

# THE STAR OF THE NORTH.

W. H. JACOBY, Proprietor.

Truth and Right—God and our Country.

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## STAR OF THE NORTH

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### Choice Poetry.

**AN APPREHENSION.**  
In a poem on "Manassas," by Florence W. Barron, we find the following:  
Wake! glorious Union—save thy realm—  
Upon the quicksand strikes thy helm—  
Thy morning star! the storm's overwhelm—  
Thy "valent" buried lies.  
Wake! by the cannons' sullen roar,  
That tumult bears from shore to shore,  
By him who cannot watch the more,  
Save down toward from the skies.  
Antoon-like, thy adns rebound,  
Uprising from the ensanguined ground,  
Unfurling heart and hand, around  
Shall peel the battle's shield.  
Till Freedom's arm upholds the right,  
And earth revering lies the light,  
Thy stars, a meteor through the night  
In triumph blaze again.  
"Rise like the Phoenix from its pyre,"  
Lift incense from the urn and eye,  
From living bard, from deathless sire,  
Embalm the banner's folds.  
Till hushed shall be the trumpet peal,  
The thunderous clouds where standards reel,  
The veiling sea of serried steel  
That from Manassas rolled.

### INCIDENT OF WESTERN LIFE.

On a distant prairie, at nightfall, a way-worn and weary traveler was overtaken by a snow storm. When the first few flakes came softly dropping down, he looked eagerly around in the hope of discerning a place of shelter, but none was to be seen—only the reckless waste of rolling lands and far off hills in the direction whither he was going—so far off that his feared he never should reach them. With the departure of light the snow began falling, the wind blew keener, the road over the prairie soon hidden from view, and the traveler felt that he was lost on a trackless waste, without a star to guide him across the dangerous country.  
"This is terrible!" said he aloud. "I fear much I shall never come to my destination. If I had but a compass and a light I should not fear, for I could resist the effect of cold long enough to reach the hills, there I should find human habitations, or at least the shelter of rock. Now, I may go in a circle till I freeze and be no nearer help. What a fool I was to leave the river side and cross the prairie just for the sake of a few miles more or less of journey. No matter; I must even battle it out now. Heaven helping!"  
And battle it out he did, most manfully. He drew his cap down over his ears and brow, and his forehead over his mouth, and thrusting his hands deeper in his pockets, pressed on through the yielding snow. The gloom increased, the wind came sharper and through his heavy clothes the traveler began to feel the effect of the cold. His feet grew numb, his arms chilled, and after an hour's rapid walking, he suddenly paused.  
"How do I know whether I am going?" he exclaimed. "Perhaps I have already turned aside from the straight line, and am wandering on the verge of destruction. O, that I could shake of this dreary feeling that is stealing over me! I know what it is—the precursor of a rest in this cold winding sheet of snow. Great Heaven, I am freezing to death!" shrieked he, bounding forward with renewed energy. Action—action—action is life, and life is too sweet to lose yet!  
He hurried along with a springing motion, stamping his feet vigorously at every step, and swinging his arms to keep the blood in circulation. Yet with all his efforts, he knew that the angle of death was folding his white wings already but surely around him.  
"Despair—no!" he cried, "not while the memory of my loved wife and dear children is left to me. I will struggle on for your sake, and fight the storm-head to the last extremity. O, just Heaven, for the sake of the innocents whose only stay is my right arm, help me to resist—help me to triumph!"  
At this moment he plunged into a hollow, his feet strode upon ice, and heard the voice of a streamlet singing of life and action beneath its icy crust. At the same time the small, of wood, smoke saluted his nostrils.  
"O, that who reigns above," he ejaculated, "I thank thee that thou has heard my prayer. Help is near thee."  
He reeled heavily onward through the blinding snow, and saw just before him a low shed, one more struggle, and he fell against it. In an instant he divined its character. With a last desperate effort he found the door, threw it open, and rushing in, flung himself in full length upon the floor, knowing only that he was in an atmosphere breathing with the flames of bacon, and warm with the smoke which rose from a gun of another world, in the centre of the place. It was a little, but smoke, which left to care for itself during the long winter's night, and the traveler, who had heart sent up a tribute to Heaven for this place of refuge in the desert of snow.

