

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 Timas-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 word, 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. 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 rid-

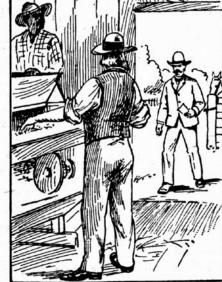
"I jumped off my horse and hurried into the barn.

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

30

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"The old fellow turned as white as a sheet. You see, we did not know at that time just what course the United extreme peril. When the mine was States government would pursue toward fired under the center of Lee's fortificathe men who had fought in the confederate army or held office under the confederate government. The old fellow shooting skyward and the federal can-



GOV. PRICE AT THE HOPPER.

ument, 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 nad had to fiee 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 call-

ings." "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 with- judgment to keep silent.-Chicago Jourput price."-N. Y. Tribune.

SHELL SENTINELS.

rant's Mortars Kept the Confeder ates Very Busy While They Were Holding Petersburg.

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 lookout 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 bombproofs. 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 watch-



LIFTED IT OVER THE PARAPET.

ing the sky all the time, and so shell sentinels 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 "They had buried two or three sacks 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.'

impulse, and the impulse to run seemed to be a lacking element in a soldier of the army of north Virginia in times of tions on the early morning of July 30, 1864, and men, cannon and earth were non 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."

FROM CASE TO CAPITAL.

Printer Put Down His "Stick" and Enlisted, and His Good Nature Won for Him.

In 1863, the funny man among the printers of the Madison (Wis.) Journal laid his "stick" on the "case" and looked hard at the ceiling for a moment. Then

"Where must you go, George?" asked John Hawks, the foreman.

and started for the door.

"To the war, John; I am going out to enlist now." He kept his word, says Success.

The new recruit in the Fourth Wisand rare good nature, marched at once him. into popularity, and within a few months was a lieutenant. He came home, at the close of the war, in command of a company, and at once resumed work in a printing office, but this time as editor and proprietor. Twenty-five years ago he served as chief clerk of the assembly; 22 years ago he located in Milwaukee and in two years had the most popular weekly paper in the west, with a circulation of nearly 100,000. He made money rapidly. One Saturday night he figured up his earnings and found that they were \$5,000 more than he had estimated. He made his venerable mother a present of \$500. It was more money than she ever before possessed at one time. On another occasion he sent her \$1,000. Ten years ago his party drafted him into the service and made him mayor of Milwaukee. The following fall he was nominated for governor and elected, and two years later was reelected.

Two Misfortanes.

It is great misfortune not to have enough wit to speak well or not enough



GUESSING SONG.

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

beds. Oh, ho! oh, ho! And who can I be That sweep o'er the land and scour o'er the

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

At a puff of my breath the great ships sail Oh, ho! oh, ho! And who can I be That sweep o'er the land and scour o'er the

swing all the weathercocks this way and I play hare-and-hounds with a runaway

But, however I wander, I ne'er go astray; For, go where I will, I've a free right of way! Ok, ho! oh ho! And who can I be That sweep o er the land and scour o'er the

I skim o'er the heather, I dance up the I've foes that I laugh at, and friends that I greet; I'm named in the east and I'm known in

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 -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 marvel-

he came across a ball-one of those away in his pocket and the new fetter fancy colored bouncing balls that children love to play with. Now, Mr. ter is made in the following way. The Rooster had never seen one of them band used is just as long as the one before, and he did not know what used to tie the hands. it was.

"This must be the moon that I saw last night," he said, finally. "I won-"In such cases a man follows his first der what it is doing down here, in-



stead 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

would not shine. "It is very strange," declared the rooster, as he sat and waited. All the other chickens had gone to

waited and watched. Then the wind began to blow and

flash, and the first thing Mr. Rooster ging up and down column after column knew it was raining in torrents, and he he said: "I must go," put on his coat, was soaked to the skin, and most frightened out of his pits. "I'll save the moon," he cried, and

he grabbed up the ball and tried to and the authorities and the public eyed 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 passing, a guard remarked: consin cavalry, by his quaint remarks and saw the moon smiling sweetly at

"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 Ambogianna, 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 and shot out of sight across the lagoon. ruins of buildings.

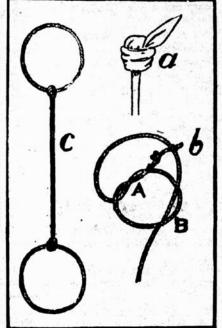
Marks Would Not Come.

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, mamlead, and the marks can't come out!"

and Any Bright Boy Can Learn to Perform It.

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 uppears fettered as before.

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 audi-



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 The next day, as he crossed a field, manipulation. The old fetters are put is made ready for use. This second fet-

> 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 on 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 festooned 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 stars and all the sky, but still the ball 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 authoriroost hours before, but still the rooster ties in ridding the building of the pests. For several days he flitted about very much as he pleased, confining himself the thunder to roll and the lightning to mainly to the rear entrance room, wagand 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, him amusedly.

