death would speedily ensue unless relief was afforded in some manner, and heroic treatment was decided upon. Within twenty hours after being shot, McElroy was transferred to the operating table. Ether was administered and he soon became unconscious. Elaborate precautions were taken to prevent the introduction of disease germs into the wound. A spray of vapor of carbolic acid was played constantly into the room which, to maintain the temperature of the body, was kept at a uniform temperature of 80 degrees. The knives, forceps, needles, and sponges that were to be used were kept in warm solutions.

An incision was first made into the external wound, and it was found to extend into the abdominal cavity. After the hemorrhage was brought under control the cavity was sponged out and the search for the ball begun. A small section of the intestine was drawn carefully through the opening at a time, thoroughly inspected for lacerations and laid upon the breast between layers of cloths that had previously been wrung out of warm water. This process was continued until the entire intestines were taken out of the body. The bullet was found in the last section and removed. It was found to have penetrated the intestine in several places. As fast as each wound was discovered further search was stopped until the lacerated portion was sewed with extremely fine silk thread. The knits made in drawing the wounded surfaces together were left in position.

After the wounds were closed the cloths were removed from the intestines and they were returned to their proper position within the abdominal walls. The large incision was then closed, and it as well as the bullet wound was sewed up with silk. The operation lasted two hours, and the patient was kept under the influence of ether the whole time. Measures were at once taken to prevent peritonitis. For two days no nourishment was given through the mouth, the patient's strength being kept up by enemata of beef juice. As soon as food could be given properly McElroy gained strength, and in a comparatively short time was able to sit up in his cot and afterward to walk about the hospital wards. He went out of the hospital for the first time on Christmas Day, less than two months from the time he was injured, and about a week after which he was discharged cured. The success of the operation is considered a great triumph in surgical science.

Feeding Wild Birds.

[Cor. London Paper.]

We have a deep snow falling fast in west Yorkshire, and I naturally look after what the Rev. J. G. Wood facetiously calls "our backyard zoo." The poor birds seems astonished that their food haunts are all covered up, and fly hurriedly in great excitement from bough to bough. Just opposite my window rooks are hanging about the garden, far from their familiar hunting grounds, like so many big, black rags. The impudent jovial sparrow is full of brag and bounce, and wants his dinner, and comes and gets it too in spite of my near approach. Beautiful chaffinches in splendid feather, with their pretty little neat wives, come to feast off the meal I give them. Little titmice swing about the branches like so many bird Blondins, and are thankful for a bit of fat or suet, or a nibble of anything else. Blackbirds are in sore plight, and flounder about, not knowing where to get their next meal. The halt and maimed are all at my window—some caught in traps, some with only one leg—starlings having lost the use of their legs with the cold, and dea old robin redbreast, with his feathers "all-a-cold," as hungry, but not as pertinacious, as the rest. There they are, and a lot beside, all begging for food.

By all means you who love birds throw them some crumbs of bread, oatmeal, crusts, boiled potato skins, scraps of fat and dripping, remains of fruit, or anything. They will sing for us in a month or two, and repay all our care of them. Put up some snug boxes for them to sleep in, and make them as comfortable as you can. It amusing to keep a "back-yard zoo," and it costs nothing but a little love and foresight and right feeling. The birds pay for it all with interest. The bigger birds seem to suffer most, and what they get from horse droppings and other equivocal sources is liable to prove to them a delusion and a snare and leave them weak and almost lifeless. Let us all look after our pet birds this cold weather.

How Gen. Grant Swore.

[Dr. E. D. Kilton in Inter-Ocean.]

I noticed a short paragraph a few days since referring to Gen. Grant's profanity. I happen to know the general pretty well, having been with him as one of his staff at different times during the war, and I never but once heard him make use of any word that could be called profane and that was "dog on it." The article reminded me of a little incident that came to my notice at Memphis just previous to the general's going to Young's Point, above Vicksburg. I was smoking a cigar with the general in his room, when a dispatch arrived which provoked Gen. Rawlins, the chief of staff, and which Rawlins read to the general, and with some pretty rough oaths urged him to take summary measures with a prominent general who had, I believe, disobeyed or transcended orders.

