

CAMP STORIES

LINCOLN AND VIRGINIA.

An interesting Account of the Agitation Caused by His Letter After Lee's Surrender.

Maj. John C. Alderson, formerly of West Virginia but now of Wall street, some time an officer in the confederate army, tells in the Richmond Times-Dispatch an interesting story relating to President Lincoln and his attitude after the war toward the state which had seceded from the union.

"In April, 1865, just after the end of the war," said Maj. Alderson, "I was sitting on the porch of the residence of Lieut. Gov. Price in Lewisburg, in Greenbrier county. I had just returned home from the army, and you may well believe I was enjoying the rest and the company of the prettiest girl in the world, Gov. Price's daughter, who was on the porch with me.

"While we were talking," Maj. Alderson continued, "a soldier suddenly galloped into sight and drew rein at the door. He asked if that was Gov. Price's house, and upon my telling him that it was he said he brought a letter for Gov. Price from the president of the United States. He had evidently ridden hard, for he looked greatly fatigued and his horse was covered with foam.

"I told him that the governor was down on his farm two or three miles away and that, as he seemed tired and broken down, I would deliver the letter. The officer hesitated, but upon the young lady assuring him that I was as one of the family and that it would be all right he gave me the letter, which was in a large official envelope. The officer went into the house to rest and get something to eat. I got on a horse and hurried to the farm to see Gov. Price.

"I found the old fellow at work in the barn fanning wheat," Maj. Alderson went on, with a reminiscent smile. "They had buried two or three sacks of grain to keep it from falling into the hands of the northern troops, and now they had resurrected it and were cleaning it to have some bread. A negro was turning the wheat fan, another was scraping away the cleaned wheat, and Gov. Price was standing by the hopper working the grain through to the ridges.

"I jumped off my horse and hurried into the barn.

"Governor," I said in some excitement, "here is a letter for you from the president of the United States."

"The old fellow turned as white as a sheet. You see, we did not know at that time just what course the United States government would pursue toward the men who had fought in the confederate army or held office under the confederate government. The old fellow broke the seal and took out a large document, portentous looking, indeed. He read hurriedly and then laughed.

"It's all right," he said, and he handed me the letter. It was addressed to Lieut. Gov. Price, and signed by Abraham Lincoln. It requested him to call the Virginia legislature together at once to take action regarding the changed condition of affairs in the state. In conclusion were these words, which I shall always remember: 'I want you people to come back and hang up your hats on the same old pegs.' "But on the very night that letter was received, I think," said Maj. Alderson, "the president was assassinated, and his plans for the government of the states which seceded were never carried out."

Maj. Alderson said that the letter was addressed to the lieutenant governor for the reason that Gov. Smith had fled from Richmond at the evacuation of that city, and President Lincoln did not know where he was.

Bishop and General.

An anecdote is related about Bishop Rosecrans, brother of the late Gen. W. S. Rosecrans, which is vouched for on good authority. The bishop was at a dinner one day in 1864, when the conversation turned on the civil war.

One of the group remarked: "It would seem, bishop, that you and your brother are engaged in very different callings." "Yes, it would appear so," responded the bishop. "And yet," he continued, "we are both fighting men. While the general is wielding the sword of the flesh, I trust that I am using the sword of the spirit. He is fighting the rebels, and I am fighting the spirit of darkness. There is the difference in the pursuit of our several duties; he is fighting with Price (Gen.), while I am fighting without price."—N. Y. Tribune.

SHELL SENTINELS.

Grant's Mortars Kept the Confederates Very Busy While They Were Holding Petersburg.

"The thing that annoyed us most while we were holding Grant back from Petersburg," said Judge Samuel J. Harrison, of Hannibal, in the Kansas City Star, "was the fuse bomb fired from mortars. We kept sentries on the look-out all the time. When trouble started our way the sentry would call: 'Twenty-four pounder coming to the left,' or whatever direction it might be, and we would scamper into the bomb-proofs. The bomb-proofs were generally six feet deep and 15 feet square, with solid earth over them. We kept our ammunition chests there until they commenced handing out 75-pounders to us, and then no place was safe. One could see the shells coming and get out of the way, but it was tiresome watching the sky all the time, and so shell sentries were stationed along the front. When a shell would light it would tear a hole in the earth as big as a well. They made a funny noise like the gobble of a turkey. It was kind of them and gave us a chance to leave word that we were 'not at home' when they called, if the sentry happened to forget.

