Fire! fire! upon the maple bough
The red fiames of the frest!
Fire! fire! by burning woodbine, see,
The cottage roof is crossed!
The hills are hid by smoky haze!
Look, how the roadside sumachs blaze!
And on the withered leaves below
The fallen leaves like bonfires glow!
Marion Douglas.

O happy day, returned once more, With golden plenty still replete!
As though she never gave before,
Earth pours her treasures at our feet.

More rich than Autumn's robe of leaves Should be the garments of our praise; And ampler than her ample sheaves The charities that crown our days.

Harriet M. Kimball.

Ere in the northern gale
The summer tresses of the trees are gone,
The woods of autumn all around our vale
Have put their glory on.
O Autumn! why so soon
Depart the hues that make thy forests glad—
Thy gentle wind and thy fair, sunny noon,
And leave thee wild and sad?
William Cullen Bryant.

The hills are bright with maples yet,
But down the level land
The beech leaves rustle in the wind,
As dry and brown as sand.
The clouds in bars of rusty red
Along the hilltons glow,
And in the still, sharp air the frost
Is like a dream of snow.

Alice

Alice Cary.

"RALDY."

A Story of the Wisconsin River-By Mrs. E. P. Clark in Harper's for October.

"What'll they do?"

"I'm sure I don't know." "Sim won't work, and they're poor as poverty. It's a year since the wife died, and now the old mother's gone. She brought in the pennies right smart." "There he is now."

The two women stopped their whispering as the tall, loosely-built figure of Sim Peebles came shambling along the ragged street of "Dearborn City." A look of unmistakable affliction rested upon his weak but handsome face, and a rag of black stuff was tied decently about his shabby hat. Two children, little more than infants, came running to meet him from the low but fierce-fronted house into which he finally entered with them, and then the two women went on with their interrupted conversation.
"Who's a-doing things for them, anyhow?
Who fixed her?"

"Him, I guess."
"Then he's smarter than I ever give him credit for."

A young woman who was walking hastily along the street had come close upon them while they were engaged in watching Sim Peebles, and had overheard these latter re-

marks of that gentleman's critics. She was above the medium hight, and of a large and above the medium hight, and of a large and imposing figure, though far from graceful. Her large hands swung almost fiercely as she walked, and her tread was hard and masculine. With a mouth and chin handsomely and firmly though somewhat coarsely molded, her broad and projecting forehead, and brilliant, fearless blue eyes, added to the heavy braids of flaxen hair which were wound neatly about her head, made her face striking, and even comely. The women turned with a start when they saw her, and realized that she had overheard them. Geraida, or as she was commonly known,

and realized that she had overheard them.
Geralda, or as she was commonly known,
Raldy Scott was evidently a woman of whose
opinion they stood somewhat in awe.
"You did'nt offer to help Sim Peebles yesterday," Raldy Scott said, disdainfully, pausing a moment in her hurried walk. "He was
alone there with that dead woman and those
little abildren; and yet you his neighbors. women with husbands and children of your own, never offered to help him. You ought to be ashamed of yourselves," she continued, her eyes flashing, and her language, which had been much better than that of her sloventre regishors taken on in her acciment work. had been much better than that of her slovenly neighbors, taken on in her excitement more of their peculiar western twang. "And here, instead of walking up to his door and saying, 'Sim, can't we help you in your trouble?' you are stauding in the street outside, wondering 'who'll help him.' Raldy Scott despises lazy, shiftless Sim Peebles as much as you do; but she washed and dressed his dead mother for him, she fed his children, and, not being quite a brute, she proposes to take care of them till Sim Peebles can get somebody else. He swam in, when the dells were full of ice, and got my father's body, so that his daughters could bury him decently, and Mart and I dou't forget it."

And Raldy Scott swung along, leaving her listeners half stunned with her scathing rebuke.