In a large log cabin in the valley of the streamlet Milly Dean sat alone. Her husband had gone to a distant town, and the young wife was left with her baby. Accustomed to the solitude she felt safe and sat in contentment before the blazing fire, the flames leaped right joyfully up the chimney, and the green logs sizzled and cracked in the heat like things of life. Out doors the wind was howling drearily, and the snow falling heavily; but Milly cared not, for it only made the fire more cheerful.  
There came a rapping at the door.  
"How strange! Who can be at our door in this wild night?" she said to herself, as she rose and went into the little entry.  
"Who is there?" she asked.  
"For heaven's sake, let me in; I am freezing to death!" was the reply.  
"Who are you? and how came you in this lonely place on such an evening as this?"  
"I am a traveler, from below; I lost my way, and I am lying with cold. For pity sake let me in, or I shall perish!"  
Milly hesitated. She was alone, and it was three miles to the nearest neighbor's—What should she do? She paused in perplexity.  
"O, save me—save me! I am dying!" were the words that met her hearing—There was a heavy fall against the sill, and then a moan. Her woman's nature could stand no more; true to the instinct of her being, unbarred the door, and threw it open. A closely muffled figure reeled by her into the room, and shattering the door she followed.  
"On reaching the fire place, the stranger threw off his disguise, and stood erect and strong, without a sign of inconvenience from the effect of the weather. Milly retreated from him in amazement; but recovering herself, and putting the best face on the matter, she tremulously addressed the man:  
"I am sorry, sir, you are cold. It is a bitter night to be abroad. Will you not sit by the fire?" As she pushed a chair forward.  
The man made no response, but stooping over ran his finger through the blaze. Then he turned and stared at her with a look which made her blood run cold. She would pretend there were others in the house, for she already felt afraid of the man, and bitterly regretted having admitted him.  
"Would you like to see some of the men folks, sir?" she inquired. "If so, I will call them from their beds."  
The man laughed hoarsely and replied:  
"Milly Dean, for that I believe is your name you cannot deceive me, you are alone in this house. I took particular care to ascertain that before I came. So you may make yourself easy on that score and do as I bid you."  
"Do as you bid me," exclaimed Milly in terror; "what do you want of me?"  
"I want the twelve hundred dollars in gold your husband received for his produce two days ago. You probably know where it is."  
Milly sprang into the entry and would have fled, but the stranger caught her by the wrist and dragged her roughly back.  
"You cannot escape me, young woman," he said. "You will find it most convenient to make a clear breast of it at once. It will be better for you."  
Milly strove to release her arm. The rough treatment she received aroused her temper, and indignation, overcome all other feelings.  
"Let me go, you scoundrel, let me go or I will call for help," she cried.  
"Call, you fool!" said the brutal fellow, "and meth God may it do you. Keep yourself still and tell me where the money is."  
"I will not!" she replied, her eyes flashing fire.  
"You will not," he then replied, "we shall see."  
He released her wrist so violently that she reeled half across the room. Then he seized that sleeping infant from its cradle and held it at arm's length almost into the blazing fire, so that the terrified mother expected to see its light garter catch the flame.  
"Now then, where's the money? Speak out quick or hear your baby shriek with pain. I will burn it to death before your eyes if you do not tell me where the money is."  
"Monster give me my child," shrieked Milly, endeavoring to reach the little one. "Let me have my baby."  
But every effort was frustrated, for again and again the strong hand of the robber thrust her back.  
"See, its clothes will be on fire in a minute," said the man; putting the helpless innocent closer to the flames. The mother looked into his eyes. She saw there the look of heartless determination. She became aware that the cotton garments of the child were smoking with the heat.  
"How shall it be?" asked the ruffian.  
"Hurry, or the child dies. I have no time to waste here."  
Anything, anything, only give me my child! she cried. The next instant it was handed to her, and she sank upon the floor and folded it to her bosom.  
"Come," exclaimed the man, touching her rudely with his foot, you have not told me where the money is."  
"In the box on the upper shelf," she replied, pointing to the closet.  
The man found the box, placed it on the table, opened it saying:  
"So far so well. It is nearly all gold I will