"The boys in the trenches developed considerable agility in dodging. One day a 24-pounder struck right at the feet of a gunner, without going off, but the fuse was sputtering worse than a cannon cracker. The gunner lifted it over the parapet in an instant, and it went off with a noise to raise the dead. I asked him how he came to take such a hair-breadth chance for his life.

"You'll swear never to tell," he said. I swore.

"Well," he said, with a grin, "I didn't have time to run."

"In such cases a man follows his first impulse, and the impulse to run seemed to be a lacking element in a soldier of the army of north Virginia in times of extreme peril. When the mine was fired under the center of Lee's fortifications on the early morning of July 30, 1864, and men, cannon and earth were shooting skyward and the federal cannon were turned on the general confusion it looked for a few minutes like an earthquake and a volcano had joined hands. But in a few minutes the ranks had closed up and every man was at his gun. I don't remember seeing a man start to run and our battery was pretty close to where the trouble was. There were three ominous happenings within two or three minutes—the center of the fortification had been blown up, a terrific cannonade followed before the smoke of the mine cleared away, and then the infantry charged. Of course you know the result of the crater fight. Somebody made a mistake, but it wasn't 'Uncle Bob' who had to 'stand in the corner' for it.

"Gen. Lee knew something was going on when the union forces were preparing the mine, and he put men to work excavating in the hope of striking the enemy's underground works. I have often wondered what would have happened had the two forces met in the tunnel."

LIFTED IT OVER THE PARAPET.

ing the sky all the time, and so shell sentries were stationed along the front. When a shell would light it would tear a hole in the earth as big as a well. They made a funny noise like the gobble of a turkey. It was kind of them and gave us a chance to leave word that we were 'not at home' when they called, if the sentry happened to forget.

"The boys in the trenches developed considerable agility in dodging. One day a 24-pounder struck right at the feet of a gunner, without going off, but the fuse was sputtering worse than a cannon cracker. The gunner lifted it over the parapet in an instant, and it went off with a noise to raise the dead. I asked him how he came to take such a hair-breadth chance for his life.

"You'll swear never to tell," he said. I swore.

"Well," he said, with a grin, "I didn't have time to run."

"In such cases a man follows his first impulse, and the impulse to run seemed to be a lacking element in a soldier of the army of north Virginia in times of extreme peril. When the mine was fired under the center of Lee's fortifications on the early morning of July 30, 1864, and men, cannon and earth were shooting skyward and the federal cannon were turned on the general confusion it looked for a few minutes like an earthquake and a volcano had joined hands. But in a few minutes the ranks had closed up and every man was at his gun. I don't remember seeing a man start to run and our battery was pretty close to where the trouble was. There were three ominous happenings within two or three minutes—the center of the fortification had been blown up, a terrific cannonade followed before the smoke of the mine cleared away, and then the infantry charged. Of course you know the result of the crater fight. Somebody made a mistake, but it wasn't 'Uncle Bob' who had to 'stand in the corner' for it.

"Gen. Lee knew something was going on when the union forces were preparing the mine, and he put men to work excavating in the hope of striking the enemy's underground works. I have often wondered what would have happened had the two forces met in the tunnel."

LIFTED IT OVER THE PARAPET.

ing the sky all the time, and so shell sentries were stationed along the front. When a shell would light it would tear a hole in the earth as big as a well. They made a funny noise like the gobble of a turkey. It was kind of them and gave us a chance to leave word that we were 'not at home' when they called, if the sentry happened to forget.

"The boys in the trenches developed considerable agility in dodging. One day a 24-pounder struck right at the feet of a gunner, without going off, but the fuse was sputtering worse than a cannon cracker. The gunner lifted it over the parapet in an instant, and it went off with a noise to raise the dead. I asked him how he came to take such a hair-breadth chance for his life.

"You'll swear never to tell," he said. I swore.

"Well," he said, with a grin, "I didn't have time to run."

