

ALMOST A DUEL.

A Personal Encounter Between Bill Lytle and Tom Marshall of Kentucky Prevented by the Coolness of Dr. William Hunter.

Cincinnati Enquirer.
"I see the papers are full now of things about Bill Lytle," said old Dr. William Hunter to an Enquirer man yesterday; "but they have managed to miss the critical event of his life. Lytle and I were bosom friends, and are gone of that spectacular old quintet but myself. Would you like to hear the story?"

The Enquirer man was all ears, and ventured to ask who composed the quintet.
"That's my story," said the doctor. "Now, here it is, and, strange to say, it has never been published. I'll give it from the standpoint of my own experience, and then answer any questions you care to ask. It was in August of 1858, I think, a lovely night, the moon full and clear and the evening delightfully cool. I had worked hard all day, and was sitting on my front step when it occurred to me that a stroll down to the St. Charles and a 'Highland Mary' would be good preliminaries to sleep."
"What is 'Highland Mary,' doctor?"

"Well, that old name is out of date now; but it used to be famous among the patrons of the St. Charles. We were all fond of Scotch whisky, and during the winter time would take the Scotch hot. When the dog days came the hot part began to be unpalatable, and I substituted a sort of a cold toddy of Scotch whisky, and gave it the poetic name of 'Highland Mary.'"

"Now for the story," said the scribe.
"Yes. When I entered the St. Charles there was a panorama on hand. Only four parties were present: George Selves, the proprietor; Tom Marshall of Kentucky, tall, gaunt and dark; and, in a place by themselves, Lytle and Robert E. Graham. I knew all the parties well but Marshall, and to him I was at once introduced. I could see at once that some disturbance had taken place. Marshall was white with excitement, George Selves was trembling with excitement, like an aspen leaf, Lytle was fiery and boisterous, and Graham was trying to play the heavy diplomat in his manners and features. I was all at sea. Marshall said he had known of me by reputation as a believer in the cod fish cure, and he had the fence, which compliment I returned in some pleasant way, and then George Selves called me to one side and told me that Lytle and Marshall were about to fight a duel, and for God's sake to stop it if I could. One look at Bill satisfied me that he would be more apt to hit a church steeple than his antagonist, and Marshall was not in much better fighting condition. It seems that a few minutes before I came in words had passed between Lytle and Marshall. Lytle and Graham had been quietly luncheoning together when Marshall dropped in, as he always did when on this side of the river, and Bill was just in that joggling frame of mind that cares for no consequences and he began to abuse Marshall in the most venomous terms. It quite astounded me when the language was repeated, because Lytle, whether perfectly sober or in his cups, was a paragon of civility and courtesy. Marshall, of course, promptly returned the insult, and Lytle had promptly challenged him to a personal encounter. This was the situation, the calm before the expected storm, when I entered the house."

"What did you do?"
"Well, the circumstances were somewhat critical, especially because of Lytle's frenzy, and I was not very cool. I knew Graham was a little weak in the knees when it came to war. Now the hitch in the proceedings had been caused by the fact that Marshall was unarmed, and had no second, while Lytle was equipped in both respects, Graham promising to act as his second. Well, I loved Bill Lytle better than a brother, and I didn't care to face the code rules that required a man's second to take his principal's place if he was not able to act for himself. Lytle or Marshall was liable to be horsed in combat in less than no time, and I didn't care to confront the possibility of being shot. So I went to Bill Lytle in case Marshall should waver or stagger out of line. Heroic treatment was the thing required."

"So, when I had grasped the situation fully, I stepped quietly up to Mr. Marshall and said: 'You seem to be in some difficulty, and I will cheerfully do what I can to help you out. Do you gentlemen wish a personal encounter?'"
"We do!" from both Lytle and Marshall.
"Very well, then, so be it. The moon is at the full—the light is good and clear. There need be no delay. I'm a believer in the code, and Mr. Marshall is entitled to its fullest protection. He is unarmed, and I will cheerfully act as his second, and in a few minutes I will be back here from Hudson's with a pair of dueling pistols, so that all the conditions of perfect equality may be met. Then, if you please, gentlemen, we will repair to Hammond street and adjust this difficulty by the terms of the code."