'Humph' said one of them sullenly; "meb-

high."
"But the men'll always stand up for her,"
said the other one. delectedly "They think said the other one, defectedly "They think she's pow'rful smart because sie's made two or three trips up in the pines and down on the rafts with the men. It must'a been since you come here that she come back the last time with her drunken old father. She sorter looked after him I reckon. He had fine airy ways, he had, and nothing but a tipsy Irishman, giter all; and she with trousers and coator, jest like the men. Oh'"-spitefully—"shy ain't pertickler, Raldy Scott ain't; can swim and pole a raft with any man in the del's any day. pole a raft with any man in the deils any day. Only since old Roy Scott died she dresses like the rest of us. Her sister Mart's goin' to get

married. Likely she wants to, too;" and the two women laughed viperishly.

"Perhaps she'll get Sim Peebles," said the other, as they parted; "he's ben a likely young widower some time now," and they laughed a coarse, hateful laugh as they went to their homes.

to their homes.

The two or three scores of houses, many of them brilt of logs, which formed the homely straggling street of Dearborn City, were inhabited almost wholly by lumbermen. Durit g a large part of the year these men were away from their families cutting wood in the pines but when the ice began to break, and the grea but when the ice began to break, and the great spring flood of the majestic Wisconsin rolled down from the north, they massed their log rafts and came floating down the river to their homes. The village had been planted in the midst of the forest, and from many of its houses were visible the high red walls of the river as it shot through its wonderful dells, and the roar of its torrent rose upon their hearing perpetually. Just below the site of the village there was a break in the high red sandstone which lined the river for miles—with occasional rifts like this one—and here, when the current would permit, the rafts paused in the spring long enough for those to

ner which his wild and roving life had never entirely obliterated, and his feats of strength and bravery, which were many and remark-able, she loved to dwell upon. From the upper windows of the rude, high-fronted "shanty" in which she and her eister lived, they could see plainly, some fifty feet down the red rock which bound the river, and a full 200 above the whirling rapids, the legend,

in bold white letters, LEROY TALBOT SCOTT, RIVER PILOT. 1843.

The girl never saw this without a secret thrill, for her father, years before she was born, had climbed unaided up the beetling crag, and had hung by one hand between heaven and earth while he had written it.

"Humph, Mart Scott!" she had said sharply to her quiet and unimpassioned sister, "what are you made of, that you can bear these things and yet sit there like a block?"

But Martha, with her pale northern face and stolid Swede manner, cared more for the stout young pilot who was going to mary her than for all the stories of her reckless father's exploits. To her, whose frame was less robust for all the stories of her reckless father's exploits. To her, whose frame was less robust than Geralda's, and who had always lived at home with her gentle mother, he had seemed only a carousing debauchee, whose absence in the pines was pleasant relief, and whose coming was dreaded like the coming of a cyclone. To tell the truth, Martha regarded Raldy, who at sixteen had donned man's attire, as the disapproving neighbor had truly said, and had gone, under the leal, though maudlin protection of her father, to do lumbermen's work and share lumbermen's fare in the rough life of the pineries—she regarded Raldy with almost as much dread as she had had of her dead father. But Raldy Scott, though she might be dreaded, was thoroughly respected by every man, woman and child in Dearborn City. She was the soul of honor, and by hard by every man, woman and child in Dearborn City. She was the soul of honor, and by hard work and economy she and Martha had managed to bury their father and mother decently, and to pay off the mortgage on their little home. Raidy Scott had a brusque and forbidding manner, but, as Sim Peebles and many another man and woman had found out in times of trouble, underneath it beat a kind and generous heart.

Raidy Scott was as good as her word: and

and generous heart.

