

We Build the Ladder.

Heaven is not reached at a single bound,
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to the summit round by round.

I count this thing to be grandly true,
That a noble deed is a step toward God,
Lifting the soul from the common sod
To a purer air and a broader view.

We rise by the things that are under feet,
By what we have mastered of greed and gain,
And the vanquished tils that we hourly meet,
By the pride deposed and the passion slain.

We hope, we aspire, we resolve, we trust,
When the morning calls us to life and light;
But our hearts grow weary, and ere the night
Our lives are trailing the sordid dust.

We hope, we aspire, we resolve we pray,
And we think that we mount the air on wings,
Beyond the recall of sensual things,
While our feet still cling to the heavy clay.

Wings for the angels, but feet for the men,
We may borrow the wings to find the way;
We may hope and aspire and resolve and pray,
But our feet must rise or we fall again.

Only in dreams is a ladder thrown
From the weary earth to the sapphire walls;
But the dreams depart and the vision falls
And the sleeper wakes on his pillow of stone.

Heaven is not reached at a single bound,
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to the summit round by round.

—J. G. Holland.

A LABOR OF LOVE.

John Ramsay was working on his farm, his careless, loose dress displaying to advantage his tall, muscular figure, and a broad straw hat shaded a handsome face, with large, dark eyes set beneath a forehead whose breadth and height indicated a powerful brain. The hands that guided the plough were strong hands, but whiter and more delicate than such pursuits usually allow.

Daisy Hale sat watching him. Her dress was plain, but made with flounces on the skirt and ruffles on the waist. Her short golden hair was curled into a fringe carefully over her forehead and gathered in longer curls into a comb behind, above which was a jaunty hat covered with puffs of white muslin and bows of blue ribbon to match the spots upon her dress.

The face under Daisy's hat was gloomy, not to say cross. A very pretty face, but not pleasant, having a petted, spoiled-child frown and a brooding discontent in the large blue eyes.

Presently the farmer drew near her, and, taking off his hat, fanned himself with it, stopping his horses while he leaned indolently against the plough.

"You look deliciously cool under this great tree," he said. "And—hem!—very much dressed for 6 o'clock in the morning."

"In a five-penny calico!" she said contemptuously. "When are you coming in?"

"At noon, to dinner."

"It is too absurd," she broke out, angry tears in her eyes, "for you to be ploughing and hoeing and mowing cows and doing the work of a laboring man! I thought when you came home from college you would do something besides work on a farm."

"And let the farm go to ruin? That would be a poor way to pay my debts."

"Your debts!" she said, looking astonished. "Do you owe debts?"

"Certainly! You and I are both very heavily in debt, Daisy. I think when Aunt Mary took us in, poor little orphans—I her nephew, you her second cousin—"

"Third cousin," she interrupted, "since you are so particular. I know what you mean, but I am very sure that Aunt Mary never intended us to drudge on the horrid old farm."

"Do you know that the money she saved in a life of hard work was spent upon our education? Do you know that she has nothing now but the farm, and that to take her away from it would probably shorten her life?"

"She always has taken care of it herself."

"Are you blind that you cannot see how the four years she has been alone here have aged her, how feeble she is. While we were living at ease at college and school, she has toiled for us until she is wearied out."

"But you could send her money if you were in the city in some gentlemanly occupation."

"Perhaps so, ten or twelve years from now. Today I propose to work this farm, and see how many bushels of corn I can raise on it."

He took hold of the plow handles as

he spoke, started the horses and left her, her eyes full of angry tears.

"He might as well have said what he meant," she thought, springing down and darting for the house. "He thinks I ought to cook, wash, make butter, and work like a servant, when I have studied so hard and tried to make myself a lady, that he might not be ashamed of me."

Yet, in her heart, she knew that he was ashamed of her, and that she deserved it. Ashamed that she could sit in her room, selfishly engrossed in making pretty articles of dress or reading, while her cousin, or, as she was called, Aunt Mary, worked in the kitchen, the dairy, the poultry yard, from day's dawn till night.

She was not at all selfishness and heartlessness, though there had grown a thick crust of both over her being nature. Her ideas of ladies and gentlemen depended largely upon clothing and pursuit, and she had not quite realized how much more nearly John's standard reached the desired point than her own.

