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# The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED 1827.

VOL. XLIII. NO. 10. SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 22, 1894. WHOLE NO. 2247.

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—o—
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Surplus, $16,000.
—o—
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## NOW AND THEN.

Oh, now and then there comes a day
When all our skies are bright,
And all of life's appointed way
Is bathed in golden light;
When roses hide no thorns beneath;
When love has no alloy;
And zephyrs full of perfume breathe
From out the hills of joy.

The present is a fleeting thing—
The past will live for aye,
And all its store of treasures bring
Forever and a day,
And softer shall the echoes come
From time's receding shore;
Each day will glean a pleasure from
The days that are no more.

Oh, memories of such, awake!
And glad the weary now;
A wreath of recollections make
To crown the dreamer's brow,
Oh, silent voice and vanished hand,
Bring back the golden showers!
The ripple of the waters and
The laughter of the leaves.

—Nixon Waterman in *Chicago Journal.*

## HEIMWEH.

BY ELSIE S. NORDHOFF.

Huntingford unsaddled his horse and led him to the little wooden trough near the house for water before turning him out to graze for the night. He watched with languid interest as the animal drew in long draughts with a sipping sound, wondering idly about the horses in general. His eyes felt heavy and his back ached, so that he was glad when the horse slipped away quietly to browse on any dry grass it could find, and he could sit down on the steps of his two-roomed shanty and rest.

The sun was setting ahead of him in a glory of crimson and orange. On every side, as far as his eyes could see, stretched prairies—dull brown, lifeless prairies—

"Waste endless and boundless and flowerless,"

for though it was April, the time when there is green if ever there will be, it had been a dry year, and everything was dead. To be sure there were patches of orange prairie flowers all about, which struck one as a fever with which the land had broken out; but there was no green.

For those who like prairies, prairies are what they would like; but there monotony drives some people mad.

Huntingford sat gazing about him with a blank, miserable look. He had been two days riding fifty miles out from Azure to his ranche, through arid parched land, always the same rolling country for miles on every side, passing herds of lean, half-starved cattle, who gazed at him listlessly with their large pathetic eyes, too weak from want of food and water to be wild, and past many a dead animal, which had perished from thirst and starvation. "The fever" was in his blood, although he was unconscious of it, and this, added to the original throes of homesickness which he had fought for the past year, and the sight of the poor starved cattle, had used him up. He sat on his doorstep facing the sunset, his three hens and a lordly rooster clucking contentedly at his feet as they grubbed for their evening meal. He heard the bark of a coyote, and saw it, a brown speck in the distance, as it ran across the country and was outlined against the red in the sky.

His thoughts traveled in a circle, from the lean emaciated cattle and brown prairies to the rich spring landscape of his father's park in the south of England, then back to the cattle and prairies again. This was April. At home the frogs would be trilling and cachunking themselves hoarse. He could see them as they plunged sidewise into the ponds—the fat green creatures, making great silver wakes in the still water, only to come up on the other side in the sun. He could almost smell the spongy turf, and all the young green things pushing up through the soft earth, and the pink-green tips to the hawthorn and oaks. He drew in a long breath of pleasure, started with a jerk and looked behind him. His hound, standing on the step behind him, had stuck his cold wet nose against his cheek. Huntingford put his arm around the dog's neck, while his heavy eyes wandered off again to the brown, the monotonous brown roll of the prairies; not a tree not a hill, to break the view of the horizon; only the burnt land everywhere; and the cattle; wherever he looked he saw their pitiful eyes; and he, too, was starving for a sight of water and something green. As he thought his yellow head went down on the hound's back, and he choked back a great sob that rose in his throat.

The fever was getting a firmer hold on him. After a moment he raised his head again. The glow in the west was subsiding into silvery robin's egg blue, and just where the last reflection of pink lingered, the evening star shone out with almost a bold vigor. There was not a cloud in the sky. Everlasting blue above—and miles and miles of brown below!