"The effect of this outburst was a trifle electrical. Lytle wheeled in his chair at the words and looked at me with a face of blank amazement—thunder-struck at the idea that one of his boon companions should be willing to enter the lists as the champion of his enemy. Graham—well you could see the cold chills running down his spinal cord at the prospect of being implicated in an affair where actual blood and life were evolved. George Selves' heart began to beat at about four strokes to the second, and the glance he cast at me was one of wild and pitiful entreaty. Evidently he supposed that the trouble had about quieted down until I came in to fill the requirements of the code, when he seemed to realize the full force of the situation. Marshall sat stolid and motionless as a statue. My young friend, it was a critical moment, and I felt in painful doubt for a few seconds as to the success of my plan. It was a bold game of bluff I had tried, and I wasn't sure it would win."

"Much sooner than it takes to tell it Graham exchanged a few hurried words with Lytle. Graham, as I afterward learned, proposed to come down. Lytle almost instantaneously appeared to show symptoms of reviving common sense, and with them came a conviction of the indignities he had heaped upon Marshall. Then his native courtesy came at once to the front. He arose with his most charming civility of manner, and yet without any surrender of pride, and said: 'No, this thing must stop, Marshall! I don't care to fight you; there is blood enough of your family already in our hands!' There followed a brief exchange of compli-

ments, both men appearing to recognize the fact that their family stock was too good to risk, and then the affair quieted down. I took Lytle home to the old mansion on Third street, saw him safely to bed, and returning to the St. Charles found Marshall and Graham still there. 'I've always felt,' concluded the doctor, 'that it was my dose of heroic medicine that saved the patients, or at least one of them, on this occasion.'"

"But," queried the reporter, "what did Lytle mean by alluding to Marshall's blood already on Lytle hands?"
"Well," replied the doctor, "thereby hangs a tale which I never yet fully understood. All I know is that way back in the days of Bonne or Kenton, an ancestor of Lytle's had killed a Marshall, and that for generations since the two families had cherished a bitter feud. It was not as merciful as the Corsican vendetta, which means war on sight, but a sort of smothered animosity, ready at any time, on small provocation, to break out into flame, and Lytle had felt an inherited poison of this feud when he used the offensive language to Marshall."

Things in General.

The proposed Florida ship canal is to be thirty feet deep, so that the largest sea-going vessels can pass through it.

A butter dish factory at Vincennes, Ind., turns out 80,000 to 90,000 dishes per day.

President Seelye said at Amherst that Mr. Gladstone is King of England in a truer sense than is any one who only wears a crown, because he stands out the best interpreter of the English people's will. "So with Bismarck," he said. "For the last fifty years the instinct of a German unity under a Protestant leadership, coupled with a vague desire of some strong power in central Europe, has been disturbing the different German states. More than thirty years ago Bismarck saw what no one else then saw, the unformed impulse, and to this he submitted."

Even the lively city of New York has begun to lose its brilliancy under the summer daze. Already it has the August sleepiness and languor, and a large part of its population who are not engaged in a summer resort are either crowding excursion boats in the harbor and river or are lounging under the trees of Central Park and the Battery.

Trade in Japan is represented as depressed and discouraging. The high hopes formerly entertained that the country would rapidly develop as a commercial nation are fast dying away. The exports of ten years ago remain the exports of to-day, and there can be no progress until the government's restrictive policy is abandoned.

The cell in La Roquette, Paris, in which Archbishop Darbois was confined previous to his murder by the Communists in 1871 has never since been entered by any prisoner, and remains just as it was when the august prelate was led forth to die. The iron cross over the spy-hole still bears in pencil the words "Vite robor, medis salus," traced by Mgr. Darbois, who occupied his weary time by sketching the instruments of the Passion upon the walls of the cell, together with various mottoes and texts.