The general, in his good-humored way, turned to me and asked: "Do you know what I keep Rawlins for?" I replied no, unless it was on account of his valuable services. "I'll tell you what for. I never swear myself, so I keep him to do it for me when occasion needs." The time I refer to when he said "dog on it" was at Lexington, Ky., on our ride from Knoxville, when a certain mule contractor wanted to escort the general through the town with a band of music, to avoid which we got out of the hotel by a back way and drove incognito to the Louisville train. After being seated in the car the man came and undertook to remonstrate with Gen. Grant for giving him the slip. The general was angry and annoyed and said: "Dog on it, sir, do you want to show me around like a circus?"

Slight Reduction from Card Price.

[Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.]

"What is the price of this organ?" asked a gentleman of a dealer.

"Three hundred and sixty-five dollars," remarked the latter.

"Phew!" exclaimed the gentleman. "Ain't that rather high?"

"Oh, no, sir; you can see for yourself, it is card rates."

"Yes, but what do you sell them for?"

"Forty-three dollars, sir."

THE LIME-KILN CLUB.

A Lecture on the Subject "Does Nature Make Mistakes?"

The Theme Ably Handled by a Gentleman from Delaware—Man a "Mighty Slimsy Grain of Sand."

[Detroit Free Press.]

The fact that Brother Gardner had on a starched shirt and had oiled his hair, prepared the members for the bit of news he announced at the opening of the meeting:

"Gem'len, de cha'r tooks pleasure in denouncin' de fack dat de Hon. Edward Leary, of Wilmington, stait of Delaware, am present in de aunty-room, an' waitin' to address us. He arrove heah at a very lait hour de odder night, an' passed six hours in de police stashun radder den to wake any of us up. He has fur two days past bin a guest at my house, an' though I mus' say dat he kin git away wid more provishuns dan any three men who ever sot down at my table, his mind 'pears to be richly stored wid first class informashun. He will be brought in heah to address us on de subjick of 'Does Natur' Make Mistakes?' De entire evenin' will be tooken up wid de lectur' an' its follerin' results. De orator will now be brought in."

The reception committee was absent five minutes and then appeared in company with the victim, who appeared to be a man about 45 years of age, slightly lame in one leg, one shoulder way down, and features erected upon no fixed principles of art. He was, however, entirely at ease, and as he mounted the platform and lengthened each suspender an inch and a half and removed his collar, Elder Toots realized that the stranger before him was no subject for flies to light on. His introduction was followed by a cheer which upset a barrel of molasses in the grocery below, and he started out with:

"Dis am one of de proudest moments of my life. When I fust read of dis club, six or seben y'ars ago, I nebber dreamed dat de day would come when I should stan' in dis grand ole Roman hall an' address you. I read of great statesmen in your club wid liveliest interest, but de ideah dat I should ever stan' heah an' look down upon deir bald heads an' double chins would hev seemed to me a corrugated impossibility. [Penstock bobs up but falls back again.]

"Does natur' make mistakes? We think she does. Indeed, we assert she does, an' she am slandered an' abused on dat line of reasonin'. Let us look into some of de accusashuns. Dar am de frog. Why should he be built like a fox, fur fast runnin', or like a bird fur flyin'? His native heath am a swamp or a muddle. He doan' keer to trabble aroun' de kentry, an' as a bird he'd be a dead failure. Why didn't natur' gin him claws to scratch an' teeth to bite? Kase he am no fighter. He am on the run at de fust sign of a row. His hind legs am purvided wid a set of springs which lift him off a log an' drap him six feet away befo' a blue-jay kin shout twice. [Sensation all over the hall.]

