The First Time He Saw Federal Cavalry.

John S. Wise bore the last message that ever passed between Gen. Lee and Jeff Davis before the surrender. Lee had sent him a message from near Farmville, through great dangers and difficulties. Wise had reached Davis and delivered the message, and was endeavoring to reach Lee with the last message from Davis. The country was swarming with the Federals, closing in upon the doomed Confederate army at Appomattox. Wise was fired at half a dozen times, and escaped by the skin of his teeth in many instances. Once the sound of a bugle in the distance admonished him that Yankees were coming. Yankees were ahead whom he had first dodged, and his only hope was to hide. He hurried his horse into a thicket, and fastened him. Then, full of boyish curiosity, (for he was but a boy,) he crept to a log lying along the brow of the rising ground upon which he was, and peered over. Beyond was the river, and down the hither bank came 8,000 or 10,000 of Sheridan's cavalry. The young soldier's eyes stuck out, and he held his breath as he gazed upon the grand sight.

Rank after rank, in perfect line and order, as far as he could see, in quick trot, the masses of blue-coated cavalry came on, broken only occasionally by the rumbling guns and caissons of a battery. The buglers played merrily, the sabres rattled, the carbines glistened in the sun, the men laughed, sung and jested. In all the pride and panoply of war these splendid squadrons swept by like a dream before the eyes of the barefooted and ragged young rebel peeping over the rotten log. These were Sheridan's dreaded raiders, the seasoned veterans of a hundred raids and battles, who had swept in fire and blood through the valley of the Shenandoah, who had fought Lee in front and rear, whose guns had wakened the echoes at every Virginia hamlet and crossroads, who had fallen like a thunderbolt on Picket, Bushrod Jonnson and Fitz Lee at Five Forks and scattered them like reeds, and now eagerly and remorselessly were hunting down the flying enemy to the last scene of the great war.

The boy's thoughts went to the cavalry of his own side—the worn out hacks, the mules, the rope bridles, the ragged horsemen, the demoralization and despair—and he said:

"Great God! what have we fools been fighting?" Said he to me with a laugh when he told the story, "If I could have seen that sight earlier, I would have felt like saying: 'Good evening; I am going home.'"
—*Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.*

The Vanderbilt Boys.

The young Vanderbilts—I mean Cornelius and William K., the present heads of the family have "gone at it" as if they meant to double the fortune their father left them right speedily. Indeed, I don't see how they can help it. Cornelius Vanderbilt is forty now, and he is worth I suppose $80,000,000, perhaps more. This, at compound interest, should double every twelve years, which would make it no less than $640,000,000 when Cornelius is seventy-six. It would increase a good deal faster than that at the interest which he is to-day receiving on his stocks and bonds, but there will come panics, reverses, cataclysms, perhaps, and he cannot safely count on making more than $240,000,000 in thirty-six years.

These young men are exceptional characters. They started in the path of life under the iron rod of their remarkable grand father, the old Commodore. He didn't believe in boys at all; he didn't believe in anybody much and when Cornelius and William K. got out of short clothes he said to their father: "Look a here, Billy, boys are no good; there's only one way to save 'em, and that is by putting 'em at something and make 'em work like the devil all the while. Now stick these boys in somewhere, and make 'em come down to it. Don't let up on 'em

William K. was not half so hard and inflexible as his father, but he was accustomed to mind that gentleman—as obedient when forty as when he was fourteen—and he knew perfectly well that it was better to kick a boy out of the house than to pet him and give him money; so he told the boys as his father told him, that they "must support themselves."

Cornelius got a little clerkship in the Shoe and Leather bank when he was sixteen, and for four years he got there as early as any clerk and worked as hard and as late. He allowed himself no extra holidays, and neither his father nor his grandfather did anything to make life easier. During these years his uncle Torrance, going to Europe for the Commodore invited "the youngster to go with him, and the grandfather relented and consented. The boy was delighted at the chance, but the question of salary was involved. He presented the matter to the president. "You can go" said the amiable functionary, "but of course you will lose your salary, $150." That settled it. Cornelius turned his back on the temptation and declined to go.