As she drew near the house the sting of John's words penetrated more and more through the crust she had drawn over her heart, until a fresh stab met her at the door. Looking in at the open door, she saw a white head bowed in weeping, a slight figure shaken by sobs.

Quickly, through all the selfishness, self-reproach struck at the girl's heart and in a moment she was on her knees beside the low chair, her arms around the weeping woman.

"Oh, Aunt Mary, what is it? Oh, please don't cry so. What has happened?"

"Why, Daisy dear," through sobs that would not be checked at a moment's notice, "don't mind me. I'm only tired, dear—only tired."

Could she have struck deeper? Tired! At seventy housework does become a weariness! At seventy it may seem if one ought to rest while young hands and active feet take up the burdens. She was very tired, this patient old woman, who had given her life work for others; first, for her parents, then for an invalid brother; lastly, for the orphan children; with such innumerable acts of neighborly kindness as only the recording angel of good deeds knows. Well might she be tired! It was new to her to be caressed, to have tender hands lead her to her room and loosen her dress, a tender voice coax her to lie down.

"Now, I will darken the window," Daisy said, "and you are to rest. Sleep if you can, until dinner time."

"But, Daisy, you cannot make the dinner."

"I will try," was the quick reply, and Aunt Mary submitted.

Washing potatoes, shelling peas, frying ham, making coffee, all allowed thought to be busy, and Daisy sighingly, put away some of her day dreams over her homely tasks.

"I cannot be a lady," she thought, "and John won't be a gentleman, but I will try to pay my share of the debts."

She had taken off her flounces and hat and put on a plain dress and large check apron before she began to work, and she was rather astonished, as her kitchen duties progressed, to find herself happier than she had been since she returned.

When John came to dinner he was astonished to find Aunt Mary "quite dressed up," as she blushing said, in a clean print dress and white apron, her dear old face showing no sign of heat or weariness, while Daisy, with added bloom and bare white arms, was carrying in the dinner.

"The new girl at your service," she said, saucily, as she pulled down her sleeves. "Dinner is ready, sir."

But her lips quivered as she bent over her and whispered:
"God bless you, dear. Forgive me if I was too hasty this morning."

It was a merry meal. They made a play that was more than half earnest of Aunt Mary's being a great lady who was to be waited upon, and not allowed to rise from the table upon any consideration. Dinner over, John returned to his ploughing, and Aunt Mary, firmly refusing to sit in idleness, was allowed to wash cups and saucers, while Daisy made short work of pots and pans.

John said but little as the days wore on and still found Daisy at her post. It was not in the nature of things for Aunt Mary to sit with folded hands, but it became Daisy's task to inaugurate daily naps, to see that only the light work came to the older hands, to make daily work less of a toil and more of a pleasure.

The young girl herself was surprised to find how much she enjoyed the life that had seemed to her a mere drudgery.

With younger hands to carry on the

domestic affairs, they ceased to engross every hour of the day, and John encouraged Daisy in making use of the stiff, shut-up parlor as a daily sitting-room. A pair of muslin curtains at each window were skillfully draped to keep out the flies, the centre table resigned its gay vase of stiff artificial flowers and stand of wax fruit, to make room for two dainty work baskets for afternoon work and the periodicals John took in.

Over the shiny horse-hair sofa and chairs pretty bits of embroidery were draped and fresh flowers were supplied each day. Aunt Mary's caps, collars and aprons were adjusted to suit the new order of things, and the easiest of chairs stood ever ready for her resting time.

John, bringing to his task the same will and brains that had carried him through college, was inaugurating a new order of affairs on the farm, and made the work pay well.

Once more came a June day, when Daisy sat in the fields, and John stood leaning against the fence beside her.

Four years of earnest, loving work had left traces upon both young faces, ennobling them, and yet leaving to them all the glad content that rewards well doing.

Many hours of self-denial both had met bravely; many deprivations both had borne well. Daisy wore a black dress, and upon the hat in John's hand was a deep band of crepe, but through a sadness in their voices there yet rung a tone of happiness.

"You love me, Daisy?" John had said to her.

"When have I not loved you?" she softly answered.

"And you will be my wife? Darling, I have long loved you, but after Aunt Mary was struck down with paralysis I would not ask you to take up new duties. Now she needs you no longer, and you shall leave the farm whenever you wish."