leave, just as you please." He filled his pockets with the golden coin, and threw the empty box in the fire. Then he came and stood beside her.  
"Put your baby in the cradle," he said, "if you wish to save its life. I have other business for you."  
"What do you mean?" cried Milly, eyeing the man with suspicion.  
"Let me have him," he said, trying to take it.  
"No, no, I will put him in the cradle myself. You shall not touch the poor little thing." "Now, sir," she continued, almost choking with excitement. "What is it?—After having laid the pretty infant on its own place of rest, she stood erect and waited the reply.  
"I am going to kill you!" said the man.  
"Kill me!" she exclaimed, her face growing pale with terror. "Kill me! What have I ever done to you that you should kill me?"  
"Nothing, nothing, my dear, only you know you have seen me, and you will know me again." And he advanced upon her.  
"O, sir, let me live. Have you not done enough to take my husband's money, without depriving him of his wife too? I will never say a word against you, if you will spare me!"  
As she spoke she clasped her hands and looked imploringly at him.  
"I am sorry that I cannot safely grant your request," he responded. "There is no help for it, so come along out doors."  
He reached out his hand to grasp Milly. But the instant self-preservation was strong upon her. She evaded him, flew to the chimney piece, snatched her husband's loaded rifle from the hooks on which it hung, cocked and presented it at the breast of the robber. Her motions were so rapid that before he could prevent it, her finger had pressed the trigger and there was an explosion. But with equal readiness the man had stepped aside, the ball had passed over his head, and the next instant the gripe was on her throat.  
"I will teach you how to handle arms," he said. "You would have killed me, would you? I will show you a trick worth two of that."  
"Mercy, mercy," cried the terrified woman.  
"There's no mercy for you," he ejaculated. He dragged her into the entry, and flung open the door. "Out with you into the snow."  
"Hold, what is this?" exclaimed a deep toned voice. "Unhand that woman, you scoundrel!"  
A powerful man stood in the doorway. He dealt the robber a blow between the eyes struck him back into the entry. His grasp of Milly was relinquished, and she fell to the floor.  
"O, sir, she cried to the comer, "save me. This man has robbed us, and would murder me that I would not tell of it."  
"Fear not, madam, he shall not harm you," responded the stranger. "Follow, surrender yourself."  
"Get out of my way," cried the robber, making a rush for the door, and striking at the stranger with a bowie knife. Giving back a few steps the stranger seized the robber by the collar, whirled him around, and threw him on his face in the snow.  
The robber struggled, but the stranger knelt heavily on the small of his back, and grasped his hair.  
"Lie still," said the stranger, "or I will send a bullet through your brain."  
The robber felt the cold barrel of a pistol at his ear, and obeyed. Milly quickly brought ropes at her rescuer's request, and the robber was bound hand and foot.  
"It was a strange providence," the new comer said, "that overtook me with a snow storm on the prairie, and forced me an hour ago to take refuge in your smoke house nearly dead with cold."  
Milly acknowledged the truth of the remark, and she knelt and thanked her Father in Heaven for deliverance.  
The next day Milly's husband came home and when he had been told all he remarked:  
"This fellow was in the tavern at the village, the day I sold my produce. It will learn me a lesson—never to let strangers know when money is plenty with me, lest they should be tempted to crime and bring ruin on me and mine."  
That day some sixty or seventy men gathered at the house of Mr. Dean. The robber was recognized as a notorious horse thief who had long infested the neighborhood—There was a summary trial, and then in dogged silence, the wretch who would have burned a harmless infant and murdered a faithful and gentle woman, submitted to his inevitable fate. A teddy constructed gallows, and a stout rope ended his existence. So on the thirly settled frontiers of the west they meet out justice to offenders against property and life.  
About seventeen hundred dollars in bills were found on the person of the robber, besides the gold he had from Mrs. Dean. As there were no claimants for the bills at the suggestion of the stranger, whose life had been saved from the anger of the winter storm by the shelter he had found in the smoke-house, a thousand dollars of the seventeen hundred were presented to Milly in consideration of what she had passed through, and the remainder was divided around.  
On that very spot there is now a thriving town, and one of the finest residences in the place is that where dwells Milly Dean.