Sir Alexander Gait announces that the right of Canada to make her own commercial treaties has been practically conceded by England. The modus operandi is that the representatives of Canada shall be associated with the British minister and the proposed terms shall be submitted for approval to the British government. To these conclusions England reserves the right of judgment, especially in cases where treaties are considered objectionable, or likely to produce national complications. The independent action, says Gait, is not only a dead issue, but never has been a live one.

Four New Yorkers wishing to amuse themselves a few nights ago and finding the theatres closed happened to go to the same summer garden. Each seated himself at a small table, and after an interval was acquainted with the others. In the course of the evening it was discovered that one was from a city in Oregon, another from Montreal, another from New Orleans, and a fourth from Boston. The cosmopolitanism of New York was thought to be well illustrated.

The spirit of duism, which is the essence of snobbery, has permeated, it seems, into all orders of society. In the serving order it was observed recently, in one instance, fully developed. Sam is a "colored gem" whose well-known proficiency as a waiter brings down a constant demand for his services at weddings, parties and other festive gatherings. He has formed a scale of prices quite peculiar. For attendance at wealthy and aristocratic houses he charges one dollar an evening; but of less well-to-do families he asks two dollars, the extra dollar presumably being a compensation for his sacrifice of dignity.

Mr. S. V. White, the Wall Street broker, has a twelve-inch telescope which is in all respects the most perfect one in the possession of an amateur on this continent. The tower it stands in has its walls of heavy masonry carried far down into the earth, so that the passing wagons cannot disturb the instrument. Up in this tower, above the roofs of Brooklyn, "this busy man of affairs goes at nightfall, and, turning the great glass upon some brilliant star of a restful color or upon some strange object like Saturn or on one of the curious twin stars whose contrasted colors, as seen through his glass, seem to dye the earth with their hues, he gazes on the far distant mountains, seas, and valleys, the inexplicable rings, the tiny moons, and all the wonders that are denied to the gaze of a man unaided by so powerful a glass, and as he looks Wall Street fades from his brain."

The Serving Rebel Generals.

J. E. Johnston and Beauregard are the survivors of the five field generals of the rebel service. Johnston is the general agent of an insurance company, and Beauregard is the adjutant general of Louisiana. There were twenty-one lieutenant-generals, of whom the following are living: Hampton, Gordon, D. H. Hill, Stephen Lee, Early, Buckner, Wheeler and A. P. Stewart. General Stewart is president of the University of Mississippi, and General S. E. Lee is at the head of another Mississippi educational institution. The surviving major-generals exclude ex-Governors Churchill of Arkansas, and Colquitt of Georgia, while the ranking officer of this grade now living is General Gustavus W. Smith, insurance commissioner of Kentucky. Two of these generals, C. W. Field and L. L. Lomax, are employed by the united corps of engineers of Flo-

rida. General McGowan is on the supreme bench of South Carolina. Of the three Lees who were generals, Custis, who was Mr. Davis' chief of staff, is the president of the Washington and Lee university in Virginia. William Fitzhugh Lee, generally called "Rumey," is a planter. Robert Lee, the general's youngest son, who served in the ranks, lives on the James river.

A RIDE FROM WINCHESTER.

Jubal A. Early Says Sheridan Should Have Been Turned Out of the Army.

The Boston Globe says that a party of northern tourists, while traveling recently in the Shenandoah valley, met Jubal A. Early, who sharply criticized the tactics of his adversary, General Sheridan, in that memorable encounter. "Sheridan," said he, "ought to have been court-martialed and dismissed from the service by his government for allowing myself or any part of my army to have escaped capture on that day. I had infantry and artillery force of less than twelve thousand men in that battle, and my total cavalry force was less than 3,000 much of the latter poorly equipped and organized, and consequently could not be relied upon for service in a hotly contested action. Sheridan's army numbered from 45,000 to 48,000 effective men, and against these terrible odds of over three to one I maintained for hours the unequal contest, with varying chances of victory. Sheridan's cavalry was greatly superior to my own, and constantly the ranking me, and he had thrown his superior force on my right, cutting off my line of retreat by the pike to Newtown, it would have been very disastrous to my army. This I expected he would do, but was unable to guard against it, every man of my force was engaged, it was a relief to me to find this avenue of retreat open and unobscured when I was no longer able to continue the unequal fight. Had Sheridan possessed one-half the military ability with which he is popularly credited, my command must have been captured."

