

## BY-GONE.

BY CLIO STANLEY.

Old days! old days! how happy they,  
When youth and hope were mine!  
When flowers swung bright on every bush,  
And fruit on every vine!  
When all the meadow-land was fair,  
The mountain-tops were gold,  
And every bud, with rare delight,  
Would rose of hope unfold!

Old dreams! old dreams! how fancy wove  
Her colors rich and rare;  
Brighter than all the sunset hues  
That deck the morning air!  
Their magic power I cherish yet,  
The tale I love to tell,  
Although life's sad reality  
I know full well—full well!

Old faces, too, how bright they shine  
Thro' memory's mellow haze;  
And lovingly look down on me  
Thro' long-departed days!  
A father's smile, a mother's tear,  
A sister's gentle look;  
Ah, me! how many a leaf I've turned  
In sorrow's open book!

Sweet words of love, they sound again!  
An echo from the past!  
They cannot die upon the ear—  
They will forever last!  
Tho' days may wane, and dreams may die,  
Those faces still will be  
The happy stars that shine on me  
From out eternity!

## THE COURIER'S RIDE.

BY DANIEL KNIGHT.

It was the night before the battle of Shiloh, and we lay a few miles below Pittsburg Landing. Buell's forces had been gathering, preparatory to joining General Grant, to aid in the battle of Shiloh, then daily expected. In the following details I shall only narrate the part which I acted personally, leaving the army and its movements to the historian.

It was the evening before the battle that a General unknown to me, belonging to Buell's army, hailed me and asked to what cavalry I belonged, my name, Captain's name, and company, all of which I answered, he noting my answers. He then asked if I would be willing to go with an officer of his staff upon a night ride to Pittsburg Landing.

He said: "I am General Nelson, and prefer a volunteer courier if I can get one, as they are always better men for the work."

I replied that I was willing to undertake the duty when properly detailed and instructed. My answer seemed to please him.

He answered: "As soon as possible go to your quarters, feed your horse, yourself, and the sooner you are ready the better."

This seemed like a strange speech, coming from a stranger whom I had never seen before, but, once having seen, not liable to forget.

He was a large, fleshy, sharp-spoken man, and his words carried authority with them. It was now getting on toward night, and I soon after left the line and went to camp. I had fed my horse, and was making my coffee, when an orderly came and directed me to report at the Captain's tent. Going to headquarters to report, I met General Nelson coming out. I saluted him. He returned the salute, and said:

"Be off as soon as possible, corporal. I left your instructions with your Captain. We were intending to send Lieutenant Milman with you, but he is on the sick list. Be careful, but get there as soon as your horse can get you there. There will in all probability be fighting when you get there. But it must not stop you. Go directly to General Grant and deliver your message to him and only to him. If there are any rebel cavalry on this side of the river to intercept you, you must conceal your papers, or destroy them if in danger of being taken. If you destroy the papers and yet succeed in getting through, and the fight is in progress, as I am almost certain it will be before you can possibly get there, say to General Grant that General Nelson's division will be in line with him before the sun goes down."

He then mounted and rode away. I entered the Captain's tent. He and Major Brackett were seated at a small writing table, examining a small military map.

The Captain said: "Dan, you have got yourself into business. General Nelson has just left an order to detail you to go to the Landing with papers for General Grant. It is a dangerous service. You are to take a road some four or five miles south, as there are many sentinels on this, and it would consume too much time to stop and explain who you are to each; hence, it is deemed advisable to take the other road, by which you run the risk of meeting guards of the wrong color. Basil Duke is on this side of the river somewhere. In the event—well, there is no use of giving you directions. Do your best, as we trust you will. You are to start on a very important as well as dangerous mission, and are expected to deliver these papers to General Grant by noon to-morrow. Get there by your own devices. A darky will guide you to the south road, and Sergeant Whitehall and the picket guard will see you safe on your race."

I took the papers, thanked the Captain for the compliment, and as soon as possible was in the saddle.

