

St. Clair county is funding its floating debt with scrip, and the people are getting mad about it.

GIORGIO was broken on the St. Louis and Kansas City Air Line Railroad at Independence last Monday.

New and very rich lead discoveries have occurred recently in the vicinity of the Gabriel mines of Morgan county.

The receipts and disbursements for Lafayette county, for the year ending December 1, 1873, are as follows: Receipts, collections from all sources, \$197,276.71. Disbursements, \$165,639.28.

The national representatives of the Democratic party in Congress, in voting for Fernando Wood, a salary grabber, for Speaker, against Blaine, who was not, are being bitterly denounced and read out of the party by its press.

G. A. WEISER, a member of the Board of Trustees of the town of Chamolis, has been expelled from office for contempt. He refused to obey an order of the board requiring him to attend one of its meetings. He is now a wiser man.

The aggregate number of hogs slaughtered in Chicago, Cincinnati, St. Louis, Louisville, Milwaukee, Indianapolis, Kansas City, Peoria, Ill., Jefferson City, Mo., and Des Moines, Iowa, so far this season, is 1,148,000, against 738,370 the same time last year.

At a public meeting of the citizens of Canton township, Lewis county, a resolution was adopted calling on the county court to order the cancellation of \$25,000 bonds of the township prepared to be issued to the Missouri Valley Railroad some two years since.

How the trouble between the United States and the Government of Cuba can be settled and a war averted, is impossible to comprehend in view of the exasperating nature of the difficulties on the one hand, and the insolent defiance of demands for preparation on the other.

AUDITOR CLARK has commenced the preparation of his report to the adjourned session of the General Assembly, which convenes on the first Wednesday in January next. One of the most important features of the report will be an exhibit of costs in criminal cases, and of assessing and collecting revenue by counties, in addition to a general summary of State finances.

We know it will be a bitter pill—know it will be a terrible torture, but we trust the Tribune this morning will have the grace to come up manfully to the support of Gen. Edwards for the Legislature—the candidate the JOURNAL presents. Not as a Republican, by any means. But as the people's representative who knows no favorites to reward or enemies to punish.

When as firm a Democrat as Gen. Edwards has always been, comes forward and says to the public that partyism has lost its power to control his actions—that he places the material interests of the people of our county above politics, we may well rejoice. It is an augury of more peaceful and prosperous times in the hastening future.

The JOURNAL thinks it can defeat the Democratic party in this county, with one of its own party, if it has the right to make the experiment, or if it has the privilege to send out any Democrat in the county, who is willing to be defied by its enemies, and is simple enough to trust himself to its championship.

Certainly. We accept the privilege, thank you; and trot out Gen. Edwards. Know you don't like it, but dare you to try to beat him.

The Chicago Times says that "this Government is a Democracy, which has no right to do for the people anything which the people can do for themselves." We presume the people of Chicago can build their own Post office, building, improve their own harbor, and carry their own mails. If not, then that argument against the establishment of a postal telegraph by the Government is worthless.

We find the following brief endorsement of the course we have honestly and sincerely pursued concerning the Representative of this county in yesterday's St. Louis Democrat:

It is not probable that there will be any opposition to the election of Gen. E. L. Edwards, of Jefferson City, who has been nominated by the Democratic County Convention to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Representative McWorkman. When as good man as is expected to become candidate for local office, public objections should have little weight.

The virtuous fall, and by this we will understand to mean the embodiment of all there is of doubtful virtue on earth, of the Sedalia Democrat, is in an agony of distress lest Col. Crittenden has ruined the hopes of the Democratic party of the district by having voted for Hon. Fernando Wood, a salary grabber, for Speaker of the House of Representatives! But what is he going to do about it? And what will he do with almost the entire Democratic delegation in Congress? Read them all out of the party as he would. Col. Crittenden?

It takes two to make a fight, as well as to make a bargain. A fight with Spain is not possible if Spain won't fight. True, there is such a thing as crowding matters as hard as to compel a fight, however you indicate the Government may be to go into one. A bribe with Spain would have occurred forthwith had not the Madrid government promptly proffered all the reparations possible; and now a failure to compel the Government of Cuba to make the promised reparations, or a determination to modify it, makes collection impossible. But those who push up their heads at a chance to march against Cuba need not despair of having their hopes ultimately gratified.

