

You'll Get There Anyhow.

When the spring is in the flower an' there comes a nipplin' frost,
There ain't no use in growin'—none at all!
For if you lose a flower—or if lots o' them are lost,
There'll be a million roses 'fore the fall!

No use in grievein'—
Weather is deceivin'
An' the world we're leavin'
Get's there anyhow!
Tighten up your tether—
Pull yourself together;
Never mind the weather—
You'll get there anyhow!

When your pockets cease to jingle an' you haven't got a cent,
There ain't no use in growin'—none at all!
There's lots an' lots o' dollars where the other dollar went,
An' they'll make a million of 'em 'fore the fall!

No use in grievein'—
Money is deceivin',
And the world we're leavin'
Gets there anyhow!
Tighten up your tether;
Pull yourself together;
Swimmin' like a feather,
You'll get there anyhow!

—Atlanta Constitution.

MRS. DECK'S NEW LEAF.

BY ELIZABETH CUMMINGS.

Mrs. Deck was troubled about a great many things. She craved the newest fashion in sleeves, not only for herself, but for her little girls, and wanted to have every sort of dish and silver appliance fancy has invented to clutter the table and enrich the shopkeepers. She belonged to two missionary societies, and to the musical and literary clubs, and she delighted in giving dainty afternoon teas and little dinners. Mr. Deck often said, with smiling pride, there was nothing slow about Sally, and then he would give an odd little sigh as if he unconsciously regretted his Sally's ability to keep up with life's procession. But no one noted that sigh, unless it was little Tommy, whose quick ears and sharp eyes noticed everything.

Tommy was so often called an awful boy, it is probable he had his faults. To sail in a mud puddle on a bobbing bit of board, he would scour the little city over, and if there was a ticklish job of tree climbing necessary to the rescue of some fellow's kite, Tommy was always the boy to undertake it. He would tuck nails in the pockets of his Sunday clothes, and drive them into impossible places with the potato-masher, if no other hammer was available, and the times he had flooded the house from the bathroom, and given himself the croup and twisted his ankles skating, could not be counted. But Tommy never told lies. He never even told tiny fibs, when by so doing he could have saved himself unpleasant punishment. Tommy's eyes were big, and that sort of gray that often looked black. His hair was brown and as thick on his head as it could be without being solid, and over his nose was a thick sprinkle of freckles. The little boys all liked Tommy, and so did the cats and dogs, and so did Miss Bramhall, his teacher, though he was stupid in number work. But his sisters usually spoke of him as "a little plague," and his mamma without being aware of it, felt him to be a great hindrance to everything she wanted to do. If she was practising a sonata, he would break in upon the adagio by beginning to sing "After the Ball" to the best of his ability. He had no voice whatever. Or, he would, beset by some demon of unrest, steal to the stairway and take the opportunity to slide down the baluster rail, and leave upon it etchings drawn by his buttons. If she were studying a page of Browning, or trying to write an essay upon art, it did seem as if Tommy always chose the moment that would disturb her most to play wild Indian with a select party of friends just under her window. So it fell out that by degrees Tommy fell more and more to the charge of Mollie, the nurse, and consoled himself when in trouble by visiting the Tuckers, who lived just around the corner in a brown house. Mrs. Tucker somehow kept bread in the mouths of her brood of six by washing and what she called "days' work." At night they gathered about her and the one lamp, and in all Shoreleigh there was not a happier group. She was busy at something always, patching usually, but it was wonderful the amount of work she could get through with swarmed upon by six pairs of arms, and talked to by six eager tongues.

The Literary Club was going to hold its annual banquet at Mrs. Deck's, and that lady determined to make the occasion one long to be remembered. "There may be costlier ones by and by, when Shoreleigh is a great city," she told Mr. Deck, "but there shall not be a prettier one."

