

PICTURE.

WORDSWORTH.

How rich that forehead's calm expanse! How bright that heaven-dimmed glance!

OLD CATHIE'S STORY.

"I never seed no family like de old Prentiss, Miss May; 'pears like folks ain't no nice dis yer way. My Missis was a reg'lar queen."

little while after dat, dey carried her down stairs to put her in de coffin. "Mars Cunnel, he didn't take on, not a bit. Even de little chillen, black an' white, cryin' all over, but Mars Cunnel looked still an' white as she did, only he breathe."

Somewhere in the world there hide Garden gates that no one sees, Save they come in happy toes; Not in ones, nor yet in threes.

oant a race of animals to merit much attention from grown-up persons with wide heads. For as children are not frequently kept in the nursery under the care of those who would not be entrusted with the care of money concerns, or sent to school to have their new-born intellects moulded by the cheap school-master, whom their parents would not suffer to have charge of even a favorite horse.

of the snuff-colored cloth, and so were his eyes. His lips always looked to me as if they had water on them. He spoke with good, fair grammar; and was an interesting talker. I had the clothes made up and sent to him to appear at the trial. Not long after that a paper at Richmond published the names of Northern firms whom nothing must be bought from, and ours among the rest.

hair that they didn't find it out in that length of time. COLONEL ELLSWORTH. Testimony Of Captain Frank Brownell. Special Telegram To The Later Coast.

on that melancholy Sunday, after leaving St. Paul's, were among the saddest of my life. I felt that our cause was then the lost cause. Many of the scenes witnessed by me as I went to and fro through the streets of that good old city were heart-rending. The bad news had spread with lightning speed all over town. Having spent much of the time during the war in Richmond, I had formed many acquaintances among its noble and hospitable citizens; and am proud to say, some of them became my dearest friends. The men generally were on the street, and large numbers of the ladies stood in the doors and on steps of their houses, many bathed in tears and making inquiries and giving utterance to woeful disappointment and anguish. About midnight I took my seat in a car of the train at the Danville depot, preparing to start northward with its sad and disappointed human freight. The President and his Cabinet were on the same train. By this time I had become much exhausted by the fatigues of preparation and visits to attached friends for the purpose of 'cave-taking, and had almost succumbed to the indifference resulting from the irredeemable loss and disappointed hopes. My fellow-passengers, both male and female, in the crowded car, were very much in the same plight. I never knew so little conversation indulged by so large a number of acquaintances together, for we were nearly all acquainted with each other, and I may say fellow fugitives driven by the same great calamity and wrong. Very few words were interchanged. Sleep soon overcame most of us. This, I will remember, was my case, for I dropped to sleep before the train started from Richmond, and was not aware of its departure until it left. I slept soundly nearly all the night through. I believe we did not leave Richmond until pretty late in the night, and when day broke in on us on the morning of April 3d, we were somewhere in the neighborhood of Busheville Junction, probably between that place and Roanoke. We stopped at every station on the way, crowds thronging to the train at each to make inquiries, for the bad news in this case preserved its proverbial reputation for fast traveling. Everybody sought to see, shake hands with, and speak to the President, who maintained all the way a bold front, gave no evidence by word of appearance of despair, but spoke all along encouragingly to the people.