Raidy Scott was as good as her word; and when the little funeral procession which followed Sim Peebles' mother to the grave, moved away from the desolate hut, which Raidy's strong neat hands had cleansed and purified, Raidy herself, with her brave, straightforward face held up defiantly to her gaping neighbors, had led one of the sobbing babies, while their shambling father, looking strangely kempt an lidy, walked bestele the other. Then they had shambling father, looking strangely kempt and tidy, walked beside the other. Then they had come home again to the little hut, and every day through the dreary November weather Raldy Scott had tended the orphaned children, and kept the cabin o' days, hastening home when the little ones were safely in bed, to Mart and her own trim though only less humble

home.
"What you goin' to git for pains, Raidy?"
said a kindly old lumberman to her one day.
He had befriended her father, and Baldy could

He had befriended her father, and Haldy could not answer him curtly.

"Talk behind my back—and experience," said Raldy, half smiling. But Mart was to be married at Christmas-time, so that Raldy felt she could afford to earn less for a while; and indeed, though she would not have allowed it to herself, she was becoming almost fond of the life which she was leading in Sim Peebles' cabin.

cabin.

"You're a nowerful hand to work Raldy."
said Sim to her one day, as he sat watching her
swift and energetic movements about his cheerless little kitchen.
Raldy stopped, and squared her elbows,
looking straight at him from under her great
forehead.

"Un setting you an overwhe Sim Pooles"."

forehead.
"I'm setting you an example, Sim Peebles," she said slowly. "You're clever, and you're kind; you did me a great service once, and I'll never forget it; but if you had half the work in you that I have, you needn't be so all-pos sessed poor that you can't pay an honest woman for tending your wee bits and cooking your venison."

Baldy's tone forbable reply or argument, and

Raldy's tone forbabe reply or argument, and

Raldy's tone forbabe reply or argument, and Sim Peebles slunk guiltily away.

A day or two later he came in with a new brightness in his face.

"Say, Raldy," he began, half-sheepishly—for Sam Peebles had been "raised" in semi-luxury in some eastern State, had loafed ever since he could remember, and hardly knew whether the announcement which he was about to make would be really creditable to him or not—"could you get along—I mean, would you stay and look after things here till I come back, if I go up in the pines till spring?"

Raldy laughed a rather incredulous laugh.

"What are yon going to do up in the pines?" she asked at length.

"Chop," answered Sim Peetles, succinctly.

"Humph! they've all gone long ago."

"No; there's a party going up to Stevens Point next week, and strike off from there,"

"You can't chop," said Raldy, contemptunces!

"You can't chop," said Raldy, contemptu-

ously.
"Yes, I can, too, "Yes, I can, too,
"Well, then, go." Raldy spoke crustily.
She would not give the peeping neighbors any
chance to accuse her of spending soft words
on Sim Peebles. Yet, truth to say, she no
longer held him in the low respect which she
had expressed in the screed delivered to her
cossining peighbors and which her language gossiping neighbors, and which her language to him would seem to indicate. In these long, quiet weeks since she had come to live in his humble cabin, she had detected in the lonely. humble cabin, she had detected in the lonely, saddened man qualities which had softened her meant toward him. He loved his children, and though he knew little enough how to care for them, he yet "minded" them devotedly in his own rough way. Then Sim Peeble's almost womanish face was yet handsome and attractive—when it was clean and shaven; and one day Raldy had come unexpectedly upon him with his eyes wet with tears, gazing upon a picture, which her quick vision noted, before he could put it away, as a likeness of his old mother.

mother.
"Humph!" said Raldy to herself, quite angry
at a little secret tenderness which the sight had
evoked in her. "Sim Peebles Juts on considerable about his mother; but I lotice he didn't get her a new dress while she was here, and if she had enough to eat it was I ecause she hoed

he clearing and dug the potaties."

Still, it was a fact, and Raic v, in a dim, unwilling way, knew it, that she vas daily growing to set a higher value upon Sim Peebles tnan he deserved, and she feit this more defi-nitely than before when he told her that he was going "up in the pines." There was in her a strange, an unreasoning aversion to having him go, glad as she was to see him developing something of the courage of a man.

something of the courage of a man.