When he was twenty he was made a clerk "at the bottom of the ladder" in the Hudson River Railroad office, and his youngest brother William K., was put at work there the next year. For more than 18 years, now, they have "bowed down to it" in that great concern, and they are far better trained than their father even was in all the details of the business.

They are not fast men. They own no yacht. They care nothing for clubs. They are content up to the present time, with one wife apiece. They love their children and each family filing into church look like a pair of gently sloping stairs. They care little for fast horses. They do not swear. One of them is a superintendent of a Sunday School, and both are deeply interested in the various charities of the city.

Cornelius is first vice president and head of finance, William K. is second vice president, and master of transportation. Each knows his business thoroughly. The most striking thing about either of them is that they work as hard as if they were hired by the job—which they are, by the way—and that they are perfectly democratic and accessible to anybody who has business with them. On the whole, the present seniors of the house of Vanderbilt are about the most quiet, unassuming well-behaved, well trained and level-headed of the New York millionaires of the present day.

A Story of Kit Carson.

He was an uneducated man, and at this time could barely write his name. Some of his subordinates were aware of this. In making requisitions on the commissary of the post they got Kit's name signed to a demand for several bottles of fine old rye whisky. By night three fourths of the command were drunk. Kit promptly ordered an investigation of the offenders. The evidence brought things down to the commissary, who produced Kit's order. The old frontiersman looked at it for awhile dubiously and doubtfully, and then as he saw that it was certainly his signature, he said: "I don't understand this thing, but it seems somehow to be the fault of my education, and the boys can go." The prisoners were thereupon discharged, with merely an admonition that the offense should not be repeated.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

The Amusements of Presidents.

President Cleveland is the only President in our history who seems to have no amusements whatsoever. George Washington was noted for his muscular development. He was fond of jumping, and to the last day of his life kept a pack of hounds for hunting. He could dance upon occasion, and he was careful enough of his health to go to bed every night at 10 o'clock. Jefferson was a great horseback rider, and he rode throughout the country about Washington during his Presidency. He usually spent two hours in the saddle, and he was fond of mixing with his fellows. At his home at Monticello he paid great attention to farming, and he often walked about the streets of Washington while in the White House.

When Cleveland was inaugurated the press was full of wonder at his getting up for breakfast at 8 o'clock in the morning, and the whole nation patted him on the back for it, as it were. Still Washington got up at daybreak, and Jefferson crawled out as soon as the light struck his chamber. John Adams, who was as fat proportionately as Cleveland is, used to take a walk from the White House around the Capitol before his breakfast, which by the way he took as early as Cleveland, and his son John Quincy, was wont to go down to the Potomac and take a good swim before breakfast.

Both of the Adamses were great walkers, and while John Quincy Adams was President he used to walk out to the race course, two miles from here, and back again whenever any great sport was on hand. Andrew Jackson was a hard worker, but he was a democratic fellow, and he liked horse racing, cock fighting, and a good social smoke. He often attended the cock fights on the Washington Heights, above Sixteenth street, and at one of the great races of the days of his Presidency he had a horse of his own admitted in the name of his private secretary, Major Doneison. President Harrison was a great walker, and he did much of his own marketing during his short stay in the White House. He would get up and go to market before breakfast, and, though he was an old man, he often went about without an overcoat. Frank Pierce was another great horseback rider, and he was accustomed to gallop through the streets of Washington at midnight on a fine blooded steed. Buchanan was a great beau socially, and he did some walking. Lincoln drove about somewhat, and it was not uncommon to see him on the streets here. He liked the theatre, and a box was always reserved for him. Grant walked up and down the broad pavement in front of the White House for an hour or two every morning, and his love of horses and driving amounted to a passion. He was not averse to having fellows call upon him in the evening, and he partook of much social enjoyment. Arthur kept his house filled with guests, and took a long drive into the country daily.

A Terrible Ordeal.

