A baby girl not two years old Among the phlyx and pansies stands, And full of flowers as they can fold Her mother fills her little hands,

And bids her cross to where I stay
Within my garden's fragrant space
And guides her past the poppies gay
'Mid mases of the fragrant place.

Baying, "Go carry Thea these!"
Delighted, forth the baby fares,
Between the fluttering-winged sweet peas
Her treasured buds she safely bears.

Tis but a step, but oh, what stress Of care! What difficulties wait! How many petty dangers press
"Upon the path from gate to gate!

But high above her sunny head She tries the roses sweet to hold, Now caught in coreopsis red, Half wrecked upon a marigold,

Or tangled in a cornflower tall,
Or hindered by the poppy tops,
She struggles on, nor does she fall,
Nor stalk nor stem her progress stops.

Until at last the trials past Victorious o'er the path's alarms, Herself, her flowers and all are cast Breathless into my happy arms. My smiling trosy little maid!
And while her joy-flushed cheek I kiss,
And close to mine its bloom is laid,
I think, so you may find your bliss.

My precious! When in coming years
Life's path grows a bewildering maze,
So may you conquer doubts and fears
And safely thread its devious ways,

And find yourself, all dangers past, Clasped to a fonder breast than mine, And gain your heavenly joy at last Safe in the arms of Love Divine.

-CELIA THAXTER, in Cottage Hearth. STONEWALL JACKSON.

My experience goes that 25 years ago the most of us were not nearly so anxious to get to the front as we seem to be now. When the Johnnies were close at hand, we were often more than satisfied to let some other fellow get ahead of us, especially if he was of good size, so we could use him for breastworks. I am interested in a matter which has been much written about, and many different versions and beliefs have been given, and an event sides. I allude to the wounding of forfeited. Stonewall Jackson. I would like to make some comments on the accounts of Capt. James Power Smith, C. S. Apublished Oct. 7, 1886, and of Com. rade Jos. E. Nutter, Co. B, 1st Mass., printed November 11, 1886.

Capt. Smith says: "He [Jackson] passed the swampy depression and began the ascent of the hill toward Chancellorsville, where he came upon a line of Federal infantry lying on their ar.ns. Fired at by one or two muskets," etc. Comrade Nutter says Brigade, which is no doubt, correct. that he only got to the edge of the He says nothing about the musketry swampy depression, etc., and thinks swampy depression, etc., and thinks the "fearless Captain must have been dreaming;" and if the latter be the case, I would say that Comrade Nutter must have been sound asleep just at that particular time.

Now, allowing their line to have been in the middle of the "swampy derods in front, as he says, he was not he writes; and if their lines were where

The situation on the plank road (socalled) was about this: One section of a battery was directly on the plank, about 100 yards to the front from the creek. On the south side of the plank road was Williams's Division, of the Twelfth Corps, with the right resting directly on the plank road, and about but few, if any, guns near the plank on the north side of the road, I suppose on account of the woods; but if Comrade Nutter had been 200 yards to the front from the creek. So Capt. Smith and Comrade Nutter must both be in error when they say that Jackson approached very near to the stream on the south side of the road, where the bank was cleared for about 100 yards on the west side before coming to the woods. On the north side of the road—where Comrade Nutter says they were—was something of a marsh or small swamp, with the woods extending across the creek and up on to the hight of ground toward the Chancellorsville House, but the brush seemed to have been cut out and the trees were scattering.

The writer passed along nearly the whole front of Williams's Division from left to right, clear to the edge of the plank road, keeping just in the edge of the timber on the south side of the road. I went to the front until the confederate line was reached, being I should say, about 400 yards or onefourth of a mile, from the line of Williams's Division. I had there a little conversation with the 5th Ala., C. S. A. I then returned to our line near the plank road, and was very soon sent to the front again, within 100 yards or less of the Confederate lines, when I heard horses on the plank road. They being in my rear and coming from toward our lines, my first thought was that it tion of battery before mentioned was moving to the front; but just at this

drew my attention. ides of the time occupied, and perhaps and on his way to New York one day the existence of such a reptile to show that I was awake—which must stopped at Sing Sing and delivered the Lake can no longer be denied.

have been afull half hour or more, I am very sure that there was not a gun fired within my hearing. The first vol-ley was now fired directly in my front, and I could plainly see the flashes of the guns. Very soon the firing was commenced from our side, but I could not say from which side of the road, as the shots were too far away.