She had repelled so fiercely the young men who, won to admiration by her spirit and good looks, had dared to make her any overtures, that Raldy had never yet had a regular love affair, and, as is usually the case with a strong and self-reliant woman, weakness had won where force had failed. She could not help setting a little more tender and approachable

sandstone which lined the river for miles—
with occasional rifts like this one—and here,
when the current would permit, the rafts
paused in the spring long enough for those to
land who were not absolutely necessary to
conduct the unwieldly argosies to the distant
Mississippi. If the current was too strong for
the rafts to stop, as was generally the case,
the men eprang into the boiling rapids and
swam ashore. Many a life, even of experienced
river pilots, had been lost in the attempt, and
it was in this way that Roy Scott had perished.

He had indeed been an Irishman, and a
dissipated one, but he had belonged to a wealthy
and honorable family. He squandered his patrimony early in life, however, emigrated to
the new world, and pushed into the wilds of
what was then the farthest West. There he
became enamored of the exciting life of the
lumbermen of the Wisconsin, entered into it,
met and married a quiet Swedegirl, the daugh
ter of one of his hardy comrades, and from
their strange union had sprung the gentle
Martha and the large featured, fair haired
Geralds, whose northern phlegm and endurance were united with quick wit and intense
passion of her Irish ancestors.

Geralda Scott clung to the memory of her
father with an almost sublime devotion. His
varied knowledge a certain bluff nolish of man-

some brave deeds—but no pride, no ambition. But he's honest," thought Raidy again; "no-ody ever said Sim Peebles wasn't honest; there's nothing mean about Sim Peebles, and there's nothing mean about Sim Peebles, and that's one reason," excusingly, "why he's so poor;" and then her thoughts drifted off to what Mrs. Jenks and Mrs. Smith, her hateful neighbors, would say, if she should happen, by chance—of course she wouldn't, even if Sim should sak her—but what would they all say, what would Mart say, if she should ever happen to marry Sim Peebles?

Here Raldy checked herself, for she was standing absently, with a plate of butter in her hand, the butter in great danger of slipping, and her song quite still. She had been singing the old revival hym:

"And when I pass from here to thee, Dear Lord, dear Lord, remember me."

Sim saw his opportunity, and seized it, and as she hurried into the little pantry and out again he spoke quietly and earnestly:

"That's what I've been thinking, Raldy—something like, I mean. When I'm gone away, remember me."

"I'm not likely to forget you, with the young-sters under my feet all day," retorted liaidy,

sters under my feet all day," retorted Italdy, with asperity.
"You have been very kind to me and mine," continued Sim, with a choice of words which proclaimed an early training greatly superior to that of the rough men around him. Raldy recognized this superiority. It was, indeed, one of Sim's strongest claims upon her favor. But she was not to be tempted from her role.
"I didn't suppose you had noticed it," she said, tartly.

"I didn't suppose you had noticed it," she said, tartly.
"Noticed it! Why, Raldy!" in a tone of deep reproach. "And you can't think—I wanted to tell you before I went away—you can't think, Raldy, how it kind of spurs me up to try and be somebody. Thu's what makes me want to go up river now. I want to show you, Raldy—I want—" But here Sim Peebles choked up. His courage had given out. Raldy felt here pozing out too.

His courage had given out. Raldy felt hers ozing out, too.

"I guess I'll go home till supper," she said, and she darted away.

After supper she put the children to bed, and then brushed up the hearth and put the little cabin to rights, Sim meanwhile devouring her, as usual, with his eyes. Raldy had captured him, soul and body, and the nearer he came to the sublime sacrifice which he felt he was making for her sake, the more completely his passion dominated him. Raldy moved for her hat and shawl, and murmured something in a manner strangely unlike herself, about "going home to Mart," when Sim Peebles caught her hand—no man had ever fared to touch Raldy Scott's person before—and begged her to sit down for a moment with him by the fire.