GOVERNOR WOODSON has been very kindly and discriminatingly sending the JOURNAL to a gentleman, in New Jersey. We have just received a letter from the gentleman ordering two copies of the paper, to which letter is an addenda that, in justice to Governor Woodson, we take the liberty of publishing.

"Allow me to say, sir, that I certainly think you have a very gentlemanly Governor, whatever his merits may be as a politician. In the intercourse I have felt called upon to have with him, as a bondholder in the recent troubles, he has treated me, although an entire stranger, with a kindness and courtesy that I shall ever remember with the highest pleasure and satisfaction. All honor to him, I say, in the fullness of my heart! I only wish I could say the same of some of the county officials in your State with whom I have been brought into contact."

WE trust the Republicans of Cole county will give no heed to the perfidious attempt that is made by the Tribune of this week to alienate them from their purpose to support Gen. Edwards for the Legislature—a result it seeks to accomplish by stirring up between them and the General the flickering animosities of the war. We knew the Tribune was opposed to the nomination of Gen. Edwards for Representative, but we had no idea that its opposition was grounded in malice—that instead of inviting all to come forward to his support, it would endeavor to turn a respectable portion of the voters of the county against him. We are sorry in the sincerity of our hearts the Tribune has seen fit to adopt this manner of electioneering for Gen. Edwards. We are sorry that in one paragraph it professes adherence to the nomination of Gen. Edwards, while in another it seeks by insidious efforts to array his Republican friends against him. Of what earthly use is it to revive the memories of the mournful, painful past, and recall the sad bereavement of the General's family thirteen years ago. None under heaven, lest it be the fell-purpose to revive and perpetrate forever the differences the good and true long since have buried and forgot. But we have the assurance that Gen. Edwards, in no particular whatever, sanctions the Tribune's course in juggling into view those dead and barren issues. It was an entirely gratuitous proceeding on the Tribune's part, and its motive reveals itself too clearly to be misunderstood. A more malignant piece of perfidy was never perpetrated. The only possible chance to drive Republicans from the support of Gen. Edwards was to hold him up to view as a bitter, uncompromising and revengeful partisan. Thus his defeat, the prime purpose of the Tribune, might be accomplished and its prayer answered.

Let not our Republican friends be deceived.

The Democrats of Cole county, or at least that portion of them who are not in harmony with the Tribune and the clique of which it is the servant, have brought out for County Representative, to fill the vacancy occasioned by McWorkman's resignation, Gen. E. L. Edwards. In doing this, as we have before said, these Democrats have reflected credit upon themselves and done the county a service. That Gen. Edwards will be elected there can scarcely be any doubt. There is no Republican candidate against him, and so far as we are able to speak there will not be. It is true there are suspicions that the Democrats who are disaffected by the General's nomination would be glad to effect a combination with certain mischief-loving Republicans for his defeat. But they will fall in this. The fact is the nomination of Gen. Edwards is a victory over a clique of Democrats for the overthrow of which the Republicans have earnestly worked, which makes the co-operation of Republicans with Edwards most readily accomplished. If not a natural consequence. Hereafter our Democratic Representatives have been men who were able or willing to see the interests of but a select few. In Gen. Edwards we will have a representative who will see and serve the interests of all alike irrespective of class or person. As he assumed us in his remarks on accepting his nomination, he will devote himself to the interests of the people of our city and county above every other consideration—even that of party. This is what we need. Our public men have been, and still are, too much the servants of party cliques. We need a broader and more enlightened statesmanship. And here with us this relentless grasping of the mercenary few after the control of our every branch of power desire to rebuke. Gen. Edwards is a man of broad and comprehensive views on subjects of State policy. Upon matters of national policy we differ widely with him. But with these matters in this Legislature he will have nothing whatever to do. He will have solely to deal with matters which concern naught but our home affairs, and we sincerely think that no man in Cole county could do more to obtain their recognition than Gen. Edwards. A number of the citizens of the county have been unjustly dealt with in the settlement of certain claims. No man is all the land can do more than he to obtain a righteous adjustment of those claims. Gen. Edwards is a man of unusual ability, of unimpeachable integrity and honesty. He is well known throughout the State, and in the Legislature will be accorded a respect and influence which his irreproachable character deserves. He will at any and all times command the attention of his colleagues, and be able fully to present our people's demands. The peculiarity of the present Legislature is well known. It is made up of the old-fashioned element of the Democratic party; and the folly of sending a Republican there to influence legislation is apparent. Gen. Edwards is not only in full accord with the sentiments of the Legislature, but earnestly alive to the interests of the county. This is most important at this time, and we therefore advise that all hands lay aside party and come up to the support of Gen. Edwards for Representative. In our opinion he is the man.