They seemed to come from
the north side of the road. If more than one volley was fired from in front I have no recollection of it After about the time it would seem necessary to man the guns, our batteries opened, and the way things came tearing down that road for about five minutes was not slow.

As to whose bullets struck Jackson, I, of course, am unable to say; but that the Confederates fired the first shots I do know, and from the close proximity to his own lines I think it very likely they were the ones. All accounts from apparently authentic sources on their side agree that it is so. One thing is certain in my mind, and that is, if the Confederate bullets did not do the work, those from our side would not have been fired had not the Confederates fired first. I do not think the Confederates fired carelessly, but on the contrary had a good and sufficient reason for doing so. having just been told by some one immediately in their front that he or they were "Union skirmishers." They of course thought the horsemen must belong to the same side and fired into them, otherwise no attention might have been paid them. Every old soldier knows that on some of these night occasions it was no unusual thing to get badly mixed, men and officers often getting in with troops on the other side and escaping without being detected,

The writer has a good recollection of another night picnic, and being for some time a file-closer in the 14th Tenn., C. S. A., but no other circumstance having any bearing on the future history of the war—like the one at Chancellorsville-occuring at the time, it is not worth mentioning; only at one time, when discussion was rather warm over admitting certain comrades into the G. A. R. who had seen previous service in the C. S. A., I began to think that perat the time of much importance to both haps my rights in the same had been

The account of Capt. Smith seems all right except as to the distance that they got to their front, and the firing of the first volley from their own men until the opening of our artillery would seem by his account to have been longer than I can possibly make it. His account of the first volley from their men being on the left-south-of the road, is precisely as I saw it, but as before stated I did not see or hear any more firing from in my front. Smith says another was soon after fired from the north side of the road by the right company of Pender's (North Carolina) excitement which must have followed it might not have been noticed, they being too far away to do much damage. He gives a very vivid account of the artillery firing from our side which opened on them, and in reading his

story I can almost see and hear it again. In the account of Comrade Nutter I cannot see anything to make me think to the front than described, I am very certain he does not. He says: "Our artillery sent a few shot and shell over our [their] heads," which may be correct as to their heads, for there were near the plank farther to the front, or the south side of it, I think he would have thought that they were more than a few. As to the conversations he tells about, there was no time after the first volley when such conversations could have taken place and been heard 10 ceased, when all became as quiet as before and almost as suddenly as the stillness had been broken. James H. Cole, late First Lieutenant, Co. G. 46th Pa, who was taken prisoner by the 5th Ala., and was then being held a short distance in rear of their lines and near the plank road, describes this same artillery fire as being the hottest that he was under during nearly four years of service, almost continuously in the field.—C. N. BARRETT, Co. H. 46th Pa., Port Allegany, Pa., in National Tribune.

A Queer Pardon Story. Queer things happen in this pardon business. Historian L. B. B. Proctor, author of "Bench and Bar" and several other standard works, was telling me the other day of a peculiar pardon case under Gov. Seward. Mr. Proctor was a student in Gov. Seward's law office in Auburn when Judge Samuel Blatchford was a partner of Seward. A man was Gen. Knipe, our first brigade and his wife had been convicted of a commander, and the next that the seccrime and both were sent to State prison. He was sent to Auburn, and she moving to the front; but just at this was serving a term in Sing Sing. Sympathy had been aroused for the woman and a petition signed by many During all the time occupied in my influential names was presented to Gov. movements as above described—and which have been given only to give an consideration he decided to grant it,