As Huntingford gazed blankly ahead of him the land seemed suddenly to rise towards him—he swayed, lost his balance, and fell, face downwards, on the ground by his door-step, frightening the hens, who broke the silence by loud hysterical squawks of terror as they fled.

His hound watched him fall, then rose, stretched his tired legs, and moved down by his master, whom he sniffed over very carefully, and at last, find ing an ear, licked it lovingly. When there was no response given he sat down upon his haunches, and raising his pointed nose to the sky, gave one long, mournful howl.

At noon the following day Cowpuncher Dick hove in sight. He was whistling right merrily, and made a fine appearance in his loose gray trousers, high boots, and large sombrero—a scarlet tie finishing the effect.

"The boys" had called after him as he rode away, "Goin' to pay attention somewhars? You look so slick."

"Naw," Dick had drawled back with a good natured chuckle; "I'm just off to see that blue-eyed Britisher and cheer him up a bit. I seen him yesterday in Azure, looking a bit down in the mouth. Guess he's homesick again; and somehow, when I seen him, I thought of the fever, and I ain't felt comfortable since. So I'm ridin' down to his place just to ease my mind."

"The boys" looked half solemn when Dick mentioned "the fever." They knew it, and stood in awe of it. "Guess you're scared," one of them said, encouragingly.

"Hope the parson's all right, though."

Huntingford had been twelve months in his shanty on the prairies. His youth, clear blue eyes, and a certain open-heartedness had won their way among the cow-boys. They admired his grit in trying to live down his homesickness, and not giving way. At first they had pooh-poohed his notion of "Sarvice reg'lar on Sunday," which had been proposed modestly to Dick always his staunchest admirer. Dick had gone the first Sunday, taking back to the others glowing accounts. He loved music, and was considered quite an expert in camp, where he sang lovelorn ballads in a bass voice like a young bull's, and he found Huntingford sang like an angel. "The sarvice" had consisted of morning prayer, and as many hymns as they chose, after which there had been dinner for Dick and himself and the two hounds. Such was the fame Huntingford won through Dick that the following Sunday eight horsemen appeared to hear "the parson" sing. They looked rather sheepish bandits, when after dismounting and tying their horses in the shade, Dick marshalled them up to shake hands with his friend. "Guess I 'ain't shook hands for the Lord knows how long," one of them mumbled. There were only two chairs in the shanty, but by pulling a trunk and a kerosene box into the front room every one was provided with a seat. "The boys" fidgeted and felt self-conscious and out of place, and broke into nervous giggles when Dick presented them with two hymnals, and told them to be "d—— quick and find the number." But Huntingford's easy unconsciousness made them feel less shy presently. He was doing as well as possible what he had done every Sunday of his life at home. As he sang, one by one of the men stopped gazing about the shanty and pinned their eyes on him. Dick was "doing himself proud," roaring out the hymn at the top of his powerful voice, but above it, beyond it, leading it by the force of clear sweetness, rose Huntingford's, and "soared away to realms unknown," but with so much magnetism in it that he drew his listeners with him until they forgot that they were sitting on wooden boxes in a prairie shanty.

At the end of the first verse Dick was requested *sotto voce* "to shut up, and let's hear the little parson alone"—he "shut up" willingly. Huntingford was his "claim," and he wanted to prove it a good one. So "the parson" began the second verse alone, and sang half-way through it; then he stopped, looked at Dick amiably but firmly, and said, "You aren't singing. You'd better all sing," he added; "it's good for your lungs." He began the verse over again, and one by one the men joined in shyly at first, but towards the end with a volume of sound bewildering to any one more conscious than "the parson."

