

THREE ANGELS.

They say this life is barren, dear and cold;
Ever the same sad song was sung of old,
Ever the same long weary tale is told,
And to our lips is held the cup of strife,
And yet—a little love can sweeten life.

They say our hands may grasp but joys destroyed,
Youth has but dreams, and age an aching void,
Whose Dead-Sea fruit, long, long ago has
dried,
Whose night with wild tempestuous storms is
rife—
And yet a little hope can brighten life.

They say we fling ourselves in wild despair
Amid the broken treasures scattered there,
Where all is wrecked, where all once promised
fair;
And yet a little patience strengthens life.

Is it then true, this tale of bitter grief,
Of mortal anguish finding no relief?
Lo! midst the winter shins the laurel's leaf;
Three angels share the lot of human strife,
Three angels glory the path of life.

Love, Hope and Patience cheer us on our way,
Love, Hope and Patience form our spirit's stay,
Love, Hope and Patience watch us day by day,
And the desert bloom with beauty veils,
Until the earthly fades in the eternal.

Miss Mildred's Warning.

"There, girls!"
Elfrida Moore held aloft before us a
dreadful image. "A home-made ghost,"
she called it, laughing at the terrific result
of her half-hour of sedulous occupation.
It was horrible!

We had been reading, that afternoon,
about the Princess Amelia, the ill-fated
sister of Frederick, King of Prussia.

One thing brought up another. And
when an allusion was made to the "Woman
with the Broom" who was said to have
haunted the Prussian palace, at that time,
Elfrida sought a carpet brush with a long
handle, in the closet at the head of the
stairs, and, standing in the outer chamber
alone, began to dress it artistically in a
sheet, by way of showing us her own idea
of the phantom that troubled the rest of
Prussia's kings.

"We girls were alone in the wing chamber,
which had been allotted the owner of the
lovely farm, and the comfortable, old-fash-
ioned farmhouse, in Western Pennsylvania,
where, with our parents, and other friends,
we were spending the early vacation months
of the opening summer.

One other girl, Elfrida's first cousin,
Evelyn Moore, shared the wing chamber
with us.

She had now gone to the village, two
miles distant, for the evening mail.

And Elfrida, who was somewhat envious
of Evelyn's superior scholarship, social
position and good looks, declared that she
would leave her "woman with the broom"
so near the door of our chamber, and in
such a position, that it would inevitably
fall against Evelyn, as soon as she entered
to bring our letters.

"She says that she is afraid of nothing
—that she does not believe in ghosts and
apparitions," she said to us. "Now let's
try her courage. We will hide in the un-
finished chamber, outside, where we can
see and hear all that passes between her
and my phantom."

While we were eyeing the image from a
respectful distance, and feeling half afraid
of the hideous face and the flaming eyes,
which Elfrida had drawn with a few
touches of her crayon and a little phos-
phorus on the white surface of the sheet, a
rustling sound and movement in the outer
chamber made us all huddle together, and
strain our eyes fearfully toward its dusky
entrance.

"We all felt relieved, I think (I own that
I did, for one), when our hostess, Miss
Mildred, emerged from the gloom, and en-
tered our room without pausing to knock.
Elfrida tried to thrust the home-made
ghost into a corner, quite out of sight. But
it was useless to try to conceal from Miss
Mildred's searchingly-comprehensive glance
the hapless apparition.

"Which of you girls made this? Why did
you make it?" she asked, holding it out
at arm's length.

Elfrida told her.

"And please, Miss Mildred, don't tell
Evelyn," she said, coaxingly. "We only
wish to find out whether she is really
braver about such things than we are. She
says she is; and she declared the other
evening that the real 'woman with the
broom' would not have frightened her in
the least—if she had seen and heard her
sweeping, I mean, in the passages of the
royal palace."

"And did you believe her?" asked Miss
Mildred, bending her keen, gray eyes on
Elfrida's eager face.

"No; I did not," confessed Elfrida.

"Did you?"

Miss Mildred addressed us.

I owned that I had my doubts.