"Let us look at de fish. Pussons have wondered why he didn't hev ha'r on same as a cat, an' why he wasn't fixed to climb trees like a squirrel. Natur' made no mistake when she decided on scales to kiver his body and keep de dampness out. Dey doan' tangle up in de weeds an' dey doan' pull out or hev to be dyed. If fish could climb trees what good would it do fur a man to spit on his baited hook an' drap it into de riber an' sot dar' a hull arternoon? De fish might all be out in de woods dat day. [Evidences of deep satisfaction in four corners.]

"Did natur' make a mistake when she constructed de oyster? Some folks complain kase he has no wishbone, an, kase dar am no wings an' legs to sarve up on de table. Natur' intended de oyster fur people who can't chaw deir meat. Instead of runnin' aroun' de kentry he settles down whar' he kin be found when wanted. It am de same way wid de clam. If he had de rovin' disposishun of de fox it would take six months to git up a clam-bake. [Nods in the affirmative.]

"We hev summer," said the orator, as he pulled down his vest, "in order dat watermeilyons may ripen, an' we hev winter dat 'possums may fatten up. We hev 16,456 changes of weather in de course of a y'ar, in order to accommodate all minds as fur as possible. We hev moonlight nights fur sich pussons as am behindhand in hoein' corn or sawin' wood, an' we hev day an' cloudy nights fur de benefit of burglars, cats an' gas companies. Natur' didn't make de kentry all mountains nor all prairie, kase she realized dat de scenery would be monotonous. Had de sile bin all sand we could have raised nuffin but sweet taters. Had it bin all clay we should hev run largely to wheat, an' crowded de price down to 16 cents per bushel. De ocean was made salty so dat de corpses of horses, cows, dogs and cats dumped into it off Coney Island wouldn't interfere wid de seaside hotel biz-ness. De lakes war made fresh in order dat Chicago an' Buffalo might once in a while change deir drinks. Fack am, my hearers, man am a mighty slimsy grain of sand when compared to natur! While she has made eberythin' fur de bes' an' in de bes' way, de wisest man on airth, had he bin giben de job of makin' a yaller dog, would hev got de fore an' hind legs all mixed up an' left de tail off altogether.

"I will now cloze. I make no charge fur my lecktur; but in case de club should deem it best to pass aroun' de hat I shall offer no objeckshuns. I thank you fur de distracted manner in which you has listened to my coherent remarks, an' trust dat a sheer of you will be turned from your evil ways into paths preponderatin' with elevated intensuns."

The orator retired in good order, and Sir Isaac Walpole passed the hat for his benefit. It returned absolutely empty.

They Were Marked Down.

[Rockland Courier-Gazette.]

Old Moneybaggs stood in front of his store the other morning, hanging a "reduced price" mark on several rolls of carpeting. Along comes Harris, and said to Moneybaggs:

"Those sin't feathers."

"Well, who said they was?" retorted Moneybaggs with ungrammatical testiness.

"Why, you; that is, you've marked them down."

And Moneybaggs fell through a plate-glass window with a sickening thud.

Thus it is shown that every man will have his joke, feather it be good or feather it be evil.

Alaska Architecture.

[Chicago Herald.]

A Minneapolis artist who has been doing Alaska during his summer vacation says that all the members of his party, and there were seventy-five of them, agreed that the Greek church at Sitka is the finest church in America. It is built on the plan of a Greek cross, and the interior is a mass of gold and silver, of the magnificence of which the writer says he can give no idea. Who would have thought of going to Alaska for an architectural masterpiece?

YOUNG MEN IN COLLEGES.

A Chat with President White, of Cornell—A Broader Scope.

[New York Mail and Express.]

Andrew D. White, president of Cornell university, was in a chatty mood when the writer met him the other day. "I regard the prospect of educational progress in the country," said he, "especially in the universities, the number of which you can reckon on your fingers, as being much better than it has been for many years. The young men are more inclined to study than formerly, and their efforts are productive of much better results. Classic literature is not forced upon those who have no desire to study in that direction; while those whose minds are bent on Greek and Latin are not hampered by the want of progress in those whose inclinations are not directed that way.

