

Democratic Watchman.

Bellefonte, Pa., Sept. 13, 1889.

RING THE BELL SOFTLY.

Some one has gone from this strange world of ours,
No more to gather its thorns with its flowers;
No longer to linger where sunbeams must fade,
When on all beauty death's finger is laid,
Weary with mingling life's bitter and sweet,
Weary with parting and never to meet,
Some one has gone to the bright golden shore,
Ring the bell softly, there's a crape on the door;
Ring the bell softly, there's a crape on the door.

Some one is resting from sorrow and sin,
Happy where earth's conflicts enter not in;
Joyous the birds when the morning is bright,
When the sweet sunbeams have brought us their light,
Weary with sorrow and never to reap,
Weary with labor and welcoming sleep,
Some one's departed for Heaven's bright shore,
Ring the bell softly, there's a crape on the door;
Ring the bell softly, there's a crape on the door.

Angels were anxiously longing to meet
One who walks with them in Heaven's bright street,
Loved ones have whispered that some one is
Best,
From earth's trials and taking sweet rest,
Yes there is one more in angelic bliss,
One less to cherish and one less to kiss,
One more departed to Heaven's bright shore—
Ring the bell softly, there's a crape on the door.

A DETECTIVE'S ADVENTURE.

For the first three years of my connection with a western detective agency I was known to the employees of the agency, when known at all, as "the outlaw man." Not because I had ever been an outlaw myself, but because I was assigned to the duty of hunting down outlaws and no one else. It is a line of work still in existence with several agencies, but it is one in which few men care to engage, no matter what the salary. It is all right when you are hunting the outlaw, but it is vastly different when he turns and hunts you. Had I fully understood what would be required of me, I would not have engaged in the work for any salary the agency could have named, but, once engaged, pride and circumstances kept me bound to the work until imperatively obliged to relinquish it.

For two years previous to my start a man known as Bill Gibbs had been outlawed in Arkansas. He was a robber and a murderer, had a price set upon his head, and had taken refuge in the Boston Mountains, and from his lair defied all authority of law. He was a terror to a large district, and the plan to get rid of him was discussed and arranged like an ordinary business transaction.

"What sum in cash will your agency take to hunt down and kill Bill Gibbs?" was the query.

"We will do it for—dollars!"

"All right; go ahead."

When the preliminaries had been arranged with the committee I was selected for the work.

"You will proceed to Huntsville, Ark., and from thence locate Gibbs. Do not attempt to take him prisoner. The whole State wants him killed. Take your time and make your own plans, but do not return until you have disposed of him."

Inside of five days I was in Huntsville, but I tramped over the country between that town and the base of the range for a week before I secured any definite information concerning Gibbs. Every farmer knew him, and almost everyone paid him tribute, but such was the fear of his vengeance that only an occasional person dared admit having seen him. The outlaw was entirely alone, and he had been left unmolested so long that the advantage would be on my side. He was described to me as a man of forty, very powerful and vindictive, and of a natural bloodthirsty disposition. When he came down out of the mountains he was sure to do some devilish thing, although unprovoked, and among people ready to befriend him. I found several negroes who had had an ear-slashed off by him, and half a dozen white men who had been shot at or otherwise intimidated. It was over two weeks before I got any information of direct value. I then tumbled upon a negro squatter to the southeast of Huntsville and near the foothills, who panned out at a lively rate. I encountered him on a trail in the woods, and had him covered with my rifle before he knew of my presence. By threatening and coaxing and bringing I induced him to yield up the information I was after. He was then three miles from his cabin and on his way to Huntsville to procure supplies for Gibbs. He had a bundle of coon and fox skins, which he was to exchange for coffee, crackers, powder and lead. He had been a compulsory agent for a year, and such was his fear of the outlaw that when I brought the muzzle of my cocked rifle down to within a foot of his breast and threatened to fire, he wailed out:

"You kin dun kill me, nar's white man, but I ze afraid of Mar's Gibbs jist the same."

Gibbs was to wait at the negro cabin until the owner's return. I ordered him to go forward and say nothing to any living soul about meeting me, and when he disappeared, I started for the cabin. I had no idea that the outlaw would remain in the hut or close to it. While he probably trusted the negro as much as any human being, his outlaw life would, and he would take no chances. I reasoned that he would quit the cabin as soon as he obtained a bite to eat, and that he would go into hiding at some point from which he could command a view. Therefore, when within a mile of the spot, I made a circuit to the right and came out a mile or more to the south of the little clearing. I found that a ravine led down from the mountain in the direction of the cabin, and after an hour's search up and down I discovered evidence that some one had traversed it but recently. Weeds were broken down, stones displaced, and at a certain moist spot I found plain footprints. The outlaw had come down from his lair by this trail, and he would doubtless return by it.

