EVERY YEAR.

BY ALBERT PIKE.

The spring has lost its brightness,
Every year;
The snow a ghost for whiteness,
Every year;
Nor do summer flowers quicken,
Nor autumn fruitage thicken,
As they once did, for we sicken
Every year.

It is growing darker, colder,
Every year,
As the heart and soul grow older,
Every year;
I care not now for dancing,
Or for eyes with passion glancing,
Love is less and less entrancing,
Every year.

Of the loves and sorrows blended,
Every year;
Of ties of friendship ended,
Every year;
Of the ties that still might bind me,
Until Time to Death resigned me,
My infirmities remind me,
Every year.

Oh, how sad to look before me,
Every year;
While the clouds grow darker o'er me,
Every year;
When we see the blossoms faded,
That to bloom we might have aided,
And immortal garlands braided,
Every year.

To the past go more dead faces,
Every year;
Come no new ones in their places,
Every year;
You can win no new affection,
You have only recollection,
Deeper sorrow and dejection,
Every year.

Thank God! No clouds are shifting,
Every year;
O'er the land to which we're drifting,
Every year;
No losses there will grieve us,
Nor loving faces leave us,
Nor death of friends bereave us,
Every year.

A Confederate Spy.

WHO PLAYED THE PART OF A DEAF AND DUMB MAN.

ARRESTED AND CARRIED OFF TO THE GUARD-HOUSE—THE ORDEAL UNDERGONE AT THE OFFICE OF THE PROVOST MARSHAL—SOME SURPRISING TESTS —TURNED LOOSE.

When Gen. Early made his great raid on Washington I was scouting between his advance and the city, and was captured within the city limits twenty-four hours before his battle-flags appeared in sight. I was dressed in citizen's clothes, pretended to be deaf and dumb, and claimed to have been driven out of Richmond, because I had written threatening letters to Jefferson Davis.

I had been inside the fortifications for half a day, and was slowly walking out, when a couple of young men, both of whom were considerably the worse for liquor, halted me and wanted to fight. I had a pencil and a block of paper with me, and I wrote:

"I am deaf and dumb."

That made no difference with them. Indeed, they declared that it would be a novel idea to lick a deaf and dumb man, and one of them gave me a cuff on the ear.

In those days I weighed 160 pounds and had the muscle of a prize fighter. I tried to get away from them without farther trouble, but when they seemed determined to have a row I gave them all they wanted, and wasn't many minutes about it. A crowd of soldiers and civilians collected, the provost guard came up, and the result was as I had anticipated. I was arrested and carried off to a guard-house. One of the young men, who afterward turned out to be related to a member of the cabinet, followed me to the office of the provost marshal and charged me with being a spy. No one seemed to entertain a doubt that I was deaf and dumb, as I claimed, and my examination was carried on in writing. I was asked my name, age, when born and a hundred other questions, and then searched. They found nothing on me of a criminating nature, and I reasoned that I would be detained until after the excitement had passed and then turned loose.

NEARLY THROWN OFF HIS GUARD.

After being detained three days an officer entered my quarters one morning and said to me:

"Well, dummy, you can pack up and get out."

The minute I heard his step outside I was on my guard, but he spoke in such a natural tone that I came near giving myself away. On three different occasions during the war I played the part of a deaf and dumb man, and I tell you it takes all the nerve and presence of mind a man can call up. I sat facing the door, and, while I heard his words, I made no movement. He came closer to me and said:

"Come, pack up your traps, you are to be turned loose."

I looked him straight in the eyes without winking, and after a bit a look of chagrin stole over his face and he motioned for me to follow him. He took me to the provost marshal's office, and I was ushered into a private room where the marshal and three or four other officials were seated. On the way to the office, as we crossed a wide street the officer suddenly exclaimed:

"There's a runaway horse—look out!"

If I hadn't been expecting some such thing on his part I must have betrayed myself. As I gave no sign, continuing on with my head down, I heard him growling:

"They think they've got a sucker, but they'll find out their mistake!"

I entered the office, knowing that every trick would be resorted to to break me down, and my nerves were braced as if to charge a battery of artillery. I was left standing by the door for a moment, when one of the officials looked up and quietly said:

"Take a seat, sir, and we'll attend to you in a moment."

I made no move, but looked around the room in a stupid sort of way. I was looking out of the window on to a roof when the same official said:

"You may come forward and take this chair."