GEN. EDWARDS AND THE REPUBLICANS.

To the Editor of the State Journal: Why should the Tribune devote one article to telling the people who Gen. Edwards is, and two articles to convincing the Republicans that they ought not to vote for him? Why does it manifest such agony because you support him? When did it become a crime in the eyes of Democrats for their candidates to receive the support of Republicans?

Does the Tribune desire to defeat Gen. Edwards? If not, why does it vituperate the people, 1st. That Democratic candidates ought to be regarded with suspicion when they are popular; 2d. That Republicans can not consistently vote for Gen. Edwards because of his decided Democracy? Ought not Democrats to be gratified when their candidates are so worthy and well-qualified as to command the support of their opponents?

Does the Tribune desire to compel the Democracy of Cole to hereafter select their worst men for office? If not, why does it now draw such a contrast between those whom the party lash alone can elect, and those who can command the unbought suffrages of all parties?

Why, if for Republicans to vote for Democrats, is wrong from a Democratic standpoint, did the senior of the Tribune make such herculean efforts two years ago to secure Republican votes for Public Printer? Why, last winter, did the Tribune seek Republican votes for its public printing jobs? Will it apply its doctrine, this winter, to the public printing jobs, and refuse a cent from the public treasury unless voted exclusively by Democrats?

Gen. Edwards deserves the unanimous support of the people. His devotion to the city and county is life-long. He is a lawyer, but his pecuniary interest in farming is equal to that of any farmer in the county. At the same time, his interests in the city are large, and will be promoted by the prosperity of the Capital. He is a man of such character that he enjoys the confidence of all. He is a Democrat of the strictest faith, but claiming tolerance and respect for his own opinions, maintains that others shall enjoy the same privileges. He is the reverse of a demagogue. When not a candidate, and not expecting to be, he came forth and addressed the workmen in the largest meeting ever held in this city, in advocacy of their rights, and was chiefly instrumental in having convict labor withdrawn from competition with honest labor in our city. His eminent ability is everywhere conceded, and has rendered him favorably known throughout the State. He will go into the Legislature personally known to most of the Senators and members; and will wield an influence no other man we could send there would wield.

DEMOCRAT.

A Visit to Murat Halstead.

I found him in his office searching for a manuscript, his brow knit and a shade of anger on his face. A tall, stalwart, venerable figure, with florid features, once handsome and gray hair, brushed back and worn in a "queue," stood aside, looking with that strong, steady eye peculiar to farmers and men who toil out doors. His frame was large and powerfully compact, but it was a little bent and noticeably unsteady under the weight of years. It moved away, and I was left alone with the comparatively youthful counterpart. Here, thought I, is the offspring of strength, a man into whose being was breathed the force of nature. A thousand times and shines, the nourishment of bread earned in the sweat of the brow, and the rest sweetened by honest toil, are the background of this sturdy picture of health and handsome manhood.

"Perhaps it was the question I asked recently to touch the matter of the man, that opened the little rift of infirmity I long had coveted, but never hoped to obtain. 'That is my father, Mr. Halstead, I believe?'"

"Yes, yes," he replied quickly, and then with altered tone, into which perhaps a constant memory of childhood were infused to give it softness and pathos, said, "that is my father."

There was a pause, and I observed that the shade of anger and the frown had passed away. But to the notes—they were jotted down immediately after I left his presence, for the sight of a pencil at the time of my visit was an event to be remembered. The interview took place early in 1871.