I found the guard waiting, and a little before 9 p. m. we started out of camp. On arriving at the road the sergeant wanted me to take the negro, but I declined, preferring to chance it alone, and bidding them a cheerful good-by, cantered away.

It was very lonely for the first hour, but gradually the desire to succeed began to take its place, and I felt that I was getting on famously, when I discovered to my right a fire. It seemed not to be upon the road, but it was too dark to determine. I pressed forward, watching the fire, and soon saw men about it. That settled the question, and I knew they were a rebel picket. How was I to get by them was the question—a very important question just then. There were too many of them for me to dash by them. My horse wanted to whinny. I had to slap him several times to keep him quiet.

For five or six minutes I sat there watching that camp, when I heard a horse approaching from the same road I had come. I pulled off the road to let it pass, thinking it a Johnny; but when they got opposite me they stopped—two negroes, one on foot, one on horseback—and I heard the following dialogue:

"Now, den, Steve, w'at's ur goin' ter do? Dem's de Seceh's, an' ef we lets dem catch us we's no better as dead niggers."

"Well, but we isn't gwine to let dem catch us, sonny; of course, dey would shoot us too quick. But see here, boy, you 'member dat path w'at runs down to Missa Jenkins'?"

"Wal, da to—"

"What dat, boy—"

My horse was uneasy; he snuffed, and the remark of the negro in regard to the path was so satisfactory that I rode up to

them, cautioning them to keep quiet. I told them that I did not want to interfere with their plans, but that I did want to get around the fire without being seen, and that if they knew of any way, I should be glad to have them show me it.

The old negro, the first speaker, asked, "Is you a Linkum sojer?"

I said I was.

He seemed greatly pleased at this; said the rebels at the fire were "Ole Duke's city sojers;" that he and his son were trying to get to our army at Pittsburg Landing, and that if the rebels caught them they would shoot them without asking a question. And, as I afterward learned, he was right in so saying, as they showed no mercy to negroes trying to reach our lines. He said his boy knew of a path through the woods—a cow-path, starting some distance back, and he thought they could get me through all right.

I assented to following their lead. We turned back, going slow that the boy might find the path, which he soon did—the worst one I ever saw, and I had been all through the Rockies, finding naught to compare with that cow-path in Western Tennessee.

We traveled single file—I in the rear. After three or four miles we came to a stream. We could not see what it was, but I knew by its noise that it was quite a river. The boy said it was ordinarily a small creek, but now was swollen by recent rains. He did not like to cross first, as he could not swim. I was too anxious to proceed to stand upon ceremony, and pushed forward. The stream was not over twenty feet wide, but deep and rapid. I was carried down stream some little distance before effecting a landing. The banks were rough and rocky, and lined by huge piles of driftwood. I finally worked my way out, but the darkies could not be induced to try it.

Getting from the boy directions as best I could, by talking across the stream, as to my route, I found the country a succession of hills, hollows, and a second large creek, which my horse swam readily, but I could not again find the path. Upon the prairies of Iowa the loss of such a path would mean but little, but in this God-forsaken wilderness, without knowing which was north, south, east, or west, nor which way I wanted to go, it meant much. After stopping for a few moments, until I had come to fully realize the predicament I was in, I started forward, giving my horse rein, and letting him pick his way.

In a few minutes he struck the path, and at a little distance farther on we came to a traveled road. I heard dogs barking and other signs of life. It was a considerable distance before I came in sight of a house, but finally could see one, and lights shining through the windows.

Lights shining through a window are of all things most welcome to a lost, tired, hungry night wanderer, when associated with a peaceful welcome. But when those lights have lost their peaceful welcome and assumed a hostile guise, they are of all things most unwelcome.

I was moving cautiously toward this house when I became aware that it stood at some distance to the right of the road, and began to hope to pass unseen, but hardly had that hope dawned when it was destroyed by a voice ringing out upon the night air the unwelcome command:

"Halt!"

I was just opposite the house and answered the challenge by asking who they were.

They answered "Halt and dismount," or they would fire.