So "service at the parsons" became a regular institution, and the boys learnt hymns in plenty, and to roar out the "tug of war" till it rolled away over the prairies, amazing the rabbits and coyotes. Once a clergyman, hearing of Huntingford's "meetings," had spent Sunday with him, but "the boys" heard of it, and fought shy, only Dick turning up at the appointed time, in rather a surly frame of mind, to the amusement of both "the parson" and his guest, who counted the visit a holiday in his hard-worked life. The Sunday following they all came again, rather sheepish, when Huntingford chaffed them on their non-attendance.

Dick rode up to the back of the shanty, where the shed was, hallooed, but got no response. His heart sank a little, but he dismounted, tied his horse out of the blinding sun, patted "the parson's" hound, who met him with friendly wags of his tail, and went around to the door, followed by the dog, who watched him curiously as he bent over his master, and, picking him up, carried him into the shanty and put him to bed. Where Huntingford had dropped the night before he had lain ever since, for nothing rouses a man the first day of "the fever." Dick knew from much experience with fever patients that the exposure was the worst thing that could have happened. "Guess it ain't much use, but I'll try fur it," he said to himself, as he hunted up Huntingford's brandy, and poured it raw down the boy's throat. It was of no use, and he lay unconscious until evening, when the fever set in. He opened his eyes and began to talk in a high unnatural voice, and to toss about restless, his cheeks flaming and his eyes brilliant. Of course he did not recognize the cow-puncher.

Dick had once seen a physician rub alcohol on a patient's and wrists when ill with "the fever"; and although he had not fathomed the reason for it, he hunted up the bottle he knew "the parson" kept, and bathed his head with it until it was all used up. The fever was horrible. Huntingford's ramble excited talk worse. It was sometimes about a meadow with a pond near it, when he begged invisible people to be quiet a moment and let him listen to the frogs, saying, with a break in his voice: "It is so long since I have heard them. If you could only be quiet just one moment." Then he would break in with a moan, and "Oh! if the cattle would only not look at me so! To think that it was I who kept the rain away! O Lord, I did not mean to." He had caught the idea that the drought was a punishment for him, and that the cattle knew and reproached him with it.

Dick nursed him as carefully as he knew how for the next two days. It was impossible to leave him long enough to go the fifty miles into Azure for a physician.

The third day the sun rose clear and hot again; no sign of rain in the sky, or of the fever abating. But towards afternoon Huntingford fell into a doze and woke to recognize Dick, whose heart rose a degree, though he hardly dared to hope. One never does with "the fever." The first question he asked was, "Has it rained?" and when Dick shook his head, burst into a fit of weeping, far too weak to control himself. "It's those poor cattle, Dick. I rode through a herd the other day, too weak for want of food and water to be afraid of me, and their eyes—oh God! their eyes! If you would only make it rain," he added, half to himself, as he turned his face to the wall.

Dick turned with a jerk to look out of the window; the lump in his throat was growing too large to be swallowed but he intended to master it.

Through the window he saw the prairies, all brown but for the patches of gaudy orange, which looked thirstier than the brown, and had a greedy look as well. The sun was so hot that the atmosphere was reeling, and swayed to and fro with such a rythmical motion that it seemed to the cowboy's tired fancy to be dancing a devil's dance. When he looked towards the south he saw a pool of blue water, and cattle in it knee-deep.

He knew it was only a mirage.

He turned at a little sound from the cot. Huntingford was sitting up, leaning on one elbow, and listening.

Dick saw that the fever had returned and gave up the fight.

As he looked at him "the parson" turned to him with a radiant smile. "That's rain, old fellow. Hear it?" he said. "And the frogs, too, trilling until they are hoarse. The wetter the better, the wetter the better—that's what they say." His cheeks were flaming, and his eyes bright. He sat listening for a few moments, breathing heavily in the hot, dry atmosphere. Dick turned to the window again. He could not stand the sight of Huntingford; even the devil's dance of the atmosphere was better. Presently Huntingford began in a low voice. "There it is, just the same old gray church, as though I hadn't been away a day. Come along, old Dick, they are at the processional, and as sure as I'm alive they're singing my hymn." His voice rose with excitement. "For all the saints who from their labor rest" was one of the first hymns he had taught "the boys."