"Father," said Mr. Halstead, "was born in North Carolina, and came to Ohio when he was only two years old. I was born in Ross township, Butler county, Ohio. I could read and write at five years old. My mother educated me, and died when I was young. I worked hard on the farm in summer till I was nineteen, and went to the district school in winter. Went to a select school in New London, Ohio, taught by one of our old men, the Rev. B. W. Chandler. He taught me to read, and I read and became familiar with ancient and modern history. I went through King's arithmetic, and graduated at Farmer's College in 1831. Dr. J. W. Scott, since President of Hanover Female College, first advised me to write. The first writing I did was for the State Journal, and was published in the Columbus Dispatch and the Hamilton Intelligencer—some sketches and poetry (with a laugh)—and I wrote some for a temperance paper published by Gen. F. Cary, a great temperance man and lecturer in those days. I read a little law at college, and at intervals taught in the district school at Colerain. I read regularly to read law at Hamilton, and I remember while teaching school on Indian Creek writing some tremendous Indian sketches—ha! ha!—for the Cincinnati Gazette. Well, I wrote them first to acquire facility in composition, and second to make acquaintance."

"How did you succeed?"

"Oh, pretty well. I came to Cincinnati in 1851 and wrote considerably after that, but the first regular work I did on a paper was for the old Afternoon Atlas. I was regularly engaged as local on the Commercial in 1852. The paper was then owned by Potter & Lee, M. D. Potter and Richard Henry Lee—both gone. I used to write articles and submit them to Lee, who after that frequently had me write newspaper hold lay in the faculty for obtaining news. In those days the way work was done was very simple and not laborious, for it was to clip from the New York Herald for instance, and call it news."

The Latest News

WASHINGTON, December 9.—As already stated, it is now known that throughout the entire negotiations with Spain, Gen. Grant has been much firmer than any member of his Cabinet in the nature of the demands to be made upon the Spanish government. Mr. Fish had hard work to persuade him to agree to the protocol. It is believed that but for Fish's persuasions and entreaties, war would have been declared several days ago. Richardson is conservative also. Williams has sided with Fish throughout. Delano and Creswell have been inclined to second the President in a more aggressive policy.

The war feeling is very strong in the House of Representatives, especially among members from the West. Party lines are ignored in treating of this subject. Both parties are agreed that the importance of the subject shall meet with their most serious thoughts, and that proper legislation shall be arrived at as soon as possible. The movement has met with the greatest encouragement in the House, and a majority of the members—even a two-thirds vote—will be found on the side of war.

In the Senate the same feeling is noticed among the members. Senator Sumner expresses himself opposed to a war with Spain, but his opinions, should he attempt to enforce them, will be treated with very little consideration. The prospect looks cloudy, and the supposition of parties who ought to know is that the trouble will culminate in a bloody war.

Conflicting reports still prevail as to the resignation of Sickles—his status with the Cabinet, and his probable withdrawal from the Spanish Mission.

The Committee on Appropriations this morning held a meeting on the subject of the proposed immediate appropriations of five millions for the Navy Department. Secretary Robeson appeared before them, and gave detailed information in support and amplification of his letter of yesterday. No action was taken, the matter going over for further consideration.

Mr. Dawes said the Senate bill was not reported back to avoid conflict. As to the right of the Senate to originate money bills he reiterated his previous statement denying that any commission had been allowed to the Syndicate in connection with the Geneva award. A contrary inference arose from the fact that Great Britain had employed some gentleman in the syndicate to transact the business, and without the cost of a mill to the United States government. He opposed Kelly's substitute, saying the paper promises of the Government were floating unredeemed all over the country in the shape of legal tenders, and it was better policy to give to the holders of the loan of 1858 the option of exchanging their bonds for new per cent. bonds. Mr. Kelly said his bill proposed to save the Government a million dollars a year interest, by allowing the loan of 1858 to be paid at once while the money lay dead in the treasury, and while the American people were lending hundreds of millions at low rates on certificates of deposit. Legal tender notes were not promises to pay. In gold they promise to pay so many dollars, and a dollar was what the sovereign power declared should be a dollar.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 10.—SENATE.—Mr. Fulton presented the petition of the Society of Friends and others in New York, asking the appointment of a Commission to regulate the traffic in alcoholic liquors. Mr. Scott said he had a similar petition, and moved it be referred to the Judiciary Committee.

Mr. Edmunds hoped not, but that the committee would report that Congress had nothing to do with the subject, except in the District of Columbia and the territories. He would be glad to see such legislation, but felt convinced Congress had no power except as stated.