pardon papers himself—an unusual thing. The woman's name was Frances and her husband's name was Franeis. She was handed the pardon and walked out. Seeing that the masculine form "Francis," appeared in the par-don, she took a train at once for Auburn and presented the pardon to the Warden, with the statement that she had just been pardoned by Gov. Seward and been allowed to bring her husband's pardon in person. The War den looked at it. It called for the release of the man, and he was brought out, handed the pardon, and allowed to go free. When Gov. Seward found out the mistake he thought it better to say nothing about it, and the prisoner was never returned .- Albany Letter.

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Abe Lincoln's First Fight.

There does not live in the United States today one who was so actively associated with the maryted Lincoln as John White, who lives down the Bishop Branch, Townsof Viroqua. While in the Censor office Friday Mr. White related many amusing incidents ofhis boy hood days in Illinois, when he and Lincoln were fast friends, splitrails, did surveying and went to husking bees together. Lincoln was his senior by a number of years, and for that reason the every act of the lamented President remains fresh in the memory of Mr. White. "I remember well," asid he, "when the bully of Sangamon County, induced by some good natured wag, came to the spot where we were chopping rails and and challenged Abe to a prize-fight. The great, brawny, awkward boy laughed and drawled out, 'Ireckon stranger, you're after the wrong man I never fit in my whole life. 'But the bully made for Abe and in the first fall Lincoln came down on top of the heap. The champion was bruising and causing blood to flow down Lincoln's face when a happy mode of warfare entered his original brain. He quickly thrust his hands into a convenient bunch of emart-weed and rubbed the same in the eyes of his opponent, who almost instantly begged for mercy. He was released, but his sight, for the time being, was extinct. No member of the trio possessed a pocket handkerchief, so Lincoln, with usual originality, tore from his own shirt front the surplus cloth, washed and bandaged the fellow's optics and sent him home. I was also present at the first law suit he ever conducted in Justice court. Here served him well the inexhaustible supply of original ideas and ways which characterized his past and future life. In boyhood days he was as true to his friends as his great career proved him to be to his country."—Viroqua (Wis.)

The Good Priest Heard Him Finally.

Father O'Halloran had a telephone put into the parsonage in connection with the church, the parochial school, etc. Patrick McFee, his reverence s handy man, was instructed in the use of the instrument, and it was only the next day when Pat, dusting out the church, heard the chatter of the telephone bell. Taking down the receiver, he was pleased to hear Father O'Halloran's familiar voice asking him something or other about his work. Pat, pression," with pickets two or three that he knows very much about what in essaying to answer, remembered that rods in front, as he says, he was not very near to where Stonewall Jackson he locates them, with pickets no further his reverence was a long way off, and he locates them, with pickets no further large the locates them, with pickets no further large them. transmitter at the top of his voice. "I don't understand you, Patrick," said the telephone. Pat tried again, with no better success. On his third trial he came near splitting the telephone; but again came near Father O'Halloran'svoice." "I can't hear what you're saying, Patrick."
Pat had by this time lost something of his patience, and as he stood gathering breath for a fourth blast he couldn't refrain from soliloquizing in a low tone. "Ah! may the Devil fly away wid the ould fool." But Pat dropped the telephone like a hot potato and fell on his knees in dismay when he heard Father O'Halloran's voice once again, yards away until after our artillery firing "Now I hear you perfectly, Patrick."— Boston Transcript.

The Monster of Skiff Lake.

