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### THE VOICE IN THE DARK.

A Memory of Pickett's Brigade and a Night Attack.

Some years after the civil war a gathering of veterans of both sides was exchanging reminiscences at a banquet given by the board of trade of New York, writes Mrs. La Salle Corbell Pickett in Lippincott's. The presiding officer was Colonel J. J. Phillips of the Ninth Virginia regiment, Pickett's division. He was speaking of night attacks and recalled one in particular, not because of its startling horrors, but because of a peculiar circumstance, almost resulting in the compulsory disobedience of orders—the obeying, as it were, of a higher command than that of earth.

"The point of attack had been carefully selected," said Colonel Phillips, "the awaited dark night had arrived, and my command was to fire when General Pickett should signal the order."

"There was that dread, indescribable stillness, that weird, ominous silence, that always settles over everything before a fight. You felt that nowhere in the universe was there any voice or motion."

"Suddenly the awesome silence was broken by the sound of a deep, full voice rolling over the black void like the billows of a great sea, directly in line with our guns. It was singing the old hymn, 'Jesus, Lover of My Soul.'"

"I have heard that grand old music many times in circumstances which intensified its impressiveness, but never had it seemed so solemn as when it broke the stillness in which we waited for the order to fire. Just as it was given there rang through the night the words:

"Cover my defenseless head  
With the shadow of thy wing.  
'Ready! Aim! Fire to the left, boys!' I said.

"The guns were shifted, the volley that blazed out swerved aside, and that defenseless head was 'covered' with the shadow of his wing."

A Federal veteran who had been listening looked up suddenly and said:

"I remember that night, colonel, and that midnight attack which carried off so many of my comrades. I was the singer."

There was a second of silence. Then "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," rang across that banquet hall as on that black night in 1864 it had rung across the lines at Bermuda Hundred.



Cholly—What do you think of the engagement ring I gave your sister?  
Willie—Gee, it's great! She lets me wear it when her other fellows is calling.  
—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

### His Blunder.

"Have you ever stopped to think"—he began and then hesitated.

"Well," she urged, "go on. What were you going to say?"

"I beg your pardon," he replied. "I was about to ask you whether you had ever stopped to think about something, but I might have known that you never did."

"And you mean to insinuate that I never think?" she demanded.

"Oh, no, no, not at all," he made haste to assure her. "I only mean that women don't have to stop talking to think, for we all know that they do think sometimes."

And yet he wonders why she hates him.—Cleveland Leader.

### Charged For It.

Fanny Kemble, the celebrated actress of years ago, once spent the summer at a small country town in Massachusetts. While there she engaged a neighbor, a plain farmer, to drive her around. The farmer, desiring to entertain his guest, expatiated freely upon the state of the crops and to neighborhood gossip until Miss Kemble remarked somewhat testily, "Sir, I engaged you to drive for me, not to talk to me." The farmer said no more. When Miss Kemble was ready to leave town she sent for the man and asked for her bill. One of the items therein she could not understand and asked for an explanation. "That?" said the farmer. "Oh, that's 'Sass, \$3.' I don't often take it, but when I do I charge."

### Prudence and Zabel.

By M. QUAD.

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Prudence Smith and Zabel Winters met at spelling school and were impressed with each other. Zabel would have married her if the Widow Penrose hadn't mixed in. She wanted the young man for herself, and in a few moments she imparted the information that Prudence Smith was knocked and would be able to stand at a wash tub up and down the cellar stairs. The young man was at once impressed. He ceased to speak Prudence on Sunday nights and assure her that he longed to jump over precipices for her sake, and of course she resented it. She went about with her chin in the air and asked for no explanations, and so relations were strained for many long months. Then Zabel's mother found out what was the matter with him and set him right. The widow had lied. Zabel made it up with the girl. The doves came back again and turtled, a new date was set for the marriage, and Farmer Smith reached out his horny hand for a shake and said:

"Zabel, got durn your buttons, you're gittin' the real thing, and you orter be the happiest man in Woodchuck county."

Zabel was for about two weeks. Then Deacon Gray, who was a widower and wanted Prudence for his second wife, gave up some information about Zabel. When he had sworn her to the most awful secrecy he confessed that the young man had a live frog in his stomach and would probably go mad within two years and cut the throat of his wife if he had one. The frog had jumped down Zabel's throat one day when he was drinking from the horse pond, and, though thousands of inducements had been held out to him, nothing could prevail upon him to jump out.