"In such cases a man follows his first impulse, and the impulse to run seemed to be a lacking element in a soldier of the army of north Virginia in times of extreme peril. When the mine was fired under the center of Lee's fortifications on the early morning of July 30, 1864, and men, cannon and earth were shooting skyward and the federal cannon were turned on the general confusion it looked for a few minutes like an earthquake and a volcano had joined hands. But in a few minutes the ranks had closed up and every man was at his gun. I don't remember seeing a man start to run and our battery was pretty close to where the trouble was. There were three ominous happenings within two or three minutes—the center of the fortification had been blown up, a terrific cannonade followed before the smoke of the mine cleared away, and then the infantry charged. Of course you know the result of the crater fight. Somebody made a mistake, but it wasn't 'Uncle Bob' who had to 'stand in the corner' for it.

"Gen. Lee knew something was going on when the union forces were preparing the mine, and he put men to work excavating in the hope of striking the enemy's underground works. I have often wondered what would have happened had the two forces met in the tunnel."

LIFTED IT OVER THE PARAPET.

ing the sky all the time, and so shell sentries were stationed along the front. When a shell would light it would tear a hole in the earth as big as a well. They made a funny noise like the gobble of a turkey. It was kind of them and gave us a chance to leave word that we were 'not at home' when they called, if the sentry happened to forget.

"The boys in the trenches developed considerable agility in dodging. One day a 24-pounder struck right at the feet of a gunner, without going off, but the fuse was sputtering worse than a cannon cracker. The gunner lifted it over the parapet in an instant, and it went off with a noise to raise the dead. I asked him how he came to take such a hair-breadth chance for his life.

"You'll swear never to tell," he said. I swore.

"Well," he said, with a grin, "I didn't have time to run."

"In such cases a man follows his first impulse, and the impulse to run seemed to be a lacking element in a soldier of the army of north Virginia in times of extreme peril. When the mine was fired under the center of Lee's fortifications on the early morning of July 30, 1864, and men, cannon and earth were shooting skyward and the federal cannon were turned on the general confusion it looked for a few minutes like an earthquake and a volcano had joined hands. But in a few minutes the ranks had closed up and every man was at his gun. I don't remember seeing a man start to run and our battery was pretty close to where the trouble was. There were three ominous happenings within two or three minutes—the center of the fortification had been blown up, a terrific cannonade followed before the smoke of the mine cleared away, and then the infantry charged. Of course you know the result of the crater fight. Somebody made a mistake, but it wasn't 'Uncle Bob' who had to 'stand in the corner' for it.

"Gen. Lee knew something was going on when the union forces were preparing the mine, and he put men to work excavating in the hope of striking the enemy's underground works. I have often wondered what would have happened had the two forces met in the tunnel."

LIFTED IT OVER THE PARAPET.

ing the sky all the time, and so shell sentries were stationed along the front. When a shell would light it would tear a hole in the earth as big as a well. They made a funny noise like the gobble of a turkey. It was kind of them and gave us a chance to leave word that we were 'not at home' when they called, if the sentry happened to forget.

"The boys in the trenches developed considerable agility in dodging. One day a 24-pounder struck right at the feet of a gunner, without going off, but the fuse was sputtering worse than a cannon cracker. The gunner lifted it over the parapet in an instant, and it went off with a noise to raise the dead. I asked him how he came to take such a hair-breadth chance for his life.

"You'll swear never to tell," he said. I swore.

"Well," he said, with a grin, "I didn't have time to run."

"In such cases a man follows his first impulse, and the impulse to run seemed to be a lacking element in a soldier of the army of north Virginia in times of extreme peril. When the mine was fired under the center of Lee's fortifications on the early morning of July 30, 1864, and men, cannon and earth were shooting skyward and the federal cannon were turned on the general confusion it looked for a few minutes like an earthquake and a volcano had joined hands. But in a few minutes the ranks had closed up and every man was at his gun. I don't remember seeing a man start to run and our battery was pretty close to where the trouble was. There were three ominous happenings within two or three minutes—the center of the fortification had been blown up, a terrific cannonade followed before the smoke of the mine cleared away, and then the infantry charged. Of course you know the result of the crater fight. Somebody made a mistake, but it wasn't 'Uncle Bob' who had to 'stand in the corner' for it.

"Gen. Lee knew something was going on when the union forces were preparing the mine, and he put men to work excavating in the hope of striking the enemy's underground works. I have often wondered what would have happened had the two forces met in the tunnel."