Marion Burnett, with a half-averted, timid
look at the dreadful object, that was still
held by our hostess, declared that she had
no doubt whatever.

"No one could help feeling terrified at
such a sight coming suddenly upon them,"
she averred.

"You are none of you without your fair
share of common sense," said Miss Mildred.
"And yet you can deliberately plan and aid
in a deed like this!"

She tossed the image out into the dark,
open chamber.

With an angry exclamation, Elfrida was
springing after it; but she found herself
held back by a strong hand.

"No, girls! that same thing has been
done in this very house once before. Wait
till I tell you what came of it before you
try again to carry it out."

At the thought of hearing a story, Elfrida
forgot her momentary anger, and crowded
in beside us, near the chair at the window,
where Miss Mildred had now seated her-
self.

She looked at us very sadly. The half-
light may have deceived me, but I thought
then, and I still think, that her keen gray
eyes were full of tears, as she began to
speak.

"I did not always live here by myself,
in the old homestead," she said.
"Five and twenty years ago, my dear
mother and father were here; and I had a
darling brother, one year older than my-
self, named Oliver, and a sister, younger
than either of us, who was called Isadore,

after the heroine of a story that my mother
had read, and liked very much, just before
her birth.

"I was always tall, and thin, and gaunt,
as you see me now, girls. I took after my
father. He looked well enough for a man
mind you. But his features and figure did
not suit a girl, and I was always called
'homely' from a child.

"But Oliver was handsome, like my
mother. He had great blue eyes, and curl-
ing brown hair, and the brightest color, and
the sweetest smile. And Isadore was like
him, only far more beautiful. You have
seen her portrait, down stairs."

"What! that lovely, that angelic child?
cried Elfrida, wonderingly. "I thought
that was an artist's ideal picture."

"It was the image of our Isadore at nine
years of age," replied Miss Mildred, trying
to cover the sudden break and tremble in
her voice by a loud "Hem!"

"And by a loud 'Hem!'"

"Painting for beauty," said Miss Mildred.
Strangers used to stop in the street
to look at her and inquire who she was,
and she appeared to know nothing, and to
care nothing, about her wonderful good
looks. She was good and gentle, and al-
ways amiable, without the least apparent
sign of vanity.

"Ripe for heaven," our good old minister
used to say. I wish she might have
gone there *then*," said Miss Mildred with
a stifled groan.

"She did not die, then?" exclaimed El-
frida. "I was so afraid you were going to
tell us of her death!"

"She did not die, God help her!" replied
Miss Mildred, with a sigh so deep and sad
that it was almost a groan. "Here, in this
very wing chamber, my brother Oliver
thought of it," she said, after a long pause.
Here he called me to help him decide
how to carry out the plan. You see, girls,
Isadore was like your friend Evelyn—she
possessed a beauty that was almost un-
conquerable. She seemed to have no fear
of anything, and she was so kind and
kindly; so did I. And neither of us ex-
pected anything more than a hearty
laugh at her expense, or at our own, when
the evening frolic ended.

"It was a halcyon eve. Isadore and her
dearest friend, a Nancy Bruce (who lived
at the farm just below this one), had
agreed to try their fate, with 'spells,' on
that evening. Their 'spells' each other
one thing and another, and finally Isadore
pledged herself to go into the lonely old
north room, with a candle, at nine o'clock
that evening, and eat an apple before
Grandmother Thorne's great mirror, that
had been stored away there for safe-keep-
ing for fifty years or more.

"You see, girls, the idea was that her
future husband's face was to appear to her,
looking over her shoulders, in that mirror,
as she stood before it eating her apple.

"Well, Oliver overheard the girls plan-
ning this that afternoon, and he told me.
And, as I said before, I helped him, here
in this very room, that evening, while he
disguised himself in a long white dress,
with heavy, frowning black eyebrows that
formed a black arch across his forehead.

"I changed him terribly, and he looked
so like a corpse in that shroud-like dress
that I was half scared myself at him. But
neither of us thought of Isadore's being
frightened.