"Leave the farm! Oh, John, must we leave it? I thought it was yours now."

"So it is."

"And you have made it so beautiful, as well as profitable! Oh, John, why must we leave it?"

"Only because I thought it was your wish, my darling."

"It would break my heart to go away. I love my home."

And John, taking this little figure into a close embrace, wondered if any city could produce a sweeter, daintier little lady than the one he held in his arms.—[Home Queen.

Largest Well in the Union.

The town of Waco, in Texas, claims the distinction of having the largest well in the United States, and with few rivals in the world. It is bored with a diameter of ten inches to the depth of 1850 feet, all the artesian wells of this town finding their supply at about that depth. The Samson well, which has become so noted, throws up about one and half million gallons daily of hot but perfectly pure and crystalline water, at a temperature of 103 degrees—which is the highest temperature of any artesian water yet discovered—with a pressure of sixty pounds to the inch, and it will rise in the standpipe to the height of 120 feet from the ground. The supply, too, appears to be inexhaustible, no diminution of pressure having so far been felt at the other wells. Besides the Samson two other standpipes are reported—respectively eighty by twenty feet and eighty-eight by twenty—which not only supply this town with pure artesian water for domestic and manufacturing purposes, but also for hot, swimming and other baths. But scarcely of less importance for the future of the place is the fact that these wells supply it, in addition, with a motive power which can be applied to all kinds of manufacturing needs.—[New York Sun.

Work for the Insane.

In Great Britain and Ireland the theory is entertained that in order to treat the county insane properly, they should be given some suitable and congenial employment which will tend to keep their minds from insane subjects. The work is to be prescribed by a physician as carefully as any medicine, suiting it to each person and then watching the effect closely. Amusement and recreation are to have a place in the employment, and they are to be allotted in such a way as to call forth the interest and enthusiasm of the insane.—[Yankee Blade.

Native Cork.

It is not generally known that the cork tree will grow and do well in this latitude. Such is the fact, however, and at the cork factory on Magazine street may be seen some fine samples of cork grown at Bay St. Louis.—[New Orleans Picayune.

SOLDIERS' COLUMN

THE SABER BRIGADE.

Stirring Incidents in the History of that Gallant Command.



On Dec. 8, 1863, at Nashville, Tenn., I was assigned to the temporary command of the First Brigade, First Division, Army of the Cumberland, during the absence of the brigade commander, Col. Ed. McCook, 2d Ind. Cav. Two of the Colonels—Wolford, of the 1st Ky., and Wynkoop, of the 7th Pa.—onracked me by nearly a year; both of these officers having gone into the field as Colonels of their regiments, while I had served as Major in the 2d and Lieutenant-Colonel in the 3d Mich. Cav. prior to my promotion to the Colonelcy of the 4th Mich. Cav.

On the 18th Col. McCook returned to his command, but on the 21st he was thrown from his horse and so severely hurt that he had to relinquish the command; and on the 22d I was assigned to the permanent command of the brigade, which within three months was announced in General Orders as "the Saber Brigade of the Army of the Cumberland."

During the 10 days that I was in temporary command, an incident which illustrates the lax ideas of discipline which existed in some regiments occurred:

The 1st Ky. was paid off, receiving pay, I believe for some six or eight months. On the day following, when I received the morning report of the regiment, I found 187 men absent without leave, together with their horses, arms and equipments. I at once sent for the Colonel and asked for an explanation.

I said: "Col. Wolford, what has become of your men?"

"Well, I guess they've gone home to see their folks."

"Do you mean that they have deserted?"

Drawing himself up with dignity, Wolford replied: "Deserted! No, sir, my men are patriots, sir; they have come into the field to fight the enemies of their country, sir."

"Will they return to their regiment?"

"If we pass that way I guess they will join us."

"Col. Wolford, I will have to recommend that your regiment be ordered back to Kentucky to collect your absentees."

I reported the case to Gen. Stanley, who indorsed my recommendation, and the 1st Ky. Cav. was sent back to Kentucky. I never again met the regiment, but have often wondered if the absentees ever "joined" their command. On the 20th, a force of Confederate cavalry captured or destroyed the wagon train of the Third Brigade of Rousseau's Division, on the Jefferson pike, in rear of our left, and was threatening our line of supplies on the Nashville road.