"Well," assented Mr. Deck, "so it don't cost too dear, Sally, I've nothing to say. I do not mean in dollars, for you are always sensible about spending them, yourself. You spend yourself too lavishly sometimes." Mrs. Deck only laughed at this, and went off to the florist's and spent the whole morning deciding whether she would have roses or chrysanthemums for decoration.

"Chrysanthemums is newer, mum," said Mr. Higgs, rubbing his hands together as they rustled. "An' you gits great variety. Take this 'ere white. Looks like a big dahlia, an' this 'ere white again are like a mop o' air a droppin' back from a gal's face, an' this 'ere one again is piled up like a lot o' thin-sliced cabbage, an' this one again like a sunflower for its shape, an' pink an' white or orange, or—then again all lavender pink or all gold color is 'andsome. Rosa ain't what you can call old, but they ain't no ways new, though I ain't one as is too ready to force my opinion. Ladies knows what they has and what they wants."

While Mrs. Deck listened to Mr. Higgs, Tommy was busy far away sailing a mud puddle lake with Harry Tucker, for it was Saturday, and when he went home Mollie was too busy finishing her new dress to note that his feet and legs were wet. It ached in Tommy's head the next morning when he got up, but he did not think to tell any one about it. His mamma had been too busy thinking of her part in the coming entertainment to ask if he had learned his Sunday school lesson. He had an old-fashioned teacher, had Tommy, and had to commit six verses to memory each week. For quiet he retired behind the curtains in the bow window and no one thought of the redness of his face when he came out. But when at dinner he ate little of his chicken, and said he was too sleepy to wait for his pie, his father discovered that Tommy was a sick boy, and sent off for Dr. Sanders.

"Is it something contagious? Will I have to give up having the banquet here?" asked Mrs. Deck, when the doctor had felt Tommy's pulse and looked at his tongue and his breast.

"The symptoms are rather obscure just now," said the doctor, who never told anything of which he did not feel very sure. "There's a good deal of scarlet fever and measles, and I'm bound to say there's small-pox over in Bagdad."

Mrs. Deck threw up her hands, exclaiming, "Smallpox!"

"Yes; but I suppose he has not been over in that region. It may be simply a slight stomach trouble. Children, especially of a nervous, sanguine temperament, are liable to fever for slight causes."

"Have you been over to Bagdad?" demanded Mr. Deck of Tommy.

"Yes, sir," replied Tommy, unfalteringly. "I went yesterday morning with Harry Tucker. We wanted to see the thing old Uncle Lijah Blake's made. It's a man sawing wood, and goes by wind like a paper windmill. Uncle Lijah said he'd whittle me one for two nickels."

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed the doctor. Then he looked at Tommy's vaccination spot.

"It never took good, you know," said Tommy's mamma. "The girls' were all right, but Tommy's was contrary."

Now, if any one can have the heart to hold a rose over a hot fire and see it quickly wilt and shrivel, he can have some idea of what befell Tommy Deck within the next week. He did not have the smallpox, but something nearly as bad, scarlet fever, and after that first day he knew no one. He clung, however, closely to his mother, whom he took to be Mrs. Tucker, and he wrung her heart by imploring her not to go away. "I like you so," he would whisper, huskily. "I 'spect I'd like mamma, if I could get a chance to get acquainted with her. But she's awful busy and I guess she don't like boys as well as girls. I forget and rumple her bangs and her trills, and I forget about the forks and the spoons. But you're so cozy to have 'round, Mrs. Tucker, and please do tell me that story about the will bear of County Clare again."