### Masked Batteries.

A great deal of nonsense has been written about the "masked batteries" of the Rebels. Their "masked batteries" at Bull's Run were nothing but batteries in the woods placed at the most advantageous points—There was no effort to hide them, and the fact that they could not be seen easily, grew out of the nature of the ground occupied by the enemy, and not out of any effort to conceal them. The enemy, of course took no pains to parade his batteries before our men; he merely availed himself of the natural advantages at his command, and this, we think, has been the case with every "masked battery" yet heard of in this war. There was not, we venture to say, a battery at Bull's Run that could not have been plainly seen, at a comparatively safe distance, if a sharp lookout had been kept up.  
To a commander who goes blundering thro' the woods, in a neighborhood where the enemy might rationally be expected, without exercising any prudence or watchfulness, every battery which he stumbles on, is, of course, a "masked" one; but the chances are a hundred to one that it is masked by his own blindness. The battery at Bull's Run which Gen. Tyler came upon in the first encounter in that locality, was plainly visible, through a glass, from the top of the ridge opposite, over which our troops poured without once looking, or "feeling" for it, as military men say, with their artillery, and the enemy was scarcely to blame for withholding it. fire until our incautious General had thrust his troops right under its nose.  
It is time that this talk about "masked batteries" should cease. It is the business of the good military man to proceed very cautiously in an enemy's country, to save his men from unnecessary risks, and to find out where the enemy is before exposing his men to attack. The enemy has a right to every advantage, which the nature of the ground give him; and no man fit to head an army will act upon the presumption that the enemy has not sense enough to avail himself of such advantages.—Pittsburg Gazette.

### Training Artillery Horses.

The Fortress Monroe correspondent of the N. York Commercial Advertiser, says: "It requires considerable time to mount the guns properly for an advancing army, to supply them with trained horses, and especially the right kind of harness. The horse is a curious, shy, inquisitive animal, and when first taken from the stable or pasture, for the strategic purpose of war, demands to be handled with great care and patience. He must be gradually accustomed to the sudden and marked change in his surroundings—the gleam of arms, the roll of drums, the haunting of banners the flash, the smoke and the roar of cannon. It is remarkable however that when the practical warfare is thus drilled and disciplined, his proficiency in wheeling with guns and caissons, at the critical moment of limbering and unlimbering light artillery, is wonderful. Without a word, without a touch, without a sign from man, he wheels, advances, and retreats with almost miraculous rapidity—at times compelling riders and gonnors to spring to keep their saddles or escape his lightning like evolutions. Such war-horses as these are intended to be, have been practising before the window of your correspondent on the parade ground of the Fortress this morning. Some few of the more recent comers reared and sprang a little at the first flashes and thunder of the cannon, while the others stood as firm as the adjacent trees, and looked on as calmly as if they were feeding from a rack. At the close of the firing, some of them were marched to the muzzle of the still hot and smoking gun, and made to put their nostrils close to the metal, feel the heat and inhale the smell of "the powder." They are thus taught to become familiar terms with their new and strange acquaintance and fellow soldier, to measure his length with their eyes, and that his touch at their rider's command, is rendered harmless."

### A BOAT SONG.

Oh, give the sailors life to me,  
To roam upon the ocean.  
To live as careless and as free  
As billows in commotion.  
I'll take an easy road through life—  
Have pleasures rare and jolly,  
Keep fear at bay—dull care away  
And drive off melancholy.  
Land lubbers boast of joys a shore,  
They're miserics to the sailor;  
His joys are midst the ocean's roar,  
In merchant man or whaler.  
He fears not the tempters howl,  
Nor e'en the rattling thunder;  
Nor when, beneath the storm-god's scowl,  
The clouds feat asunder.  
Upon the touring mizzen-mast,  
Rocked by the billows dashing,  
He sleeps above the ocean vast:  
Lulled while his waves are lashing.  
Then give the sailors life to me,  
To roam upon the ocean,  
To live as careless and as free  
As billows in commotion.