I met the negro about 9 o'clock in the morning. He would have time to do his trading and return by 4 or 5 in the afternoon. Gibbs might go off on an expedition after receiving his supplies, but the chances were that he would at once return to his lair. I followed the ravine back to a point where it narrowed to a path of six or eight feet, and where the path was in semi-darkness even at high noon, and there I prepared my trap. Had I met him face to face I could have shot him, but could not lie in ambush and do it, outlaw though he was. It was too much like murder. Inside of an hour I had my rifle set as a spring gun, to be discharged as the man's legs pressed a small cord running across the path, and then I retired to a thick clump of pines about forty rods away and went into camp to await result. If my action seems cold-blooded let the reader consider. I had in my pocket a list of five men whom Gibbs had killed in cold blood, and the names of a dozen whom he had slashed and maimed out of pure malignity.

While I was arranging the gun two land lookers were approaching the cabin. They were strangers to the neighborhood and unarmed. Gibbs was just leaving the cabin to go into hiding, and although the men neither displayed weapons nor called upon him to halt, he fired upon them with a revolver, wounding one in the shoulder and the other in the side. He then started up the ravine, and I had just ten minutes in hiding before I heard the spring gun discharged. I waited a few minutes and then carefully approached the spot, and it was to find Gibbs dead across the string. He had been instantly killed by the bullet. When we came to get the body out to have it identified we found the facial expression to be as savage as that of an enraged tiger. He had been living the life of a wild beast until he resembled one. His nails were like talons, his flesh covered with hair, and he had the odor of a caged panther.

My second adventure with an outlaw lasted much longer. A half-breed Choctaw named John Flint, who was a resident of Doaksville, Indian Territory, and who had killed several men in the after the close of the war, was run out of the neighborhood by a vigilance committee, and he took up his lair in the mountain spur to the South, and swore that he would never be taken alive nor his friends with a human being. He was represented as a quick shot, a fighter to the death, and a man of such vigilance that he could not be surprised. He was outlawed and a price set upon his head, but it was hoped he might be taken alive and hanged. Our agency was offered \$1,000 more to capture him alive than to furnish proofs of his death, but it was at the same time admitted that over a dozen men had spent weeks in vain trying to either kill or capture him. Three of the number had been killed while pursuing the enterprise. The outlook for me was, therefore, very dubious, but I determined to see what could be done.

As is the case with every outlaw, Flint had his friends and admirers in the county about him. I reached Doaksville to learn that he was around with a Winchester and two revolvers, and that people for twenty miles around were intimidated by him. He levied toll on the farmers with a high hand, obliging one to furnish meat, another flour, a third cartridges, and such was the terror his presence inspired that no one dared betray him, though all yearned to hear of his death or capture. He was put on his guard against me on my arrival, and he sent me word that if I did not at once leave the country he would have my life. When I finally got ready to begin my hunt for him, he was hunting me as well. When I had secured such particulars as I desired, I bundled up what necessity demanded and cut loose from civilization. That is, I headed for the mountain, determined to pursue the man day and night until I had run him down. It was no use to plan to catch him about any of the farm houses, as he knew that I was after him, and he would as a measure of prudence, forsake his old haunts for the time being. It seemed to me the best way to hunt for his lair and have it out with him on his own ground.

For the first three days I got neither track nor trace of Flint. It was like hunting for a needle in a haystack, as the mountain was thickly covered with verdure, and split up by many ravines and gulches. Nobody had ever found his hiding place, but from some remarks dropped once when he had liquor in him it was supposed to be in a cave in the rocks, and to be approached only with the greatest difficulty. If I met him abroad it would be entirely by accident, so I carefully avoided crossing any bare places where he might spy me from his lookout. About mid-forenoon on the fourth day I came across a snare set for rabbits by some human hands. An investigation proved that it had been in use for some time, and had held several victims, although empty at this time. This must be the outlaw, since his presence on the mountain had driven all hunters away. Two hours later and a mile away I discovered a snare from which a partridge had lately been taken. I felt then that I was in the neighborhood of the outlaw's den, but I had to move slowly and exercise the greatest vigilance. I built my fires in ravines and with the least possible smoke, and whenever the night came I crept under the pines and rolled myself in a blanket. On the fifth and sixth days I did not cover more than two miles of ground, and most of that distance was covered on hands and knees.