Unluckily, Mrs. Tucker herself was kept close at home with her boy Harry, who was sick with the dreaded small-pox, so the story of the wild bear could not be repeated. Plenty of other stories were, however, and dust gathered in the pretty parlors, and the spring bonnets came, and still Mrs. Deck thought of nothing but Tommy. But at last there came a day, and what a happy day it was, when he knew her, and old Dr. Sanders announced that if he did not catch cold, and if he did not have the drop, or half a dozen other complications, he would soon mend and be about again. To look at Tommy was a sorry spectacle. His hair had grown so thin, it looked like the waxy seed vessels of wood and moss, and stuck straight up, dry and dead. His cheeks were thin, and his fingers were skinny, and for that matter the whole of his body was peeling. He trembled when he tried to sit up, and he wanted to do a thousand things he could not, and if he had never really been an awful boy, he became one during the weeks of his convalescence. But it was his mother who read to him, played dominoes with him, and taught him to use his paint brushes. All things end, even unhappy things, and after sulphur had made the whole house sweet, and white-wash and paint and scouring purified Tommy's sick room, and Tommy himself was allowed to go out on sunny days, Mrs. Deck scared him and surprised his sisters and Mr. Deck by the declaration that she was going to turn over a new leaf. Tommy, with quick remembrance of the days before his illness, broke out impetuously: "O, mamma, don't! Just go on."

"Well, perhaps that's what it will amount to. The parlors are the pleasantest rooms in the house, and I have taken down everything in them that can be easily soiled or broken, so we can enjoy them every evening, and I am going to stop making frills of any sort, fancy cakes, fancy frocks for girls, and all sorts of things that take a great deal of care and time, so that we can have leisure for more stories and study together."

"Good," cried Tommy. "That'll be a love-your-home club, Mamma Deck, won't it, your new leaf?"—[The Interior.]

The Very Best of Birds.

The question of birds was under discussion at the table, and one boarder stoutly maintained that canvas backs were better than partridges or grouse, the claims of which were upheld by another.

Then there were others who chimed in to defend rice birds, woodcocks, squab and various other varieties of game. In fact, almost everything that wore feathers by one or the other of the party was declared the most palatable.

"Well," said the first speaker, "I'll let the decision of this matter rest with the chef."

To this proposition all agreed, and Adolph, the cook, was called in and asked to give his opinion on the relative merit of birds. The Frenchman hesitated for a moment and glanced at the various disputants, realizing that whatever opinion he gave would make him one friend and a half dozen enemies.

"Ah, gentlemen," said he at length, "those are all very fine birds, very fine, and some are better than others, but neither is the best. The best birds, gentlemen, are eagles."

"Eagles!" cried all in amazement.

"Yes, eagles," replied the chef, "Gold eagles."—[New York Herald.]

The engineers who have been constructing the new steel railroad bridge at Alton, Ill., are learning something about the ways of the Mississippi river which they did not know before, that is like a woman, in that it will have its own way. Sometime ago the United States river and harbor authorities brought an injunction against the engineers restraining them from finishing the bridge until they could make the current of the river pass through the draw, which they had established near the Illinois side. For several weeks a whole fleet of dredges has been at work to persuade the river to run that way, but it won't do it, and stubbornly persists in flowing down the Missouri shore. But for this the bridge might have been in use ere this, but it may be months as it is, before it is finished.—[New Orleans Picayune.]

Imprisoned in a Cellar.

A cruel case of heartless brutality has just been discovered in Salzburg, Germany. A man, now 30 years old, was found locked up in a cellar, where he had been for 15 years. His scanty food has been passed through a hole in the door, and he has never seen a human face in all that time. He is unable to speak a word. His mother and two sisters have kept him thus in confinement, that they might enjoy his father's property, of which he was the legal heir.—[New Orleans Picayune.]

How Sweet!

Clarrissa—So he has proposed. Did you accept him?
Ethel—Yes; I took pity on him.
Clarrissa—It shows that you have a kind heart. None of the other girls to whom he proposed took pity on him.—[New York Press.]