Speaking of his repulse at Fisher's Hill, he was asked if his reverse was due to Sheridan's arrival at Winchester, fifteen miles away.

"Not necessarily," he answered. "My exhausted army was more or less disorganized, and though elated with success, was in poor condition to withstand an attack which I understand General Wright had prepared to make before he knew of Sheridan's presence. If I could have had one fresh division in reserve at nine o'clock that morning, or had Lomax not failed me, I believe we would have sent the whole Federal army flying down the valley as fast as Sheridan is said to have come up it. But my whole infantry force was less than 10,000 men. The odds were too great against me, and Sheridan's arrival on the field made little difference in the result, probably."

Speaking of his raid into Pennsylvania and Maryland, General Early said: "When I was in York, Penn., I levied an assessment of so much corn, so much clothing, so many boots and shoes, so many bags of grain and \$100,000 in money. They delivered everything in accordance with my requisition, except the \$100,000. Of that amount the Mayor bought me \$72,000, and begged for further time to raise the balance. I extended the time, but left early the next morning, and York still owes me \$28,000. Afterward I established a loan to meet this levy in aid of the Southern Confederacy, getting authority from the Pennsylvania Legislature to lay a special tax to pay off a portion of it each year, and I understand that its citizens are still to contribute to its liquidation. If I was one of them I would raise the point that such a tax is in violation of article 14, section 4, of the Constitution of the United States, which provides that all debts or obligations incurred in aid of insurrection or rebellion against the United States shall be held illegal and void."

A Story of the War.

"Gath," in a letter to the New York Tribune, gives an interesting account of a meeting between two heroes, each of whom supposed the other to be dead. He says:

"The ex-General Gordon told me an interesting story about two interviews he held with General Barlow. At Sharpsburg Barlow was apparently mortally wounded and fell into Gordon's hands. Gordon took a liking to him and asked if he could do something for Barlow.

"I think not, general," said the young man. "I shall be buried here, no doubt. I do not expect to live. But you can do one thing for me. There is a package of letters from my wife, which I wish you to destroy before my eyes."

Gordon, who was a young man also, took the letters and was about to destroy them when Barlow, with a bubble at his throat, murmured: "Would you take the trouble to read me one of the first?" And one he did read, and Gordon gave one of the letters and read it to the dying man—his last friendly words, perhaps, from home. Then the letters were destroyed. But the incident touched Gordon so that he made a special exertion to have Barlow sent through the lines or to have his wife admitted to him. He went and found the two men apart and then they met each other no more. Gordon considered Barlow to be dead. Barlow had also seen that a General Gordon had been killed somewhere. They met again at a friendly table in Washington, but did not know each other, through the changes of time.

After some lapse Gordon said: "General Barlow, are you a relative of that Barlow who was killed at Antietam?" "No," said the General. "I am the same man. 'Are you any relative,' inquired Barlow, in turn, 'of that General Gordon who was recently killed on the Confederate side?'" "That was my cousin; I am John E. Gordon. Then at the request of the persons who overheard, Barlow told the tale, amid tears and emotion on every side.

A Dinner of Death.