"You know," Sim said, brokenly, and with a face like ashes, "it's my last night, Raldy." With all his love, he stood in absolute terror of her.

Raldy sat down with a strange docility, but

of her.
Raldy sat down with a strange docility, but
Sim could not speak, after all, and they sat for
several moments in silence.
"Well," said Raldy, at last, getting up in her
old arrogant way, "I guess I'll go."
"Say first," said Sim, swallowing hard, and
catching at her hand again—"tell me first,
Raldy, the maybe when I come home, if I do
well, Raldy, and turn out better, that—" He
paused.

paused.

paused.

"That what?" questioned Raldy, in so gentle a tone that Sim took heart wonderfully.

"That maybe you'll—you'll marry me, and live here always, and see to the children."

It was all out now, and Sim drew a deep sigh as he turned his handsome, effeminate face, almost strong in its expression of intense love, full upon the strangely hesitating woman. Raldy dropped into her seat again, and buried her face in her hands. Then she let them fall slowly, and said, with a serious and deliberate slowly, and said, with a serious and deliberate air which would have daunted a less persistent

suitor:
"You're an honest fellow, Sim—and you "nourse an honest fellow, Sim—and you know that's a good deal to me—and you're good-looking, but I declare I don't know of any other earthly reason why I should marry you. You couldn't support me. How you have had to fly around to get enough for us to eat since I have been here! And what wages have you naid ma?" ou paid me "

Sim fairly cowered before her; out, with a

woman's perversity, Raldy Scott's love only burned the more fiercely "It's all true," he said, mournfully, "but lon't you see, Raldy, I'm turning over a new leaf? I'm going to work, and I'm going to show you, and the rost of them, that I can be like other men."

As Raldy looked at him a tear glittered in her

As Raldy looked at him a tear glittered in her "Well," she said, rising, and with no hint in

bet voice of the tear, "when you come back'll be time enough to see."

"Oh, but, Raldy," cried poor Sim, who had reached just the point where "despair sublimes to power," won't you tell me that you love me—just a little?" He fell on the floor at her feet, and buried his face in her dress. "Haven't you any thought about me," he went on, piteously, "only that I'm a worthless

with more tendercoss than her words would seem to warrant, 'do you suppose that I would have let you go on this way if I hadn't? Goodby Sim;' and slipping away before he could stop her, Raldy left him with such consolation as he could gather from her last remark.

Sim did not go till 9 o'clock next morning usual, when she came in at daybreak, and she usual, when she came in at daybreak, and she went about her work in a way that precluded further conversation. Once she colored violently when Sim caught her eye, and some tender words rose to his lips at the sight; but she looked at him again so sternly that he was glid to withdraw into himself at once, and dared not placed his case further. plead his case further.

The days of the winter wore stowly away, while Raidy did her self-appointed task, and bore unflinchingly the slurs of the gossips, and the thousand little irksome trials of her position. At last the intense cold began to yield March glided into April. The ice in the rive thawed, and daily among its floating masses came down great rafts of logs, guided by sturdy lumbermen, whose cries echoed and re-echoed from the mighty walls of the river, and glad-

dened the waiting hearts in the little village.
"When will our men come?" an aged lumberman, too old to go "up river" any more, shouted
as one great raft became wedged between rocks

as one great rait became wedgen between rocks and ice, near enough to converse a little amid the tremendous tumult.

"In a week or two," shouted back a man who lived at the next landing, and knew them well. There was no time for further talk, for the great rait just then made free and swung into the current and with the lond cries of the great rait just then made free and swung into the current, and with the loud cries of the men as they plied their heavy poles, and the rescuing and clambering up of several swept off, as they often were in the dipping and swaying of the raft on its perilous passage, it was carried out of sight, the echoes of the hubbub lingering long after the vision had vanished.

had vanished.