The following is a Union Colonel's story of the battle at New-Hope Church, May 27, 1864: "It was the most severe ordeal which my nervous system has ever undergone. When we began the advance we naturally expected that the artillery would open upon us as soon as we got within range, and that, having swept forward until we were in reach of the fire of musketry, that would open upon us also. I had been through so much of this that I had ceased to show it, and always relied upon the excitement of the occasion carrying me forward; but here we ran some 200 yards or more, and there was not a cannon shot. Another 100 yards, and still no explosion of bomb shells or anything of the kind! I now began to feel a little strange. Another 100 yards and still no sign of life, and my nervousness began to give place to a desire to halt. Another 100 yards, and we were certainly within range of musketry; but still there was no signs of life in the intrenchments in front of us; nothing to give cause for apprehension, apparently, except the waving of the Confederate flags above the works as a light wind blew. Now, over me began to come a mortal feeling of dread, a feeling which I never felt before and which I can scarcely describe. I would have turned and fled but for fear of disgrace, which was stronger even than the horror of death. But I knew what was coming, and determined by my example to inspire my men to brave it, no matter how terrible it was. At length we were within scarcely more than 20 yards of the intrenchments, when from all along the line protruded forth, beneath the head logs, scores and hundreds of muskets. I could see them as I gave a quick glance down the whole front, and those immediately before me particularly seemed wavering slightly from side to side. There was no mistaking it. I knew that every holder of a musket was picking out his man. This continued for but a few moments, when above all other sounds, distinct and clear, I heard the command given, 'Now, men, fire!' Instantly from along the entire line there seemed, like a lightning flash, to burst forth a sheet of flame and smoke. I was struck and fell senseless for an instant, but when I recovered myself and turned to look, there seemed to be scarcely seven men of my entire regiment on their feet. Then the fury of the combat rose above every other sight or sound. The whole forest and mountain seemed to be on fire. No army in the world could have stood before it.

A woman refused to give a meal to a dwarf the other day because she was opposed to din-a-mite.

A Curious Dream.

Agassiz had been two weeks trying to decipher the somewhat obscure impression of a fossil fish on the stone slab in which it was preserved. Weary and perplexed, he put his work aside at last, and tried to dismiss it from his mind. Shortly after he waked one night persuaded that while asleep he had seen his fish with all the missing features perfectly restored, But when he tried to hold and make fast the image it escaped him. Nevertheless, he went early to the Jardin des Plantes, thinking that on looking anew at the impression he should see something which would put him on the track of his vision. In vain—the blurred record was as blank as ever. The next night he saw the fish again, but with no more satisfactory result. When he awoke it disappeared from his memory, as before. Hoping that the same experience might be repeated, on the third night he placed a pencil and paper beside his bed before going to sleep. Accordingly, toward morning the fish reappeared in his dream, confused at first, but at last with such distinctness that he had no longer any doubt as to its zoological character. Still half dreaming, in perfect darkness, he traced these characters on the sheet of paper at the bedside. In the morning he was surprised to see in his nocturnal sketch features which he thought it possible the fossil itself should reveal. He hastened to the Jardin des Plantes and, with his drawing as a guide, succeeded in chiseling away the surface of the stone, under which portions of the fish proved to be hidden. When wholly exposed it corresponded with his dream and his drawing, and he succeeded in classifying it with ease.

The Andersonville Prison Pen.