"In a class of 100 there may be twenty who are strongly inclined to study Greek and Latin, while the remaining eighty care nothing for them; yet have a desire to study modern literature, notably German, French and English. The twenty are enabled to progress five times as rapidly without the eighty, while the latter can be more profitably employed in other studies for which they have the inclination. The tendency to study the literature of our own language is growing, and students find there is much that is beautiful therein. The better class of literature in both the German and French languages is being read with advantage to the scholars, while ancient classics are not being neglected. Education is having a broader scope than it had fifty years ago, and students are enabled to grasp it with far more advantage than formerly. Universities are becoming more liberal in their courses, and the young men are reaping the benefit."

"Are modern languages taking the place of the ancient or dead languages?"

"Yes, and no. Both have their students and their advantages. It is not considered now positively necessary that a student should devote himself to Greek and Latin to fit him for other studies, while those who have a fondness for ancient literature are enabled to devote their time and minds thereto. The German, French and English authors are certainly attracting more attention than formerly, and I think with advantage to those who make them a study. It was many years ago, that graduates were unable to state the order of such writers as Shakespeare, Pope and Byron; but this is now changing, and scholars are becoming as conversant with the classics of modern Europe as formerly they were with those of ancient times. I, therefore, think of the progress of collegiate education as being better than formerly.

A Scorpion and Her Children.

[Jamaica Cor. Land and Water.]

I was playing a game of billiards in a small village in the Blue mountains; there was no ceiling to the room, the roof being covered, as is the universal custom in Jamaica, with cedar wood shingles. My opponent was smoking a large pipe, and suddenly, just as I was about to play a stroke, what I thought was the contents of my friend's pipe fell on the table close to the ball at which I was aiming. Instinctively I was on the point of brushing it off with my hand, when, to my amazement, I saw it was a moving mass, which on closer inspection turned out to be a very large fema'e specimen of a scorpion, from which ran away in every direction a number of perfectly formed little scorpions about a quarter of an inch in length.

The mother scorpion lay dying upon the billiard cloth, and soon ended her feeble struggles, the whole of her back eaten out by her own offspring, of which, as they could not escape over the raised edge of the billiard table, we killed the astonishing number of thirty-eight. They had not only been "carried by the parent," but they had lived on her, cleaning out her body from the shell of her back, so that she looked like an inverted cooked crab from which the edible portions have been removed. She had clung to her retreat in the shingled roof until near the approach of death, when she had fallen and given us this curious spectacle. I was told by the attendant that the young scorpions always live thus at the expense of their mother's life, and that by the time her strength is exhausted the horrid offspring are ready to shift for themselves.

WONDERFUL INGENUITY AND DELICACY OF WORKMANSHIP.

Splitting a Ten-Dollar Greenback in Halves—Method of Tracing the Lines of the Engraving on the Plate—Caught.

[Louisville Post.]

United States Detective W. G. Bauer returned from Memphis, announcing the conviction of the celebrated counterfeiter Martin Ogle. A reporter found Detective Bauer in his room surrounded by piles of counterfeit bills and looking over the tools with which the counterfeiter accomplished his work." To the reporter he explained the processes, which certainly display a wonderful amount of ingenuity and delicate workmanship.

Ogle had procured a genuine $10 bill and split this in halves, this being in itself a remarkable operation. The two sheets thus made were so thin that they were transparent. He made a plate of copper and brass, a little larger than the bill, and spread one of the sheets on the top of it. With a steel-tracing pencil of his own manufacture he engraved through the sheet its exact counterpart on the plate. The other half was engraved on a different plate in a similar manner, and then he was ready for printing his spurious money. This method of workmanship looks very simple, but it is the first time it has been done by a counterfeiter, as it is almost impossible to split the bill.

