

CLASS SONG.

BY GEO. K. BARRETT.

We stand upon a green plateau,
Where wide the prospect opens;
We gaze far down the way below,
On winding paths and sunny slopes.
But what appears so fair to-day,
We found a rough and rugged way,
And wearily did toil and strive
To reach the Cross of '85.

If steep and rugged was the ground,
And far the goal for which we tried,
Yet blithe the comradeship we found,
And strong and true each trusted guide.
They watched our footsteps first begun,
Till now with every task well done,
With fears dispelled, and hopes alive,
We hold the Crown of '85.

Beyond, above, the lofty height
Alures us to still onward go,
Where others, kindled by the sight,
Have passed the ways we do not know.
And may the path hold as pure joys,
As rich rewards, as few alloys,
As those through which we used to strive
To gain the Height of '85.

If trumpet call shall loudly sound
In life's high noon the honored name
Of one who at this board is found,
And hold it proudly up to fame,
How then our hearts will list the call
And thrill with memories dear to all,
Of one from whom we will derive
The crowning Prize of '85.

Not all who, pilgrim staff in hand,
Esayed with us the mount to climb
Are numbered in our joyous band
At this our graduation time.
Alas! some had not strength to come;
Some duty called; the girls loved some
Whom memory still keeps alive
Among the Class of '85.

In Lifetime's prime, though blessed with joys,
We'll live our happy school days o'er,
And travel in our girls and boys
The well-beloved paths once more;
And when adown Life's hill we go,
Our hearts with early warmth shall glow,
And nothing from our minds shall drive
Love of the Class of '85.

MEMBERS OF THE BAR.

BY MORRIS REDWING.

Night was fast approaching, and I was anxious to find shelter before the storm broke that had been threatening now for nearly an hour.

The distant growl of thunder had increased to a loud peal, and the far-off glow of the lightning was now an almost continuous glow. It would not be long ere the storm broke in mad fury, and with it the night would be doubly dark.

My horse was jaded from a long drive, my buggy wheels splattered with mud, and myself in anything but a pleasant state of mind. This seemed to be the worst country I had ever encountered.

As the agent of Williams & Jones, I had come to this out-of-the-way region to look after their interests in a suit that was pending in the Circuit Court of one of the northern counties.

Forty miles over barren oak plains, and through pine and hemlock woods, with the buggy jolting and bounding over roots and stones, through mud and water a good part of the distance, was not calculated to render one good-natured, to say the least.

Jones, junior member of the firm, had been on the ground for a week, and it was a dispatch from him that brought me on this journey.

"Your testimony is absolutely essential to the success of our claims," were the exact words indited by Mr. Jones, and so I had set out at once, hiring my horse at the railway station nearest the county seat for which I was aiming. Many thousands of dollars were involved in the suit, and I realized the importance of my arriving on the ground in due season.

It was a long, lonely road from the station, and I began to fear that I might have lost my way, when the sight of smoke and the gray of a roof loomed in sight. I urged my horse forward, and drew rein in front of a dingy-looking house in the center of a small clearing.

I noticed a faded signboard bearing the name "Cottage Inn" upon it.

Great drops of rain began to fall, and a terrific peal of thunder shook the very earth. This was accompanied by a red gleam that was simply blinding.

I glanced down the road at the black wall of swaying trees, and then leaped from my seat to the ground.

A man came to the door at my call, a grizzled, unprepossessing fellow, who said he would put out my horse.

"Better get inside quick, stranger; it's goin' ter rain like great guns."

I needed no second invitation, but strode into the open door, and found myself in a narrow, low-ceiled room, across a portion of one side of which extended a dingy bar. A jug and a few black bottles sat on a shelf next the wall, and the end of the bar next the end of the room was occupied by a bucket of water, the long handle of a tin dipper showing itself above the side of the vessel.

I sat down on a stool and glared out into the falling rain. The thunder crashes came thick and fast, and one continuous glow of red, blue, and white electricity shot through the gathering shadows without. It was a terrible night, and I felt thankful for the shelter that the old wayside tavern afforded.

In a little time the man who had taken my horse to the stable came in and shook the water in a shower from his shaggy great-coat.

"Mighty bad night, stranger," articulated the man. "You hadn't an idee of goin' furder to-night?"

"When I left this morning I had. How far is it to Pine Creek?"