LIFTED IT OVER THE PARAPET.

ing the sky all the time, and so shell sentries were stationed along the front. When a shell would light it would tear a hole in the earth as big as a well. They made a funny noise like the gobble of a turkey. It was kind of them and gave us a chance to leave word that we were 'not at home' when they called, if the sentry happened to forget.

"The boys in the trenches developed considerable agility in dodging. One day a 24-pounder struck right at the feet of a gunner, without going off, but the fuse was sputtering worse than a cannon cracker. The gunner lifted it over the parapet in an instant, and it went off with a noise to raise the dead. I asked him how he came to take such a hair-breadth chance for his life.

"You'll swear never to tell," he said. I swore.

"Well," he said, with a grin, "I didn't have time to run."

"In such cases a man follows his first impulse, and the impulse to run seemed to be a lacking element in a soldier of the army of north Virginia in times of extreme peril. When the mine was fired under the center of Lee's fortifications on the early morning of July 30, 1864, and men, cannon and earth were shooting skyward and the federal cannon were turned on the general confusion it looked for a few minutes like an earthquake and a volcano had joined hands. But in a few minutes the ranks had closed up and every man was at his gun. I don't remember seeing a man start to run and our battery was pretty close to where the trouble was. There were three ominous happenings within two or three minutes—the center of the fortification had been blown up, a terrific cannonade followed before the smoke of the mine cleared away, and then the infantry charged. Of course you know the result of the crater fight. Somebody made a mistake, but it wasn't 'Uncle Bob' who had to 'stand in the corner' for it.

"Gen. Lee knew something was going on when the union forces were preparing the mine, and he put men to work excavating in the hope of striking the enemy's underground works. I have often wondered what would have happened had the two forces met in the tunnel."

LIFTED IT OVER THE PARAPET.

ing the sky all the time, and so shell sentries were stationed along the front. When a shell would light it would tear a hole in the earth as big as a well. They made a funny noise like the gobble of a turkey. It was kind of them and gave us a chance to leave word that we were 'not at home' when they called, if the sentry happened to forget.

"The boys in the trenches developed considerable agility in dodging. One day a 24-pounder struck right at the feet of a gunner, without going off, but the fuse was sputtering worse than a cannon cracker. The gunner lifted it over the parapet in an instant, and it went off with a noise to raise the dead. I asked him how he came to take such a hair-breadth chance for his life.

"You'll swear never to tell," he said. I swore.

"Well," he said, with a grin, "I didn't have time to run."

"In such cases a man follows his first impulse, and the impulse to run seemed to be a lacking element in a soldier of the army of north Virginia in times of extreme peril. When the mine was fired under the center of Lee's fortifications on the early morning of July 30, 1864, and men, cannon and earth were shooting skyward and the federal cannon were turned on the general confusion it looked for a few minutes like an earthquake and a volcano had joined hands. But in a few minutes the ranks had closed up and every man was at his gun. I don't remember seeing a man start to run and our battery was pretty close to where the trouble was. There were three ominous happenings within two or three minutes—the center of the fortification had been blown up, a terrific cannonade followed before the smoke of the mine cleared away, and then the infantry charged. Of course you know the result of the crater fight. Somebody made a mistake, but it wasn't 'Uncle Bob' who had to 'stand in the corner' for it.

"Gen. Lee knew something was going on when the union forces were preparing the mine, and he put men to work excavating in the hope of striking the enemy's underground works. I have often wondered what would have happened had the two forces met in the tunnel."

LIFTED IT OVER THE PARAPET.

ing the sky all the time, and so shell sentries were stationed along the front. When a shell would light it would tear a hole in the earth as big as a well. They made a funny noise like the gobble of a turkey. It was kind of them and gave us a chance to leave word that we were 'not at home' when they called, if the sentry happened to forget.

"The boys in the trenches developed considerable agility in dodging. One day a 24-pounder struck right at the feet of a gunner, without going off, but the fuse was sputtering worse than a cannon cracker. The gunner lifted it over the parapet in an instant, and it went off with a noise to raise the dead. I asked him how he came to take such a hair-breadth chance for his life.

"You'll swear never to tell," he said. I swore.

"Well," he said, with a grin, "I didn't have time to run."