The method always before used is as follows: The workman took, say, a $10 bill, and spread over it a piece of transparent gelatine paper, and traced the figures of the former on the latter. The metal plate was next put in use, and was coated with a solution of shellac. On this the gelatine paper was pasted, and when torn off it left on the shellac the outline of its figures. By following these off the solution they were also traced in delicate lines on the plate. The shellac then being washed off the latter they could be cut to the right depth, and the counterfeiter was ready for his work. Ogle's methods obviated these three or four methods and rendering the engraving on the plate far more accurate, as the correctness of the lines was necessarily lost through so many transfers. This man thus accomplished a piece of work alone and unaided, with tools of his own manufacture, when the national government paid over $100,000 for a steam machine to do the same thing. Detective Bauer showed Ogle's tools, which were fitted to rough wooden handles, but possessed points as sharp as steel. He also displayed the genuine bill split in two sheets, and perfectly transparent. He had on a table several packages of bills of Ogle's manufacture, amounting in all to $30,000, in tens and twenties. They were all on the Third National Bank of Cincinnati, but the new plates were intended for the Queen City bank.

"Ogle," said Detective Bauer, "is the first man who has issued any spurious money during the last six years, and he has shown an almost unexampled skill and astuteness. His brother, who has been returned to the Pennsylvania penitentiary, knew nothing about this workmanship, but was merely a kind of head servant to Martin. The latter did all his work on a flatboat, and scattered the money chiefly at river points. He turned over to me in all $180,000 of about the best counterfeiting I ever saw.

The Last Charge at Shiloh.

[Gen. Grant in The Century.]

This day everything was favorable to the Federal side. We now had become the attacking party. The enemy was driven back all day, as we had been the day before, until finally he beat a precipitate retreat. The last point held by him was near the road from the landing to Corinth, on the left of Sherman and right of McClernand. About 3 o'clock, being near that point, and seeing that the enemy was giving way everywhere else, I gathered up a couple of regiments, or parts of regiments, from troops near by, formed them in line of battle and marched them forward, going in front myself to prevent premature or long-range firing. At this point there was a clearing between us and the enemy favorable for charging, although exposed. I knew the enemy was ready to break, and only wanted a little encouragement from us to go quickly and join their friends, who had started earlier. After marching to within musket range I stopped and let the troops pass. The command, "charge," was given, and was executed with loud cheers, and with a run, when the last of the enemy broke.

Strike While the Iron Is Hot.

[New York Sun.]

They were trying to raise money to pay off the indebtedness of the church.

Deacon—Have you called on old Mr. Moneybags yet?

Minister—No. He is very sick and I thought I would wait until he gets better.

Deacon (earnestly)—Don't you wait a minute. Strike him while he very sick. It will be too late when he gets better.

No Patriotism in Him.

[Williamsport Breakfast Table.]

"George Washington!" shrieked the rural orator. "Is there any man within the sound of my voice who shall not feel the hot emotion leap to his bosom when I mention the name?"

"Yes, sir," came the reply, cold and harsh.

"Who, sir? Who?"

"John Scriggins, sir. John is deaf."

Short and Easy Lesson in Natural History.

[Atlanta Constitution.]

Gen. Wolseley wounded himself the other day by falling from a camel. Those who ride camels should bear in mind that these beasts are very tall for their age. When a Georgia mule grows restive he humps himself, but the camel is provided with a ready-made hump.

A GERMAN VOLKSFEST.

THE CULMINATION GLORY OF THE HARVEST DISPLAY.

The Various Scenes of the Fair—A Strikingly Artistic Effect—Everybody Hilarious and Good-Natured—Amusements at Every Turn.

[Stuttgart Cor. Courier-Journal.]