"Come on, let's help them," he cried and broke in on the fifth verse:

"And when the strife is fiercer the warfare long
Steals on the ear the distance triumph song,
And hearts are brave again, and arms are strong.
Alleluia! Alleluia!"

His voice rose high and clear, stronger than Dick had ever heard it before. He turned to look at him, then walked over to a group of amateurish water-colors tacked to the wall and looked at one of an old church covered with ivy. Huntingford paused in his singing, then went on with the sixth verse.

The devils in the atmosphere were diminishing, and red and purple beginning to show in the west. A little breeze had sprung up, and came in the shanty windows refreshingly. Max whined at the door, attracted by his master's voice, and was let in, when he sat down by the bed and watched Huntingford with a great desire to understand in his faithful dog eyes.

When "the parson's voice rang out in the last

Alleluia! Alleluia!"

Max howled in sympathy, but was comforted when his master put his hand on his head and said, "Poor old dog," smiling at him.

The silence of the room grew intense Dick felt it, and turned towards the bed wearily, prepared for what he saw.

Huntingford had dropped back on his pillow, and was dead."

"The fever" takes its patients that way.

The next day Dick rode back to camp. It was sundown when he got there, and "the boys" was gathered around a big wood fire watching the cook get supper, their figures silhouoted against the flames. They shouted to him to know if it was he, and got but a gruff response. Some one asked "How's parson?" and they wailed patiently for an answer, while Dick dropped off his horse, unsaddled her and as he strode off towards his tent said, savagely, "Dead, of that thar fever!"

There was absolute silence for a few moments, and no one moved.

Then one of the men rose and went for a pail of water for Dick's horse, whistling as he went in a reminiscing way the All-Saints' day hymn, which the night-wind carried back to the men in the firelight, and on towards the fading red in the west.

The cook's great stirring-spoon suspended over the kettle for the past few moments, dropped into it, and the broth within was sent spinning round and round. Then the life of the camp went on.—*Harper's Monthly Magazine.*

## Forest Fire Prevention.

In view of the recent ravages of fire in the forests of Wisconsin an article on "Forests Fires and Wicked Weeds" in Meehan's Monthly for August furnishes some useful information from which the following lesson is drawn.

"Whenever there is a costly forest fire," says the author "or some pestilential weed overruns a territory, the first rash is to the Legislatures for help. It reminds one of the Aesopian fable of the wagoner stuck in the mud, and praying to Jupiter to pull the wheels out. There could be no forest fires without an accumulation of dead brush. The annual fall of leaves or dead twigs might have a yearly fire run through them, and the trees not suffer at all. Instead of employing hordes of 'inspectors,' at enormous salaries, to drese up in uniform, to arrest gunners or campers, who may build fires or accidentally start a blaze, the same number of 'men' at half the wages, to go to work and burn dangerous material, would make forests absolutely safe. And this is just as true of pernicious weeds. A handful of men boys or girls would pull out all the weeds on an 100-acre farm in short order, if taken in time. But it seems so nice to look to 'the State' for everything."

He—There is but one thing that mars my happiness.

She—What is that?

He—To think that I cannot marry all the girls who love me.

Escort (in ice cream parlor) What flavors do you wish?

Young Widow. Chocolate and vanilla. I am still in half-mourning.

## Weakness of Human Nature.

"Do you remember me?" inquired the man as he quietly slipped up to the city editor's desk.

"I can't say that I do," replied the city editor, looking him over carefully.

"You remember I was in here some time ago giving policies of insurance on bunches of keys?"

"Oh, yes, I remember now. I took one."

"Of course. All wise men do. At the same time, if you recall it, I told you I had a great scheme for insuring umbrellas on the same plan?"

"I believe I do recall it. How did it come out?"

The man threw up his hands hopelessly.