Electric tanning is increasing. Persons of weak intellect are apt to succumb to acute diseases of every kind. The tongue of the toad is attached to the front of his jaw and hangs backward instead of forward. A photograph camera has been specially devised for registering the distance of lightning flashes. The earth, travelling at the rate of 1000 miles a minute, passes through 550,000,000 miles of space in the course of a year. A Newark, (N. J.) inventor has produced a street-car fender which enable him to stand on the track and defy the trolley juggernaut. The eggs of the Algerian locust have been found to yield a thick oil resembling honey in appearance. It burns well, and with alkali makes a good soap. Some idea of the heart's enormous power may be gained from a medical item which says that it forces blood through the arteries at the average rate of twelve feet per second. Electrical headlights for locomotives will likely come into general use within a few years. The Southern Pacific railroad has already equipped many of its engines with this new headlight. The hottest place in the United States, according to the 1893 meteorological reports, is Bagdad, Ariz., where the mercury often stands as high as 140 in the shade for a week at a time. Aeronauts cannot rise much above five miles of vertical height, on account of the increasing rarity of the air, but double that height has been attained by self-registering balloons, which tell us that some ninety degrees of frost prevail up there. In a recently constructed New York hotel electricity lights the whole building, runs a dozen large ventilators on the roof, polishes the silver in the kitchen, and washes and irons clothes in the laundry. Every room is connected with the office by telephone, and every closet is so arranged that when the door is opened a light within is turned on automatically. An electric motor attachment has been applied to the Gatling gun, which promises not only to more than double the destructive capabilities of that particular machine, but to effect a great advance in the efficiency of all machine guns. The motor is detachable, is of one horse power, is very small, weighing but a trifle over fifty pounds, and is placed in the breech of the gun, amply protected. The motor increases the present rate of firing 1,200 shots a minute, to more than 3,000 shots a minute.

A Rawhide Cannon.

A Syracuse man named La Tulip has invented a cannon known as the La Tulip rawhide gun, of which great things are expected. One of the guns, made by its inventor, was tested at Onondaga valley recently. It weighs in the neighborhood of 400 pounds, while the cannon of the same caliber in use by the army weighs nearly 1,500. Its peculiarity lies in the lightness and the easy manner in which it can be transported. Across the breach it measures about fourteen inches and tapers to about six at the muzzle. A forged steel cone forming the barrel runs to the full length, and is only three-quarters of an inch in thickness. Then come layer after layer of the finest rawhide, compressed until it has the strength of steel. The rawhide is put on in strips coiled around and around and is several inches in thickness. On top of this lie two coils of steel wire wound to its strongest tension and then filed smooth. The cap placed at the breach can be easily removed for inspection of the rawhide filling. The tests were pronounced successful, and further trials will be had. A five-inch bore will be constructed as soon as possible, and when mounted upon a movable carriage, it will then demonstrate whether it can be used effectively. The five-inch cannon will be smooth bore and used to discharge dynamite cartridges, a trial of which will be made. Frederick La Tulip, the inventor, has been a worker of rawhide for twelve years and is conversant with it in every detail.—[Rome (N. Y.) Sentinel.]

Solidified Petroleum.

A new kind of fuel made from solidified petroleum and other materials is now being extensively manufactured in France. It is stated that its heat-producing properties are very great, and that experiments to use it in engine furnaces have been of a most satisfactory nature.—[Detroit Free Press.]

SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.

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KEYSTONE STATE COLLINGS.

MAN AND BABY MURDERED.

A HUNGARIAN KILLS HIS MAN AND THEN FIRES PROMPTLY INTO A CROWD. At Millvale, near Wilkesbarre, Pa., Michael Brochok, a Hungarian, became involved in a quarrel with John Shandow, a neighbor, and Shandow shot Brochok in the left breast, fatally wounding him. Shandow then fled, firing right and left in the crowd which had collected. One of the bullets struck the two year old baby of Philip Hendershot, in its mother's arms, killing it instantly. Shandow fled to his home and locked the doors and opened fire from an upper window on the crowd. County Detective Whalen with an armed posse soon arrived and opened fire upon the murderer, one shot taking effect in his face and another in his back. The door was then battered down and the detectives placed Shandow under arrest. With drawn revolvers they conducted the prisoner safely to prison. The jail is closely guarded against a threatened attack.