Messrs. Frothingham, Sumner, Thurman, Conkling, Sherman, Morrill of Maine, and others presented similar petitions to that of Fulton; by one vote all were referred to the Finance Committee.

Mr. Logan presented the petition of the business men of Chicago, asking the establishment of a branch mint in that city. Referred to the Committee on Finance.

Mr. Sherman, from the Committee on Finance, reported favorably upon the bill to authorize the organization of national banks without circulation. Placed on the calendar.

Mr. Ferry, of Michigan, introduced a bill authorizing the Secretary of the Treasury to issue the forty-four million reserve fund, and make it part of the permanent circulation. The bill is designed for the immediate relief of the stringency, and to restore confidence and business activity to the country. Referred to the Committee on Finance.

Mr. Sherman, from the Finance Committee, reported a resolution declaring it the duty of Congress, at the present session, to adopt measures to strengthen the public credit, and directing said committee to report a bill providing for the issue of currency at all times redeemable in gold or equivalent.

Mr. Bayard presented the views of the committee, directing the Finance Committee to report measures for the return to specie payment.

The resolutions were made the special order for Monday next.

At 2 o'clock the doors were opened and the Senate adjourned until to-morrow.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 10.—HOUSE.—The House, after considerable discussion, passed the bill authorizing the temporary increase in the navy, from 3,500 to 10,000 men, and then resumed the debate on the salary question.

A BOLD ROBBERY.

Two Outlaws Plunder a Missouri Country Store.

From the Fort Scott Monitor.

A country store located in the southwestern part of Cass county, Missouri, and one-half mile from the Kansas State line, was on Friday evening last, the scene of the boldest, coolest and most remarkable robbery ever perpetrated, even in the crime-paradise of the Southwest.

The store, owned by Messrs. Bryant & Chandler, is one of the common country sort, located at a cross roads in a farming community, with only one dwelling in the immediate vicinity. On the evening mentioned Mr. Bryant was alone in the store, when two mounted strangers rode up, alighted and entered. They talked very sociably and friendly about such topics as are usual with strangers who are disposed to play the agreeable and make a good impression. They finally brought up a common woolen scarf, all the while keeping up a lively and jocos conversation. Mr. Bryant was busy with his duties and paid no great attention to them.

Taking an opportunity when he was entirely of his guard, the strangers each drew a revolver, and presenting them at his head, demanded his money. This demand he showed a disposition to resist, when he was seized by the strangers and securely bound, the scarf being used for this purpose. He was then blindfolded and his pockets ransacked, about \$400 being secured by his captors. The robbers then proceeded to overhaul the stock in the store, taking possession of such articles as struck their fancy. At this time a farmer in the neighborhood dropped in, probably to have his customary chat with whoever he might meet at the cross roads and then "went through" his pockets in the most thorough style. Two others came in shortly after, and the same operation was repeated, except that one endeavored to escape and succeeded in getting out of the store.

He was followed by one of the robbers, who brought him down handsomely with a single shot of his revolver, the ball striking him in the hip and passing down and coming out at the knee. He was brought back into store and also bound, and blindfolded. Two more, who came in separately, were treated in a similar manner. The robbers now had six men all securely bound and tightly blindfolded, and ranged in a row upon the counter while they busied themselves in looting after such "awags" as might be of use to them. A boy aged about fourteen, a clerk in the store, who had been absent at Kansas City, happened to return while the robbery was going on, and him the business-like brigands made the chief of handling goods and collecting the check-books, articles which were in their particular line. They were extremely good-humored during the whole proceeding, bandying jokes with one another and perpetrating all sorts of facetious bon mots at the expense of their persons.

An Irishman who was among the unlucky crowd was a special object of derision, as "forty cents" was the sum total of his cash assets. The robbers raked him as a "d—n poor one" if he couldn't afford to carry more than that amount of ready money. A schoolmaster received some excellent advice, and was adjured in the future to be at home attending to his household duties, and not to be so careless of a like nature. The wounded man was questioned and examined to learn the extent of his injuries. When the robbers took possession of his pocket-book, the wounded man told them he only contained papers that could be of no possible use to them. They concluded he could not be very badly hurt, or he would not be thinking about a lot of "old papers." The name of the wounded man is Isaac Larson.