A special cable from Paris says: Last evening about 8 o'clock the attention of crowds of promenaders in the Quartier des Pyramides was attracted by a suicide accomplished in a manner very eccentric, even for a great city like Paris. A gentleman neatly and respectfully dressed entered the restaurant of John Bull, at the corner of the Rue des Pyramides and the place Jeanne d'Arc, and ordered an elaborate dinner. He consumed the delicacies set before him with evident relish, and after each dish or glass of wine he jotted down a few observations in a note book. He completed his repast very leisurely with the satisfaction of a man who had achieved a thoroughly first-rate dinner. He then

called for a glass of fine champagne and an excellent Havana cigar. He sipped the former and lighted the latter, and finally told the waiter to bring his bill. The waiter turned his back, and the gentleman who had dined so greedily removed the cigar from his lips and inserted in his mouth the muzzle of a revolver. He fired four bullets through his brain. A doctor was called and the dead man was searched. They found absolutely nothing in his pockets, except the note book. On the first page of this were written in large bold characters the words: "A Dinner of Death. My Last Impressions." Then followed a critique on each dish, conceived in the style and unity of idea of a connoisseur. In the end he expressed his regret that he, an ex-officer of the French army, and decorated at that, should die a disgraced man, after having striven during the war to fall by a Prussian bullet.

Presidents That Were Seen.

There are those who have a recollection of Gen. Jackson on Pennsylvania avenue; more who have a distinct recollection of Mr. Van Buren, who, though not a man of the people, was by no means a stranger to Washington's great thoroughfare; of Harrison, whose period was so brief that he hardly had time to more than pass from the Capitol to the White House on inauguration day; of Tyler, whose presence there both as United States Senator and President was familiar to all Washington; of Mr. Polk, who, as speaker of the House of Representatives and President, was known to nearly the whole population who knew any of the public men of his day; of Gen. Taylor, who as he walked through the avenue with his hands locked behind him and the air of a soldier, was at once the observed of all without seeming to know it; of Mr. Fillmore, whose fine presence, both before and after he became the tenant of the White House, was a conspicuous object whenever he appeared, as he did quite often on the avenue; of Gen. Pierce, who was almost a Washingtonian himself and a favorite, as was evident whenever he took his accustomed walk on Washington's principal street; of Mr. Buchanan, whose long residence at the capital made him a stranger no more.

Of Mr. Lincoln there is a lively recollection. He was often seen on Pennsylvania avenue. Many of the citizens knew him when he was a member of Congress, and he was not wholly a stranger, even in the troublous times ushered in by his election. Mr. Lincoln sought occasional respite from cares on the avenue. It was not an unusual thing to see him coming from the White House to the "quarters" of a Senator or other public man or friend whose counsel or society he did not hesitate to seek when he felt it desirable. Mr. Lincoln was not a man of ceremony. To the people his presence was as well known as almost any citizen's, and occasionally he would be found in the market-place in conversation with marketmen, gardeners and dealers. The women there all knew him, and there is no knowing how many youths, since grown to manhood, remember the kind words he addressed to them on these visits. Mr. Lincoln possessed the talent to remember faces, names and circumstances.

Andrew Johnson was widely known in Washington before he tenanted the White House. He was always fond of mingling with the people, of going about where other people went and doing pretty much other people's did. A thorough democrat, Mr. Johnson, as he said on a memorable occasion—he carried out the idea in his public life.

Gen. Grant, while he was president, was known to a greater part of the citizens of Washington than any of his predecessors. His life there was especially the extent and freedom of his intercourse with the community as one of them. He seldom comes to Washington but he makes his appearance on Pennsylvania avenue, where when he was President he was known to the mass of people. Grant like Lincoln, is a good recollector. When he was in the city he was seen among the people even more than Lincoln. If occasion required he could "talk horse" with those who, like himself, loved a fine animal. Fond of driving he drove a good deal. Grant likes Washington and misses no opportunity to say so. Washingtonians like Grant, and it is probable that he never goes away from his visits to the capital doubting it.