On the evening of the sixth day I had to descend the mountain to renew my provisions at a farm house, and my wits were chagrined to learn from a negro that Flint had visited the place for the same purpose only the night before. He gave me the direction taken by the outlaw, but when I reached the base of the mountains I could go no further in the darkness and had to camp down. I was astray at daylight, and at once

made my way to the crest of the big hill, believing that Flint, having supplied himself with provisions would be quiet for two or three days. Whether he did or did not I hunted for him another week without finding further trace. On the thirteenth day my hunt came to an end in a singular manner. I was following a dry ravine, so full of bushes and loose rocks that I had to creep most of the time and I was resting under some very thick bushes when I heard a movement on the bank above. It might have been caused by a deer or bear, but I felt pretty certain that it was a man. He was on the bank of the ravine directly over my head, and after a minute or two I heard the squeal of a rabbit. It was Flint, then, and he was taking the game from an snare. We could not see each other, but he had the advantage in being above me. The bank was too steep to climb, and I was turning to a spot where I could ascend, a suppressed shout of alarm, and the next instant earth, rocks and bushes were falling all about me. I sprang up, and as I did so the spread-eagle form of a man struck the bushes at my right and broke through them with a great crash. I made a leap to get out of the way, but the body had scarcely come to a stop before I was at hand. It was the outlaw, as I saw at a glance. The fall had stunned him. While he still clutched the rabbit in his right hand, his left arm was broken. I lost no time in securing five minutes and when he roused up, five minutes later, he had no show. He took out a knife, cursing, however, and of all the blood-curdling oaths I ever heard a man use he capped the climax. I got him about noon, and before night I had him down the mountain and delivered up to legal authority. He resisted me vigorously for the first hour, declaring that he would die before he would accompany me, but after I had used a stout switch on him several times, and given him the refusal to walk, he was more tractable. He was turned over to the United States authorities, arraigned on six or seven charges of murder, but convicted and hung on the first. I was not present when he was swung off, but in his speech from the scaffold he cursed me high and low, and left it as his dying request that his friends would not rest until they had taken my life.

The White Tobacco Plant.

It Appeared Mysteriously and Brought a Fortune.

Kentucky raises 300,000,000 pounds of tobacco every year—half of the crop of the United States. Most of it is marketed in New York. About a dozen long leaves are tied into what is called a "hand," and these hands are compressed in hogsheads varying from 600 to 2,000 pounds in weight. Ten years ago all this tobacco was of a dark brown or black color. Now the greater portion of it is a bright yellow. There has been a similar change in color at Cincinnati and other important markets. The dark-colored article sells at from 3 to 7 cents a pound. The lighter is sweet; the former is strong and bitter. It is a curious story how the tobacco crop of the United States came to change its color.

Brown county, O., lies opposite Mason county, Kentucky, and has long been famous for tobacco growing. Many years ago there resided in that county an industrious and intelligent German farmer, Capt. August Cott. Capt. Cott raised tobacco. It all then was dark and strong, and caused inflammation in the mouth of those who chewed it. The sweet tobacco was brought from Cuba, and could not be grown anywhere in the United States. Its seed planted in our soil produced tobacco peculiar to this country. There was one kind here a little better than the other. It was of a reddish color, and was called red burley. How it got the name "burley" no one now knows.

In 1862 Capt. Cott had a field of tobacco just behind his house. One day early in the autumn, when the plants had attained a height of a foot or more, Mrs. Cott remarked to her husband that she had seen a very peculiar tobacco plant in the corner of the field. It was like none she had ever seen before. All others, when growing, were green, but this was white. Capt. Cott said he would look at it. Accompanied by his wife he went to the field and examined the peculiar plant. It was indeed white, as she had said, and unlike any other tobacco. Capt. Cott gave his workmen orders to take care of it and allow it to run to seed.