The thieves contented themselves with light articles, such as gloves, handkerchiefs, clothing, etc., but laid in a liberal stock of cigars, tobacco, and whiskey in small bottles.

Having supplied themselves with such supplies as they desired, they marched their captives outside the store, still blindfolded and with their arms firmly pinned behind, and placed them in single file facing the street. One of the robbers then brought up the horses, also taking possession of a third horse which had been ridden to the store by one of their victims. Before mounting one of the robbers informed the file of prisoners that he would watch them fifteen minutes, while his companion got a good start, and if a man of them moved he would be instantly shot. He also commanded them to remain standing in the same place for two hours or he would blow their heads off, emphasizing his orders with a considerable number of not very gentle expletives. The robbers rode away, leading the stolen horse, and the boy, who very bravely held on, until he was himself liberated by the others.

Pursuit was started as soon as possible, and the thieves were tracked to within nine miles of Ft. Scott, where trace of them was lost. They are undoubtedly making for the Indian Territory. They are each about twenty-five years old, intelligent and rather good looking. One has dark hair and whiskers, light hair and eyes, and is about six feet tall. The other is shorter and has dark hair, mustaches and imperial. One wore a chain-link and the other a soldier's overcoat. Both had black hats. The taller one carried a revolver, and the shorter one carried a pistol. They were both armed with a bowie-knife. They were both dressed in the style of the day. They were both dressed in the style of the day.

It is supposed by some that the robbers are none other than the Finney brothers, who have been reported as having been near Monegas Springs, Missouri, and have been noted for their war for their outlaw deeds.

The post office address of Messrs. Bryant & Chandler is, Broseley, Cass county, Mo., to whom any information in regard to the fugitive robbers should be addressed.

The cotton crop of New Madrid county this year will reach 4,500 bales.

Firewood has been selling at Booneville at \$1.20 per cord, or about \$1.00 per cord.

The number of scholars attending the public schools in the city of Cape Girardeau is 521.

The colored school in Irons is in a prosperous condition, about sixty scholars are enrolled.

The Grangers of Sullivan county are making arrangements to establish a grange store in Milan.

JEFF DAVIS' DISGUISE.

His Attempt to Escape Capture in a Woman's Dress—Statement of Gen. Pritchard.

A correspondent of the Lyons (Wayne county, N. Y.) Republican, who lately visited Allegan, called upon Gen. Benjamin D. Pritchard, now a resident of that town, who was, during the war, Colonel of the 4th regiment of Michigan Cavalry, and had the good fortune to capture Jeff Davis. In conversation with him the correspondent inquired as to the circumstances of the capture of the rebel leader, and gives the following story:

After the escape of Davis from Richmond I received reliable intelligence, and which appeared to me to be all the more reliable from the situation and the necessities of his escape—that is to say, that he would endeavor to make his way across the Mississippi into Texas, where he intended to put himself at the head of his forces, still quite strong, and around which he could gather all his remaining strength in the southwest, and then to still carry on the rebellion in the vast and comparatively inaccessible regions, trusting to the continued recruiting of his forces from escaping squads of his defeated armies in all quarters, and from Mexican sympathizers, guerrillas and dissatisfied, reckless, desperate and lawless spirits from every direction, and not altogether without hope of aid from foreigners. To reach there he had but one way to escape, he had to make his way from Virginia to Georgia, and thence westward along a belt of country that lay between our forces on the Gulf on the south and our forces that occupied Virginia, Tennessee and westward on the north. So I governed myself accordingly, and set my command in motion, as if on the "double quick" right through that region. We struck the trail of Davis on the Ocklawaha river in Georgia. He was accompanied by some of his military staff and the chiefs of his government. His wife and the wives and female relatives and companions of some of his subordinates were with him. Thus we followed him until we reached a small village in Georgia, where we lost all track of them. We surrounded the village. I made the most particular and all manner of inquiries of the inhabitants but not one of them knew a thing, and were properly astonished at my asking them the questions, "as if they knew" still. I had no doubt that they knew well. So I resorted to another never or seldom failed me; I got an African alone, and he soon told me where the game was to be found—about two miles from the village, in a sort of wild, brushy, woody place. By this time it had grown quite into the night, the weather being beautiful and the sky bright and clear. I had my command at the spot, where we found a small encampment, consisting of two or three tents, with wagons standing about. The tents, as was afterwards discovered, were occupied by the women, and Davis and one or two of his masculine favorites, the remainder of the party lying about under the wagons. It was about midnight or after. I gave orders to have the encampment surrounded, giving the most positive commands that no living being should pass outward through the lines. Thus we waited for the day.