Mr. Hayes was democratically inclined. He sought the avenue often and was well known to Washingtonians in general. Hayes had a fancy for sauntering along the avenue, looking at what was to be seen, and joining freely in conversation with people in general. Gen. Arthur, except on a single occasion, has not since he became the President, been seen on Washington's famous thoroughfare, except when he has passed to and from the depot in the fine turnout in which he appears on all occasions whenever he goes abroad, save occasionally when he takes a horseback ride. He is almost a total stranger to Washingtonians outside of the highest official and the exclusive social circle, concerning which little is known except from report as from a far-off country. Gen. Arthur is seldom seen in public. The idea prevails to some extent that he actually retired to exclude himself and avoid popular contact. Persons who have the opportunity of knowing declare that this is not entirely true and that the observation does him injustice. Gen. Arthur has peculiar ideas of what is requisite to maintain the proper dignity of his station. He is a strong point with his. Whenever he has appeared before the public, as he has occasionally done, as at a college commencement or notably when the "Society of the Army of the Potomac" met in Washington those who chanced to see him beheld a man of striking form, faultlessly attired, looking the President from his own standpoint. Outside of official and strictly society circles with arbitrary boundaries it is probable that not fifty persons save on business at the White House, have spoken to him since he entered it. The receptions given to the masses—institutions which custom holds in strictness—do not count in this observation, for the President neither knows nor cares who come.—Philadelphia Times.

The British House of Peers.

This branch of the legislature is composed of hereditary landowners, who collectively own 14,238,527 acres of land and whose collective incomes are about £15,000,000. They have persistently opposed, so far as they dared, every measure of reform brought forward during the present century, and more especially every measure that has militated against their own class interests. Not only are they conservative in the real sense of the word, but in the party sense. When a conservative ministry is in their power they are useless; when a liberal min-

istry is in they are actively pernicious. Notwithstanding their wealth, they are not independent. In pay, pensions and salaries, they divide among themselves £21,336 per annum. There is a strong and growing sentiment among the more liberal and progressive Englishmen that the chamber is an obstruction and anomaly in a free government, and must soon be utterly abolished. "It is surprising," says the Fortnightly Review, "that so astounding a legislative assembly as our house of lords can have existed so long in a country where the paramount assembly is elected by a majority, and, of course, be out of the question."

The Duration of a Kiss.

From the Albany Journal.

A curious investigation was made the other day by a party of young fellows who had dawdled most of the afternoon away at the windows of Delmonte's bar-room. It was a little in the way of science, but not much; and I don't say that it was valuable except by contrast with the greater worthlessness of their ordinary doings. They were languidly discussing the length of a minute as compared with the usual conception of it. It was truly asserted that occurrences of a few seconds' duration seemed to occupy as many minutes, under some circumstances. One had asserted that a certain round in a boxing match, reported in the papers as occupying half a minute, had really lasted not less than two minutes. His accuracy of judgment was at once pitted against that of the reporters, and he was himself made the referee. This was done by having him call "time" for an imaginary repetition of the round, and "stop" at its close, while the others noted the lapse of time. Well, his mental measurement of two minutes was equal to just three-quarters of a minute by the watch. Then the dandies tried to realize the length of a minute by holding their breath, but that pastime proved too exhausting and had quickly been dropped, when two girls met and kissed on the opposite sidewalk.

"What's the average duration of a kiss?" was asked.
Interest in the question languidly arose. A proposition to investigate the subject was made. All plans of procedure were rejected as impracticable and untrustworthy, however, until somebody hit upon the idea of going to the Grand Central depot at the time of an arriving train and accurately observing the kisses as unpremeditatedly made. I am able to give the resulting data. Thirteen kisses were measured as to duration from the instant of contact to that of culmination. Two of these were so instantaneous that the observers noted them at a hundredth part of a second, and four more were rather guessed than actually timed at a fiftieth. All these were between women. The next group of five kisses were measured at a twentieth. The couples were divided as to sex, but were made up of persons whose ties were presumably those of consanguinity. Then came a full half-minute kiss—that of a little girl and a man who was doubtless her father. The longest of the thirteen was over a minute, according to the time-keeper, but the reliability of the record was questioned on the ground that there was a succession of kisses instead of a continuous conjunction of the lips. This couple was composed either of young married folks or of sweethearts who felt sure that they were among total strangers. There was no hurry or reserve about their affectionate greeting.

SOLDIER COURTESY.

A Lieutenant Makes Way That a Major May Reap the Glory.
From the Atlanta, Ga., Constitution July 1.