I stood like a stone, and he rose up, came over to me, and led me to a chair at the table. When I was seated one of the others remarked:

"Write your name, age and last place of residence on a slip of paper."

That was trick number three, and it failed as the others had done. By and by the marshal wrote on a slip of paper:

"Who are you, and where from?"

I wrote in reply, "I am Charles Jones, of Richmond."

"But you are a Union man!" suggested one of the officers aloud.

I saw his lips move, but he got no sign from me. The examination continued in this manner for a full hour, the men using every artifice to trap me, but they failed to score a single point. I knew they would reserve the sharpest trick to the last, and was therefore nerved up for it. At length the marshal pushed back in his chair, pointed his finger at my breast and angrily exclaimed:

"Where did that Confederate button come from?"

It was another failure. They turned to his companions and said:

"Gentlemen, I'm no use. The man is certainly deaf and dumb and a d—d fool besides!"

"We have wasted our time," replied a second; "he is not only what he claims to be, but may be of great service to us. I'd have the officer take him over to the secretary of war."

"I guess I will," said the officer, and he rang a bell and I heard the door open. Then he turned to me, carelessly as you please, and said:

"Go with the officer."

It was their last shot. I never moved a muscle until the officer approached and placed his hand on me. I was taken back to the guard-house, kept a prisoner for another week, and then the disgusted marshal turned me loose in the streets.

A Strange Case.

During the many weeks that Early and Sherman faced each other along the Opequan, says "Ex-Rebel" in the Detroit *Free Press*, I was a high private in a Confederate infantry regiment. About two weeks previous to the battle which drove us beyond Winchester, my company was ordered to the front to do picket duty along a certain line. Sheridan was even then becoming aggressive, and his pickets were crowding us all along the front. At the spot where I relieved the old picket the Federals occupied a post not over ten rods away, and during the daytime the conversation would run about as follows:

"Hello! Johnny!"

"Hello! Yank!"

"How long are you going to be there?"

"All winter."

"Bet you ten to one!"

"Why?"

"'Cause we are going to drive you out in a few days. Better get your knapsacks packed."

"You be hanged."

"See if we don't do it."

I went on at 10 o'clock at night, and my orders were very strict. It was a starlight night, and between me and the Yankee picket was open ground—a portion of an old field. A dog couldn't cross it without being discovered. I was not to give an alarm unless convinced that the enemy was preparing for some move, and I was not to fire my musket except more than one person was seen advancing across the field. So sure as one single musket was discharged the fire would run up and down both lines for a mile or so, and the reliefs would be turned out and a hubbub be raised which could not be quieted for an hour.

It was a very still night. The whippoorwills were singing along the Opequan, and from every bunch of grass came the notes of katydids and crickets. At about 11 o'clock, while I sat for a moment on a fallen log, looking straight across the field, a man suddenly stepped out of the cover of the woods on the far side and began advancing towards me. I caught the shine of the starlight on his musket at once, and immediately made up my mind that he was a Federal picket. Indeed, who else could he be? He was exactly opposite me, and he advanced at a slow and measured pace, with his musket at a "carry."

As soon as the man stepped out I sprang up. I had been ordered not to fire on a single person advancing, but what could he mean by exposing himself in this reckless manner? Our pickets were so close together that he must be under the eyes of at least three of us. If it was a bravado I had never seen a case like it. If he meant to desert his colors his coolness was something unparalleled.

On he came, straight at me, never turning his head nor hesitating for a moment, and in five minutes he came to a halt so near that I could have prodded him with the bayonet. I was just about to address him, demanding his surrender, when he placed his musket against a tree, folded his arms across his breast, leaned up against a beech and stared into the darkness over my head. Five long minutes he stood there without making a movement, but I heard him sigh as though there was great trouble on his mind.

I was standing in my tracks, too dumfounded for action, when the picket to the left of me came creeping up on his hands and knees, and as he rose up beside the log I sat down so that we could consult.

"What on earth can all that mean?" I asked. "He is neither a scout nor a deserter."

"Wait and watch him," whispered my companion.

In a few minutes the Federal took a letter from his breast pocket, removed it from the envelope, and opened the sheet as if reading it. It was so dark that he could not have made out the letters on a circus bill, but he seemed to read every word in that letter. When he had finished it he placed the envelope in his pocket, but the letter fluttered to the ground. He sighed heavily, made a sound as if sobbing, and by and by, with a groan of anguish which went straight to our hearts, he picked up his musket and walked slowly back across the open ground

"What do you think?" I asked when we had finally lost sight of him.