In the early dawn—almost before dawn—an old woman was seen ransacking her way from out of one of the tents, and was dressed in a waterproof cloak from her waist down, the cloak clung down so low as to cover her feet. Around her body was a shawl, arranged and tied on her head something like a hood or bonnet, that concealed her face; in her hand a pail. The tent door was open, and I saw the voice from within spoken in loud tones: "Bring me a bucket of water—quick! I want to wash our faces." And then, as if addressing any sentries that might be within hearing, the voice said, in still louder tones: "Let my old woman's servant pass and bring us a bucket of water—we will get out of here in a minute." The old lady passed on, the one or two or more soldiers with hearing allowing her to make her way, but keeping a bright eye upon her. Pretty soon, as the old lady was going through a bushy place, and by that means disguising her water-pail, she fell over the side of the bush, and something that looked like the step and stride of a man; so he halted, advanced before and stopped her. She then two or more soldiers came up and began to quiz her, asking her to give an account of herself, but she uttered not a word. Then I came to the spot myself, and put some questions, but she would say nothing in reply. I then advanced, took off her hood, untied her shawl, and exposed her boots—she all the time making a stout resistance. When I had succeeded in throwing off her disguise there, she took a being that looked very much like an elderly man, with a very prominent nose, and a very old woman's face. "I said, 'Not a word from the old lady.'" "Who are you?" I asked. "Not a word in reply." "You may as well say who you are," I said, "for you are my prisoner, you and all your company. I will soon know you and you are, for you cannot escape. I have a whole regiment of cavalry here, and other troops coming. You, and all with you, are prisoners, and nothing can deliver you. Now, whose are you?" At length the old lady found voice, and said in a good, angry, loud, masculine tone, "Who do you think I am? I took a soldier's look here, and I was wearing that one of her eyes had a peculiar shape, and scanning her face closely, and remembering the photographs that I had seen of Davis, and that one of his eyes had a peculiar shape, I said, 'I know you now—you are Jefferson Davis.'" This she said with a pretended, not to hear, but made to direct my eye, but she was raving out with all manner of expletives and explosions against "Yankees" and "cowards" who made war on helpless women. "Who are you?" the old lady at length asked, I replied, "I am the Colonel of the Fourth Michigan Cavalry, whose prisoner you are." "Just as I thought," was the reply; "making war like a savage on a helpless old woman and ladies that are ladies. Let me pass and get some water for the ladies in the tent, that they may dress themselves." "You are Jefferson Davis," I said, "and you are looked haggard and anxious, as if you were not knowing what to do, or what he could do. At last standing up full before me, he said: 'I am Jefferson Davis,'" and then again commenced raving "out against us. I stopped him by saying, 'Jefferson Davis, you are your own man, and you are not in the meantime, a company of Wisconsin cavalry had approached, and my men hearing that it was a division of the enemy came to the rescue, and it being hardly light as yet, commenced firing into each other. And thus began a battle in which several were wounded and some slain on both sides, before the unfortunate mistake was discovered. But little time had elapsed, however, before a company of New York cavalry came up. The soldiers of New York and Wisconsin were of course chartered that they had not been the first to capture Davis. I saw my men, and those of Wisconsin, and a soldier's tear over the sad blunder that made them fire upon each other, regrets were soon swallowed up in rejoicing over the capture of the 'Old Woman,' the chief of perhaps the greatest and saddest of all rebellions.

NAME SAD STORY.

Man's Cold-Blooded Cruelty, Woman's Love, Despair and Wretched Death.