"And so we stole into the north room,
and contrived to get the mirror out of its
frame. Oliver put his face into the vacant
space. I hung a drapery around it, and
charged him to keep perfectly still, and
then stole away, to watch for Isadore in
the hall.

"In a few minutes she came down the
stairs with her candle and apple in her
hands. She was smiling roguishly to her-
self as she opened the door of the north
room and went in."

"And what happened?" asked Elfrida,
eagerly, as Miss Mildred paused.

"Where was your mother? How could
she let Isadore go into that dreadful room?"
breathed Marion Hurst.

"Father and mother were both staying
with a sick neighbor as watchers that
night," said Miss Mildred; "and I watched
and waited, in the outer hall, till Nancy
Bruce came crying, down stairs, to tell
me one thing or another, but she said
nothing that she thought anything awful had
happened to keep Isadore so long in the
north room.

"When Nancy saw me she caught hold
of me and dragged me with her to the door
of the north room. We went in. The
candle was burning on the table. The apple
had fallen to the floor. Beside it the
brother Oliver was lying senseless, in a
fit. His face looked like white fire, in the
half-dim light. The poor foolish boy had
rubbed phosphorus all over it, after I left
him to make it look still more ghastly and
ghost-like."

"And Isadore—where was Isadore?"
cried Marion Hurst, beginning to shiver
with nervous dread.

"We found her huddled down in a heap
in a distant corner, with her face to the
wall. She knew no one. Oliver told us,
long afterward, that she stood gazing at
him in silence so long that he advanced his
face to look at her, through the mirror, mean-
ing to play a trick on her.

"The light, the life, the intelligence, all
went out of her own face at that moment,"
he said. "She fled and crouched down by
the corner; and he, believing then that he
had fatally injured her, fell fainting to the
floor."

"Poor fellow!" sighed Elfrida. "Where
is he now, Miss Mildred?"

"In heaven, I hope! He was one of our
first volunteers from this town, and one of
the first officers who was killed in the last
war. They told me that he exposed his
life in leading his men into action. I did
not mourn for him, girls. I knew *how* long
he was to go. Our parents died heart-
broken, one year from that fatal Hal-
lowe'en."

"But Isadore, where is she?" asked El-
frida, half fearfully.

"At the State Lunatic Asylum. At first,
she seemed only idiotic, and I kept her at
home, devoting my life to her, as some
small return for the wrong that I had
helped to work. But she is now a raging,
raving, dangerous maniac! Oh, girls; there
is nothing left now of the beautiful child,
or of the lovely girl! It was all our fault!"
said poor Miss Mildred, bursting into tears
and hurrying out of the room.

Elfrida's eyes were wet, like ours, as she
brought back and silently demolished the
fearful "woman with the broom." And
Evelyn Moore, returning an hour later with
the letter, never knew why her girls greeted
her so kindly and lovingly, upon that one
particular night.

A Russian Contractor.