### By the President of the United States: A Proclamation.

Whereas, A joint committee of both Houses of Congress has waited on the President of the United States, and requested him to recommend a day of public humiliation, prayer and fasting to be observed by the people of the United States with religious solemnities, and the offering of fervent supplication to Almighty God for the safety and welfare of these States, his blessing on their arms, and a speedy restoration to peace; and whereas, it is fit and becoming in all people, at all times, to acknowledge and thank the Supreme Government of God, to bow in humble submission to His chastisements, to confess and deplore their sins and aggressions, in the full conviction that the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom, and to pray with all reverence and contrition for the pardon of their past offenses, and for a blessing upon their present and prospective actions; and whereas, when our beloved country, once by the blessing of God, united, prosperous and happy, is now afflicted with factions and civil war, it is peculiarly fit for us to recognize the hand of God in this visitation, in sorrowful remembrance of our own faults and crimes, as a nation and as individuals, to humble ourselves before Him and to pray for His mercy; to pray that we may be spared further punishment though most justly deserved; that our arms may be blessed and made effectual for reestablishment of law, order, and peace throughout our country, and that the inestimable boon of civil and religious liberty, secured under His guidance and blessing by the labor and sufferings of our fathers, may be restored in all its original excellency; Therefore, I, Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, do appoint the last Thursday in September next, as a day of humiliation, prayer and fasting for all the people of the nation, and I do earnestly recommend to the people, and especially to all ministers and teachers of religion, of all denominations, to all heads of families, to observe and keep that day according to their several creeds and modes of worship in all humility and with all religious solemnity, to the end that the united prayer of the nation may ascend to the Throne of Grace and bring down plentiful blessings upon our own country.  
In testimony whereof, &c.  
ABRAHAM LINCOLN.  
By the President,  
WILLIAM H. SEWARD, Secretary of State.

### A Queer Race of People.

Chamber's Journal, discussing a recent book of missionary travels in Africa, thus alludes to one of the tribes which are found in that terra incognita:—  
But the strangest of all stories told are of the Dokos, who live among the moist, warm bamboo woods to the south of Coiffa and Sisa. Only four feet high, of a dark olive color, savage and naked, they have neither fire nor human food. They live only on ants, mice, and serpents, diversified by a few roots and fruits; they let their nails grow long like talons, the better to dig for ants, and the more easily to tear in pieces their favorite snakes. They do not marry, live indiscriminate lives of animals, exhibiting very little maternal instinct. The mother nurses her child for a short time, accustomed it to eat ants and serpents as soon as possible; and when it can help itself, it wanders away where it will, and the mother thinks no more about it.  
The Dokos are invaluable as slaves, and are taken in large numbers. The slave hunters hold up bright colored cloths as soon as they come to the bamboo woods where these human monkeys live, and the Dokos cannot resist the attraction offered by such superior people. They crowd round and are taken in thousands. In slavery, they are docile, attached, obedient—with few wants and excellent health. They have only one fault, a love of ants, mice, and serpents—and a habit of speaking to Yer with their heads on the ground, and their heels in the air. Yer is their idea of a superior power, to whom they talk in this comical manner when they are dispirited or angry, or tired of ants and snakes, and longing for unknown food. The Dokos seem to come nearest of all people yet discovered to that terrible cousin of humanity the ape.

### A Noble Youth.

The following anecdote was related to a gentleman during a night he spent in a farmhouse in Virginia, some years ago:—  
In December 17—, towards the close of a dreary day, a woman with an infant were discovered half buried in the snow by a little Virginian seven years old. The promising lad was returning from school, and hearing the moans of some one in distress, threw down his satchel of books, and repaired to the spot whence the sound proceeded, with a firmness becoming one of riper years. Raking the snow from the benumbed body of the mother, and using means to awaken her to a sense of her deplorable condition, the noble youth succeeded in getting her upon her feet; the infant nestling on its mother's breast, turned its eyes towards their youthful preserver, and smiled, as it seemed, in gratitude for its preservation. With a countenance filled with hope, the gallant youth cheered the sufferer on himself, bearing within his tiny arms the infant child, while the mother leaned for support on the shoulder of her little conductor. "Oh home is hard by," would he exclaim, as my horse spirits failed. And thus for three miles did he cheer onward to a happy haven the mother and child, both of whom otherwise must have perished, had it not been for the humane feeling and perseverance of this noble youth.  
A warm fire and kind attention soon relieved the sufferer, who it appeared, was in search of her husband, an emigrant from New Hampshire, a recent purchaser of a farm in the neighborhood of —, near this place. Diligent inquiry for several days found him, and in five months after, the identical home in which we are now sitting was erected, and received the happy family. The child grew up to manhood—entered the army—lost a limb at New Orleans, but returned to end his days a solace to the declining years of his aged parents.  
"Who are they now?" I asked the narrator.  
"Here!" exclaimed the son. "I am the rescued one; there is my mother; and here, imprinted on my naked arm, is the name of the noble youth—our preserver!"  
I looked and read, "WINFIELD SCOTT," now Lieutenant General of the United States Army.