"In such cases a man follows his first impulse, and the impulse to run seemed to be a lacking element in a soldier of the army of north Virginia in times of extreme peril. When the mine was fired under the center of Lee's fortifications on the early morning of July 30, 1864, and men, cannon and earth were shooting skyward and the federal cannon were turned on the general confusion it looked for a few minutes like an earthquake and a volcano had joined hands. But in a few minutes the ranks had closed up and every man was at his gun. I don't remember seeing a man start to run and our battery was pretty close to where the trouble was. There were three ominous happenings within two or three minutes—the center of the fortification had been blown up, a terrific cannonade followed before the smoke of the mine cleared away, and then the infantry charged. Of course you know the result of the crater fight. Somebody made a mistake, but it wasn't 'Uncle Bob' who had to 'stand in the corner' for it.

"Gen. Lee knew something was going on when the union forces were preparing the mine, and he put men to work excavating in the hope of striking the enemy's underground works. I have often wondered what would have happened had the two forces met in the tunnel."

LIFTED IT OVER THE PARAPET.

ing the sky all the time, and so shell sentries were stationed along the front. When a shell would light it would tear a hole in the earth as big as a well. They made a funny noise like the gobble of a turkey. It was kind of them and gave us a chance to leave word that we were 'not at home' when they called, if the sentry happened to forget.

"The boys in the trenches developed considerable agility in dodging. One day a 24-pounder struck right at the feet of a gunner, without going off, but the fuse was sputtering worse than a cannon cracker. The gunner lifted it over the parapet in an instant, and it went off with a noise to raise the dead. I asked him how he came to take such a hair-breadth chance for his life.

"You'll swear never to tell," he said. I swore.

"Well," he said, with a grin, "I didn't have time to run."

"In such cases a man follows his first impulse, and the impulse to run seemed to be a lacking element in a soldier of the army of north Virginia in times of extreme peril. When the mine was fired under the center of Lee's fortifications on the early morning of July 30, 1864, and men, cannon and earth were shooting skyward and the federal cannon were turned on the general confusion it looked for a few minutes like an earthquake and a volcano had joined hands. But in a few minutes the ranks had closed up and every man was at his gun. I don't remember seeing a man start to run and our battery was pretty close to where the trouble was. There were three ominous happenings within two or three minutes—the center of the fortification had been blown up, a terrific cannonade followed before the smoke of the mine cleared away, and then the infantry charged. Of course you know the result of the crater fight. Somebody made a mistake, but it wasn't 'Uncle Bob' who had to 'stand in the corner' for it.

"Gen. Lee knew something was going on when the union forces were preparing the mine, and he put men to work excavating in the hope of striking the enemy's underground works. I have often wondered what would have happened had the two forces met in the tunnel."

LIFTED IT OVER THE PARAPET.

ing the sky all the time, and so shell sentries were stationed along the front. When a shell would light it would tear a hole in the earth as big as a well. They made a funny noise like the gobble of a turkey. It was kind of them and gave us a chance to leave word that we were 'not at home' when they called, if the sentry happened to forget.

"The boys in the trenches developed considerable agility in dodging. One day a 24-pounder struck right at the feet of a gunner, without going off, but the fuse was sputtering worse than a cannon cracker. The gunner lifted it over the parapet in an instant, and it went off with a noise to raise the dead. I asked him how he came to take such a hair-breadth chance for his life.

"You'll swear never to tell," he said. I swore.

"Well," he said, with a grin, "I didn't have time to run."

"In such cases a man follows his first impulse, and the impulse to run seemed to be a lacking element in a soldier of the army of north Virginia in times of extreme peril. When the mine was fired under the center of Lee's fortifications on the early morning of July 30, 1864, and men, cannon and earth were shooting skyward and the federal cannon were turned on the general confusion it looked for a few minutes like an earthquake and a volcano had joined hands. But in a few minutes the ranks had closed up and every man was at his gun. I don't remember seeing a man start to run and our battery was pretty close to where the trouble was. There were three ominous happenings within two or three minutes—the center of the fortification had been blown up, a terrific cannonade followed before the smoke of the mine cleared away, and then the infantry charged. Of course you know the result of the crater fight. Somebody made a mistake, but it wasn't 'Uncle Bob' who had to 'stand in the corner' for it.