I gave my horse the spur, and he bounded nimbly away. But I came near being stopped by two large buckshot hitting me in the thigh. I kept my seat, clinging closely to my horse's neck, and if ever a horse did nobly his very best it was my little black pacer upon this occasion. Shot after shot whistled by my head, and the genuine rebel yell sounding in our rear gave to horse and rider the determination to do the very best in us for dear life. The little horse worked nobly. How his iron-clad hoofs kept time in rapid measure as they struck fire on that rocky mountain road. Occasionally I fired my pistol at my pursuers; but, as I could hotsee three steps behind me, and it marked the direction for them to shoot, I desisted. I now gave my whole energy to coaxing and petting and praising my horse. I called him by every pet name I had ever given him. I implored him to save me from those yelling devils galloping after me, and the little fellow's feet kept right on like a tireless machine—one, two, three, four—one, two, three, four—one, two, three, four—and repeat, in exact rhythmic rapid time, and the yelling hounds behind followed, shooting into the darkness as they came.

Time passed. I was getting rapidly over the ground. The little black was good mettle, fleet-footed, and his continuous and rapid pace had flung the miles behind us rapidly. How good that one, two, three, four sounded. How it awoke the night echoes in that forest. I almost began to enjoy it.

Nobly, nobly, my little black, and just then I felt him cringe. I knew that he was hit at last; I knew that he soon must fail in that rapid musical four-beats-to-a-measure which had for the last hour been so heroically maintained. I saw that he was beginning to fail. There was a perceptible slowing of the hoof-beats. My heart began to sink. Daylight was streaking the eastern sky. My pursuers were rapidly gaining upon me. I could hear their horses breathe and their feet behind me. They were rapidly riding up. There are a score of them. I was just thinking all is over, I am captured, when a volley of musket balls, passing directly over my head, was poured into them, and I heard the ringing notes of a bugle calling to a charge.

Great God! what a change. There was the old flag. I was in a camp of my friends, and my late pursuers, not already shot dead, were now riding for their lives, as a moment ago was I. The change was too sudden. I fainted in the saddle.

When I again became conscious I was lying on the ground; my horse stood panting a few steps away, and Lieutenant Eddie, believing me badly hurt, was bending over me. As soon as he saw that I was conscious he saluted me, and told me who he was. "Rather a close call, comrade," said he. "We were in the nick of time; are you much hurt?"

I answered that I was but little hurt, a shot or two in the leg, but about tired out—all night in the saddle. "I thought your bugle the sweetest music I ever heard. Did you get any of them?"

"Oh, yes; several lie out there in the road and the boys are after the rest."

The recall was then sounded.

I then got up and walked to my poor horse. A shot had struck him in the hip. He was completely used up.

"Hello, here they come."

This remark indicated the return of the pursuers of the Johnnies who had been giving me my recent twelve-mile chase. They brought sixteen prisoners, some of them quite badly wounded.

The sun was now rising—a foggy morning.

I told my errand to Lieutenant Eddie, and asked him for the horse of some one of the prisoners. He told me to look among them and take my choice. I chose that of the Captain of the squad. He used some bad language when ordered to dismount and deliver up his horse. And now occurs a curious circumstance. The Captain's tongue unloosed, and he began to give us his history. How he was born in Washington County, Pa.; that he had joined the Confederates because he believed them right, and that they would whip us yet.

This roiled Lieutenant Eddie, who also declared himself a native of Washington County, Pa., and I declared myself a Washington County, Pa., man—a trio, meeting under strange circumstances.

First—Myself, Dan Knight, Company C, Fifth Iowa, came running for life from the—

Second—Captain Bob Owens, of Duke's Confederate Cavalry.

Third—Lieutenant Frank Eddie, Company H, Seventh Pennsylvania, my deliverer and Owens' captor.

All natives of the same State. I am glad to say that Owens was the only Washington County man I ever heard of who fought with the Confederacy.

Owens asked if we were going to make him walk. Lieutenant Eddie responded:

"No; we are going to hang you, and save you the trouble of walking."

I took his horse, exchanging his for my own saddle. While doing this, Owens came to me and said:

"They do not intend hanging us. That would be contrary to the rules of war."