The other morning, however, as a curator of one of the departments was

"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's 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 purposely ensuared him in a trap.

The queer bandage was removed and the bird darted out over the fron grating -Chicago Daily News.

The Armehair's Sleeves.

Tommie's mother was having some furniture upholstered, and she sent hips to the shop to see when it would be ready. "It's all done 'cept the sleeves to the big ma, the wood has slipped down over the armchair," the little man explained upon his return.

AMUSING PARLOR TRICK.

Is Called "Fettered and Unfettered"

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

GOVERNOR OF OREGON 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 pretional contents of the band set of the band set of the band set of the band first, then the other. The band must be so long that the hands can move pretions of the band set of the band se CAPITOL BUILDING, SALEM, OREGON.

A Letter From The Governor of Oregon.

Peruna is known from the Atlantic to | tinually in the house. In a recent letthe Pacific. Letters of congratulation ter to Dr. Hartman, he says: and commendation testifying to the merits of Peruna as a catarrh remedy are pouring in from every State in the Union. Dr. Hartman is receiving hundreds of such letters daily. All classes write these letters, from the highest to the lowest.

The outdoor laborer, the indoor artisan, the clerk, the editor, the statesman, the preacher-all agree that Peruna is the catarrh remedy of the age. The stage and rostrum, recognizing catarrh as their greatest enemy, are especially

It will be noticed that the Governor

to use it for other allments.

says he has not had occasion to use Peenthusiastic in their praise and testi-mony. Any man who wishes perfect health with a cold. Using Peruna to promptly must be entirely free from catarrh. Catarrh is well nigh universal; almost omother ailments. This is exactly what nipresent. Peruna is the only absolute safeguard known. A cold is the beginning of catarrh. To prevent colds, to cure colds, is to cheat catarrh out of other climatic affections of winter, and its victims. Peruna not only cures ca- there will be no other silments in the tarrh, but prevents it. Every household should be supplied with this great remedy for coughs, colds and so forth.

The Governor of Oregon is an ardent admirer of Peruna. He keeps it con-

STATE OF OREGON,

Dear Sirs-I have had occasion to use

your Peruna medicine in my family

for colds, and it proved to be an excel-lent remedy. I have not had occasion

Yours very truly, W. M. Lord.

EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT,

Ask Your Druggist for a free Peruna Almanac for 1904.

SUDDENLY RICH.

teveral Drinks of Whisky Raised the Man from Poverty to Affluence.

Representative Bartlett, of Georgia, was in one of the small towns in his district cam-paigning last fall, says the New York World, and heard a conversation between one of his friends who was about to move to Dallas county, Tex., and a native: "Hear you-all going to Texas," said the native.

"Yes; going to Dallas county."

"Well, I wish you'd look up my brother down there and tell him I'm doing mighty poorly. The interest is coming due and I wish he would send me some money."

The native them went and had a counte of The native then went and had a couple of drinks of local whisky. Shortly afterward he met the man who was going to Texas.

"I hear you-all are g ag to Texas?"

"Yes."

"Well, if you all run across my brother lown there tell him I am fine and that everything is going alorg all right."

The man who was going to Texas promised and the native drapped into the saloon and had some more drinks. When he came out he again hailed the man who was going to Texas and said.

to Texas and said: "Say, if you see my brother down there just tell him to send to me if he needs any

The Oat Wonder. The Editor must tell its readers of this The Editor must tell its readers of this marvel. It originated with the largest farm seed growers in the world, the John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis. It has stiff straw, stands up like a stone wall, is white, heavy, and has long ears, filled to the tip with fat, plump kernels. It is a great stooler, 80 stocks from one kernel. IF YOU WILL SEND THIS NOTICE AND

10c IN STAMPS to above address, you will get a sample of this Oat Wonder, which yielded in 1903, in 40 States from 250 to 310 bu, per acre, together with other farm seed samples and

their big catalog. [K. L.] How Did He Guess It? Bobby-I say, Mr. Updyke, what do you suppose Clara said about you just before

you came in?

Mr. Updyke—I haven't an idea in the world, Robert.

Bobby (amazed)—Well, you've guessed it! That's just what she did say!—Stray

Strictly Business. She—In truth, I think he is neglecting his business to court the rich widow.

He—O, I think not. His business is to

make money, and she has plenty of it.-"Everybody says the baby looks like you.
Doesn't that please you?" "I don't know,"
replied Popley, "but I tell you what; I'm
glad nobody thinks of saying I look like the
baby."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Mrs. Parvenu-"My husband has so much aste, don't you think?" Mrs. Cutting—
'Yes; it's a great pity there isn't a little
of it that might be called good."—Philadeltaste, don't you think?"



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