"Well," he said, "before that week was out I had my umbrella insurance company at work, with agents all over town. The success was immediate and phenomenal. Everbody wanted to insure his umbrella. The premium was 50 cents a year. The amount to be paid to persons returning umbrellas was $5—about the average price of an umbrella a man doesn't like to lose, you know. Agents turned in policies by the pocketfuls the first week. I nadn't any idea there were as many half dollars in circulation as I received at my office. Second week they kept coming, and I began to think of plans for a great building on Woodward avenue for the accommodation of the business, to be known as the Umbrella Insurance business. Third week it was still going. Fourth week it rained. Fifth week umbrellas began coming in. I didn't know there were so many umbrellas in the world.

Sixth week it was worse, and I began to investigate. Watched the people who brought them in and got the $5. Mostly people above suspicion—to look at. Discovered they had been stealing them; always picked out one with our tag on it. Didn't know there were so many people who thought it no sin to steal an umbrella; never thought of that when I got up the company; wasn't an umbrella in the lot worth $5; didn't know so many people wore cheap umbrellas; something rotten in Denmark. Just come up here from my office; a string of people there reaching half way around the block waiting to get in. There isn't money enough left in the fund to buy a ferry ticket with. I've come here to see if you won't lend me that amount. I'm not going back, but I notice in the paper that Mr. Dingbat, the well known president of the Umbrella Insurance Company, having been suddenly called to China, left this morning by way of Windsor and Quebec. Do I get the price of a ferry ticket? Thanks." And he went out, leaving the city editor in a condition of partial paralysis.—*Detroit Free Press.*

## It Was a Big Mistake.

"Many men have been taken for somebody else of prominence, but I doubt if anyone but myself can boast of having been mistaken for the Angel Gabriel," said Senator Palmer to a reporter. "It was this way: While I was Military Governor of Kentucky a disturbance occurred in some town in the interior. I was in another. There was no train, no saddle horse, no buggy nor carriage. The only sort of vehicle available was a big gilded circus chariot left by some stranded show company. I didn't like it, but there was nothing else, and in I got. I cut a great dash as I drove through the small town. People turned out in droves to see me pass. When I left the town behind and reached the plantation the negroes saw me and stared with open mouths. They followed me, keeping at some distance, for they had never seen such a splendid vehicle. They kept on untill after awhile they were joined by an old white-haired preacher, who, on seeing me and my gilded chariot, raised his arms on high and his eyes, too, and with a voice that stirred all within hearing, cried:

"'Bress de Lord, de day ob judgment am cum, an' dis gen'l'man am de Angel Gabriel hisself. Bredren, down on yo' knees an' pray, fo' yo' hour am hyar.'"—*Omaha Bee.*

## Three Times and Out.

A gentleman living out in College street drove down to the city the other evening after his wife, and not finding her, he started home again. After leaving the city he saw a lady walking along the street ahead which he took for his better-half. Riding up to her, he said:

"Get in."

When she turned a strange face up to him and answered:

"Thank you, sir; you look all right, but I don't know you."

He apologized and drove on, when he saw another lady walking on ahead. This surely is she, he thought, and approaching her in the dark he said:

"I've been looking for you. Will you ride home with me?"

"I guess that you have made a mistake," she said at she looked up.

Again he apologized and drove on. It does not sound like fact, but he did see another woman walking home along the clay road, whom he approached, saying rather tartly.

"Come, wife, get in here. I've been making a fool of myself all the way up."

She likewise proved a stranger.

When the man saw a fourth woman walking in the twilight, he set his teeth, and whipping his horse into a run went by her like the wind. That woman was his wife.—*Lewiston Journal.*

## Nothing Strange.

Intelligent people, who realize the important part the blood holds in keeping the body in a normal condition, find nothing strange in the number of diseases Hood's Sarsaparilla is able to cure. So many troubles result from impure blood, the best way to treat them is through the blood. Hood's Sarsaparilla vitalizes the blood.