The millionaire Nicolai Ivanovitch Put-
loff, who died a few days ago at St. Peters-
burg, was in many respects, an excellent
representative of a class of men indigenous
to Russia. Up to the outbreak of the
Crimean war he was simply a naval officer,
devoted to his profession, but, at the same
time, on the lookout for any short cut that
might lead to fortune. The arrival of the
allied fleet in the Baltic afforded him the
chance he had long been waiting for. He
obtained the contract for the construction
of the gunboats that subsequently tried the
temper of England so sorely, and within a
few months he had turned out at Cronstadt
by means of an elaborate system of piece
work, eighty-one gunboats and corvettes,
provided with an aggregate of ten thousand
horse power and armed with 297 guns of
the largest caliber. It is almost unneces-
sary to say that Putloff made a fortune
out of the contract, for the epoch of the
Crimean war was remarkable, even in the
annals of Russia, for the enormity of offi-
cial corruption. After the war was over,
he went north and built three iron rolling
mills, worked by water power, obtaining
from the Finnish government a mining
monopoly over an area inclosing 385 lakes
and 40,000 square miles. Transferring
these to a company, he started with Obou-
choff, the huge "Obouchoff steel works" at
St. Petersburg, and, after receiving a large
sum of money in the shape of subsidies, he
sold the concern to the war department in
1873, by whose exertions half a dozen big
guns have been turned out, at a cost esti-
mated by the Novosti recently at \$1,500,-
000. Putloff's next enterprise was the
iron rolling mills bearing his name at the
mouth of the Neva, where 5,000 men are
employed and \$240,000 worth of iron and
steel rails turned out every year. Here a
thousand railroad wagons. This little
business was converted into a joint stock
concern four or five years ago, when Put-
loff secured the contract for constructing
the great sea canal from Cronstadt to St.-
Petersburg. Of the 7,500,000 roubles
allotted for the project, a large proportion is
said to have already passed into the pocket
of Putloff and the government officials
without either having done anything to
show for it. The Finnish rolling mill
long ago collapsed, the Obouchoff steel
works is a by word for a gigantic govern-
ment job, the smash of the Putloff works
is daily expected, and it is believed that
the colossal fortune of Putloff himself,
ravaged by extravagance, will be found to
be in as rotten a condition as the great sea
canal scheme at St. Petersburg.

The Daily Life of Admiral Porter.

Admiral Porter is a man of the quietest
habits. He never goes to the Navy De-
partment, and really does little toward
the actual command of the navy. He is, of
course, Inspector-General of the Navy, and
has a board of officers who inspect every
ship when she goes out or comes in. Ex-
amining the reports of his officers and giv-
ing orders to continue the larger share of his
duties. He has a secretary and a staff of
officers, who come every day to his office,
and their duties, no doubt, are quite onerous.
The admiral is not one of your early risers.
He is much like all other good people who
live long, except in the matter of early ris-
ing. He generally turns out (how easy it
is to become nautical) about eight or half
past eight, and by nine or ten he is in
his office. The latter part of the day he is
less busy, and he will come to a cigar with
a friend in his free and easy office with en-
tire freedom. He sticks close to his house,
and is rarely seen in the streets. He owns
good horses, but when he is out he is as likely
to be in his daughter's pony phaeton as in
the dignified family carriage. He enter-
tains handsomely, but mostly at dinners.
He goes out only enough to keep him in
the circle of society. In appearance Ad-
miral Porter has not a military air, and he
looks no more like an old salt than a
business man. He is about five feet nine
inches high, with a figure well knit and
straight and just stout enough. He weighs
about 180 pounds. His hair is thinning
and turning gray slowly; his hair is
turning gray here and there. He is not a
particularly striking man, but if you talk
with him you will find that he reads and
thinks, and that his ideas are nearly as
good as they can be. He is now sixty-five
years old, but he looks fifteen years younger.
He has been engaged for several years in
writing a history of the navy during the war.

A Thrilling Romance.

It was the wild midnight. The tame
midnight was off watch and had gone to
bed three hours before. A storm brewed
over the eastern heavens. Hog brewed,
for it was coming from the west. Hawk
Eye creek was rolling tumultuously in its
sandy bed. Bugs, probably, or it might
have been nervousness. A little form
covered at the garden gate. Many a
sunny form has been covered at just such
a place, since summer nights and gnats
and beauty, and love and June bugs were
invented.

"He does not come," she murmured
softly, as she peeped into the darkness. "I
cannot see him, I will call him."

She was wrong. If she couldn't see
him, she certainly couldn't call him with
the same hand. A manly step scraping
down the sidewalk. It was Desmond.

She threw open the gate, and the next
instant he clasped in his great strong arms,
twenty-seven years of fourfold, three fold,
or nothing, seven dozen Breton buttons
and a Pompadour painter as big as a dog
house. It was all his own.

"All is lost," he exclaimed: Constance
do Belvidere, the Russians have crossed
the Balkans. "We must fly."

He wanted to fly to some lone desert
isle, but she submitted an amendment pro-
viding that they should fly to the ice-cream
saloon.

They flew.