The site of the old pen is comprised in a 450 acre farm owned by Mr. Kennedy, bought by him since the war. The farm is under cultivation and is profitable to the energetic owner. The pen proper was located on both sides of a little creek, called by the natives a "branch," running due east. The branch divided the pen into a north and south half, and both halves sloped gradually down to it. Save a few posts here and there and a slight ridge of earth raised along the line, all traces of the fence which once inclosed an army of prisoners are gone. My guide made a stagger at locating the historic "dead-line," but was himself not satisfied with it. Many of the wells dug by the prisoners have been filled up, but a dozen or more are still there, and have an average depth of 50 to 60 feet. In a few places holes are found in which Kennedy said the poor devils used to burrow to get away from the hot sun. The pen was unprotected by shade. Considerable foliage now grows on the site, all sprung up since the war, however. Indeed trees that grew since the stockade was abandoned have been cut of a size sufficient to work up into 14 and 15 rails each. At the extreme west end of the grounds bubbles a beautiful spring of clear water which, the guide said, did not exist when the place was first occupied. It is called "Providence Spring," named because of its "providential" discovery. A Franklin Smith, of Ohio, who was a prisoner here and who recently visited the spot, told Kennedy that on the 12th of August, 1863, he was on the spot and there was not even any moisture there, and on the 13th, he was again there to welcome a bubbling spring of nature's beverage. It is likely that in digging some one of the numerous wells on the slope above, the watercourse had in some way been interrupted or changed and this bountiful spring was the result. At any rate to the hungry and thirsty band confined within the pen it was a veritable godsend. In the branch on the west side of the pen site was laid logs for the purpose of deepening the water. Some of them have been washed out and others still lie where their hewers placed them.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

Kate Field on Village Life.

"I am simply staggered by the opaque stupidity of the average villager," said Miss Kate Field, the noted anti-Mormon lecturer.

"You see," she continued, "I am just from Clifton Springs and had an allopathic dose of rural imbecility. What causes this tirade? Why the sermon the Rev. Dr. Collyer preached recently. He just echoed my sentiments in every particular. His subject was the advantages of the city over the country. Take the life of a small village. The very nature of social intercourse is depressing, and ignorance stalks on every corner in unblushing effrontery. The young men are raised up to know few amusements, to attend church and follow in the straight and dull paths of their fathers. What is the result? As soon as they arrive at man's estate they seek sociability at the barroom. They have seen life all the way in a narrow, limited compass. Prejudice is rooted in their nature. The love of the true, the good and the beautiful is a stranger to their bosoms. Some of the most revolting crimes are committed in the rural districts. The horny-handed farmer supposed to be blessed with all the virtues, the very pattern of nature's noblest masterpiece, is mean and sordid. He has moved in a narrow rut all his days. Corroding prejudice has sealed the avenues to broad and liberal views. He is so warped and dwarfed that one might exclaim that he had repudiated the brains in his cranium. If a man in the country has any ideas he straightway goes to the city. You may think I am hard on them, but I really mean what I say. The religion that is prevalent among them is of the toughest sort. A physician relating his experience to me of his practice among the country folk declared that their ignorance was amazing. He said it was difficult to be successful with them, they knew so little.

"Don't you think your utterances rather severe?"

"I speak the truth. Enlightenment prevails most exclusively in the cities. The opera, the theatre, the lecture, the club-room and a thousand things create even within a small brain liberal views and drive out prejudice. They are far better resorts than the low bar-rooms in the small country hamlets. Yet there are those who have the amazing audacity to get up and speak of the primitive goodness and exalted virtue that hovers like an angel's blessing around the couch of the villager."

Ely's Cream Balm cured me of catarrh and restored my sense of smell. For cold in head it works like magic.—E. H. Sherwood, Banker, Elizabeth, N. J.

General Butler's Shad.

It was during the winter of 1863-4, while Butler was in command of the forces at Bermuda Hundreds, Va., that our mess had their dining-room on the dock at the landing. Our shipping clerk at the post shall be nameless, because he came from Hartford, and was a "case," we used to say that "what he couldn't steal must surely be fastened down," asked us one day in early February at breakfast, how we should like shad for dinner. It is easy to suppose the answer. He then administered an ironclad oath to all to never know where the shad came from, and at dinner "Old Black Ben" astonished us by a delicious broail of early James River shad. After dinner, while realizing the pleasure of good digestion and an ample feed, we drew the shad story out of our skipper. The day before he had learned that the "Tyal" citizens of Norfolk, Va., to express their good feeling toward Gen. Butler, were to send him up a barrel of the first shad of the season. The letter of transmittal did not reach the General until the day on which we had dined on shad and "fixins'." On the afternoon of the same day the General's orderly and supply wagon were at the dock to take to headquarters the toothsome present from Norfolk. The barrel was there, the ice was there, and some shad; but "Black Ben" carried the keys of the dining-room lockers, and whatever went into those lockers staid there for the benefit of the Quartermaster's employes' mess, and Ben was loyal. Our Hartford shipper was never "stumped," and he and the orderly spent the rest of that afternoon looking up those shad, but it was impossible to find them. The next day the orderly from headquarters returned with "orders" that the shad be forthcoming, but our "case" couldn't be cracked, and to this day the General doesn't know what became of his shad.—*Bridgeport Standard.*

Not Taking Risks.