Woodstock (New Brunswick) Press: The famous land-locked sea-serpent which has long been said to inhabit the depths of Skiff Lake was seen las week by at least three reputable eye-witnesses disporting itself on the bosom of the lake. According to one of the witnesses the serpent appeared to be about thirty feet in length. At times he lay on the surface, and then again he would slough through the water at a frightful rate of speed, lashing the water into foam with his head and tail. His course lay off McMullin's Landing toward Northcote Island, a distance of three miles, during which he was plainly visible to the men on the hill over-looking the lake. They watched his movements with the keenest curiosity until an intervening island out him out of their sight. This is at least the third appearance of this singular reptile. On a former occasion it was seen by a respectable farmer, James McMullen, and his wife, who reside by the side of the lake, and who had been making a visit by water to a neighbor at the upper end of the lake. Mr. McMullen rowed over it, when it lifted its head and part of its body in a menacing manner. Whatever it may be, the existence of such a reptile in Skiff

A Funny Bit of Charity. I saw an old man the other day,

who, like several persons I met, looked exceedingly warm, suddenly stop to eye a cab horse which looked even warmer than he, and I was amused to see him walk up to the exhausted animal and begin to fan his head. I really think that the horse smiled. At least his look of dejection immediately disappeared. It was a kind act for a stout old party in a sweltering seer-sucker to devote his only fan to a poor cabby. It was not so common a sight as to see a Harvard senior fan a lovely girl on class day, but it was more disinterested. A feeling that I had witnessed the scene somewhere before in a comic guise made me smile as I walked away. I was puzzled for a moment to know whence the reminder came, but finally recognized that the recollections of "Titania" and the donkey-headed clown had been stirred by this modern sight. Yet I felt that the old fellow's kind act was wronged by such a thought. He is one of the men who helps to compensate for the wrongs done the animal kingdom on the street, and if there is a horse heaven he will surely find a welcome in its green pastures .- Boston Post.

Colt's Brutal Revenge.

"A good many stories are told about young Colt the owner of the Dauntless," says a writer in Sporting Life. "I remember to have heard in Hartford, where he resides, that one morning some years ago he started to drive across the country with a pair of fine blooded horses, expecting to bring up at New port. He had gone but a few miles, however, when he became dissatisfied with the performance of his horses, and jumped out of his wagon, drew a revolver, and shot both of his animals dead. Then he procured another conveyance and went on his way, having wasted over \$1,000 in horseflesh merely to vent a momentary passion upon a pair of brutes whose conduct, doubtless, was the result of his own unpleasant tem-

Didn't Care For Grammar!

A writer in the Boston Transcript is inspired by the recent publication of Edwin P. Whipple's "Essays on American Literature" to relate an incident which occurred a good while ago in an office where certain essays of Mr. Whipple's were being prepared for publication. A proof-reader detected, in the author's text, a singular verb which had been ruthlessly yoked with a plural

noun. "Ah, Mr. Whipple," the proofreader ventured, "here is an error grammar." "An error in grammar?" said Mr. Whipple. "There is no such thing as English grammar. I do not consider it. I write for the rhythmthat's all."

The Pattern Was Out.

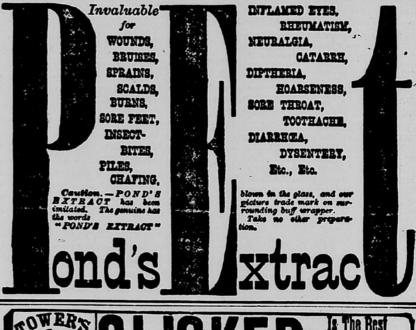
A lady walked into a city store a few days ago and inquired for the carpet department, to which she was conducted. "You see," she explained, "I bought a piece of carpet here for my parlor, and Samuel, my husband says nothin' 'll do but we must have more like it. So I want to get the remnant. I don't remember the clerk that waited on me, but I'd know the carpetif I'd set eyes on it". Three elerks were kept busy an hour and a half unrolling carpeting for her identification, but the desired remnant didn't come to light. "Dear me, this is very disappointing," said the lady with a tone of vexation, "I felt sure I could find the rest of it." "When did you buy the goods, madam," inquired the clerk. "O, twenty-two or twentythree years ago. I know it was just about the time of Lee's surrender and Samuel wished to celebrate, and-" "Ah, madam," said the clerk, "I fear the remnant has been sold .- Buffalo

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