To the crowded saloon, where the soft
light fell upon fair women and brave men,
and the insects of a summer night fell in
the ice-cream freezer. They spoke no
word.

When two sentimental human beings are
engulfed spoonfuls of corn starch and eggs
and skim-milk, language is a mockery.

At length Desmond broke the tender
silence. He said:

"More, dearest?"

She smiled and bowed her lovely head,
but did not speak. She was too full for
utterance.

Desmond gloomily ordered more. And
more when that was gone. And a suppli-
ment to that. And an addendum to that.
And an exhibit to that.

Gloom on Enthroned upon his brow.

Constance saw it. She said:
"What is it, dearest?"
He spoke not, but sighed.
A dreadful suspicion stabbed her heart
like a knife.

Desmond, she said, you are not
tired of me, darling?
He denied it bitterly, and made her re-
main where she was while he settled with
the man.

She, guided by the unerring instinct of
her sex peeped through the curtains of
the saloon. She saw her Desmond holding
earnest discourse 'th the man. She saw
the man shake his head resolutely in an-
swer to Desmond.

"I will lock the
door, take out the key, and lean up against
my own Desmond draw from his own
pockets and pile up on the counter a pearl
handkerchief, six nickles, four
green postage stamps, a key, two lead
pencils, a memorandum book, a theater
ticket (of the variety denomination), a
pencil comb, an ivory toothpick, a shirt
stud, one scarf button, a photograph of
herself, a package of trix. Two lead
checks, a card with a funny (wicked) story
on it, a silk handkerchief and a pair of
gloves. And then she knew that Desmond
was a bankrupt, and when the man swept
the assets of the concern into the drawer
and opened the door, she sobbed convul-
sively. "And it was my extravagance
which hath done this thing."

They did not talk much on their way
home. Once she asked him if he was
rich, and he only said:
"Enormously."
Such is life.

A Monkey in Court.

On the arraignment of the prisoners in
the Tombs Police Court, New York, a
prisoner approached the bar with the rest.
He wore a scarlet button, and a velvet cap
trimmed with gilt lace. He pulled down
at a string by an Italian held him,
and, being led in front of the bench,
climbed nimbly to the railing that separates
prisoners from the presiding magistrate.
Steadying himself on that perch by en-
circling the iron with his left hand, he
turned his face towards Justice Flammer,
chattered audibly, pulled off his cap, and
bowed with profound gravity. The gray
hair bristled thick on the top of his head,
and his face was wrinkled, so that he look-
ed astonishingly like a very small and very
old man.

"What is this?" Justice Flammer
asked.

"A prisoner," replied officer Hutton.
"His name is Jimmy Dillo. I arrested
him for assaulting Mary Shea."

"A monkey arrested for assault!" the
justice exclaimed.

Jimmy blinked his eyes, showed his
teeth and bowed a good many times, as
though the proceeding, as he viewed it,
was very funny indeed.

"Where is the complainant?" the Justice
asked.

Mary Shea stepped forward. She took her
right forefinger out of a handkerchief and
showed that it was lacerated. She said
she was a neighbor of Jimmy in Bottle
alley, that notorious adjunct of Mulberry
street; that she kindly offered him a stick
of candy, that he grabbed it greedily and
bit his finger.

Jimmy sat on the railing with his head
on one side and continually taking off his
cap and putting it on again, as though suc-
cessively forgetting and remembering that
he was in a court of justice.

"What do you think ought to be done
with Jimmy?" said Justice Flammer.

"Why, sir," Mrs. Shea answered, "I
think he ought to be locked up."

"But we can't imprison a monkey, you
know. Your remedy is to bring a civil
suit against the owner for damages."

"And ain't there any justice to be had
against the miserable brute?"

"I don't know any law that makes a
monkey criminally liable for biting,"
said Mrs. Shea, who was exceedingly indig-
nant, and as she wrapped her hurt finger in
her handkerchief, she exclaimed: "This is a
nice court for justice." Casseo Dilleo,
the owner of Jimmy, said that the monkey
was wildly fond of candy, and his fran-
tic delight had unintentionally bitten Mrs.
Shea.