At the annual Volkfest, in October, there were 60,000 persons assembled to see the harvest decorations and festivities. All the world goes—I mean the inhabitants of Stuttgart and the surrounding country. The great fair was held at Constadt, a neighboring city, across the river Neckar, and was free to all, from king to peasant. Innumerable side-shows attracted crowds of curious visitors; children's games abounded on all sides; restaurants fed the hungry; bands of music intensified the din; throngs of peasants spent their pfennings at gay booths. The whole thing was an intoxicating pandemonium.

Of course the culminating glory was the harvest display in a vast amphitheatre. An immense triumphal arch spanned the central stand, or tribunal, as they call it here. This was covered with cedar, it must have required a forest, while the ground floor was reserved for the horticultural display. This arch was decorated by a border of fruits of brilliant colors; from the center was suspended the escutcheon of Wurtemburg, made of grains of corn and a shining blackberry. There were millions in it, and the effect was strikingly artistic. A triumphal column twenty-five feet in height and proportionately thick rested on a large pedestal composed of pale green apples, all of the same shade. Around the base there was a Grecian border of yellow and red ears of corn. The main column was composed of silver skin and pink onions, surmounted by a capital of yellow pears. This bore profuse heaps of growing plants and vegetables, squashes, pumpkins, gourds, red peppers, etc., the whole presenting a mass of colors so harmoniously blended that I stood dazzled, enchanted, and you remember I never went into much enthusiasm over floral decorations at home.

The base of the grand stand was decorated with sheaves of wheat and barley, while there were superb displays of each separate kind of fruit and vegetable artistically grouped. The grapes were of every size and color, and there were apricots in profusion. The festivities lasted for a week, but my ardor knew no abatement. Dignified Germany forgets her dignity at this happy carnival. It is considered highly discourteous to notice an impatient word or gesture, or an impertinent speech. Crowds of students are there, full of merry pranks—hilarious and good-natured through every vicissitude of the day with its mad jollity. Many of them wear mottoes on their hats—"Verliebt," engaged, or "ledig," single. A sudden sound, as of a swarm of locusts, startles you—it is only a band of students, each of whom is twirling a wooden toy, which imitates perfectly the whirring of those vivacious insects.

A Punch-and-July show meets you at every turn, while the usual monstrosities are placarded in immense letters. But the favorite amusement is the merry-go-round. There are rows of these "children's delights" rivaling each other in gorgeous decorations. Many substitute, for the customary wooded horses, elephants, lions, camels, tigers and ostriches, which begin their gay journey the moment the orchestra gives the signal, the living freight being of all ages and sexes. Such madness! such merriment! as accompany these flying Dutchmen! Chubby little peasants and peasantesses have saved their pfennings for a year to ride behind four white elephants in a merry-go-round; no novelty seduces them to try other fields of delight. There are whole avenues of gayly-dressed booths, with wares from every climate under the sun, and rows upon rows of restaurant tents, where Teutonic dishes are served in all their integrity. Fritters and salad are Siamese twins—not to be separated; that is, you may separate the salad, but not the fritters. Some of the dishes are incomprehensible. The excitement of the Volksfest is so intoxicating that instead of producing weariness it creates a desire for "more." I long to see another.

'Twas Very Beautiful.

[Washington Hatchet.]

They sat in lover-like simplicity at the star-board end of the sofa, twittering sweet nothings that were carried up to the throne of love on platters of priceless pearl by Cupids with iridescent wings that gleamed in the golden smile of Venus with drops of ambrosial dew.

"That's a beautiful morceau, isn't it?" she murmured with boarding-school ecstasy, as she quoted some gem of beauty.

"Ah, yes," he answered; "more so than anything I've seen for some time."

Then a great horse blanket of infinite silence fell upon them, broken only by her small brother as he wriggled from beneath the sofa and fled like a lost soul through the parlor door.

Secret Revolt Against the Sultan.

[Philadelphia Press.]