Gen. Joe Johnston tells a thrilling story of our Gen. W. S. Walker and his daring at Chapultepec in the Mexican war. He says: "Walker, who was then a young lieutenant, was, I thought, the handsomest man I ever saw as he led his men to the charge. Of perfect feature, slender frame, and the carriage of a thoroughbred, he was the picture of a soldier. As he moved forward in the ranks, rushing past a battery that might have swept them from the face of the earth, Walker soon went to the front. He was the first man to scale the heights and was about to seize the Mexican colors, run them down, and put the stars and stripes in their place. Just as he was about to do so, the flag-staff Major Seymour of Connecticut rushed up and with rare inborn courtesy Walker stepped aside and allowed his senior officer to take the honor. It made Major Seymour so much reputation that he was frequently suggested as a candidate for the presidency. Walker was first to the colors and might have had the glory as 'our man.' I asked Gen. Walker about this incident. He said: 'Of course I remember it well. Indeed, Gen. Johnston, who was the lieutenant colonel of our regiment, and drilled and fought it, wrote me a note saying: 'If ever a similar thing occurs, and you lose sight of your duty, remember your regiment.'"
Gen. Walker said further: "There is a curious sequel to that story. When my leg was shot off during the late war, I was put in a federal hospital. Near me was a federal officer who had also lost his leg. He had fought in the Mexican war, and was, I think in Major Seymour's regiment. He was talking one day about Chapultepec, and said that Capt. Kimball of his regiment told him that just before Seymour reached the flagstaff a young lieutenant had raised his sword to cut down the flag. He cried: 'Let the major take down the flag,' and the lieutenant gave way. 'I have often wondered,' said he, 'who that lieutenant was.' He was astonished when I disclosed the facts. My reaching the flag first was due to my superior activity. I was then a gymnast. As we crossed the wall Capt. Howard was ahead of me. As we fought our way along I please remember your regiment, a square of men following. In the original room of the castle was a group of Mexican officers and soldiers. I cried 'Redio las armas,' which was about all the Spanish I knew. My men started to fire but the Mexicans surrendered. As I hurried to where the flag floated I had three captured swords in my hand. I was about to cut the flag-ropes when some one called. 'Let the major pull down the flag.' By an impulse I stepped aside, the major's sword flashed, and I hurried on with my men to another part of the fight. I suppose I missed a big chance, as they say, but I don't think it pays to worry about it."

"I have no opinion in politics. In my situation that subject is out of the question," said Chief Justice Waite to a Chicago reporter the other day.

Levi D. Jarrard, the missing County Collector of New Brunswick, N. J., is "short" just \$39,000.

Personal Matters.

Captain Ebenezer Morgan of Groton, Conn., not long ago subscribed \$25,000 to be used for securing a genuine translation of the Bible from a Baptist standpoint. Now it is reported that he has purchased the celebrated translators' library, which the Baptists of this country had collected after five years' effort at the expenditure of \$240,000, paying only \$18,000, and that he will present it to Madison University at Hamilton, N. Y.

A few nights ago, when John Bright was criticizing a verse in Job before an English audience, one of his 4,000 hearers arose and, objecting to hear Job spoken of so, shouted: "Three cheers for Job!" The three cheers were given with an enthusiasm which might have discomfited a less ready man than John Bright.

After the battle of Chancellorsville, General Steedman found General Ward lying in an old house with a bullet hole in his breast apparently dead. He had been given up by the surgeons. Steedman had a canteen of "commensary whisky." He poured it down the throat of the wounded man and saved his life. Since that episode Steedman and Ward have been close friends.

A New York Sharper who attempted to swindle a Jersey man out of twenty-five cents on Wednesday evening was caught in his own trap. He sold the man a pair of overalls for \$1.25 and being tendered \$1.50, refused to give the change, whereupon the customer seized another pair of overalls. For this the dealer had him arrested. When the case came up in court on Wednesday the Judge discharged the prisoner and directed him to swear to an affidavit against the clothing dealer for the larceny of twenty-five cents. This he did, and the swindling trader was sent to jail for want of bail.