"Eh? Be you goin' there? Wal, it's a matter of six miles. I wouldn't advise you to go on to night."

"I shall not, if this storm continues."

"It's likely to. Have some supper?"

I was fatigued, and felt in need of something strengthening, so I answered in the affirmative.

Lighting a lamp first, my host then shuffled into the next room, and I heard him giving orders to a woman about supper for a hungry traveler. When the man came back he removed his coat and hung it up behind the bar, then he seated himself and proceeded in an attempt to look me out of countenance.

"You said you was goin' to Pine Creek," he questioned, in a hoarse drawl. "Mebbe you've got business ter court?"

"Maybe I have."

"I was up thar ter-day. Big case comes off ter-morrer. Johnson agin Williams & Jones. Mebbe you wasn't goin' up on that suit?"

The grizzled head leaned nearer to me, and a queer look, full of curious questioning, filled the little gray eyes. I felt annoyed at the fellow's impudence.

A crash of thunder silenced a quick retort from my lips, and second thought pre-

vented my giving vent to my true feelings at all.

"I am a witness in the case of Johnson against Williams & Jones," I said, in a pleasant way, in spite of my feelings. "I desired very much to get through to-night."

"You can easy make the Creek afore court sets in the mornin'," said the landlord. "What's the odds whether you stay here or there to-night? You'll be fresher to stop here, I reckon."

I nodded, without reply. The host rose, after another close scrutiny of my face, and shuffled into the next room. I was left to myself for a time. I was not favorably impressed with the proprietor of "Cottage Inn," and only the necessities of the case would have induced me to remain.

In a little time supper was announced, and I went into the next room, where a frowsy-headed woman of middle age poured tea and waited on the table. I seemed to be the only guest. The man of the house, anxious that I should not suffer from loneliness, however, came in soon, and entertained me with a stream of talk about hunting that was of a sufficiently interesting nature to accomplish the desired object. When I returned to the front room again the storm had abated, and the prospect was brilliant for resuming my journey.

"Wouldn't undertake to go to-night on no conditions," said Mr. Banks, for such was the name he had given. "Another shower's likely to come up, and mebbe the creek's full to overflowin'. You'd be in a bad fix entirely if you should git caught in the woods such a night, with the bridge over Pine Creek gone. Take my advice and wait till mornin', Cap."

It was sensible advice, surely. Court would not meet until nine at the earliest. I could rise at daybreak and get to Pine Creek two hours before court commenced, which would be all the time necessary for consultation with Mr. Jones. After debating the subject for some time, I concluded to pass the night at "Cottage Inn."

"We'll make it as pleasant as possible," said mine host.

An hour later I was conducted up a narrow, rickety stairs to a straw bed in the loft. A dingy room it was, with low rafters looking like skeleton omens extending upward from the low walls. I was tired, not entirely used to roughing it, and as soon as Mr. Banks had disappeared from sight down the rickety stairs I sought the low couch of straw, removing only my coat, and was soon in the land of dreams. Confused dreams they were, too. All sorts of sounds visited my ears, and the tramp of many feet was quite confusing.

"Come, Cap, wake up! wake up!"

Some one was shaking me rudely by the shoulder, and the glow of a light filled and dazzled my eyes.

"Is it morning?" I queried, involuntarily coming at once to a sitting posture.

"No; but you're wanted below," said Mr. Banks, whose grizzled visage peered into my face, a tallow candle held aloft in one grimy hand.

"Wanted! for what?" in a dazed way.

"Some members of the bar hev come, and they want to see Jake Brown awful bad."

"Well, that's my name," I muttered; "but I think they might have deferred their meeting until morning."

"So I said; but twan't no use arguin' the pint, and so I come to you. If you won't go down I—"

"Of course, I'll go."

I sprang up, donned my coat, and proceeded at once to follow the proprietor of the wayside inn to the room below.

Three men were there, and each rose the moment I entered the room. Two of the men were young and wore good clothes and shining plug hats; the third one was roughly clad and held a whip by the butt, which he swung about in a way that betokened long association with the lines. "A born teamster," was my mental conclusion at the first glance.

"This is Mr. Brown, I suppose?"

One of the men with shining hat extended his hand.

"That is my name," I answered.

"Jacob Brown, of the firm of Williams & Jones?"

"The same."