All along the straggling, forlorn, burned, stumpy street of Dearborn City, with its staring hotel, its half-dozen beer saloons and its one small meeting house, ran the good news, "the small meeting house, ran the good news, "the men will be back in a week or two," and Raldy Scott sang more blithely over her work, while visions of Sim Peebles in an absurdly glorified aspect floated all day through her mind, though if anybody had insinuated as much to her, she might have raised the old shotgun in the corner, which no man in Dearborn City could handle better than she, and have shot him dead on the spot. Still, she had to acknowlege to herself the alarming extent of her infatuation, and chide herself a little. "I don't care," her heart had answered, as the heart of many a woman had answered before her: "there's something about Sim Peebles that I like, and if he likes me, what difference does like, and if he likes me, what difference does life itself were restored to me with that draught; I never knew so happy a moment in

my life."
Inside the confederate works the coporal was allowed the liberty of certain bounds, on giving his parol not to attempt to escaper and with

the exception or multimest for his diet he met with no further adventure until the recapitu-lation released him, as described.

A SWEDISH SERVANT.

BY CAROLINE E. LEIGHTON. We found her at an employment of fice, just arrived from Sweden. As I noticed her sunny hair and blue eyes and strong, free step, I thought of what some one said of Jenny Lind: that she ought to have been called the Swedish Lioness, rather than the Swedish Nightingale, from the freedom and strength of her bearing. Not able to speak a word of English, she sat looking at me with such confident blue eyes that no one could feel otherwise than kindly towards her, when the world seemed to her such a fair, honest place.

She held out a little book, printed in Swedish and English, by which we were to converse tog ther. I looked it over, and saw that it contained directions, given to servants in their own country, by which they were to conduct themselves. Among other things, they were told to "step softly to move lightly, and desire nothing."

After I came to know more of her in-tensely social nature I often wondered how she survived, the first few weeks, how she survived, the first few weeks, when we never attempted anything more in the way of conversation than "cup," plate," etc. At length, in an outburst of desperation, she exclaimed, "I want to talk!" So did we but the difficulty was how to begin. She solved it herself by asking if we knew George Washington and Benjamin Franklin We, in return, asked if she knew Linnaus and Swedenborg, to both of which questions she replied in the affirmative, and also recognized with delight, a picquestions she replied in the amrinative, and also recognized, with delight, a picture of Luther. After this, conversation became easy; she was so very apt and so eager. She was soon able to give a little account of her voyage: telling us how she, with a hundred other girls, came as steerage passagers. came as steerage passengers, on a great steamer; and how, in leaving, they sang together the Fatherland song; and how the passengers on the upper deck all clapped their hands, as well they might if the other voices were like hers. They had great luncheon baskets; but she lost hers overboard, in a storm, and also her hat "Now I must every day say to some one, "Please give me a little bread." In the storm she thought, "By and by I dead." It is wonderful, the courage of these girls, starting alone for an unknown world. Some of her friends in Speedon and thought that the in Sweden, she said, thought that to come to America they would have to travel through the earth. But she had been taught otherwise at school; taught also to knit, embroider, crochet, and make baskets. The dress she had on she had not only fitted for herself, but had made the modern leads for it. had made the woolen cloth for it, and had woven her plaid shawl. She wore generally, on her head, a little black shawl. One day she said to me, touching it, "Every woman in Swe len all the

She readily understood that we enjoyed hearing about her country, as she took so much interest herself in ne took so much interest herself in learning everything possible. She soon began to tell us about the Lapps, as the most curious little people in the world; very short, but wearing tall, pointed hoods, made of reindeer skin. She al-ways talked with great enthusiasm about the "rein," as she called the reindeer: said that if a man had a thousand rein he was rich; that the Lapps traveled about all the time, only lassoing some rein and all the time, only lassoing some rein and traveling on to find moss for them, the rein furnishing them with all their When they went to church they left their babies outside in little noles in the snow sewed up in skins. They themselves wore one garment of skin. Swedish babies had a little knit garment, that covered them all over, arms, legs, and feet. Lapp babies were always cold, and the Lapps were very, very poor. I asked "Why not come to Boston?" She answered, "Oh, Lapp say Lapland good." She mocked their funny ways of telling in proposallables. They of talking, in monosyllable could not open their mouths, she said; it was so cold. She used to mock, too, the peasants' walk,—stiff, ungainly the peasants' walk,—stif, ungainly strides; crouching as they went along, because it was so cold. It was very different from reading these things in the geography to hear them from one who had actually seen them'and touched the little cold Lapp babies.—July Atlantic.