I answered, "You do not stand for the rules of war when you get any of our boys. But what made you take such risk to capture me. I am no great catch."

"We wanted the papers you carry," said he.

"Where did you get your information?"

"A negro came into our camp and informed us. He is a spy in the pay of our Colonel."

"Had he a boy with him?"

"No; it was the boy himself. He told us of the old man being with him, and the old coon is down on us. So he had to slip away from him and hurry to us with the news."

I had heard enough. The darkies could not all be trusted. How unwise my telling them of the purpose of my journey. It had come nigh defeating it.

"How far did I ride under your fire?"

After considering a moment he replied, "About twelve miles."

In the pursuit the rebels had lost seven killed, and seventeen prisoners. None of our side had received a scratch but myself.

We could now begin to hear the heavy guns of Pittsburg Landing—the expected battle had begun. It served to remind me of the importance of my mission. Bidding the boys all good-morning I mounted my new horse and rode away in the direction of the battle. First, let me add that I had secured from negro residents in the vicinity of the camp the promise to care well for my wounded horse. I left him standing where he stood when I took the saddle from him, and he looked almost humanly or more at me as I rode away.

Any old cavalry man will understand the swelling heart with which I parted after such tests from that noble horse. Let it be his eulogy that during the whole night he bore me bravely through a trackless wood, ending with a twelve-mile race under constant fire, and to him give due credit for the safe deliverance to General Grant of the message which that day reached him in the nick of time. Here's honor to my noble horse. In parting, if I shed a tear it was a soldier's tear, that did honor to my manhood. I rode away with such emotions as could not be repressed. My eyes were full, my heart throbbing, and to-day, more than twenty-three years ago, I say, "God bless me for that tribute of emotion to a noble horse!"

Once more on the road, and the desire to do—to faithfully accomplish my errand—possessed me.

It was Sunday. The enemy had arranged an attack upon our forces, and were now wheeling into line and concentrating their efforts for the destruction of General Grant's forces. As I rode rapidly forward and thought as to the final result, I could not for a moment feel but the Union would prevail.

Minute by minute I could note the growth of the battle as battery after battery, and regiment after regiment, and battalion after battalion, and division after division became engaged. The volume of the battle grew and grew, and with it my desire to deliver my precious message.

The road was muddy and bad, but I urged forward my horse, now reeking with sweat. I began to meet refugees—negroes so frightened they could not speak—women, children, dogs—all intent upon getting away from the fray.

It was two o'clock p. m. when I arrived upon the river's bank, opposite Pittsburg Landing. I looked over the scene with varying, strange emotions. That was no Iowa harvest field.

The ferryboat carried me over, and I hurried forward to find General Grant.

Shot and shell were flying over my head—no dinner horn music they.

In a short time I found the General. He stood watching the working of some new batteries engaged in shelling the woods beyond. His face wore a troubled look. When I handed him the papers he tore off the envelope with haste, read a few lines, turned to me and said:

"Did General Nelson send any verbal message?"

I replied, "Yes. He said he would be in line with you to-morrow!"

He sent an orderly at once to repeat that to other commanders.

He then said to me, "You can now go and get rest. I think you must need it."

I rode back to the river just in time to take the boat for Savannah, which we reached just as Nelson's advance came up. Thus have I tried to detail a day's work for my country—an eventful one.—*Chicago Ledger.*

### Bill Nye on Cyclones.

We were riding along on the bounding train, and some one spoke of the free and democratic way that people in this country got acquainted with each other while traveling. Then we got to talking about railway sociability and railway etiquette, when a young man from East Jasper, who had wildly jumped and grabbed his valise every time the train hesitated, said that it was

queer what railway travel would do in the way of throwing people together. He said that in Nebraska once he and a large, corpulent gentleman, both total strangers, were thrown together while trying to jump a washout, and an intimacy sprang up between them that had ripened into open hostility.

From that we got to talking about natural phenomena and storms. I spoke of the cyclone with some feeling and a little bitterness, perhaps, briefly telling my own experience, and making the storm as loud and wet and violent as possible.