"Then you are the man we seek. Mr. Jones sent us for you. We, Mr. Kames and myself, are members of the Pine Creek bar, and employed by Williams & Jones in the case of Johnson versus Williams et al."

The man held his hat in hand and bowed low, plucking at his mustache and smiling blandly.

"Mr. Jones expected me to-night?" I questioned.

"He did, and is in a grand stew to think the suit is likely to go against him for lack of your evidence. Court was in session this evening, and opens again at eight in the morning. These pioneer judges dispatch business, I tell you. Mr. Jones is very anxious to see you to-night. The storm has abated, and you can just as well go on as not. I'll give you a seat in my buggy, so your horse can rest until to-morrow, when Mr. Jones will send a boy for him."

Mr. Clement was a smooth-tongued fellow, but I could not but wonder that my employer should send two lawyers after me instead of the teamster alone. I mentioned the strangeness of the circumstance.

Mr. Clement laughed rather amusedly. "We wasn't sure of meeting you at all, but Jack here was to go on if we did not find you at the inn. We wanted a little fresh air, which is delicious since the storm. A good moon renders the night just splendid."

Mr. Kames also put in a word, and I finally consented to accompany these two distinguished members of the bar to Pine Creek.

There was a moon, as Clement had said, but when we penetrated the pine woods it scarcely served to light the way.

We occupied a double-seated buggy.

Silence, save for the crack of the driver's whip and his chirp to the horses, reigned during the jolting drive. The road was new to me, and I was full of my own reveries, so that I indulged in conversation only when addressed by one of the members of the bar.

An hour passed, and then the "whoa" of the driver brought the vehicle to a halt.

The darkness was intense. The air was damp, and a distant rumble of thunder announced the gathering of another storm. I felt a cold chill creep down my spine.

"What is the trouble?"

"We stop here."

On the instant a strange aroma filled my nostrils. I felt a hand pass to my face, and realized that something dreadful was about to happen. I made a desperate struggle, but a vain one. Strong hands held me fast, and a deadly weakness stole over me. I seemed to be floating on a per-

fumed sea, with the distant rhythm of fairy bells ringing in my ears.

"He won't make no fuss," said a gruff voice, jarringly.

"He goes off to sleep like a daisy."

Then came a jarring laugh, followed by intense joking, the darkness of insensibility. Everything was blank until I opened my eyes hours later, to find myself lying on the damp ground in a narrow apartment, apparently a cellar.

I struggled to a sitting posture and gazed about. Four damp walls met my gaze in the dim light. Darting pains shot through my brain, and I felt ill indeed. I soon remembered the past, and fancy pictured the smiling faces of the two members of the bar as I had seen them last at the old tavern.

With some difficulty I gained my feet, and staggered to the wall. The slime and damp chilled me. I shrank back and fixed my eyes on the few rays of light that stole in through a narrow aperture under the oak floor above.

I was in a cellar, I felt quite sure, and began to realize that a base trick had been played upon me, a trick that I could now understand. The members of the bar had doubtless been employed by Johnson to keep the most important witness from the court-room until the great suit should be decided.

Perhaps I was to be murdered or driven from the country with the threat of death. I ground my teeth when I took in the outrage in all its bearings.

"I'll outwit these scoundrels yet," I muttered, going to the little opening and trying to peer outside. I was not tall enough, but grasping the top plank of the wall I drew myself up and peered forth through an opening too narrow to admit of escape unless enlarged.

I realized that time was precious. The trial was on to-day and might come to a conclusion without my presence. If it should prove to be the last day of the suit, my absence might result in ruin to my employer. Such thoughts rendered me desperate. I must escape. With the fury of desperation I drew myself up once more to the top of the wall, and attempted to enlarge the opening through which the light entered, with my hand.

One effort and then I drew my hand away, lacerated and bleeding. Rough stones imbedded in the earth surrounded the narrow opening. I fell back to the bottom of the cellar with a groan. For a time I was completely unnerved at the outcome of my venture. At length I cried aloud for help. It was a forlorn hope that some one might be passing and come to the rescue. Vain hope! I was hoarse from the exertion, and gave over the task.

Directly over the center of the cellar, some two feet above my head, was a small trap door in the floor. This I made several ineffectual attempts to raise. I labored under great disadvantage, since I could only reach the top by springing upward and striking it with my hand. The solid concussion led me to believe that the trap was weighted down.