"He is a sleep-walker," answered my friend.

I made up my mind that this was the case. The letter was secured, to be perused by us when daylight came, and we saw nothing more of the man on our watch.

The epistle was from a far-away village in Northern Ohio, and it read:

"* * * God pity us! Both children died yesterday! The last words they uttered were to ask for papa. It seems as if I could never stand up under this, and what must your feelings be?"

There was more, but we could not read it. That letter, belonging to an enemy, was sacred in our eyes.

I was there again at the same hour the next night, and half an hour before midnight the man started to come to the same spot. He had no musket with him this time, and his movements showed that he was wide awake. He came crouching and hiding, as if to escape observation, and was half way across the open a field when a stream of fire darted out from his own side, and the fellow sprang into the air with a scream and fell dead. He was coming for his letter, being guided by some undefined instinct toward the exact spot, and had probably been mistaken by an excited picket for a Confederate creeping the other way. All next day the body lay there in plain view, but at night his friends removed it, and we heard afterward from a prisoner that they discovered and lamented their error.

I have the letter yet, and I never read or gallant charges and the glory of war without taking it tenderly in my hand and reading that paragraph in which so much of war's cruelty and bitterness is portrayed.

HOW THE TWELVE DIED.

The following brief history of the fate of the Apostles may be new to those whose reading has not been evangelical:

St. Matthew is supposed to have suffered martyrdom, or was slain with a sword at the city of Ethiopia, in Egypt.

St. Luke was hanged upon an olive tree, in Greece.

St. John was put into a caldron of boiling oil at Rome and escaped death. He afterward died a natural death at Ephesus, in Asia.

St. James the Great was beheaded at Jerusalem.

St. James the Less was thrown from a pinnacle or wing of the temple, and then beaten to death with a fuller's club.

St. Philip was hanged up against a pillar at Hierapolis, a city of Phrygia.

St. Bartholomew was flayed alive by the command of a barbarous king.

St. Andrew was bound to a cross, whence he preached unto the people until he expired.

St. Thomas was run through the body with a lance, at Coromandel, in the East Indies.

St. Jude was shot to death with arrows.

St. Simeon Zealot was crucified in Persia.

St. Matthias was first stoned and then beheaded.

St. Barnabas was stoned to death by the Jews at Salania.

St. Paul was beheaded at Rome by the tyrant Nero.

TRUE TO HIS TRADE.

I was in a quite serious wreck on the Northwestern Road, in Dakota, the other day, and witnessed a little scene which makes me never want to be in another. No one was killed, but one man was caught between two cars which were partially telescoped, and, it seemed, hopelessly crushed. The train men and passengers worked heroically to rescue him. It was bitter cold. The man was caught in such a way that he could not speak—if, indeed, he had strength enough to speak. It seemed as if any number of his bones must be broken, and it proved that several were. After a long struggle he was at last released and carried a little to one side and laid on a snow bank, just as the cars took fire and began to burn fiercely. All crowded round the sufferer.

"Is he dead?" whispered half a dozen, earnestly.

"Yes," said some one.

"No," said the conductor.

"Hold his head higher," said one.

"His pulse beats," said the conductor, who knelt beside him. "Yes, and he breathes."

"Bring an overcoat," said another.

The man opened his eyes and stared around.

"If he isn't hurt internally he'll live through it," said one man.

"Can you speak? Are you in pain? What shall we do for you?" asked the conductor.

The overcoat was brought, but the man waved it away with feeble motion of his hand; then his lips opened.

"I—I don't care for it," he said with an effort; "raise me up."

The conductor lifted him into a sitting posture. As he did so the man with difficulty reached in his pocket and drew out an oblong, square-cornered package.