"He is discharged," said the justice.

Jimmy gleefully tried to climb up the
gas fixtures on the Justice's desk, and to sit
on the glass globe. Then he reached to
shake hands with his Honor, but, being
repulsed, he screamed loud and long like a
hunger, and howled so several times in a
second, and bowed so low that his feet
slipped from the railing and he hung by
his tail. His owner carried him out of the
room.

A Russian Robbery.

The robbery at the Imperial Bank at
Kheron in Russia, in June last, was one
of the most audacious things in the records
of crime. Later developments in the case,
as given in the foreign mails, show that
the sum stolen amounted to nearly \$1,-
000,000, and that the robbery was com-
mitted under the direction of an engineer
named Sasehka, son of a General in the
Russian army, who had hired a house op-
posite the bank and driven a tunnel under-
neath the street into the cellars of the bank.
The entrance was effected on a Sunday,
when the bank was closed, so that the rob-
bery was not discovered until the next day.
It was at once taken for granted that the
Nihilists were concerned in the robbery,
as the money taken all belong to the State,
while several large deposits belonging to
private persons were left untouched. The
researches of the police in the villages
around Kheron resulted in the discovery
of the greater part of the money, which in
the course of later developments in the case,
rest of some fifteen persons suspected of
complicity in the robbery, though Sasehka
himself, who is believed to have had a
hand in the recent attempt to blow up the
Czar's train near Moscow, has not since
been heard of. These persons, who were
recently brought before the court-martial
sitting at Odessa, comprised the Baroness
Vitten and three young ladies of good fam-
ily, who were described as the instruments
of Sasehka, several other women, and about
twelve tradesmen and peasants. The ac-
cused, who made no attempt to deny the
charge, indignantly repudiated having been
actuated by mercenary motives, declaring
that they were engaged in political
work. The Baroness Vitten was sentenced
to penal servitude for life, and ten of the
others to the same punishment for terms
ranging from four to fifteen years.

Soldiers' Dreams.

A week previous to the battle of Fair
Oaks a New York volunteer who passed
the night in a tent of a member of the third
Michigan infantry got up in the morning
looking very glum and downhearted, and
when talked about his fancied homesickness
he said:

"I have only a week to live! I had a
dream last night which has settled the busi-
ness for me and lots of others. A week
from to-day a battle will be fought, and
thousands will be slain. My regiment will
lose over a hundred men, and I shall be
killed while charging across a field."

The men laughed at his moody spirit, but
he turned upon them and said:

"Your regiment will also be in the fight,
and you will roll in called after the battle
you will have nothing to be merry over.
The two sergeants who were in here last
night will be killed among the trees. I
saw them lying dead as plainly as I now
see you. One will be shot in the breast,
and the other in the groin, and dead men
will be trampled around them."

The battle took place just a week after.
The drummer was killed in full sight of every
man in the 3d before the fight after the
old, and within twenty minutes after the
two sergeants and six of their comrades
were dead in the woods, but exactly where
the drummer said they would be. More
than fifty men will bear witness to the truth
of this statement.

Just before the battle of Cedar Creek a
crazy scoundrel, who was off duty temporarily
and trying to get in a little sleep, dreamed
that he went out on a scout, and came to
the right of our camp he came upon a log
bar, and as it began to rain just then he
sought shelter, or was about to, when he
heard voices and discovered that the place
was already occupied. After a little in-
vestigation he ascertained that three confed-
erate scouts had taken up their quarters for
the night in the place, and he therefore
moved away. The sentinel awoke with
such a vivid remembrance of details that he
asked permission to go over and confer
with one of the scouts. When the log bar
was described to this man he located it at
once, having passed it a dozen times. The
dreamer described the highway exactly as
it was, giving every hill and turn, and the
scout put such faith in the dreamer's ac-
count that he took four soldiers, one of
whom was the dreamer, and set out for the
place. Three confederate scouts were
asleep in the straw, and were taken with-
out a shot being fired. The dream and its
results were known to hundreds of Sheri-
dan's cavalry, and has been alluded to at
times.