Well, where is the young girl, no matter how her heart tinks with love, who is going to marry a young man with a live and growing frog in his stomach? She can't be found. She wasn't found in this case. Prudence Smith cooled off on Zabel Winters, and he went about with his chin in the air and was too proud to ask for an explanation. It was a year before one came. Then a lightning rod man stayed overnight at Smith's, and after supper he got to talking about frogs. Seeing he was posted on the subject, Prudence made bold to ask him if he had ever heard of a frog taking up inside quarters, and he answered that such a thing was absolutely impossible and beyond belief. Zabel Winters had probably swallowed a small fish and the fish might be growing, but if left alone he could in time be fished for and caught. That settled the frog question, and Zabel was invited to come around and make up. He got a hustle on him, and the turtles dove sang soft and low, a new date was appointed, and Farmer Smith stopped chopping wood long enough to extend a hand and say:

"Zabel, you got durned idiot, don't you know when you've got a good thing? Don't fool around any more."

Zabel didn't want to, but before it had been decided which minister should marry them old Mrs. Snyder struck his trail. She was too old to marry, but not too old to utter a warning for the benefit of a young man who had put in a day hoeing her garden and refused to take pay for it. She told him right straight out that Prudence Smith snored like a steam engine, that she had six toes on her right foot and only four on her left, that she had had St. Vitus' dance when a baby and that it was sure to come back on her some day. It might not be a year after marriage that Zabel would come up from the cornfield some afternoon and find her dancing all around the dooryard and kicking as high as a fence. That settled Zabel. He wanted Prudence, but he didn't want a dancing dervish. More coldness, more strained relations. It was a full year before old Mrs. Snyder proved a liar, and it took three months longer to make up and set another date. Things had run smoothly to within a fortnight of the date when a tin peddler came along and bought a sheepskin of Zabel and then told him that Prudence Smith was deaf in the right ear, nearsighted in both eyes and would be tongue tied before she was two years older. Zabel hadn't noticed the deafness or blindness, but he believed in tin peddlers and at once grew frigid. Result, another year lost.

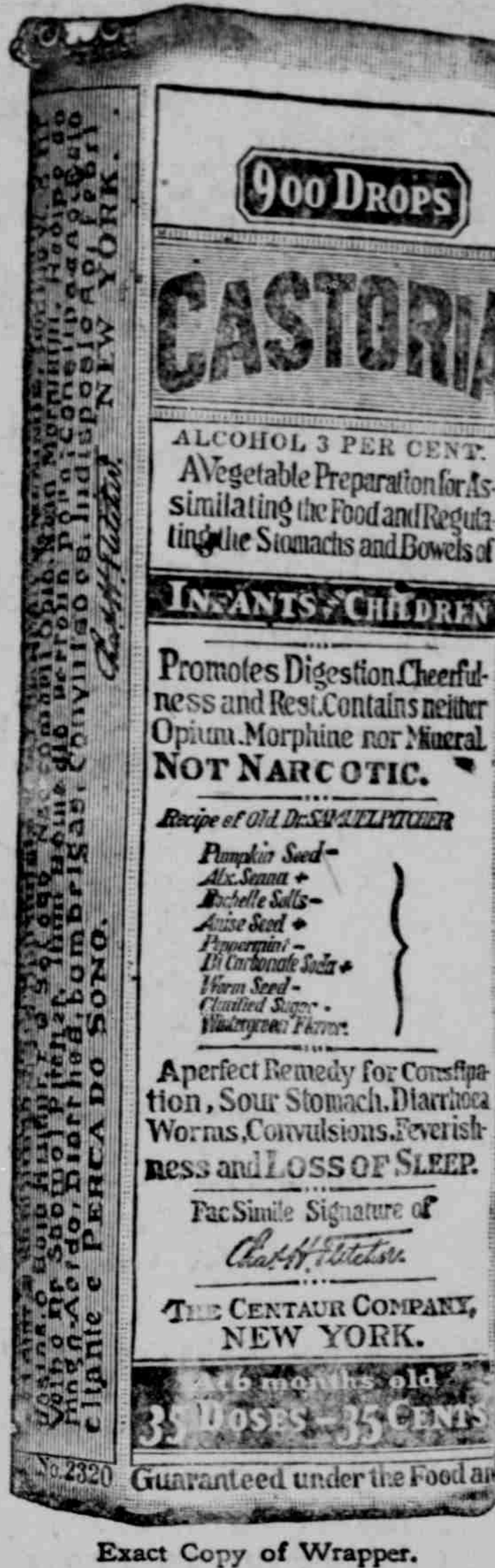
Fate was still in the game, however, and when everybody, including the two principals, had made up their minds that there would be no marriage she came leading around to do her duty. Farmer Smith and his daughter were in the village one day buying calico and brown sugar when Zabel Winters appeared. He had eggs to sell for hickory shirring. The lovers were brought face to face, but they didn't speak. They thought of frogs and St. Vitus' dance and six toed feet and were turning away when Father Smith reached out one hand for his daughter and the other for Zabel and said:

"Say, are you two got durned idiots?" "Um!" replied Prudence.