"Don't worry about me," he said slowly, recovering his voice, as he undid the package. "Don't give yourselves any uneasiness on my account, but just give me your attention for a moment, as I am very glad the accident happened, giving me an unparalleled opportunity to show this book, which I am taking orders for, entitled, "What to Do in Case of Accident; or, Ten Thousand Hints for Helping Hacked up Humanity"—a work representing the fruits of a lifetime of study and experience; a book which contains over 10,000 recipes, directions and items of general information on what to do in case of sudden accident, like, for instance, a railroad wreck such as we have exemplified right here before us in those seething flames which are licking up coach after coach; or a runaway, fatal attack of burglars or sickness; a sudden or unexpected fall on an icy pavement; children getting thimbles, buttons, marbles, five-cent pieces, silver spoons, teething rings, jackknives or other objects stuck in their throats; poisoning, suicide, murder, mule kick, drowning, falling from balloons, heart disease, fits, being licked, sunstroke, mad dog, lightning, quick consumption, being an Anarchist, stepped on by an elephant, choking, toy pistol, blowing out the gas or the thousands of accidents to which flesh is constantly falling heir. Any one having had a copy of this valuable book would have instantly known what to do to save my life, whereas it was only by a miracle that I did not die, which ought alone to illustrate the great work; and I hope—"

But the whole crowd turned and silently filed down the track toward the nearest station, and there was a look about them as though they were grieved that the book agent did not die.

—An English cigarette maker explained recently how cheap cigarettes were introduced in the London market. There are at the present time between two and three million cigarettes in bond at the London docks, having been damaged on the voyage from America or Turkey. These are sold at auction for about one shilling and sixpence a thousand. A duty of four shillings and sixpence a pound is paid by the Jew buyers, who cut the damaged ends off, pack them into gaudy boxes, and make a very handsome profit.

—A writer in one of the Munich (Germany), papers institutes a comparison between different kinds of wood used by carriage makers, and in favor of the home material as against the foreign grown; and, while admitting the very great excellence of hickory timber for the manufacture of wheels in especial, on account of its toughness and durability, yet, on the basis of repeated observations and experiments, the writer in question asserts that German timber, especially for spokes can be placed side by side, and is equal, under the same conditions, to the American hickory—the kind here referred to being the acacia timber. This is less known in northern Germany, but in the southern part it is used in preference to hickory, while in both northern and southern Germany hickory timber is employed for all carriages of the finer class. Both in Germany and Switzerland, however, many carriage builders discard hickory altogether; the toughness of the recently cut timber is not questioned, but the quality of the acacia timber when used for wheels and kept dry always remains the same—the hickory having the disadvantage, even when painted, of becoming porous on the inside.

SAPHIR'S WIT AND PHILOSOPHY.

A lady having expressed surprise that Dr. X, should pronounce all his patients, even those who merely had feverish colds, seriously ill, Saphir said: "He is quite right, anybody whom he attends is really in danger."

"I won't make way for a fool!" cried an envious scribbler, on meeting Saphir in a narrow passage, when at first neither one seemed disposed to give place. "Oh! I will with pleasure," replied Saphir, stepping aside and bowing courteously.

Standing in a crowded theater some one leaned on his back, thrusting his head over his shoulder. Saphir drew out his handkerchief and wiped the man's nose violently. The latter started back. "Oh, I beg your pardon," said Saphir, "I thought it was mine."

An Australian prince, who was also an archbishop, swore horribly at a banquet and, perceiving that Saphir looked at him in surprise, angrily asked the cause of his astonishment. "I thought an archbishop would not allow himself to swear," answered the wit. "I was not swearing as an archbishop, but as a prince," explained the prelate. "Ah," said Saphir, thoughtfully, "but suppose the devil fetches the prince, what will become of the archbishop?"

—They say it a fact that Mr. and Mrs. Turknet, aged 80 and 65 years respectively, of Cisco, Texas, have recently become the parents of a fine boy.

—It is said that there is a woman in Plainville, Mass who has bought but one paper of pins during her twenty years of house-keeping life. Just how she gets her pins is not stated.

—Judge Cook of Jacksonville, Ala., not long ago bought purely on speculation, forty acres of land sold for taxes. He paid twenty dollars, and then looking up the site of the land, found that it was within the corporate limits of Anniston and easily worth $10,000.

—Mr. and Mrs. Fred Miller of Rice Lake, Minn., don't know whether to be proud or ashamed of their first baby. It weighs but a pound and a half, its feet are but an inch long each, and a wineglass will cover its head. It is perfectly formed and healthy.

—There are over 2,600 soldiers in the Russian army afflicted with opthalima in the hospitals of the Odessa district alone. These cases are entirely treated by nurses and have no skilled medical attendance.

—The women of Bunzlar, in Silesia, recently celebrated a curious centenary. It was just a hundred years since the man died who constructed a gigantic earthenware vessel, which is a kind of counterpart to the famed vat at Heidelberg. The vessel holds thirty bushels of peas, is three yards high, and measures nearly four yards across.