ERIE CHURCHES LAID WASTE.

VANDALS' WORK IN SIX HOUSES OF WORSHIP THERE. ERIE.—A gang of vandals desecrated half a dozen city churches. St. Paul's and St. John's Episcopal, St. Paul's German and Central Presbyterian were broken into, the furniture upset, the altar service broken and the draperies ruined. The last act was to enter the Jewish synagogue, smash the furniture and the holy vessels, and then light a fire in the storeroom. The fire was directed before the temple was entirely destroyed. The vandals have not been captured.

TWO SUBJECTS OF MONEY.

UNIONTOWN.—Henry Jennings has sold the Zeigler farm near Lemont station to John Yauger, for \$1,400. Yauger was to bring the money here and turn it over. He returned up at the national bank at Fayette county with a two bushel sack on his back. In this he had the \$1,400. There were a few nickels, a few dollars in dimes and fully \$500 in quarters and halves. The remaining was in paper money and silver dollars. The money had evidently been stored away a long time as it smelled musty and some of the pieces were very old several of the dollars having been made in 1843 and 1844. Yauger walked from Lemont and carried the money on his back.

ARBOR DAYS NAMED.

HARRISBURG.—Governor Pattison issued a proclamation designating two Fridays in April, the 13th and 27th, as Arbor days, the selection of which is to be left to the discretion of the people in the various sections of the commonwealth. The Governor calls upon all citizens to suspend their usual activities on one or both these days and give sufficient time to the planting of trees and shrubbery.

DIED WITH HER CHILD.

HARLINGTON.—At Stockton John Rosinko's house burned to its foundation. The family except a baby in its cradle, escaped. Mrs. Rosinko pleaded with men in the crowd to rescue her child, but to go into the burning building meant death. The desperate mother rushed into the flames and disappeared with the little one. Both were so severely burned they died a few minutes later.

MINERS ACCEPT A REDUCTION.

PHILADELPHIA.—At a mass meeting, attended by 3,000 miners, held here, a resolution was adopted accepting a 10 per cent reduction and giving notice to the operators that they may look for a demand for an advance in the near future.

SHOT FATHER AND SISTER.

WASHINGTON.—William Liggett, at West Middleton was examining a shotgun which he felt sure was not loaded. It was discharged, the load striking young Liggett's father and his daughter. Both were severely wounded.

THE WHITE FISH HATCH AT ERIE.

ERIE.—The superintendent of the Erie White Fish Hatchery will place the balance of the white fish hatch in the lake this week. The total product of the hatchery this spring is about 25,000,000.

GOOD BIG DAMAGES.

GREENSBURG.—David Doles, who sued the Turtles Creek Valley Railroad Company for \$200 damages, was given a verdict of \$1,000. The railroad company ran its road through his property.

BOASTED ON FURNACE COALS.

PHILADELPHIA.—Engineer John Harris fell face downward on the live coals he had baked from his furnace. He was disstricken with paralysis and slowly roasted to death.

WILL CAMP AT GETTYSBURG.

HARRISBURG.—The next division encampment of the National Guard of Pennsylvania will begin August 3 and continue eight days on the battlefield of Gettysburg.

FITZ RENICK, OF NEAR BUTLER, SURPRISED JOHN GRIFIN WHILE HE WAS TRYING TO GET AWAY WITH ONE OF RENICK'S HORSES AND FIRED AT THE THIEF. THE BULLET HIT GRIFIN'S NOSE.

PENNSYLVANIA'S PORTION.