### For the Curious.

The greyhound runs by eyesight only, and this we observe as a fact; the carrier pigeon flies his two hundred and fifty miles homeward by eyesight, viz: from point to point of objects which he marked but this is only our conjecture; the fierce dragon fly, with twelve thousand lenses in its eye, darts from angle to angle with the rapidity of a flashing sword, and as rapidly darts back not turning in the air but with a dash reversing the action of his four wings, and instantly calculating the distance of the object, or he would dash himself to pieces.—But in what conformation of this does this consist? No one can answer.  
A cloud of ten thousand gnats dance up and down in the sun—the minutest interval between them—yet no one knocks another headlong upon the grass, or breaks a leg or a wing, long and delicate as they are. Suddenly—amidst your admiration of this matchless dance—a peculiar high shouldered, vicious gnat, with a long, pendant nose, darts on the rising and falling cloud, and settling on your cheek inserts a poisonous sting. What possessed the little wretch to do this? No one knows.  
A four-horse coach comes suddenly upon a flock of geese on a narrow road and drives through the middle of them. A goose was never yet stirly run over, nor a duck. They are under the very wheels and hoofs, and yet somehow they contrive to flap and waddle off. Habitually stupid heavy and indolent, they are nevertheless equal to any emergency. Why does the lonely wood pecker, when he descends his tree and goes to drink stop several times on his way

### Bully For Jonathan.

A green looking chap from the Green Mountain State went over the line and to Montreal to look round a little. Going into a large and handsome dry goods store, his veridancy attracted the attention of the proprietor, who attempted to quiz him, but unhappily having an impediment in his speech, had to give it up, and his head clerk came forward to speak for him. The clerk began, Mr. Bull wishes to know if you can tell him why Balaam's ass spoke!  
"Well," said Jonathan, "I rather guess as how Balaam was a stutterin' man and his ass had to speak for him!"

### A Terrible Reverse.

Forney's Press, a war journal which sustains the Lincoln Administration, in all its acts, whether right or wrong, constitutional, says:  
"We are not disposed to exaggerate the great issues which have been forced upon us by the recent disaster in Virginia. That we have met with a terrible reverse: that the largest army which ever marched under our banner has been beaten; that we have been driven from our advanced position in Eastern Virginia, are facts which the people must reluctantly and carefully consider.—The people of the South have gained the greatest triumph of this revolution. If there has been division before, there cannot be division now, for the sword which checked the career of the Federal army, under the brow of the Blue Ridge, will check any attempt to maintain a loyalty to the Union in the seceded States. The victory of their troops will consolidate the southern sentiment; for a rebellion that is formidable enough to win a great battle, within thirty miles of the Capitol of the country its leaders betrayed, will be strong enough to

### Washington's Disappointments.

We might puzzle our brain with the question of Washington's great disappointment in regard to the destiny of Virginia. Washington saw the advantages of his native State. "Look," said he to Sir John Sinclair, "look at a map of the United States. See Virginia neither frozen like New England, nor scorched like the Carolinas and Georgia. See her water-courses and her fruitful soil. Observe her Potomac coming down from the very head-water of the Ohio, and furnishing the nearest and best line of artificial water communication with the great West. Here on the banks of the Potomac, will be the centre of commerce and of civilization on this continent. The Capital of the United States will be the London of the New World." These were Washington's expectations. But Virginia has missed this destiny, and steadily subsided from her original pre-eminence. Western commerce seeks the ocean by the roundabout routes of Pennsylvania and New York. The question why? is troublesome so intrusive, and before we can accept without misgivings, the superiority of her civilization, the change of her fruitful fields to desert wastes must have a satisfactory explanation.—Examiner.

### A Rifleman in the Late Fight.

A rifleman in the late fight, seeing a ball bury itself in a bank near him, sprang to the hole it had made, saying, "Shoot away you can't hit twice in the same place." Instantly another shot struck a few feet distant, covering the fellow with sand and gravel. Emerging from his new quarters, he continued the unfinished sentence, "but you come so pesky near it that the first hole is uncomfortable."

### Tennysen is expected to write the poem for the opening of the great World's Fair at London, during the coming year.

A man remarked that he experienced much joy the first year of his marriage, but