Leaving the company of the 2d Ind. on courier duty, and the 3d Ky. and two battalions of the 7th Pa. forming a chain of videts in rear of the line of battle to prevent straggling, I marched for Lavergne, to operate against the enemy's cavalry and protect the supply-trains. I bivouacked at Lavergne at about 11 o'clock that night, close to Col. Walker's Brigade, of Gen. Fry's Division.

On the morning of the 31st heavy cannonading was heard a little west of, south, in the direction of the position occupied by Gen. McCook's Corps. The continuity of the cannonading indicated very heavy fighting. Knowing that we would be of more service there than where we then were, I started across the country guided by the roar of battle.

As we advanced the noise of battle was continually moving eastward, clearly showing that the right of our army was being driven. Shortly after crossing Stewart's Creek we struck Wheeler's cavalry, but did not allow it to delay us an instant.

When crossing Overall's Creek, I found that we were in front of McCook's line of battle, and several shells were thrown at us before I could show them who we were.

The Army of the Cumberland was at this time holding a position forming almost a complete semi-circle. The left rested on and east of Stone River. The line, extending westerly, crossed the river, the Nashville & Chattanooga Railroad, and the Nashville and Murfreesboro turnpike at right-angles. From this point the right was gradually retired, until the extreme right, resting in a cedar thicket, almost touched the Nashville pike. The extreme left was facing south; the extreme right was facing north.

I now took position parallel to the Nashville road, in front of and at right-angles to the position occupied by McCook's right.

Six companies of the 4th Mich., dismounted, occupied a line of fence on the edge of a piece of wood on the west side of a large cottonfield. The 7th Pa. (one battalion), mounted, somewhat retired, were in position to the right of the 4th Mich., north of the line of fence; the 5th Tenn., dismounted, occupied a line of fence on the east side of the large cottonfield, in rear of the 4th Mich.; the 12th Pa., mounted, was in the rear of the 7th Pa., and slightly retired from the line of the 6th Tenn.

Capt. Mix, commanding the 4th Mich., and Capt. Jennings, command-

ing the 7th Pa., were instructed, if attacked in force, to fall back on the second line. At this time my entire force numbered 950 men.

My command was scarce in the position described when the Confederate cavalry, dismounted, and not less than 2,500 strong, attacked the line occupied by the 4th Mich. The assault was handsomely repulsed, and the regiment then retired to the second line, which the enemy made repeated attempts to assault, but could not cross the cottonfield in the face of the withering fire that met them; they were again and again driven back to the shelter of the woods.

A heavy mounted force now attacked and drove back the battalion of the 7th and the detachment of the 15th Pa., thus uncovering the flank of my dismounted line, which I ordered to fall back to their horses and mount.

The Confederate cavalry followed us on to the open ground, showing three strong lines of mounted men, any one of which outnumbered my command. Gen. Wheeler's and Gen. Bedford's Brigades formed two lines directly in my front, and Gen. Wharton's a line at an angle of 45 degrees across my left-front.

Gen. Stanley, returning from Gen. Rosecrans's headquarters, at this moment came on the field. After hearing what had been done, and our then exact situation, he said: "You look after those fellows in front and I will take care of this force," pointing to Wharton's line.

Stanley took two companies from the left of the 4th Mich., and was about to charge Wharton, when, suddenly halting, he said to the officer in command: "Wait here and I will bring you assistance," and galloping across the field to the 15th Pa., ordered that regiment to follow him.

I must here explain. The 15th Pa. was a new regiment; its Colonel and Lieutenant-Colonel were not with that portion then on the field. Two days before, in an ill-judged dash, it had lost several officers killed, including two gallant young Majors—Ward and Rosenzarten—and the men were somewhat bewildered.

There was hesitation in obeying Gen. Stanley's order, and I then witnessed one of the most heroic scenes of the war. Stanley, standing in his stirrups, his soldierly figure erect, his saber raised straight above his head, in a voice distinctly heard above the noise of battle, exclaimed, "The man who does not follow me is a coward!" and wheeling his horse dashed back to the two companies of the 4th Mich. The 15th followed the 4th, and with a ringing cheer this little band of heroes, led by the gallant Stanley, charged home into the center of Wharton's Brigade and drove it from the field, a Sergeant of the 15th Pa., bringing out a stand of colors.