**Hood's Pills** are the best after-dinner pills, assist digestion, prevent constipation.

## Foiled Again.

The voluntary exile from honest toil had been busy in his mind for several hours concocting a new scheme by which he might secure a meal without subjecting his person to the risk of dogs or other dangerous weapons, and when he had what he thought was just the thing he sallied forth. At the first kitchen door he banged up against he was met by the mistress of the mansion.

"Excuse me, lady," he said courteously, "but I see you do not recognize me."

"No," was the surprised reply, "why should I?"

"Because, lady, I was here two weeks ago, and at that time you gave me a piece of pie that reminded me of the pies my mother used to make," and here he drew his hand across his eye pathetically.

"Indeed?" she said, in some doubt.

"Yes, lady, and though since that time I have been working for enough to maintain me comfortably and leave me a small balance, the memory of that pie has been so strong that I could not resist the temptation to come again and get some more."

At this juncture he almost sobbed.

"Well," replied the lady in a tone that chilled him, "that pie came from the bake shop, just around the corner, and I have no doubt if you will go around there the 'small balance' you spoke of will procure you enough to keep your memory green for a month."

The door closed abruptly in his face and the lady was shut off from his view.

"Foiled," he hissed between his set teeth, and he went back to his thought works gloomily.—*Detroit Free Press.*

## A Cannon Ball's Force.

In dwelling upon the wonderful power of the guns of the Indiana, Albert Franklin Matthews, in an article on "The Evolution of Battleship," in the Century for July, gives illustrations from the recent Chilean civil war, showing the effectiveness of the smaller sizes of breech-loading rifle guns.

A shot weighing 250 pounds from an 8-inch gun of Fort Valdivia, in Valparaiso harbor, struck the cruiser Blanco Encalada above the armor belt, passed through the thin steel plate on the side, went through the captain's cabin, took the pillow from under his head, dropped his head on the mattress with a thump, but without injuring a hair, passed through the open door into the mess room, where it struck the floor, and then glanced to the ceiling. Then it went through a wooden bulkhead an inch thick into a room 25 by 42 feet, where 40 men were sleeping in hammocks. It killed six of them outright, and wounded six others, three of whom died, after which it passed through a steel bulkhead five inches thick, and ended its course by striking a battery outside, in which it made a dent of nearly two inches deep. It was filled with sand. Had it released deadly gases, no one knows what damage it might have done.

A 450-pound missile from a 10-inch gun in the same fort struck the same vessel on its 8-inch armor. It hit square on a bolt. The shell did not pierce the armor, but burst outside the vessel. It drove the bolt clear through, and in its flight the bolt struck an 8-inch gun, completely disabling it. Such is the power of the small-sized guns.

## How to Sweep a Room.

A very careful housekeeper I know says: "For sweeping a room neatly there is nothing like newspaper abl. It saves so much labor." This is her method: Take a page of newspaper at a time, wet it in hot water, and squeeze it untill it ceases to drip. Tear into small pieces of the size of your hand, and cast them all over the carpet. Then sweep, and most of the dust in the room will be gathered into the paper.

On matting use large pieces of paper, pushing them ahead of the broom to take up any fluff there may be, before beginning the regular sweeping. After a pile or other heavy carpet is thoroughly swept, a sponging with ammonia and water will preserve its brightness wonderfully. About once a month, after sweeping, take a pailful of warm water, and add to it a tablespoonful of ammonia or turpentine. Two spoonfuls of the latter will do good, as it is an excellent preventive of moths. Go over the whole carpet with a large, soft cloth, or sponge wrung so as not to drip. It is surprising how rapidly the water gets discolored. If the carpet is large, and much soiled or dusty, the water should be changed once or twice.—*New York Evangelist.*

## He Was Coming Down Anyway.

Terrence Murphy was such a good carpenter that he was rarely without employment. Moreover, he was so thoroughly good-natured and so invariably ready to make the best of his occasional misfortunes that his fellow-workmen declared him the most popular man in the trade.