Miss Rosalind A. Young, who a couple of years ago wrote an article about Pitcairn's Island for Scribner's Magazine, is still living, in that out-of-the-way spot. Her father is pastor of the island church and teacher of the school, and she is organist and assistant teacher. She is about twenty-six years old, and writes a retired, sea-going man who no longer visited her in her home, "she weighs 200 pounds, never had a shoe on her foot, and if necessary could swim off to a ship four miles from the island and back again to shore, and then go into the little church and play the organ nearly as well as any young lady in the States."

Sam Habort was a locomotive engineer, according to the Rev. Dr. Fulton, who always had an open Bible on a bracket before him, in the cab of his engine, and from it was accustomed to read and commit to memory while running his train. It was regarding this practice that a correspondent asked Mr. Vanderbilt's views. "My opinion is that it was a bad practice, and that he must have indulged in it on the sly if he did it without losing his place. Why, such a thing would be sure to bring on a disaster. An engineer must keep his eyes on machine and track, and he hasn't any time to read Scripture, or anything else except his steam gauge, while on duty."

An adventurous scribe invaded ex-Senator David Davis' home the other day, and tried to interview that statesman. Of course he first asked who would be the next presidential candidate, and insisted upon an answer, for "You might hear something," he said. "Yes," replied the other, "I have an idea—that your question is too broad to be traversed in one lifetime." "But if the democrats were to urge you to accept their nomination, what would you say?" "My dear sir," he also said, "that it was none of your business. Excuse me for being rude, but I can't be interviewed." The reporter went, then; but in parting he asked the ex-Senator why he had such a strong, massive fence around his property. "Why," was the reply, "the 'buzzards of the press' say that I am always sitting on it, so it needs to be pretty strong."

Beecher and His Wife

From the New York World.
The band had finished its jovial ovation and the various celebrities had been recognized, when a stout person, with a broad, red face, a dimpled double chin, laughing eyes and thin hair, which actually looked like threads of silver, nervously elbowed his way to a seat upon the stage. He had the half-roguish, half-timid air of a school boy called to receive an unexpected, but well-deserved prize. In his hands he carried a dress of black, horribly unministerial. His coat was an old-fashioned black broadcloth frock, high-waisted, tight-sleeved and ill shaped. An old fashioned and very limp turndown collar was about his neck and a rusty black silk necktie, also of the most ancient fashion, ruffled on his shirt-front. In his hands he swung a soft black hat, such as Western Congressmen wear during their first visit in Washington.

The moment this burly gentleman-farmer-looking personage was discovered edging to a seat, there went up a tremendous shout; then followed the tumbler of applauding, feet and hands, and in his hands he swung the volume of the general welcome with a hearty performance "Auld Lang Syne."
The color ebbed and flowed in Mr. Beecher's face, as the evidently contending emotion of the moment swayed his pulse. The gladness of his eyes, as the noise of his greeting resounded, gave place to a stern and thoughtful look when the half-resolute, half-placid Scotch melody took possession of the air.
When Mrs. Beecher, attended by a procession of her kindred—her nieces and nephews and grandchildren—entered the right hand lower box, a tremendous roar of applause went up from the excited people of Plymouth, and was echoed by the others as soon as they learned who she was. Dressed in deep black with an old-fashioned black silk bonnet, in which her fine white profile, with its slope of silver hair, was framed came fashion, she showed little feeling, but was no doubt possessed of a profound wifely gratulation. Her box was one of the prettiest sights of the house. The slender, small grandmother with her plain attire, and the surrounding terraces of the faces of her family, with a stout and bright-eyed young grandson playing page to her, attracted and fascinated most of the opera-glasses in the Academy.

A Providence man slapped a stranger's face for staring at his wife in a street car, and he was beginning to feel himself here when his car stopped and a little girl helped the impudent fellow off. He was stone blind.

Jane Grey Swisshelm is growing very red as to the nose, and though a strictly temperate person, she has occasionally subjected to the suspicion of being a gin drinker.