There are few intelligent Mussulmans who do not secretly or openly profess supreme disgust at the sultan and abhorrence of his system of government. The pashas and governors of the various districts are required to send a specified sum to Constantinople, and they get the money as best they may. Their method of collecting the sheep tax is typical. Each owner of a flock is rated a so much a head, and the rate is nearly the full value of a sheep. Therefore, to secure the means of living, he keeps as many more than he pays for as he possibly can, a system of cheating which the Turks cap by perpetually raising the rate.

N. Y. C. and H. R. R. R.

[New York Sun.]

"What does that stand for?" said one broker to another, exhibiting a piece of paper on which was written "N. Y. C. and H. R. R. R."

"Why, New York Central & Hudson River railroad, of course."

"Yes, sometimes. But that is what beat Blaine."

"How?"

"New York, Cleveland and Hendricks, Rum, Romanism and Rebellion. See?"

"Yes. What is yours?"

A "Wash-Hand-Jug."

[Exchange.]

Mr. Dolby, in his account of Dickens' tour in the United States, expresses astonishment at finding that we call a "wash-hand-jug" a pitcher. Says the "Lounger" of The Critic, commenting: "I don't think this nearly as strange as that the English call a pitcher a 'wash-hand-jug!'"

The Garden Spot of the Continent—A More Than Royal Realm—An Enthusiastic Song of Praise—A Modern Eden Described.

[Col. Pat Donan to Philadelphia Clover Club.]

Dakota is the newest, worst treated and grandest of the territories of the Union, the garden spot of the continent, the imperial wheat belt of the globe. It is a more than royal realm, which ten years ago was unexplored and almost unknown, which but five years ago was almost wholly a region of romance and of fable. It is a peerless but modest land, that never sounds the fishhorn of its own fame. It is the world's true wonderland, where no storms and tempests ever blow, and where all the breezes are trained to sing psalms in tunes in pianissimo style and in even better time and rhyme than the rendering of "The Order of Full Moons" I heard just now.

Our wildest blizzards, as unenlightened down-easters sometimes term them, are used by gentle mothers to lull their babes to sleep. The sun shines over with a mellow splendor that calls to mind the far-famed Happy Valley of "Rasselas," and there is just frost enough in our winters to turn the elm leaves golden. No summer drouths or winter floods spread devastation over the fields and hopes of our husbandmen. No army worms or grasshoppers sweep those fertile plains and valleys with nibbling desolation. No hailstorms rattle their destroying musketry upon the grains and fruits and plate-glass windows of that elysium—except, now and then, just enough to furnish business to our ambitious young home hail insurance companies.

Bananas bloom in November, and young oranges are picked the day before Christmas. Raisins, striped stick candy, tin horses and india rubber dolls ripen always just in time for Santa Claus' peddler wagon, with his reindeer team and his "little round stomach that shakes when he laughs like a bowlful of jelly." Pineapples and figs grow spontaneously on Canada thistle bushes everywhere, while the cottonwoods and dog-fennel trees yield brook trout, nectarines and persimmons, of large size and flavor, a canalboat-load to the acre. Spring roses blossom on the plain, gentle Annie, for New Year's posies, and potatoes grow as big as beer kegs at the roots of every tuft of prairie grass. Cabbage heads of full congressional and senatorial size give forth the fragrance of the jessamine and honeysuckle to humming-birds as large as canvas-back ducks and clad in all the prismatic glories of the aurora borealis. We hatch our own wild geese of such dimensions that tenderfeet from Pennsylvania, for instance, are liable to mistake them for winged hippopotami on lakes of never-freezing rosewater and cologne.

Blizzards, tempests, tornadoes and rascally political breezes come to that modern Eden only as dimly understood wailings from distant regions and peoples who do not know enough to find their way to the sole remaining quarter section of paradise in all the western world. There no wave of trouble ever rolls across the peaceful breast, and the prosperous people who raise infallibly from twenty-five to seventy-five bushels of No. 1 hard wheat to the acre of land, that costs them nothing and get $1.35 a bushel for it, can calmly smile at Satan's rage and face a frowning, because less fortunate, world.

Severe on the Star.