The night before the fight at Kelly's
Branly Station a trooper who slept as his
horse joggled along in column dreamed that
a certain captain in his regiment would be
unhorsed in a fight the next day, and while
rising from his fall would be wounded in
the left knee. Everything was so clear to
the dreamer that he took opportunity to
find the captain and relate his dream.

"Go to Texas with your croaking," was
all the thanks he received, but he had his
revenge. In the very first charge, the next
day, the captain was unhorsed by the break-
ing of the girth, and was pitched head-
over-heels into a patch of briars. As he
struggled out a shell killed his horse and
two men, and one of the flying pieces of
iron smashed the captain's left leg to a bloody
mess. He is now a resident of Ohio, and
his words are leg is indisputable evidence
that dreams sometimes come to pass.

While McClellan was besieging Yorktown
the fun was not all on one side. The con-
federates had plenty of shot and shell, and
they sent them out with intent to kill.
One morning a Michigan man who was in
the trenches walked back to a spot on
which three officers were eating breakfast
and warned them that they were in great
peril. On the night previous he had dreamed
that he had looked at his watch and marked
that it was a quarter to seven, when a shell
hit the ground behind him and tore up the
earth in a terrible way. It was now twenty
minutes of seven, and he ought the officers
to leave the spot at once. His earnest
manner induced them to comply, and they
all struck the earth when they had been
grouped and made an excavation into
which a horse could have been rolled with
room to spare.

Three days before the affair at Kelly's
Ford a corporal in the 6th Michigan cav-
alry dreamed that the brother of his, who
was his horse killed in action, and would almost
immediately mount a dark bay horse with
white nose legs in his minutes both
horse and rider would be killed by a shell.
This dream was related to more than
score of comrades fully two days before the
fight. Early in the action the sergeant's
horse was struck square in the forehead by
a bullet, and dropped dead in his tracks.
It was scarcely three minutes before a
white horse, carrying a blood-stained ad-
miral, galloped up the sergeant and halted.
He remembered the sergeant and refused to
mount the animal, and soon after he was
up a black horse. The white-nosed animal
was mounted by a second corporal in an-
other regiment, and horse and rider were
torn to fragments by a shell in full sight of
four companies of the 6th. These things
may seem very foolish now, but there was
a time when a soldier's dream saved Gen.
Crittenden's life; when a dream changed
the course of the battle of Big Run, and
prevented Gen. Tolbert's camp from a sur-
prise and capture; and when a dream gave
Gen. Sheridan more accurate knowledge of
Early's forces than all the scouts.

Beat at His Own Profession.

An English paper tells a pleasant anec-
dote of Partridge, the celebrated almanac
maker, about one hundred years since. In
traveling on horseback into the country,
he stopped for his dinner at an inn, and
afterwards called for his horse that he
might reach the next town, where he in-
tended to sleep.

"If you will take my advice, sir," said
the hostler, as he was about to mount his
horse, "you will stay where you are for the
night, as you will surely be overtaken by a
poling rain."

"Nonsense, nonsense," exclaimed the
almanac maker; "there is a sixpence for
you, my honest fellow, and good afternoon to
you."

He proceeded on his journey, and sure
enough was well drenched in the
shower. Partridge was struck by the man's
prediction, and being always intent on the
interests of his almanac, he rode back on
the instant, and was received by the hostler
with a broad grin.

"Well, sir, you see I was right, after
all."

"Yes, my lad, you have been so, and
here is a crown for you; but I give it to
you on condition that you tell me how you
knew of this rain."

"To be sure, sir," replied the man;
"why, the truth is, we have an almanac at
our house called 'Partridge's Almanac,' and
the fellow is such a notorious liar, that when-
ever he promises us a fine day we always
know that it will be the direct contrary.
Now, your honor, the day, the 21st of
June, is put down in our almanac in doors
as 'settled the weather; no rain.' I looked
at that before I brought your honor's horse
out, and so was enabled to put you on your
guard."

The Exhibition at Rio.