I was indeed a prisoner without hope of escape. Sinking down at last in one corner of the narrow cellar, I meditated long and seriously upon the situation. I had been basely deceived by those slippery villains who pretended to be members of the bar; that they were not what they professed to be was now a self-evident fact. If I ever made my escape I would revenge myself on the smooth-tongued scoundrels, I inwardly vowed.

Hours passed. Time after time I essayed to break from the bondage of that accursed cellar, to no purpose. With each renewal of effort came added weakness, and as my strength failed me, a feeling of despair entered my heart. Was it possible that these demons in Johnson's employ would leave me here to starve?

While thinking upon this, a sound fell on my ear that startled me as nothing had ever done in my life before.

I listened, then sprang to the middle of the cellar, with a shudder of horror, while beads of perspiration oozed forth from every pore of my body.

I listened. The sound was not repeated, but on gazing back at the spot I had lately occupied, I caught the gleam of two bloody eyes. Then a glitter of shining scales, and I knew that I was face to face with a horrible death. Starvation would have been terrible, but to die under the fangs of a venomous serpent was more so.

The heavy eyes held a horrible gleam as the head rose and pushed itself forward over the edge of the wall into the cellar. Instinctively I glanced about for some weapon of defense; nothing, not even a pebble was in sight—only my loose hands to contend with the wrath of a rattlesnake.

Reader, put yourself in my place at that moment, and imagine if you can the horrible nature of my feelings. You can not do it, nor approximate to it. I dared not move or utter a cry. There we were, face to face, the rattlesnake and I. I never want again to pass through such an experience. I kept my eye fixed on the serpent, not daring to look away, until it seemed as though I was fascinated, as I had read of birds becoming, under the gaze of a serpent.

The eyes of the serpent grew into monstrous size—great round orbs, full of yellow and green and scintillating gleams. The yellow and green predominated, filled the whole atmosphere in fact. Dizziness, and a strange ringing filled my brain. Gradually I yielded to that horrible fascination, and began to move toward the serpent—going to my doom.

Would nothing break the spell?

Something did break it. At the moment when all my senses seemed lost in a terrible fascination, a sharp report filled the outer air, followed by a scurrying around, and a slender animal darted under the floor, and the next instant fell to the damp floor of the cellar in the coils of the rattlesnake. With a shudder and a gasp I came to myself. My presence of mind returned to me, and I glanced at the struggling objects on the floor—a rabbit in the embrace of a rattlesnake. The poison of the serpent would soon finish the poor hare; but I realized that this was my opportunity, and I at once proceeded to improve it.

I soon succeeded in setting my heel upon the head of the serpent, crushing it into the gravelly soil. I breathed easier when the venomous reptile ceased to squirm.

"Dad blast the luck, anyhow?"

I was interrupted in my work of destroying the serpent by the sound of a voice, and glancing at the little opening above the cellar wall I caught the gleam of a pair of eyes—human eyes this time—and the glow of an honest face.

"Thar rabbit darted under here. Go in, Brisk, an' fetch 'im out."

The face disappeared, and on the instant the sharp yell of a dog greeted my ear. The four-footed brute thrust his nose into the aperture and barked, but did not venture

to molest me. I lifted up my voice then and made my presence known.

"Dad blast it, who's in thar?"

"I'm in the cellar," I shouted, "and can't get out. Will you help me?"

"Come, Brisk."

Dog and man disappeared, but after the lapse of a minute I heard welcome steps above. The crash of falling boards greeted my ears, and then the trap opened and two faces peered down upon me—one a man's, the other a dog's.

"Goodness gracious! What you down here for?" exclaimed the young hunter.

"Help me out and I will explain," I answered, quickly.

The fellow thrust a plank down, by the aid of which I gained the floor above, to find myself in a large log shanty, which proved to be one that had been long since deserted by the loggers. I found my rescuer a stout young woodsman, possessed of considerable intelligence. He listened to my story with his chin resting on the open muzzle of his long rifle. When I had finished he expressed his feelings in a short ejaculation.

"Well, I'll be doggoned!"

The rabbit and rattlesnake were left in the cellar, the trap closed, and together we sought the open air.

"It's six mile to Pine Creek," explained Sam Orton, "but if you feel strong enough we'll git there inside of two hours. I reckon 'twill be most night then. Lucky I was out huntin', wasn't it, old man?"