[Croffut in New York World.]

How many pages must a versatile actor commit to memory for the business of a season? Take Booth with his present round of characters at the Fifth avenue—"Hamlet," "Ruy Blas," "Don Cæsar," "The Apostate," "Othello," "The Fool's Revenge," "Richelieu," "The Merchant of Venice," and not less than as many more—say sixteen plays in all. One-third of these, at least, Booth must memorize—not less than 200,000 words for this repertory! Severe on the star, it is even severer on the secondary luminaries who have not before been in classical plays.

Harry Watkins once committed one of the longest parts known to the stage in eleven hours. The elder Booth could do the same thing. "I bolted it whole," he said, "and when I had spit it out I forgot it, every word. Mr. Barrett once told me, speaking on this point, "Actors learn their parts in different ways. Some can commit only by the eye; it is photographed temporarily on the retina of the brain, so to speak, sometimes by a single reading. Some commit only by hearing—the ear serving them as the eye serves others. Some commit a part by writing it out two or three times; the writing fixes it."

Small Armies More Successful.

[Haynie's Letter.]

"An armed nation is not an army," said a distinguished American general to me not long ago, and to this bonmot let me add the remark of a famous German critic, that "the general-in-chief may unchain the tempest, but he will be incapable of directing it." If I cared to go into details I could prove that in other times successful wars were waged with armies of well-drilled veterans, but small as to numbers. Hannibal never had more than 40,000 in any of his great battles in Italy; Alexander, with 36,000 soldiers, whipped Darius out of his boots; Julius Cæsar overran the land of the Gauls with no more than six legions—that is to say, about 35,000 men; Napoleon, the greatest captain the world has ever known, won Austerlitz with but 60,000. Permit me to contribute the personal reflection that in my humble opinion an army of 50,000 picked out of the offices, shops, stores and fields west of the lakes and commanded by "Old Tecumseh," "Little Phil," or Gen. Grant could walk through one of these armed nations like a torchlight procession through a country village.

THE FAMOUS RICHMOND PRISON AND ITS FOUNDER.

"A Terror to Evil Doers"—A Reminiscence of the War—Its Early History—Class of Prisoners Confined There.

[Richmond State.]

It has been nearly twenty years since the tocsin of war sounded and the north and the south were arrayed in battle against each other. Those were stirring times, and the men that participated in the struggle are rapidly passing the meridian of life. Some have already passed that period and are now quietly moving along under the weight of years. Now and then incidents arise which make the thoughts of the veterans of the downfallen Confederacy and those of the Union army wander back to those days that tried men's souls, when joy and sorrow alternately reigned around the camp-fire. Now and then the days of Libby prison, of Castle Thunder and of Andersonville come vividly before the minds of those who experienced those hardships, and war life in the north and south is similarly recalled.

Mr. Robert D. Ward, of this city, who was an officer at Castle Thunder during the war, in course of a recent conversation with a reporter, related the following:

The people of Richmond who were here during the war must well recollect Capt. Alexander, who was a conspicuous character from the day he first put his foot in the city. Everybody had heard of the then recent capture of the steamboat St. Nicholas, on the Potomac, in which he had taken a prominent part, and his unique outre style of dress made him conspicuous when he appeared on the streets. The St. Nicholas was on its way from Washington to Norfolk, laden with valuable commodities, and at one of the landings it was entered by Col. Zarvona Thomas, Capt. Alexander, and a picked set of men as passengers, all in disguise, some of them in women's apparel, and at a concerted moment the party threw off their disguise, captured the officers and crew, and brought the vessel to Fredericksburg, where its contents were sold. Capt. Alexander, shortly afterwards, was captured by the Federal forces in Maryland, and incarcerated in Fort McHenry, near Baltimore. After some months' suffering in that Federal fort he made his escape in a manner which greatly attracted public attention and aroused sympathy. He happened to have that greatest blessing that God ever vouch-safes to man—a true, noble, courageous little