His Reply.

Many an English coachman railed at railroads when it was demonstrated that they could carry passengeas as safely, and much more rapidly, than stagecoaches. "Our occupation's gone!" they shouted, in thought if not in words, as they witnessed from the top of the box the train thunder by their galloping horses. An old English journalist tells two anecdotes, which illustrate the 'oldfashioned Jehu's chagrin at being beaten by steam-cars. He says:

The last time I travelled by a mailcoach was to Cambridge before the Great Eastern line was finished. Half the journey was by railway; the other half by coach.

The coachman was one of the last of the old race. I mounted upon the box-seat and sat by his side. At the crack of his whip, off went four fine horses at

a spanking pace.
I rubbed my hands with glee, and said: "What a delicious change from the hissing and howling railroad I have left The man looked at me with a glance of strong approval. The coach was go-

ing at twelve miles an hour, as I added, "And I'm sure this travelling is fast enough for any one!" He looked at me again "Eh?" said he, "them as wants to go faster, let 'em

he, "them as wants to go laster, let 'em get out and run!"

Not long ago I landed at the quay at Kingston. Up as usual ran the cardrivers, each pressing me to let him convey me to Dublin, distant six miles. "Oh no," I said, "I am going by the railroad." One of them stared at me in astonishment and exclaimed,—
"Well I wanter at your honor you."

"Well. I wonger at your honor, you. an English gentleman, maybe for the first time in Ireland, that wouldn't rather be whisked up to Dublin in 'my nate little car, than be dragged up to Dublin at the tail of a tea-kettle."

The Ma: quis de Mores has been acquittei.

A CURIOUS WAR STORY.

A Singular Case of Anzesthesia—The W Thirst of Au Iowa Soldier. From the Cincinna'i Commercial.

A few weeks ago the Commercial gave a letter from W. C. Newlon, of Winterset, Iowa, late sergeant of G., 3d Iowa Infantry, inquiring for the author of a letter printed in this paper in October, 1862, giving an account after the battle of the Hatchie of "A Singular Case of Ansesthesia," which was widly copied under the title of "The War Spirit of an Iowa Soldier." The article was signed W. M. B., 78th Ohio. As the name of the author was not known at the name of the author was not known at this office, the inquiry was referred to Colonel A. W. McCormick, who is well informed in military matters, with a request that he aid the soldier, who was the subject of the sketch, in finding the author. It was soon found that the author was Major W. M. Beach, of London, O., who was assistant surgeon of the 78th in 1862, and assisted in amputating Mr. Newton's leg. The following extract from the ske'ch will be read with interest, especially leg. The following extract from the ske'ch will be read with interest, especially by soldiers who have participated in such scenes, and by the medical profession: "He indulged freely in constant the operation until versation respecting the operation until the chloroform was applied. From the wakeful and natural state he glided into the anaesthetic without the convuisive incotion of a single muscle, and without the utterance of a single incoherent sentence; but glided into it as the innocent and weary child glides into the sweet embrace of a child glides into the sweet embrace of a healthful and restoring sleep. The opera-tion was performed, the arteries all ligated, the stump cleansed and the last suture just in that instant applied. During the entire operation he had scarcely moved a muscle. Just at this time a large body of prisoners, taken in the engagement, were marched up the street, and were nearing marched up the street, and were nearing the house where the matmed and bleeding soldier lay. The street, were all thronged by soldiery, and hundreds of them rushed to get a near sight of the vanquished (prisoners), while they rent the heavens with their loud huzzas. A full regiment preceded the column of prisoners, and when intropyments the hand extract variations. regiment preceded the column of prisoners, and when just opposite the band struck up the inspiring air of "Hail, Columbia." In a moment the color mounts to his face. He opened his eyes half wonderingly, and raised his head from the pillow with the steadiness and dignity of a driving god. The scene of the conflict same dying god. The scene of the conflict came back to him, and he thought his noble regiment was again breasting towards the enemy, through a shower of shot and shells. His brave comrades, he claimed, were falling one by one around him, just as they had done in that dreadful hour of fratricide and carnage. The spirit of the battle came over him, and his features assumed an air of bold, fierce and fiery unyielding determination. He broke forth into exclamations the most terrible and appalling I have ever listened to in all my life.