I admitted the truth of the fellow's conclusions, and expressed a wish to go at once to Pine Creek.

It was a tedious journey, and when just at nightfall we entered the village, I was well-nigh exhausted. Notwithstanding the lateness of the hour court was in session, and I at once repaired thither.

"Thank heaven you have come!" was the fervent ejaculation of Mr. Jones, as he grasped my hand, on my entering the room.

"May it please your honor, our witness has arrived."

My appearance was a consternation to the Johnson side of the house. I glanced over the faces assembled near the bar, but failed to see either of the distinguished "members" who had so interested themselves in me on the previous evening.

Consternation prevailed in the enemy's camp when I took my place on the stand. The story I had to tell was a startling one, and my lawyer was not slow to connect the late villainy with Johnson and his friends. A revulsion of feeling took place, and the jury rendered a verdict in favor of Williams & Jones.

"You came just in time," said Mr. Jones, late that night, as he grasped my hand. "It was a villainous trick on the part of Johnson, and came near proving successful. From your description of the 'two members of the bar,' I believe I know them. I have put an officer on the track, and hope to have them in limbo before morning. I expected you yesterday, and was disappointed at your non-appearance. That Johnson is a clever scoundrel, and doubtless paid these fellows a goodly sum to dispose of my chief witness until after the trial."

I quite agreed with Mr. Jones.

"I believe they would have permitted me to die in that infernal cellar," I said. "Anyhow, the rattlesnake would have fixed me had it not been for Sam Orton, who drove that rabbit under the shanty."

"True, and he shall be rewarded."

Contrary to the expectations of Mr. Jones, the two "members of the bar" and their teamster were not captured. They put distance between Pine Creek and their precious carcasses the moment my presence was known in the village. It was impossible to prove Johnson or his attorney guilty of detaining a witness, so no one was punished.

"It was all a joke," Johnson said, but I did not believe it. The landlord of Cottage Inn protested that he knew nothing of the intentions of the visitors at his tavern, so I did not get satisfaction out of him. I never recall my night adventure with members of the bar without a shudder.

Busy People.

The world is lined four layers deep with people who are always saying they are too busy to attend to this or that, whichever they may be happened to be called upon to do, outside of their regular duties. They always bring to my mind the hen with one chicken. All of you know how that hen is lusier than one which has a dozen, and in addition has a whole barn-yard full of other duties to perform. I sometimes think these "too busy" people are lazy, except in the one direction, and unless some powerful incentive is presented they never do but the one thing.

I know women with three or four children, one servant and a house of ten rooms, who never have a moment's time to devote to anything but their household. Then I know others with twice as many children, four times as many servants and twice as big a house, not only attending well to their homes, but finding time to read and to do much work outside. Nor have they any more strength physically or mentally than their "too busy" sisters. Now why is it? Isn't it because the first mentioned woman is so busy that she is lazy? Among men it is the same. You see it comes out strongest where anything is to be done of a public character. One man; with just as much work to be done as his neighbor, can meet the other demand and render valuable assistance, while his "too busy" neighbor says he can't leave his office, and does nothing. If this isn't laziness it is selfishness, and the latter is even less commendable than the former. No man knows what he can do until he tries, and the most never find out because they never try.—Mrs. Brown, in *Merchant Traveler*.

A Great University.

The University of Strasburg is a splendid educational institution. It was founded in 1537 and reorganized in 1871. Since the reorganization over \$3,500,000 has been expended for new buildings, etc., and there is a yearly appropriation of nearly \$250,000 for its support. Its new edifices are a series of magnificent palaces, and its library contains 560,000 volumes. No other institution in Europe has so rich a provision for higher education. There are seventy-three ordinary and nineteen special professors. The students last year numbered 858.

THE TRUNK MURDERER,

Preller's Alleged Slayer in Jail at St. Louis—He Refuses to Talk About the Case.

[St. Louis special.]

Walter H. Lennox Maxwell, alias T. C. D'Anghier, alias Hugh M. Brooks, the supposed murderer of C. Arthur Preller at the Southern Hotel in this city on the 5th of last April, arrived here on Sunday from San Francisco in charge of Detective Tracy and Officer Badger, of the St. Louis police force. A crowd of from 2,000 to 3,000 men, women, and children were at the depot when the train arrived, and there was a great scramble among them to get a view of the prisoner, but good order was preserved.