—When a woman anxious to make a living asks what to do, the wise answer: "What you can do best." Many women have taken this hint, and are making money baking cake, canning fruit, making dainty deserts, raising bees, each doing what she can do best. It is said that a woman who in prosperous days had made a study of diamonds and was a fine judge, put the advice to test, and is to-day in one of the largest diamond houses of this city, and is a most successful buyer.

—Barrels are now being made of hard and soft wood, each alternate stave being of the soft variety and slightly thicker than the hard wood stave. The edges of the staves are cut square, and, when placed together to form the barrel, the outsides are even, and there is a V-shaped crack between each stave from top to bottom. In this arrangement the operation of driving the hoops forces the edges of the hard staves into the soft ones until the cracks are closed and the extra thickness of the latter causes its inner edges to lap over those of the hard wood staves, thus making the joint doubly secure.

—The paper doors now coming into use are claimed to possess the advantage over wood of neither shrinking, swelling, cracking nor warping. They are formed of two thick paper boards, stamped and moulded into panels, and glazed together with glue and potash, and then rolled through heavy rollers. After being covered with a waterproof coating, and then one that is fireproof, they are painted, varnished, and hung in the usual way.

—The cell of a prisoner named Davis, aged 24, in Portsmouth convict prison, who had just commenced his second term of five years' penal servitude, was being scratched recently, when it was found that he had only one sheet on his bed. He was examined, and it was ascertained that he converted one sheet into a perfectly fitting suit of clothes, a cap being made of the same material, and he was wearing this under his ordinary prison grab. A letter was found on him appealing to a resident in Portsmouth for money.

—An attack was made upon a stage coach between Lyons and L'Arbresle recently. The driver had inside the coach a valuable consignment of silk and no passengers. While nearing the hamlet of Chiocliers the driver heard two revolver shots, and was surprised to see one of his horses fall on its knees. A bullet had entered the animal's forehead. The driver jumped down off his seat and was surrounded by highwaymen, seven men in all, armed to the teeth. He was asked if he had any money or bank securities, and, having replied in the negative, they went quietly away without disturbing his cargo.

—A Boston man says that when Edison first thought of making a phonograph he perfected most of the details before even drawing a plan. When he had the idea well developed, he told an old German who made models for him to make a machine after a certain pattern. The inventor didn't hint what he wanted it for, but occasionally sent an order for a change or alteration to be made without even looking at the model. Finally the German took the machine to Mr. Edison, who fitted a bit of tinfoil into it, turned the crank, and spoke into the funnel, the words of that famous poem beginning, "Mary had a little lamb." The German looked on though he thought that the inventor had gone crazy. Then Mr. Edison reversed the crank, and, in that queer, piping voice now so familiar, the machine repeated the lines. "Mein Gott!" said the German throwing up his hands. "Mein Gott! it talks!"

A story is told of a Catholic priest in Australia whose bishop gave him a horse. To commemorate the event the priest named the horse "The Bishop" Soon after the Bishop dined with the priest, and during the course of the dinner the priest's man of all work came in and said in an audible whisper, "It's a hot day, your reverence, an' I was thinking' it would be a good thing to throw a bucket of water on 'The Bishop.'" The Bishop was somewhat startle until matters were explained to him.

—Just as a train was leaving a country station in Southern Indiana a hen flew into the baggage car. She perched upon a trunk and rode ten miles until the train stoped at another station, when she was put off. When a train from the other direction came along she quickly got into the express compartment and rode back to her home.

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40 inch ALL-WOOL CASHMERE, extra fine and heavy—usually sold at 75 cts. a yard, our price will be 60 cents; tenwty different Shades—all the newest.

50 pieces of FANCY SUITING in small Plaids and Checks, all wool, 38 ins. wide, will be closed out at 45 cents a yard; they are well worth 60c.

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Decm-07-n6

Dissolution Notite.

Notice is hereby given that the firm of Leibenguth & Werner, doing business as Contractors and Builders, has this day been dissolved by mutual consent. The business will be continued by L. A. Werner. All outstanding bills are to be paid to F. Leibenguth, who will also settle all claims against said firm.

L. A. WERNER,
F. LEIBENGUTH.

Lehighton, Pa., March 6, 88.-4w

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