Then a gentleman from Kansas named George L. Murdock, an old cattleman, was telling of a cyclone that came across his range two years ago last September. The sky was clear, to begin with, and then all at once, as Mr. Murdock states, a little cloud, no larger than a man's hand, might have been seen. It moved toward the southwest gently, with its hands in its pockets for a few moments, and then Mr. Murdock discovered that it was of a pale-green color, about sixteen hands high, with dark-blue mane and tail. About a mile from where he stood, the cyclone, with great force, swooped down, and, with a muffled roar, swept a quarter-section of land out from under a heavy mortgage without injuring the mortgage in the least. He says that people came for miles the following day to see the mortgage, still on file at the office of the register of deed, and just as good as ever.

Then a gentleman named Bean, of Western Minnesota, a man who went there at an early day, and homesteaded it when his nearest neighbor was fifty miles away, spoke of a cyclone that visited his county before the telegraph or railroad had penetrated that part of the State.

Mr. Bean said it was very clear up to the moment that he noticed a cloud in the northwest no larger than a man's hand. It sauntered down in a southwesterly direction like a cyclone that had all summer to do its chores in. Then it gave two quick snorts and a roar, wiped out of existence all the farm buildings he had, sucked the well dry, soured all the milk in the milk-house, and spread desolation all over that quarter section. But Mr. Bean said that the most remarkable thing he remembered was this: He had dug about a pint of argo-worms that morning, intending to go over to the lake toward evening and catch a few perch. But when the cyclone came it picked up those argo worms and drove them head first through his new grindstone without injuring the worms or impairing the grindstone. He would have had the grindstone photographed, he said, if the argo worms could have been kept still long enough. He said that they were driven just far enough through to hang on the other side like a lambrequin.

The cyclone is certainly a wonderful phenomenon, its movements are so erratic, and in direct violation of all known rules.

Mr. Louis P. Barker of Northern Iowa was also on the car, and he described a cyclone that he saw in the '70s along in September at the close of a hot but clear day. The first intimation that Mr. Barker had of an approaching storm was a small cloud no larger than a man's hand which he discovered moving slowly toward the southwest with a gratory movement. It then appeared to be a funnel-shaped cloud which passed along near the surface of the ground with its apex now and then lightly touching a barn or a well and pulling it out by the roots. It would then bound lightly into the air and spit on its hands. What he noticed most carefully on the following day was the wonderful evidence of its powerful suction. It sucked a milch cow absolutely dry, pulled all the water out of his cistern, and then went around to the waste-water pipe that led from the bath-room and drew a two-year-old child, who was taking a bath at the time, clear down through the two-inch waste-pipe, a distance of one hundred and fifty feet. He had two inches of the pipe with him and a lock of hair from the child's head.

It is such circumstances as these, coming to us from the mouths of eye-witnesses, that lead us to exclaim: How prolific is nature, and how wonderful are all her works—including poor, weak man! Man, who comes into the world clothed in a lit'e brief authority, perhaps, and nothing else to speak of. He rises up in the morning, prevaricates, and dies. Where are our best liars to-day? Look for them where you will, and you will find that they are passing away. Go into the cemetery and there you will find them mingling with the dust, but striving still to perpetuate their business by marking their tombs with a gentle prevarication, chiseled in enduring stone:

### CHAMPION LIAR.

#### DIED

I have heard it intimated by people who seemed to know what they were talking about, that truth is mighty and will prevail; but I do not see much show for her till the cyclone season is over.

### A Partial Judge.

A man applied to the Governor of Dakota for a pardon for a man then serving a term in the penitentiary.

"On what grounds do you ask for a pardon?" inquired the Governor.

"That the Judge who sentenced him was prejudiced."

"That is hardly probable."

"But I can prove it."

"Well, go ahead."

"The man had once traded horses with the Judge, who wanted a very gentle horse. He highly recommended the animal, and said he could warrant it not to kick. The next morning the Judge went out and found it dead."

"Yes, I see."