"Um!" replied Zabel.

"If you wasn't you'd come along with me to the preacher and get married and her this turnabout thing settled to once and for good and all."

Prudence looked at Zabel. Zabel looked at Prudence. Then they smiled and edged up nearer each other, and an hour later they were man and wife.



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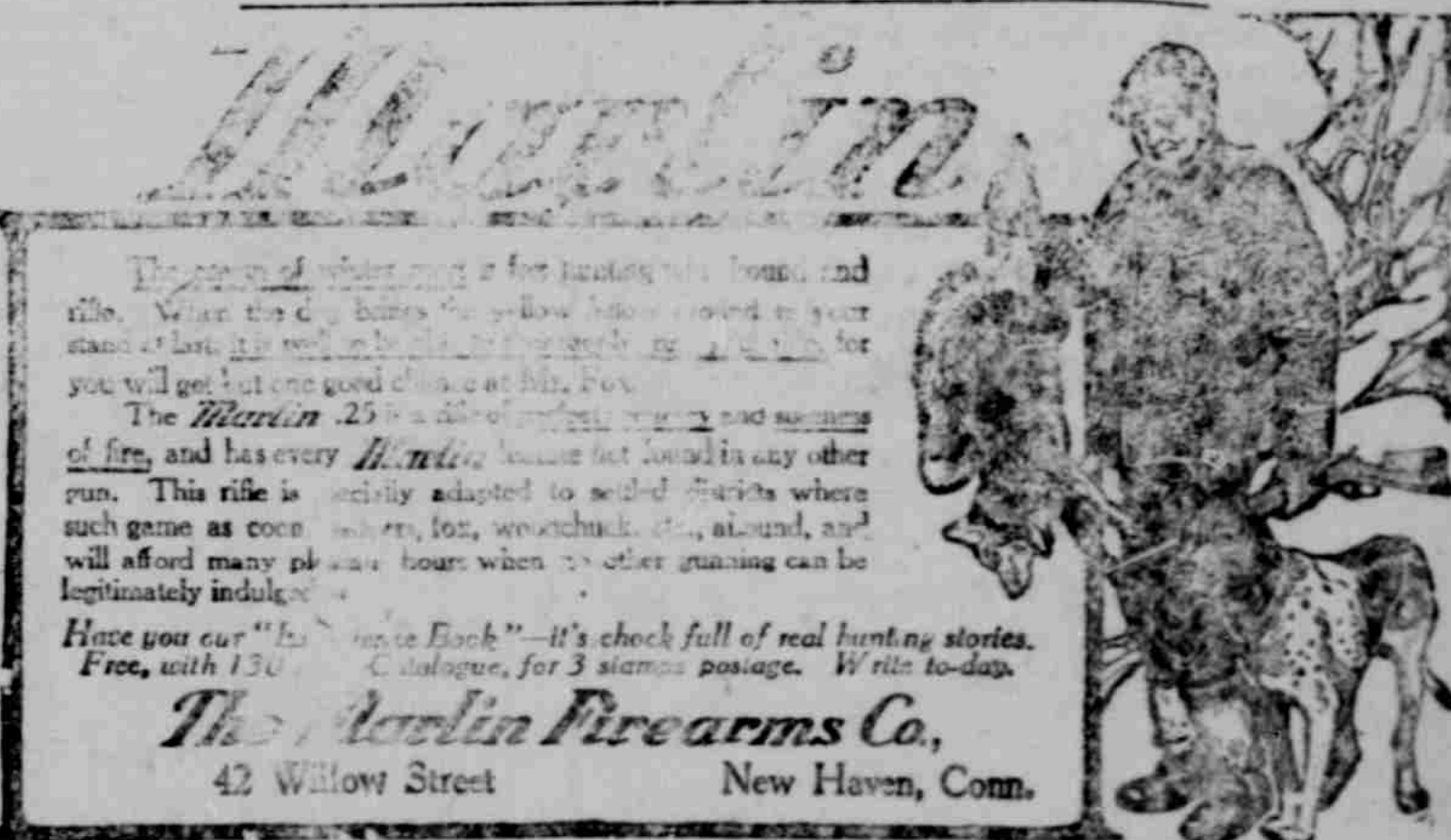
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