"You say you live with your parents?" said a china dealer who was putting a lot of youngsters through a "civil service" examination for the position of errand boy in the establishment.

"Yessir."

"And you are quick at figures?"

"Yessir."

"Now, suppose I had dropped around the corner to get a lunch, and a lady should come along who wished to purchase two dozen cups and saucers at a dollar and a half a dozen."

"Yessir."

"After agreeing to take the goods she hands you a five dollar note. How much change would you return to her?"

"Two dozen cups and saucers?" asked the boy, gazing toward the ceiling.

"That's what I said."

"She must be a bordin-house keeper to——"

"Never mind what she is. How much change would you hand her?" asked the dealer.

"A dollar and a half a dozen?"

"Yes, yes. Now then!"

"Don't you think that's a pretty darn hi——"

"Never mind whether it's high or how. How much money would you return to the lady?"

"But them five dollars might be bad," ejaculated the boy, winking at the store cat.

"We will suppose the bill to be good," said the dealer sharply.

"I don't see what one woman wants to buy all them cups and saucers for, anyway. When my sister got married she didn't set up housekeepin with——"

"Then you can't give me the answer?"

"What, 'bout the change?"

"Yes, yes."

"Oh!"

"Come, what is the answer?"

"Well," murmured the boy, shifting to his other foot, and keeping an eye on the cat, "I'd just tell the lady to call round when you was in and get her change, fur the bill might be a bad un, and I don't never take no risks."

He was engaged at once.

The Farmer Used to Have a Dog.

An old farmer from Amboy, Oswego county, New York, took great interest in trained dogs. "I used to have a dog," said the farmer, "which was the most knowing and intellectual dog you ever seen. He could tell what time it was by the clock just as well as I could. He would run into the house in the afternoon without saying a word to anybody and look up at the clock, and if it wasn't 5:15 he'd go off about his business. Then he'd come back again, and the second it was 5:15 he'd bark and start for the cows. One day my woman thought she'd see if the dog could be fooled, and at 1 o'clock in the afternoon she turned the clock to 5. The dog came in, looked up indifferently at the clock, stopped, shook his head and ran out to look at the sun. He came back again, squatted down, and eyed the clock as if he was waiting for a rat. When the minute hand got around to a quarter past he started off as usual, and before we could stop him he had all the cows up to the barnyard. . drove them back, and a more mortified person you never seen than that dog. He ran into the house, but the woman had turned the hands back to the true time. The dog jumped up to the clock and acted as if he wanted to tear it to pieces. He always seemed to distrust the dumb thing after that."

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An Editor's Luck.

The latest tale of presence of mind in an emergency comes from Albuquerque, N. M. It appears that the editor of the Albuquerque paper had been more straightforward in some of his printed assertions than is customary in that community, and that after considering the matter eleven citizens of the place concluded that the best thing to do was to lynch him. After the far Southwestern way, they did not conceal their intention, and the fact came to the ears of the editor that on a certain night those eleven citizens would hang him. He lived alone in a log house, consisting of a single room, with a cellar underneath. He had but one companion, a pet grizzly bear, and it occurred to him, and this is where he showed his presence of mind, that he would retire to the cellar and leave the upper room to the grizzly. They always keep lynching appointments in the southwest, and the eleven citizens arrived promptly with the rope. The door was not opened when they knocked, so they battered it in with the utmost cheerfulness and a few oaths and rushed in over its fragments to secure their man. They had neglected to bring a light with them, but they had no difficulty in finding what they supposed to be the individual they were looking for. He resisted more than they had anticipated, but they were resolute in the matter, and what happened in the darkness was of an extraordinarily lively character. From a brief account of the affair which has got into the newspapers, it seems that the lynchers did not retire until three of them had lost an eye apiece, one a foot and three fingers, while another was deprived of all that portion of the left arm which appertains below the elbow. The remaining six were more or less mutilated, but were not maimed for life. The Albuquerque editor has, at the present time, the most tremendous reputation as a fighter in the Territory of New Mexico, the subscription list of his newspaper is going up, and there is talk of running him for sheriff. His pet bear hangs around the cabin as usual, fighting flies and chewing on old boot heels, and is as sleek and innocent of demeanor as the president of a railroad company.—*Toledo Blade.*