To raise tobacco necessitates two processes of planting. The seed is sown in a small bed just as for asparagus or lettuce. In a short time tiny plants, hundreds of them to every square foot, grow up. These plants are drawn out by the roots. Taken to a field prepared for that purpose, they are set, one in each, in little hillocks a foot and a half apart. One man punches a hole in a hillock with a stick, another inserts the roots of the plant and presses the dirt around them. This plant takes a second growth and sends up a stout stalk, with fifteen or sixteen branching leaves, each of them often two feet long and a foot broad. This is the tobacco for commerce and use. Before it attains maturity the farmer cuts off the top of the stalk. It makes the leaves grow broader. If the top is not cut off it shoots up to a height of five or six feet, blossoms, and produces a handful of seed. This is called allowing a plant to "run to seed."

Capt. Cott examined the white plant many times while it was growing to maturity. In the autumn it blossomed just as any other tobacco would have done, and after ripening Capt. Cott carefully gathered the handful of seed it produced. The plant was cut and hung away by itself in the barn to dry. When it had undergone the latter process it turned to a bright yellow color and contrasted remarkably in appearance with the other tobacco. Capt.

Cott chewed a piece. It was sweet and left an unusually pleasant taste in his mouth. He called in a number of his neighbors, all old tobacco growers, to examine the plant and see what they thought of it. They agreed with him that it was far superior to any other tobacco they had ever seen, but they argued that the plant was merely a freak of nature. The seed from it would produce tobacco of the familiar dark color and strong taste. The captain was inclined to that belief, too, but he said he would sow the seed and see.

The following spring Capt. Cott sowed the seed from the white plant. The little plants were carefully drawn and re-set. Then he awaited with great interest the result. The plants grew rapidly, and to his intense delight the leaves were white. He had a little field of the white tobacco, and again in the autumn he saved all the seed.

When the result of the captain's experiments was known everybody in his vicinity wanted the seed. He refused to part with any, but the next spring he sold the young plants for \$5 a piece. The following autumn some of the third crop, which was as bright in color as the original plant, was taken to market, as the common tobacco. Capt. Cott named it "white burley."

The farmers in Mason county, Kentucky, experimented more eagerly with the new tobacco than did their neighbors in Brown county, across the river. They soon produced it in considerable quantities. Most of all it was shipped to the Louisville market, and white burley became famous. For years its growth was confined to these two counties. Farmers thought it was peculiar to the soil there and could not be produced elsewhere. Thus the quantity in the market did not amount to more than the hundredth part of 1 per cent of the total crop, and it was regarded as a rare and fancy brand, such as a rich man only could afford to smoke or chew.

Several years ago farmers in various parts of Kentucky decided to get some of the white burley seed and try it. To their surprise and pleasure they grew tobacco just as good as that produced in Mason county. The following season a greater quantity was grown. The increased supply did not diminish the price. All the country wanted the white burley. When their customers became accustomed to it they would have no other kind.

Capt. Cott grew rich off his white burley tobacco, and many of his neighbors were likewise fortunate. It can be grown with the greatest success all over Kentucky, except in the western portion, and is likewise produced in a first plant form. It can be grown in the north also. Through its agency the Kentucky farmer makes nearly twice as much money as he did a half-dozen years ago. Nearly all the fine "Havana cigars" are made in this country of white burley and are superior to the genuine article. The dark tobacco is fast disappearing before the milder and more healthful plant. Three hundred million pounds of tobacco will be raised in Kentucky this season. Two hundred million pounds of it will be white burley, all lineally descended from that single plant which grew up in 1862, no one knows how or from what, on the farm of Capt. August Cott, Brown county, Ohio.—New York Sun.

Value of Eggs as Food.

"Eggs are a meal in themselves. Every element necessary to the support of man is contained within the limits of an egg-shell, in the best proportions and in the most palatable form. Plain boiled they are wholesome. The masters of French cookery, however, affirm that it is easy to dress them more than five hundred different ways, each method not economical, but salutary in the highest degree. No honest appetite ever rejected an egg in some guise. It is nutriment in the most portable form and in the most concentrated shape. Whole nations of mankind rarely touch any other animal food. Kings eat them plain as readily as do the humble tradesmen. After the victory of Muidorf, when the Kaiser Ludwig sat at a meal with his burgraves and captains, he determined on a piece of luxury—one egg to every man and two to the excellently valiant Schwepperman." Far more than fish for it is a watery diet—eggs are the scholar's fare. They contain phosphorus, which is brain food, and sulphur, which performs a variety of functions in the economy. And they are the best of nutriment for children, for, in a compact form, they contain everything that is necessary for the growth of the youthful frame. Eggs are, however, not only food—they are medicine also. The white is the most efficacious of remedies for burns, and the oil extractable from the yolk is regarded by the Russians as an almost miraculous salve for cuts, bruises and scratches. A raw egg, if swallowed in time, will effectually detach a fishbone fastened in the throat, and the white of two eggs will render the deadly corrosive as harmless as a dose of calomel. Invigorate the feeble, and render the most susceptible all proof against jaundice in its most malignant phase. The merits of eggs do not even end here. In France alone the wine clarifiers use more than 80,000,000 a year, and the Alsations consume fully 58,000,000 in calico printing, and for dressing the leather used in making the finest French kid gloves. Even eggshells are valuable for all sorts of homeopathic alike agree in regarding them as the purest of the carbonate of lime.