"Gen. Lee knew something was going on when the union forces were preparing the mine, and he put men to work excavating in the hope of striking the enemy's underground works. I have often wondered what would have happened had the two forces met in the tunnel."

LIFTED IT OVER THE PARAPET.

ing the sky all the time, and so shell sentries were stationed along the front. When a shell would light it would tear a hole in the earth as big as a well. They made a funny noise like the gobble of a turkey. It was kind of them and gave us a chance to leave word that we were 'not at home' when they called, if the sentry happened to forget.

For Young People

GUESSING SONG.

Oh, ho! oh, ho! Pray, who can I be?
I sweep o'er the land, I scour o'er the sea;
I cut the tall trees till they bow down their heads,
And I rock the wee birds asleep in their beds.

Oh, ho! oh, ho! And who can I be?
That sweep o'er the land and scour o'er the sea?
I rumple the breast of the gray-headed daw,
I tip the rook's tail up and make him cry 'caw!'
But though I love fun, I'm so big and so strong,
At a puff of my breath the great ships sail along.

Oh, ho! oh, ho! And who can I be?
That sweep o'er the land and scour o'er the sea?
I swing all the weathercocks this way and that,
I play hare-and-hounds with a runaway hat;
But, however I wander, I ne'er go astray;
For, go where I will, I've a free right of way!

Oh, ho! oh, ho! And who can I be?
That sweep o'er the land and scour o'er the sea?
I skim o'er the heather, I dance up the street;
I've foes that I laugh at, and friends that I greet;
I'm named in the east and I'm known in the west,
But I think the Dean Bridge is the place I love best.

Oh, ho! oh, ho! And who can I be?
That sweep o'er the land and scour o'er the sea?
—Henry Johnstone, in St. Nicholas.

ROOSTER FINDS MOON.

Lord of the Barnyard Made a Strange Discovery Which Surprised Him Very Much.

Because he had eaten too much supper, a rooster one night was unable to sleep, and he just had to sit up on the roost and gaze out through the cracks in the henhouse roof at the stars while all the rest of his family slept and snored.

He thought the stars were very wonderful, and the moon seemed marvelous. The next day, as he crossed a field, he came across a ball—one of those fancy colored bouncing balls that children love to play with. Now, Mr. Rooster had never seen one of them before, and he did not know what it was.

"This must be the moon that I saw last night," he said, finally. "I wonder what it is doing down here, instead of being up in the sky. It is very beautiful, it is true, but I would like to see it shine as it did last night. I suppose it doesn't shine during the day, so I'll wait until night and see it."

So Mr. Rooster sat down by the ball and waited. The sun went down and it grew dark, and black clouds hid the stars and all the sky, but still the ball would not shine.

"It is very strange," declared the rooster, as he sat and waited. All the other chickens had gone to roost hours before, but still the rooster waited and watched.

Then the wind began to blow and the thunder to roll and the lightning to flash, and the first thing Mr. Rooster knew it was raining in torrents, and he was soaked to the skin, and most frightened out of his wits.

"I'll save the moon," he cried, and he grabbed up the ball and tried to run with it. When he reached the henhouse door the rain had stopped, and the wind had swept the clouds from the sky, and Mr. Rooster looked up and saw the moon smiling sweetly at him.

"So this isn't the moon, after all," said Mr. Rooster, looking down at the ball. "Well, I guess it must be one of the stars."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Relic of Roman Rule.

A most interesting memorial of the Roman occupation of England has just been sold under the auctioneer's hammer. This is the Roman station of Amboglanna, the largest on the famous wall which marked the limit of the Roman province. After an existence of 1,800 years the walls of the station, five feet thick, are in a wonderful state of preservation. The gateways are noble specimens of Roman work. Some of the wedge-shaped stones in the arches are still to be seen on the ground. The interior of the camp is marked with lines of streets and the ruins of buildings.

Marks Would Not Come.

Small Willie was trying to write with a dull lead pencil that his mother had given him, but meeting with poor success he finally exclaimed: "Oh, mamma, the wood has slipped down over the lead, and the marks can't come out!"