I sent the battalion of the 7th Pa. to support Stanley, but he did the work without them. I charged the first line in front of me with the remaining four companies of the 4th Mich., supported by the 5th Tenn., but the Confederates, not waiting to receive us, broke and left the field on a gallop. Hastily correcting my formation I charged the second line (Buford's), but, following the example of Wheeler's men, they also declined the encounter and retired at the gallop.

At this time the 4th Mich. Cav. was armed with Colt's revolving rifles, and did not carry sabers, for which, I have no doubt, the enemy in the dusk mistook the bright barrels of our rifles.

I picketed well to the front and right, and held the field that night.

On Jan. 1, 1863, Col. Cook, with the 3d Tenn. Cav., reported to me, and on the 2d Col. Pitkiss reported to me with the 4th Tenn. With two regiments on the picket-line I held the ground on Jan. 1, 2 and 3.

Jan. 4 advanced to Wilkinson's turnpike, and drove the enemy's cavalry beyond the position occupied by McCook on the morning of Dec. 31.

Jan. 5 passed through Murfreesboro and pushed Bragg's rear-guard, consisting of cavalry, infantry and artillery, six miles beyond, on the Manchester pike; and thus ended the battle of Stone River.

The casualties in the brigade were six officers and 123 men killed and wounded. We also lost 126 horses killed. We captured and turned over 192 prisoners.

Vale, in "Minty and Cavalry," page 110, after describing our fighting in front of the right wing on Dec. 31, says: "In these engagements the rebels lost out of their cavalry 89 killed and 105 wounded.—R. H. G. MINTY, in National Tribune, Washington, D. C.

Geography in South Africa.

Boston is a noble and famous city, but there are millions of people in the world who have never heard of it. Mr. N. H. Bishop, a boy of seventeen or eighteen years, was travelling across the pampas of South America in company with some natives of the Argentine Republic.

Having said, perhaps a little proudly, that he was from Boston, he afterwards overheard this conversation between two of his fellow-travelers:

"Where is Boston?" asked one.

"Boston is in France, to be sure," replied the other.

"That cannot be. France is a great way off, and has not got any moon; and the gringo told me the other night that there is a moon in Boston, and North America is in the same place."

"Fool!" exclaimed Number One.

"North America is in England, the country where the gringos live that tried to take Buenos Ayres."

Two Killed, 20 Injured.

Two persons were killed and 20 injured by an accident on the Annapolis & Baltimore short line railroad near Baltimore, Md. The passenger car rolled over an embankment 30 feet high. The persons killed were a colored man and woman, who were standing on an embankment.

PENNSYLVANIA PICKINGS.

SOME IMPORTANT HAPPENINGS

Of Interest to Dwellers in the Keystone State.

FIRE IN THE REFORMATORY.

A BIG BLAZE IN THE HUNTINGDON INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL, CAUSES A LOSS OF \$50,000.

A most serious fire occurred Sunday night within the walls of the Pennsylvania Industrial Reformatory, at Huntingdon. The total loss will probably reach \$50,000. The fire originated in the brush factory. The building was valued at \$15,000, and the contents at considerably more. A large brick carpenter shop, planing mill and band room, adjoining, is also in ruins. This building was erected at a cost of \$10,000, and it contained machinery and material to the amount of \$10,000 or more. For a time it was feared there would be a stampede among the prisoners in ward A. Their frantic yells of "Let her go!" and "Good, good," was an evidence of how much they were concerned in the institution's misfortune. But a few were quieted at the sight of officers and loaded rifles. The brush factory contained considerable inflammable material and many explosions took place. Huntingdon's volunteer fire department worked with great difficulty in getting the fire under control, as the water supply in the reformatory reservoir has been exhausted for several days. The amount of insurance is only \$17,500.

The Board of the Huntingdon Reformatory will at once begin the rebuilding of the brush factory, using the serviceable material remaining, the cost of construction to be defrayed from the insurance money.

NEW PIPE LINE COMPANY.