The accounts of reporters who rode in from Halstead, Kan., on the train with Maxwell, and had free access to him and to the officers in charge of him, are to the effect that he absolutely refused to talk about his case and positively asserted that he has at no time or place made any statement in regard to it, or in any way acknowledged that he had anything to do with Preller, or knew anything about it. He says all stories to the contrary are wholly untrue. Detective Tracy thinks that further developments will show Maxwell to be a weak man, mentally, but that he has got the one idea wedged into his mind that his safety depends on his silence, and that he will startle nobody with a romantic defense. Tracy thinks he killed Preller for money; that the few admissions he has made point in that direction; that his voyage from St. Louis to Auckland was a money-spending debauch, and not a well-planned escape from justice, and that it was the luck that takes care of drunkards and fools that stood him in stead, and not any good management of his own.

Maxwell was in Chief Harrigan's office an hour or so this afternoon, and a large number of callers were introduced to him, but nothing regarding his case or what line of defense he will pursue was obtained from him. Charles Bieger, the trunk-maker, recognized Maxwell as the man to whom he sold the trunk in which Preller's body was found, and a porter at the Southern Hotel recognized him as having been a guest at that house in April last. Maxwell will be turned over by the police authorities to-morrow to the Sheriff and will be placed in jail. What other, if any, legal action will be taken, has not yet been determined.

GRANT'S TOMB.

A Vast Throng at Riverside Park on Sunday. [New York telegram.]

It is estimated that at least 40,000 people filed past the tomb of Gen. Grant last Sunday. It was the greatest crowd that has visited Claremont since the funeral. The visitors came by every road leading to the park, and began arriving early in the morning. All the surface roads leading anywhere near the park were crowded, and the elevated lines ran extra trains. There were a number of extra police as well as many detectives in civil clothing, but there was not the slightest disorder, and there was no occasion for their services at any point in the neighborhood of the tomb. By noon the crowd had so increased that it was necessary to form the people in line. The stream stretched over the hill for a quarter of a mile, and the visitors filed slowly past the entrance to the vault three or four abreast. That Claremont has a charm of its own aside from its being the resting-place of General Grant was shown to-day by the numbers who lingered there after passing the tomb. Thousands walked to the top of the knoll beyond, and then spread over the lawn above the bluff which commands the magnificent view of the Hudson. Some of the paths of entrance and exit about One Hundred and Thirtieth street are steep and dangerous, and it became necessary to-day to close them. The people take a great interest in the camp of the regular soldiers on guard, and come as near to the tents as the guards will allow. To-day a double guard was on duty, and only friends and families of the soldiers were admitted. One of the visitors to Capt. Fessenden was Lieutenant Brownell, who killed the man who killed Ellsworth at Alexandria.

G. A. R.

The Proposed National Monument to Grant.

[Washington dispatch.]

General S. S. Burdett, Commander-in-Chief of the G. A. R., has returned here from the G. A. R. encampments at Gettysburg and Springfield. To a reporter Gen. Burdett to-day said that at each of these places he spoke to the veterans regarding the erection of a monument to Gen. Grant, and they were unanimously in favor of its location in Washington. "It would have done you good," said he "to see the enthusiasm that was awakened at the chance given the boys to honor their dead commander. The Grand Army proposes to subscribe 10 cents from every member, and there are 300,000 of them throughout this country. They mean to erect a monument to Gen. Grant in Washington, and I don't think the day is far distant when Gen. Grant's remains will be placed for final rest in Washington. In reply to Gen. R. B. Hayes' letter suggesting that the authorities of the Grand Army of the Republic encourage their comrades to contribute to the building of a monument over the grave of Gen. Grant, Gen. Burdett says: "I have been unable to bring my mind into accord with yours on that point. I hold to the opinion that the Grand Army will desire first of all to erect its own distinctive monument to our comrade, not at a great cost, but for that purpose raising only such sum as, composed of the equal contribution of each individual comrade, shall be within the reach and the glad gift of the poorest. The national monument to be erected to General Grant should be of such proportions and cost as to be beyond the reach of private benevolence, and of right and propriety ought to be ordered by the Congress of the United States and paid for out of the National Treasury, and that consequently the Grand Army should not be called upon for the effort you indicate."

ONLY three Pullman sleepers have ever been seen in Columbus, Ga., two on Mardi-Gras excursion trains, and one occupied by Janaschek.