One Saturday, toward the tired end of the day, Terrence was shingling the roof of a new house. Suddenly his foot slipped and he fell to the ground. As the house was low, the fall was not long, yet he lay so motionless that the other men ran to him quickly, believing the worst had happened. Just as they reached him he opened his eyes and grinned.

"Are you much hurt, my boy?" asked one of the men, tenderly.

Terrence grunted.

"That was a bad fall. Terrence."

The unfortunate fellow drew a breath.

"Och, niver moind," he said. "Oi was coming down after nails, anyway."—*Boston Budget.*

Chicago Wife—George, I wish you would take me to the theatre next Saturday night.

Chicago Husband—I can't afford it, my dear; but I'll tell you what I'll do I'll take you down to the fair grounds and let you see one of the buildings burn down.

## GENERAL LEE'S DISMAY.

### Was a Changed Man After the Wilderness.

The superb generalship that had hurled McClellan back from before Richmond on the Peninsula, Pope at the second Bull Run, Burnside at Fredericksburg and Hooker at Chancellorsville, counted upon the same result of tactics so nearly alike in each instance, having the same effect at the wilderness. In front of Richmond in May and June, 1862, while fighting in the arc of the circle, he could and did throw superior numbers on exposed positions, and in the Pope campaign, when he was "left to get out of his scrape as best he could," he, Lee, by his celerity of his movements, still adopted the same tactics of striking isolated and exposed positions by largely superior numbers that could not be withstood, and at Fredericksburg in position, behind breastworks, he withstood easily every attack, while at Chancellorsville the supreme effort was made, although against an army double his own.

By that almost unparalleled effort he threw Jackson against our right wing, doubling it up and taking guns and prisoners by the thousands, till we earnestly repeated a favorite petition of old, "Would to God night or Blucher would come."

In each of these instance the attack was on our right, and in each case successful, and on that May day thirty years ago, as Grant's long lines poured over the Rapidan and spread through the almost inaccessible forest, placing itself between Lee and Richmond, let them go, and as before, believing Grant would think he would file to the right to keep him from cutting his communications, he again, as three times before, massed on our right and pressed his double columns upon the Union ranks, taking many prisoners, oftimes crossed bayonets, and in the wilderness of trees trampled down hundreds of Union forces, so that when night came he was hardly checked in his course and believed that Grant had received such a check that on the following day he would recross or make preparations toward a retrograde movement, as had been the case with McClellan, Pope, Burnside and Hooker.

Who can picture his dismay when, with the dawn of the next day, he not only found a fortified superior force in front of his left, but his right menaced by aggravating numbers.

It was then he knew it was "war to the knife and knife to the hilt," and no wonder he was a changed man from that day. We know that he did not like a "carnival of blood," but he knew it must come, and too well he knew that this was but "the beginning of the end." The telegraph was then used, on the 6th of May, to let Davis know that Richmond was in danger, that all superfluous persons and prisoners must be sent away, and we who were then in Libby received notice that the next day we were to be exchanged, and on the morning of May 7, 1864, Libby prison emptied its mass of prisoner into the streets.

We literally "broke up housekeeping," for in our early prison days, during the summer of 1863, we had got supplies in boxes, so that we were in a somewhat comfortable state. We had books and classes in mathematics, French, stenography, etc., and when the order came to leave we destroyed every book we could not carry with us, but instead of being exchanged we were crowded into box cars and sent to Danville and packed into quarters so thickly that we could not lie down to sleep, b it one would lean against the wall and the next against him, and so through the room; but we continually received tidings of the war and would converse at times with officials and soldiers who had been at the front, and in the intercourse with officers who met Lee during that campaign and from that time to the close of the war. In each case they agreed that from that day there was a radical change in his demeanor—always courteous and p