All Sorts of Paragraphs.

—Sanwich, Mass., is 250 years old this week. The Turper House, built in 1637, is the oldest in the town.

—Edward Pottiford, aged 104, thought to be the oldest man in the State, died in Grant county, Ind., Saturday.

—The First Congregational Church, of Yarmouth, Mass., celebrated the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of its organization last Sunday.

—A Sierra Valley (Cal.) man made an excellent bargain the other day. He bought a sack of sweet potatoes and found in the bottom of it a \$30 gold piece.

—Micajah Owens, 100 years old, living near Rochelle, Ga., walked to town the other day a distance of five miles. Only three years ago he walked 28 miles in a week.

—At a wedding in Arizona, the other day, the bride received, with other gifts, a furnished house, a mule, a beifer, a barrel of beer, a cask of wine, some whisky and a work-rever.

—The Michigan wheat is a little shrunken, but the snake crop is fair this year. Farmer Simons Brody, of near Three Rivers, went out the other day and gathered in 28 rattlesnakes.

—A rascal is preying upon the people of Jackson, Mich., by asserting that he is a chimney inspector. He gets into the house and steals everything that comes within his reach.

—The family of Richard J. Rockwell, of Clark county, Mo., consists of seven children, three of them triplets, and two of them twins. The triplets are 10 years old.

—An eagle weighing nine tons has arrived in Brooklyn from his home in the mountains of Maine. It is of granite, and will be placed over the entrance to the new post-office.

—The Japanese are learning how to eat meat. In 1865 only 30,000 head of cattle were slaughtered in all Japan. In 1885 the number increased to 116,000, in 1886 to 130,500; in 1888, to 200,000.

—A very considerate thief who entered J. P. Beckley's house at Glassboro, N. J., a night or two ago, stole \$16 from Mr. Beckley's trousers, but left a \$5 bill on a chair with this note: "I'm not a hog."

—Frank W. Hale, of Dover, N. H., has a squash that weighs 100 pounds. It is still growing and Hale hopes it will double its present weight. In 28 hours its circumference increased an inch and three quarters.

—John Cannon Short, an aged farmer of near Georgetown, computes that in going to Georgetown three times per week during the past 40 years, the distance each way being seven miles, he has traveled 87,800 miles.

—Judge F. Wellhouse, of Fremont, Kan., is said to be the proprietor of the largest orchard in "the world." He has 1,078 acres in fruit trees, and it is claimed that no other grower on the face of the globe can make a similar showing.

—When John Orr got home in Camden from a trip to Wilmington, Del., his wife asked what had become of his son Charles. Then Orr remembered that he had forgotten the boy, who was found some time on Friday night by Philadelphia police.

—Grand Haven, Mich., picked up its ears Thursday night and distinctly heard the booming of the guns in the sham sea fight at Milwaukee, 84 miles away. The country is tolerably level between Grand Haven and Milwaukee, but very damp.

—Miss Alice Cole, a cultured young lady of Chester, Ill., ran away from home last Wednesday. She is a banker's daughter and a society belle. She was found on Sunday in St. Louis, where she had secured a position as a cook in a restaurant. Her reason for leaving home was that she did not wish to return to school.

—In Dublin, a small town in Laurens county, Ga., there lives a blue man. He is a Caucasian, but instead of being white is a greenish blue, and is known as "Blue Billy." His whole skin is blue, his tongue and the roof of his mouth are blue, and where his eyes should be white is the same glistening greenish-blue color.

—At Decatur, Tex., on Saturday, Eph Huffman was tried in the District Court for horse theft. The courtroom is used on Sundays as a place of worship. Sunday morning during the services the jury returned a verdict. The prisoner was brought in and sentenced to five years in the penitentiary, after which the services were resumed.