Report on Agricultural Statistics. Wealth and Property. The census bulletins issued at Washington showing the agricultural statistics of the United States and the wealth, real and personal, of the United States in 1890, give the following figures as to Pennsylvania:

Agricultural statistics.—Total number of farms, 211,537; farm acreage improved, 13,210,597; unimproved, 5,153,773; total, 18,364,370. Land fences and buildings, \$92,240,285; implements and machinery, \$39,046,855; live stock on hand June 1, 1890, \$101,652,758. Estimated value of farm products, 1889, \$121,328,348; horses, 615,999; mules and asses, 24,967; cattle, 1,703,418; swine, 1,278,025; sheep, 1,612,107; number of fleeces, 4,609,000; spring of 1890 and fall of 1889, 1,236,398; pounds of wool, 6,411,154. Dairy products 1889—Gallons of milk, 368,990,480; pounds of butter, 76,809,041; pounds of cheese, 430,360. Barley, acres, 23,950; bushels, 493,883. Buckwheat, acres, 219,483; bushels, 3,069,717. Corn, acres, 1,232,389; bushels, 42,318,279. Oats, acres, 1,310,170; bushels, 39,197,409. Rye, acres, 336,041; bushels, 3,742,164. Wheat, acres, 1,518,742; bushels, 21,945,099. Tobacco, acres, 29,955; pounds, 28,958,247.

The statistics of the true valuation of real and personal property in Pennsylvania in 1890 are as follows: Total \$6,190,738,553; real estate with improvements, \$3,781,177,285; live stock on farms, farm implements and machinery \$140,680,615; mines and quarries including products on hand \$361,888,026; gold and silver, coin and bullion, \$69,790,453. Machinery of mills and product on hand, raw and manufactured, \$488,041,693. Railroads and equipments, including street railways, \$455,446,678. Telegraphs, telephones, shipping and canals, \$87,347,794. Miscellaneous, \$777,541,090.

Big Timber Purchase.

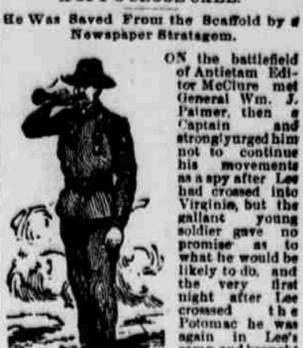
A syndicate has purchased 1,500,000,000 feet of Northern Minnesota pine timber for \$6,000,000 in round figures.

AFTER General O. O. Howard retires from active service he will make his home at Burlington, Vt., where his son, Captain Guy Howard, United States Army, is now engaged in building Fort Ethan Allen, the new cavalry post.

SOLDIERS' COLUMN

A SPY'S CLOSE CALL.

He Was Saved From the Scaffold by a Newspaper Stratagem.



ON the battlefield of Antietam Editor McClure met General Wm. J. Palmer, then a Captain and strongly suspected of being a spy. McClure followed his movements as a spy after Lee had crossed into Virginia, but the editor's young soldier gave no promise as to what he would be likely to do, and the very first night after Lee crossed the Potomac he was again in Lee's camp and brought back important information to General McClellan. Again he returned and entered the Confederate lines, and when he did not report after a week it was assumed that he had been captured and would probably be executed as a spy. He has been captured, was tried and condemned as a spy and sentenced to execution, but he was saved by a clever newspaper device determined upon after a conference in Philadelphia between President J. Edgar Thomson of the Pennsylvania Railroad, Colonel Scott and Mr. McClure. Thomson took special interest in Palmer, as he had been his secretary and was much attached to him. It was decided that Washington dispatches should be prepared for all of the Philadelphia morning papers, announcing the arrival at the Capitol of Captain William J. Palmer, stating in what particular lines of the enemy he had operated and adding that he had brought much important information that could not be given to the public at the time. These dispatches appeared in the papers next morning. The Philadelphia papers prominently displayed and of course reached the Southern lines within forty-eight hours. The result was that Captain Palmer's identity was never established in Richmond. His execution was thus suspended. In a little while, when some prisoners had been exchanged, there was a vacancy made in the list of the exchanged men by death. Palmer's friends had him take the place and name of the dead soldier and he thus escaped. He returned to the service "Philadelphia Times."

A Gallant Naval Exploit.

In the March issue of "Blue and Gray" "Union Jack" tells the following story of a gallant exploit of a boat's crew of the "Hartford," under the guns of Fort Morgan, Mobile bay.