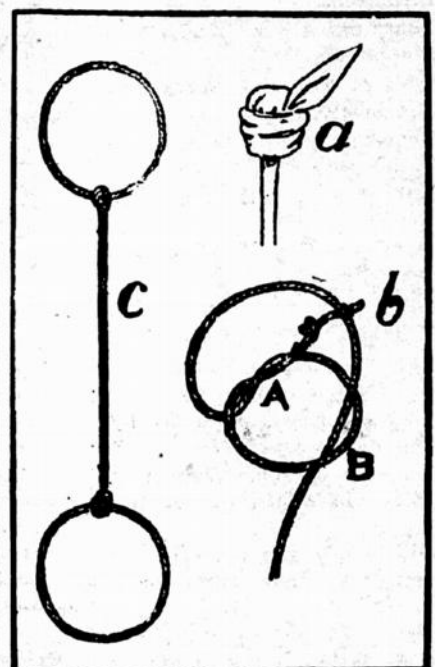
AMUSING PARLOR TRICK.

It is Called "Fettered and Unfettered" and Any Bright Boy Can Learn to Perform It.

The performer allows himself to be tied with a fetter (consisting of a band) as is shown in C of illustration. One hand is tied to the end of the band first, then the other. The band must be so long that the hands can move pretty freely. The performer, after being tied, speaks a few words of introduction, excuses himself for being obliged to take off his coat, takes off his coat and appears fettered as before.

Finally he slips his coat on again and asks somebody to cut the fetters, which appear to be intact and in the same condition as when they were tied at the beginning of the performance.

To perform this trick effectively, a cutaway coat should be worn, having in its back pockets the principal requisite, a second fetter. Besides this fetter a small pair of scissors is secreted in the same pocket. This pair of scissors serves to cut the band tied by the audience.



FETTERED AND UNFETTERED.

ence, for these fetters must come off to make room for the others.

After the hands of the performer are tied, he goes into the pocket with one hand, takes the pair of scissors and cuts the fetters. As his hands are tied behind his back, nobody can see this manipulation. The old fetters are put away in his pocket and the new fetter is made ready for use. This second fetter is made in the following way. The band used is just as long as the one used to tie the hands.

On each end a simple knot is made (a), then a loose knot in the shape of a loop (b), allowing the band to slip for tightening around the wrists and loosening as the performer desires (a-b). After the original fetters are cut and the coat is taken off the performer slips both hands into the loops and pulls them tight.

This fetter cannot be distinguished from the original one. By repeating this experiment, all sorts of variations in tying and untying can be shown, until finally this pseudo band is cut off by one of the audience.—Boston Globe.

SPIDER ENTRAPS BIRD.

A Brown Creeper Invades the Field Museum and Suddenly Comes to Grief.

"Will you walk into my parlor?" Said the spider to the fly,
This time it was not the fly that the wily spider sought to entangle in his meshes, but a small bird, against which he felt he had just cause for grievance.

It seems that during the past season the Field Museum at Chicago has been infested with large quantities of obnoxious spiders. They have feasted on the ceiling and great columns of the building with yards of their shuttlework, much to the annoyance of the authorities. Scrubwomen and janitors have tried in vain to relieve the building of the pests and their work. Even the suggestions of frost did not seem to greatly diminish the insects. Finally a wee brown creeper, discovering the state of things there, decided to take up his abode inside and assist the authorities in ridding the building of the pests.

For several days he flitted about very much as he pleased, confining himself mainly to the rear entrance room, wagging up and down column after column and probing his long bill into every crevice. With his murderous vigilance he actually carried on a very effective work there. He seemed a permanent fixture, and the authorities and the public eyed him amusedly.

The other morning, however, as a curator of one of the departments was passing, a guard remarked: "There's a bird for your collection! Looks as if it was done for."

The bird lay panting on its side at the bottom of one of the columns. "Bring a fly," said the scientist, as he took the little creeper in his hands. The guard held a buzzing fly on the point of a pin to the bird's beak, saw it bite at it voraciously.

"Doesn't look as if he were going to die," said the scientist. "I wonder what the matter with him, anyway?" Turning the bird over in his hand, he found it had been entrapped in a large spider's web, which had bound the wing and tail together in such a manner as to preclude flying. It looked as if some wise old spider had resented the bird's work of extermination and had purposefully ensnared him in a trap.

The queer bandage was removed and the bird darted out over the iron grating and shot out of sight across the lagoon.—Chicago Daily News.

The Armchair's Sleeves.