—Lewis Purdy, postmaster at Shrub Oak, Westchester county, N. Y., was appointed by President William Henry Harrison in March, 1841, and has served continuously from that time. Though now in his 86th year, he is vigorous, his memory and vision are clear, and he still receives and distributes the mail twice a day, as he has for long years.

—At the "old settlers' meeting," recently held in Cass county, Ind., a good old lady got up to tell of the early life in the country for the first time, and as it was her first attempt to speak in public, she had a severe attack of stage fright. At last she said: My friends, I am an old citizen. I can remember when these great oak trees were nothing but hazel bushes."

—An English scientist has been making experiments to determine the important part which light plays in the development of animal life. A dozen tadpoles were confined in a box from which every ray of light was excluded. The result was that only two of them developed into frogs, and these were short-lived. The others increased considerably in size, but never left the tadpole form.

—William Crawford, 22 years old, who died recently in Chicago, was peculiarly afflicted. He had only one ear in which it is said that he had no outer skin at all. The veins stood out all over his body in the plainest manner possible. From the time he was 6 years of age young Crawford had been subject to bleeding spells, which were liable to break out at any time and on any part of his body.

The Deceptive Hand-Bag.

"Would you mind going into Silk & Satten's store with me a few moments, dear?" asked Mrs. Younglove, sweetly, of her husband the other afternoon after he had started out for a half-holiday.

"I just want to get a few little things—only what I can carry in my hand-bag."

The hand-bag was such a flat, diminutive affair, seemingly capable of holding so very little, that Younglove cheerfully complied with his wife's request.

When they emerged from the store, two hours and a half later, the hand-bag contained:

Two yards orange ribbon, 1 yard dress lining, 4 yards Torchon lace, 1 card book and eyes, 3 spools sewing thread, a card pearl buttons, 1 spool basting thread, a card pearl buttons, 3 yards cardinal ribbon, 3 handkerchiefs, 1 pair kid gloves, 1 yard tulle, 1 yard nainsook, 2 pairs hose, papers of pins, 1 cut-steel buckle, 3 fancywork ornaments, 1 skein embroidery silk, 1 pair dress shields 2 yards Hamburg, 1 yard insertion, 1 box button fasteners, 1 box hairpins, 1 pair hosiery supporters, 1 hairnet.

"There, dear," said Mrs. Younglove, sweetly, as they came out; "you see I kept my word, and got only what I could carry in my hand-bag. You were a dear good boy to go in with me at all, and I wouldn't have asked you if I'd been on a regular shopping."—Pack.

The Turning Point of the War.

Major Thomas J. Newham writes in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat: "I met Gen. Sherman two years ago at the Lindell hotel, and in the course of a long conversation I asked him what he considered the critical event or turning point of the war. His reply was that what he considered the critical event or turning point of the war was a little incident that occurred in the woods of Tennessee a short time after the battle of Corinth—the intended resignation of Gen. Grant. Sherman had been on special duty with his command and had returned to report to Gen. Halleck. While at Halleck's headquarters he was informed that Gen. Sherman had determined to resign. He (Sherman) got on his horse and rode direct to Grant's headquarters, some distance away. He found Grant with a number of papers before him on an improvised table. Grant and Sherman shook hands cordially. Sherman asked Grant what he was doing, and also told him that he had heard that he (Grant) was going to resign. Grant handed Sherman a paper, which proved to be his resignation already written out. 'I can stand this no longer,' said Grant, alluding to his ill treatment by his superiors. 'If I can't command a brigade or a division, I can carry a musket.' There was a great deal of sadness in these words as Grant spoke them. Sherman asked Grant if he would do him a favor. Grant replied that he would do anything in his power for Sherman. Sherman took the written resignation, tore it in fragments and said that the favor he desired was that Grant would withhold his resignation for two weeks. Grant agreed to this, and the resignation was not heard of again. Halleck was removed in a few days, and Grant was restored to his command. 'That,' said Gen. Sherman, 'I consider the turning point of the war.'"

—The Diesel cottage at Mount McGregor, in which General Grant passed his last hours, is kept just as it was when moved, with the exception of the removal of a few personal belongings of the family. The two big leather-covered easy chairs in which he passed so many painful days are draped in black and left in the same position they were in when he occupied them. The clock on the mantel has been silent since the moment of his death, when the door stopped it, and the writing tablets he used when speech was prohibited are in a case on the wall, together with his pencil and a couple of messages in writing to Mr. Drexel.