"Louder with the music! Louder, louder,

louder! Burst the heavens with your strains! Sweeter. softer. sweeter! Charm the blessed angels from the very courts of heaven! Victory, victory! Onward, on-ward! No flagging, no flinching, no fal-tering! Fill up the vacancies! Close up! Fill up! Step forward! Press foward! Your comrade's graves! The fresh graves of your slain! Remember the graves of your comrades! Blue Mills! Blue Mills! Shelbina! Shelbina! Hagarwood! Shiloh! Shiloh! Shiloh! For God's sake onward! Onward, in heaven's name onward! onward!

onward! See the devil's waver! See them run! See, See! See them fly! fly! fly!"
"During this outburst of passion his countenance kindled and grew purple till his look seemed that of diabolism. Such a fury marked his lineaments that I instinctively drew back. But there was 'methstinctively diew back. But there was 'method in his madness. He only erred in mistaking time, and in misplacing himself and his position, which the martial music and the pump and circumstance or war in the public streets would have natural tendency towards producing. In the very middle of his fury he seemed suddenly to comprehend his mistake. He ceased abruptly, his whole frame in a tremor of emotion. He looked around on the faces present, and without a word laid down his head. He grew meditative as he scemed to realize a full sense of his unhappy situation. At length his eyes gradually filled with tears, and his lips grew slightly tremus lous. He quietly remarked: Well boy, goodbye; I should do but sorry fighting on a wooden leg. He again relapsed into silence, and was shortly carried away to his own room.

The author, who had remained unknown to him for ninteen years, when found by the soldier, assured him "it is just the truth—a faithful contribution to war history."

Games and Doctors.

The pursuit, perhaps a little unduly, of a new game has at last developed a new disease. Even in our amusements nature seems to warn us against excess. When skating rinks were at their height of fashionable supremacy, young surgeons got to be quite adepts in dealing with what ia technically known as collis's fractures; and there are certain doctors who, each succeeding month of May, ecognize the familiar symptoms of academy headache." The newest grievance is a little more acute in its deay. There are delicate sheaths which encase the muscles of the arm, and which may be wrenched and distorted by special exercise. Lawn tennis is peculiarly favorable to this result, and 'a lawn-tennis elbow" is added to the alls which nineteenth-century flesh in-herits. The cure is peculiarly disagree-able, as "perfect rest" is one of the items in the doctor's programme. A confirmed tennis player can no more ake perfect rest than a confirmed glutton can dine on cold meat. But he can play with his left hand while he rests the right, and thus if tennis elbow becomes anything like as usual an ailment as tennis playing is an accomplishment, we shall find the number of left-handed people sensibly increase.-Pall Mali Gazette.

Barney Metzger, a boy, shot himself in the leg while fishing on Leaf lake, Otter Tail county Taking a downward course, the ball lodged above the heel between the bone and cords, where it still remains. The doctors fear to cut for it, and are hoping that it will soon make an appearance near the surface.

The town council of Berlin has voted 150,000 marks toward the expenses of the Martin Luther festival to be held in August.