A passenger by the Australia tells of a married pair appearing on shipboard at the moment the gangway plank was being pulled in at the dock in New York. A state-room had been procured in some mysterious manner, and huge trunks followed, but the owners came last, and the occupants of the state-room were not the same. After the ship, however, lost sight of land the captain was taken into the confidence of the gentleman and told of an appointment. The groom was a man about thirty years of age, a foreigner, and a Count with a cold black moustache on his face and a castle on the Rhine. He had the hard, handsome face common to Mississippi gamblers, and dressed himself in that same gorgeous style. The bride, without being handsome, had large, winning blue eyes, that, in their helplessness, kindled sort of expression, won the sympathy of all on board. The Count treated his bride with elaborate courtesy, always getting out of the way when the poor thing suffered from sea sickness and after expressing his concern for madams in the choicest phrases. He expressed himself enviously, ferociously with the monotony of the sea, and tried hard to inveigle certain gentlemen into a game of chance, only to pass the time, however. He was strongly averse to gambling. At the end of the voyage the pair disappeared, and the fugitives were heard of no more until months after, when the Australia was on her way back to New York, when the kind-hearted captain learned that a woman, traveling alone, was very ill in the steerage. Seeking her with the ship's physician, he was astonished to find in the sick steerage passenger the Count's wife of a few months before. He vacated his state-room to the poor woman in her faded finery, and little by little he learned the story. It was the old, old story of offended parents and a cruel husband who, finding a helpless wife, without money, on his hands, first abused and then deserted her. She had parted with the few bits of jewelry left her by the brute, and was now getting back as best she could, ruined and broken-hearted, to her old home. The groom was a gambler, a New York. The weary passengers elected on the deck saw the poor creature, with little remaining of her former self but the wistful, compelling look of her large blue eyes, that from out the pale sunken face seemed larger than ever. Those who would her more, the kind hearted captain, with a will, gave her a room, as if for a week, her poor, numb faculties were unshaken and strong. The vessel, aided by wind and steam, was dashing on, nearing every second the entrance to the bay, when suddenly the starboard passenger heard a wild scream, saw a flash of white garments, and a man, a woman, and a child, some one overboard. The steamer stopped, the boats lowered, and after an hour's search the body of the poor woman was recovered and brought on board.

BEECHER'S UNLUCKY BROTHER.—"My brother Charles and I were twins," said Mr. Beecher, in his last evening's lecture, "or at least we would have been if he hadn't waited a couple of years. We were twins in everything but birth, and yet we were very unlike. He had apparently a better head than I, as if he had more of a shrewdness. As an accident happened to anybody, it was sure to be Charles. It was Charles that broke his leg, that had a white swelling on his knee, that was blown up with gunpowder, that fell down stairs and cut a gash on his cheek, and then, as if by symmetrical fate, he was blown up and cut the other one. He grew up and had a lovely family. His oldest son was shot in the rebellion, hobbled back and was shot again, and then went into the regular army. On the border he was surrounded by Indians, and killed, and the judgment day will have to search all over the plains for his body. My brother Charles had a wife, but she had come out with only a trifle. My brother Charles had two daughters. They went sailing on a lake in the very sight of his house, and were drowned. Why is my brother thus dealt with, and why am I? I haven't the slightest doubt but that it will be all right, but I can't understand it now. It is only left for me to believe blindly, implicitly, in the overruling wisdom and justice of divine providence."—N. Y. Sun.

A LADY called upon a celebrated physician to cure her eyes. The doctor was giving her some trouble. The doctor saw that she was a lady of rank and wealth. He gently shook his head; feared amnesia; case would require time, and as she was living in the country she must move to the city; the physician attended her regularly; his eyes changed to weeks, and weeks to months, and the cure came not. The patient resolved to try an experiment. She disguised herself as a poor old woman, and went to her physician. After long waiting in the auto-room, at last her turn came.

"Very, my good woman, what have you to complain of?"

"Very bad eyes, doctor," she answered. He took her to the light, looked into her eyes, but failed to recognize his patient. Shriveling his shoulders, he said:

"Your eyes are well enough."

"But I know that I am saying."

"But I have been told that I was getting the same—perhaps how it is called."

"Yes, that is it, doctor."

"Don't you let them make you believe any such nonsense. Your eyes are a little weak, but that is all. Your physician is an ass."

"Yes, an ass! Tell him boldly that I say so."

The lady arose, and in her customary voice said: "You are my physician. Don't you forget that."