On the night of August 1st an English blockade runner, favored by circumstances, ran through the fleet, but was pressed so closely by pursuing gunboats that, running too near to the land, he had to take the bottom at a point close under the guns of Fort Morgan. Farragut was much annoyed by the circumstance and ordered an expedition to be formed composed of two boats from each ship, amounting to one hundred men, who, under cover of darkness, pulled in for the beach. At three o'clock they returned, reporting that they could not find the wreck. Farragut summoned his aid, Lieutenant Watson.

"Watson, take my barge and a dozen men, go in there and destroy that blockade runner."

Watson required no second bidding; he loved such work. The larger expedition retired chagrined, while the crew of the barge, with white covers on their caps to distinguish them from the enemy, armed with cutlasses and revolvers, pulled a swinging stroke straight for the entrance to the Confederate works. The fort loomed up through the darkness, stern and forbidding, while a sharp lookout for the hull of the blockade runner was maintained. She was discovered by the men on the beach, and in the deep shadow of an angle of the fort. There was no delay or nonsense about it; no appealing to the men to fight manfully. There was no occasion for that with the men of the "Hartford." The barge was headed direct for her, the men hoarse with the forward of the starboard paddle box. The demoralized crew were driven in all directions many seeking safety in flight ashore, giving the alarm to the garrison. With dextrous hands the sailors strewed combustibles in various parts of the vessel and placed a large tank of powder in the midst of the machinery, the torch was applied. Fort Morgan had now opened a plunging fire, and as the barge pulled off shore flames burst from all portions of the doomed craft, revealing a complete and utter destruction at a double quick down the broad beach. But the game had slipped through their fingers. The shot from the fort made the water boil and foam around the barge, but none struck her, and as the first red streaks of dawn tinged the sea, Watson's mission to the admiral was accomplished.

How the "Tecumseh" Went Down in Mobile Bay.

At half past seven the "Tecumseh" was well up with the fort, having the "Tennessee" on the port beam. The monitor's guns had been loaded with shot and not a sixty pounds of powder, which at the time was the heaviest that had been attempted. Craven knew that the eyes of all the fleet were upon him. It was his great opportunity, and his chivalrous nature yearned for a fair trial of strength with the formidable ram and her famous commander. The fire from the fort was scarcely noticed as the monitor steamed toward her adversary, drawing ahead of the "Brooklyn" the other monitors following Craven closely. As they drew near the buoy, Craven, from the pilot house, saw it so close in line with the beach that he said to his pilot, "It is impossible that the admiral means for this vessel to go inside the buoy; I cannot turn my ship." At the same moment the "Tennessee" which up to that time had lain to the eastward of the buoy went ahead to the westward of it, and Craven, either fearing she would elude him or unable to restrain his eagerness to commence the combat, gave the order "starboard" heading the "Tecumseh" straight for the ram. She had gone but a few yards with all hands awaiting the order to fire when one or more torpedoes exploded under her. She lurched from side to side, careened violently over, and went down, bow first, her screw plainly visible in the air for a moment to all on the "Tennessee" who awaited her onset, less than two hundred yards off, on the other side of the fatal line. The monitor's flag beneath the surface, carrying with her iron walls Craven and one hundred and twenty men, helplessly imprisoned. Had the course of the monitor been directed thirty feet more to the eastward, she would have escaped the danger.—"Union Jack" in Blue and Gray.

Strictly Business.

There was no fuss and flummery about the wedding of a Portland woman recently. She had a job washing floors at the City Hall, and one morning appeared with her pails and mops as usual. Alone in the forenoon she surprised the janitor by announcing that she was going out for a few minutes to get married, and in just forty-five minutes she was back, the ceremony all over, the nuptial kiss duly attended to, and resumed her scrubbing. She probably appreciated the fact that sometimes it is easier to get husbands than employment.—Lewiston Journal.