The statement of the Meagville Producers and Refiners Pipe Line Company, Limited, capital \$250,000, has been filed in the office of the County Recorder. The managers of the company are J. W. Lee, Chairman; S. Y. Ramage, Secretary and Treasurer; G. H. Torry, John Swartz and A. D. Wood. Messrs. Ramage and Swartz represent the refiners and the others the producers. The general office of the company will be located at Titusville, but there will be branch offices opened wherever necessary or convenient, the principal of which will be in Pittsburg.

PENNSYLVANIANS INJURED IN AN ACCIDENT.

A sleeping car on a train returning from the Denver concave rolled down a 20-foot embankment near Clinton, Iowa. No one was killed, but Reuben Beisel, of Hazelton, Pa., was seriously hurt, internally and otherwise. Mrs. Charles Rhoades, of South Bethlehem, Pa., was also injured so that she could not proceed. Among the others slightly injured are: C. E. Brinkman and W. H. Ober, of Lehighton, Pa.; Mrs. Mary Haines, Miss L. C. Dehart and W. J. Everhart, of Easton, Pa.

FIVE HORSES STOLEN.

Five horses were stolen in the vicinity of Uniontown, Saturday night, and the Cooley's are charged with the thefts. One horse was taken from the stable of I. L. Messmore, in this borough, two from Fuller Hogsett, near Mt. Braddock and two from A. J. Spam, near Uniontown.

KILLED BY A TRAIN.

Lewis S. Heines, superintendent of the Chester Heights Campmeeting association, was struck by a Philadelphia and Baltimore Central railroad train at Chester Heights and killed. He lived at Philadelphia and was on his way to the station to take a train home when killed.

FISH KILLED BY WHOLESALE.

Several thousand fish in a pond on the outskirts of Potstown, including carp 16 inches long and catfish 10 inches long, were found floating on the top of the water. It is believed that water from cinders dumped nearby killed them.

KILLED BY A FALL FROM A ROOF.

John Seraf, a young tinner, was descending from the roof of the German Catholic school house, Altoona, when he slipped and fell to the ground, a distance of 35 feet. He was badly crushed and died in a few minutes.

FARMER MORGAN DEAD.

John W. Morgan, the wealthy farmer, who was shot by his son, Thursday, died at Carmichaels.

SHERIFF KELLER, of Dauphin county, while en route from Lancaster to Harrisburg, fell from the train at Middletown and was instantly killed.

While Frank Workley was riding a horse near Liberty Tuesday night the animal fell on him causing fatal injuries. The horse broke its leg and had to be killed.

COST OF THE TROOPS.—State Treasurer Morrison has paid out \$152,000 on account of the service of troops at Homestead. The first brigade was paid from the regular fund.

At Erie Mrs. Vincent Brandish, in attempting to leave a motor car before it stopped, was thrown to the pavement and received injuries from which she died.

At Scottsdale, Homer, the 16-year-old son of Dr. J. A. Newman, was probably fatally injured while riding a fractious horse.

Mrs. CRUCKSON, of near Pleasant Unity, Westmoreland county, was almost instantly killed by the accidental discharge of a gun in the hands of Rudolph Boyd, a relative.

Mrs. JAMES TIGHE, of Scranton, gave birth to quadruplets, four boys. They were all born alive, but died in a short time.

At Philadelphia 200 wholesale and retail coal dealers formed the Wholesale and Retail Coal Dealers' association, with the object of immediately raising the price of coal per ton 50 cents, with an additional 25 cents for putting it in the cellars of purchasers.

DIPHTHERIA, in its worst form, is raging in Sewickley township, near Greenburg, and a number of deaths have occurred within the past few days.

WILLIAM WHITTAKER, the agent in charge of the Sydney and Piquet offices of the Union Pacific Tea Company, is missing and with him some of the company's funds.

A ROBBER entered the residence of Frank Lawson, of Youngstown, during Mr. Lawson's absence, and, upon being discovered by Mrs. Lawson, struck her on the head with a club, knocking her unconscious. He then escaped.

An express train and a local freight on the Big Four road collided near Sidney killing Fireman Harry Carr and badly injuring Engineer Dean.

JOSEPH F. ELLIOTT, of Shire Oaks, Washington county, has sued Dr. Frank McGrew, of Finley, for \$10,000 damages, the doctor having given Mrs. Elliott a teaspoonful of carbolic acid by mistake last April, killing her.

JOHN T. CARLE, a wealthy farmer of Shengango township, Lawrence county, was found dead in his front yard.