Preparations for the permanent American
exhibition at Rio de Janeiro, South Amer-
ica, have fully commenced. The whole en-
terprise, it will be remembered, is under
the management of the Philanthropic and
Mutual Protective Society of Rio de Janeiro.
The iron, which will largely enter into the
construction of the buildings will be no
means reduced, but, if anything, is
somewhat on the increase.

Mrs. Eleanor Williams, a colored
woman of Syracuse, New York, is one
hundred and two years old. She was
born in Maryland. Her hair is white
as snow. She fell about a year ago,
and has been crippled since, but other-
wise she is as well as ever.

F. H. Hart, who has won the
championship among pedestrians in
America, is anxious to meet Charles
Rowell again. In a six-day race, and has
accordingly challenged the English
champion to a race for \$5000 a side, the
contest to take place in New York,
Boston or Chicago within three months
after signing articles.

One of the richest and most famous
monasteries in Italy is that of Monte
Casino on the line of railway between
Rome and Naples; it was founded in
529, and has continuously existed ever
since. Its library is wonderfully rich
in written and printed documents, and
the rents of the domain are adequate to
maintain the institution.

More than 100 years ago Harrison
Gray Otis, of Boston, owned large
tracts of land in Maine, and three
towns were named after him, respect-
ively, Harrison, Gray and Otisfield.
The citizens of Otisfield intended to hold
a reunion next August, to which are to
be invited all persons who have gone
forth from the town and their descend-
ants.

The great map of the moon, com-
pleted by Dr. Julius Schmidt, of Ath-
ens, after 13 years of labor, shows
32,850 craters and ring-like formations
on the lunar surface, and 349 hills and
clofts. Dr. Schmidt estimates that the
number would be increased to 300,000
craters in a complete chart, showing
the moon as seen with a magnifying
power of 600.

Jacking for Anglo-Worms.

As a reporter was hurrying across the
Battery, at New York, his attention was
attracted to two lights that, from a distance
from him, moved slowly, with the irregu-
larity of a will-o'-the-wisp, close to the
ground, over one of the grass-plots.

"What are those?" he asked of a passing
policeman, pointing to the lights.

"Worm-hunters," answered the guardian
of the peace, passing on without deigning
further information.

"Worm-hunters," said the reporter to
himself, as he walked toward the dancing
lights, his mind reverting to the hours of
hard digging that in his boyhood he had
found necessary before worms for fishing
could be beguiled from their deep-hidden
haunts. "Worm hunters! I thought
sparrows were the only worm-hunters in
New York!"

As he drew near to the mysterious lights
he saw that they were primitive dark lan-
terns, made of cigar boxes, minus covers,
held perpendicularly, and each with a
lighted candle inside made fast to the bot-
tom by four single-nails. Behind each of
these lanterns was a small boy holding it
in his left hand, so that the light was thrown
on the ground directly in front of him.
With his right hand each made frequent
and vigorous clutches at the wet grass, and
with nearly every clutch drew out a long
shining object that he deposited in another
cigar box at his side. They work their way
across the grass plot on their knees, and
were so intent upon their pursuit as
not to notice the presence of a spectator.

"What are you catching?" asked the re-
porter.

"Worms," ironically answered the
smaller of the boys without looking up.

"What for?" asked the reporter.

"Fishing," answered the boy.

"What for?"

"Worms."

"Where?"

"In the docks."

"Why don't you catch them in the day-
time?"

"Cause they only comes out in the night
after a—there! now you scared him in.
Can't yer look out!"

"After a what?"

"After a rain. An' they're mighty
scary, an' if you don't catch 'em first
they're gone like a streak into their holes."

"Can you get as many as you want here
in the Battery?"

"Course you can, gobs of 'em." And it
looked as if he could find 'gobs of 'em"
for his box was nearly filled with a writ-
ing mass of large fat angle-worms fit to
delight the heart of the most epicurean
fisherman. The policeman did not order the boy away,
for, as he afterward said, "it was good for
the grass to have a lot of them pesky worms
rooted out."

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