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A tongue that never talks scandal—the tongue of a shoe.

SHILOH'S VITALIZER is what you need for Consumption, Loss of Appetite, Dizziness and all symptoms of Dyspepsia. Price 10 and 75 cents per bottle. G. W. Benford & Son

Through our luxurious and perverted modes of living, and from a score of causes besides diseases of the kidneys and urinary organs are now among the most common and fatal in this country. Men suffer from them most frequently and most intensely. Their victims are falling exhausted by the wayside of life every day. Do you fear this end for yourself. If so, we can assure you of help by means of Dr. Kennedy's "Favorite Remedy."

THAT HACKING COUGH can be so quickly cured by Shiloh's Cure. We guarantee it. G. W. Benford & Son.

Parker's Tonic kept in a home is a sentinel to keep sickness out. Used discreetly, it keeps the blood pure, and the stomach, liver and kidneys in working order. Coughs and colds vanish before it. It builds up the health. No wise mother will be without it.

CROUP, WHOOPING COUGH and bronchitis immediately relieved by Shiloh's Cure. G. W. Benford & Son.

SHILOH'S COUGH and Consumption Cure is sold by G. W. Benford & Son on a guarantee. It cures Consumption.

WILL YOU SUFFER with Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint? Shiloh's vitalizer is guaranteed to cure you. G. W. Benford & Son.

"I'll attend to it soon." Don't cheat yourself in that way. Your hair is growing thinner, drier and more lifeless every day. Save it and restore its original color, softness and gloss by using Parker's Hair Balsam while you may.

Sleepless nights, made miserable by that terrible cough. Shiloh's Cure is the remedy for you. G. W. Benford & Son.

You have often seen women with marked blueness or paleness of face, vitiated appetites, and a craving for unwholesome food These are signs of a disordered liver, and the trouble must be corrected or worse results are sure to follow. Husbands and fathers cannot afford to treat this matter lightly. Dr. Kennedy's "Favorite Remedy," which dispels liver disease, costs less than sick wives and daughters. You will find it a very profitable investment.

I have been troubled with catarrh of the head and throat for the last five years. About three years ago I commenced the use of Ely's Cream Balm, and from the first application I was relieved. The sense of smell which had been lost, was restored after using one bottle. I have found the Balm the only satisfactory remedy for catarrh I have used, and it has accomplished a cure in my case. H. L. Meyer, Waverly, N. Y.

CATARRH CURED, health and sweet breath secured, by Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy. Price 50 cents. Nasal Injector free. G. W. Benford & Son.

The pupil of one's eye is made to attend to business by the lash that is held over it.

Ayer's Cathartic Pills are suited to every age. Being sugar-coated they are easy to take, and though mild and pleasant in action, are thorough and searching in effect. Their efficacy in all disorders of the stomach and bowels is certified to by eminent physicians, prominent clergymen, and many of our best citizens.

A QUESTION ABOUT Brown's Iron Bitters ANSWERED.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS cures Indigestion, Biliousness, Weakness, Dyspepsia, Malaria, Chills and Fever, Tired Feeling, General Debility, Pain in the Side, Back or Limbs, Headache and Neuralgia—for all these ailments Iron is prescribed daily. BROWN'S IRON BITTERS is not a cure-all, but a medicine of great merit, and is extremely valuable in all cases where a tonic is required. It does not blacken the teeth, cause headache or produce constipation—all other iron medicines do.