"The Judge told the man about it, and he went over and looked at the horse, and then he tickled its hind legs with a straw, and turned and said: 'Well, I calculate that hoss is just as gentle as I said he was; I still claim he won't kick a fly. Just bring your children right out and let 'em play with him, Judge.' The Judge chased him out of the barn with a four-tined pitchfork, but didn't catch him. Shortly after he got a whack at him on a trial and sent him up."

"Well," said the Governor, "I think he must have been prejudiced. I'll write out a pardon for your man."—*Estelline Bell.*

A FOUR-YEAR-OLD child of Aaron Knight of Cartersville, Ga., was found by its mother playing with a live snake which it had discovered in the yard. The snake appeared to enjoy the child's caresses and did it no injury.

## HUMOR.

An envelope is like a woman. It can't go anywhere without address.

DOWN-EAST singing masters always look out for the Maine chasters.

If you are waiting for something to turn up just step on a barrel-hoop.

MR. FAINTHEART—Do you think it would be safe for me to approach your pa on the subject? Miss Fair Lady—Oh, perfectly, he has the gout again.—*Chicago News.*

HIPPOTAMUSES are down as low as \$5,000 apiece; but until they come down to \$5.50 they will be classed among the luxuries in poor families, who will try to worry along with two or three dogs.

"WHAT has become of the bootjack?" said Towser, savagely, as he knocked things about. "I had it last night." "It's on the mantel-piece," replied Mrs. Towser. "I covered it with plush to-day and painfied some flowers on it. Isn't it lovely?"

### IN MEMORIAM.

A bicycle—a boy;  
Great pleasure, great joy;  
A stone in a street—  
Stone and wheel meet.  
A bicycle—no boy;  
No pleasure, no joy.  
A funeral—and tale!  
A bicycle for sale.

—*Norristown Herald.*

"PAPA," said little Johnny Upstart to his father as the two were gardening one very warm morning; "papa! didn't you say that yesterday was a very raw day?" "I believe I did, my son." "An' don't you think that if it had stayed here till now it'd be pretty well cooked by this time?"—*Yonkers Gazette.*

FIRST BOY—"My pa blows a horn in the band." SECOND BOY—"That ain't nothin'." F. B.—"Mischievous it ain't; mo'an your ole pa can do. My pa goes to parties an' picnics an' your ole pa can't go there." S. B.—"Yes, an' my pa is in the penitentiary an' your ole pa can't go there either."—*Arkansas Traveler.*

"AREN'T" executions a part of your duties that you'd rather dispense with?" asked an Eastern friend of a Missouri sheriff. "I never perform any executions." "Why, I thought nearly all sheriffs were occasionally obliged to hang some one?" "You forget that this is Missouri. All I have to do is to make a show of defending the jail keys and then handing them over to the boys at last. They attend to everything after that."—*Estelline Bell.*

FAIR APPLICANT—"I desire, sir, an absolute separation from my husband." ATTORNEY—"Upon what ground, madam, do you base your plea?" "We are not suited to each other. He does not appreciate the finer sensibilities of my more delicately organized nature, and—but perhaps that is sufficient." "I fear, madam, in the absence of more substantial cause for complaint, an action would not lie." "Not lie! It is you, sir, I engage for that purpose."—*Tid-Bits.*

TEA is said to be adulterated with old rubber shoes chopped into small pieces a d twisted and colored to resemble the Oriental leaf; there are other adulterations, such as nutgalls, iron filings, granulated wood and many other ingredients more or less harmful, but the fact does not interfere a bit with the customs of society. The "Yum-Yum teas" are still held, and the ladies continue to drink the tongue-loosening tippie to the accompaniment of the latest gossip without its apparently doing them any harm.—*Boston Courier.*

### THE POET.

The orthodox poet and slinger of meter should be a sound sleeper and vigorous eater; join the learning of Paul to the fervor of Peter, know the balancing rhymes and the rhythmic meter.

Cf. lilacs and smilax,  
Of zephyrs and heifers,  
Of ballads and salads,  
Of over-arched bowers of greenery and flowers;  
And work on on: rhyme for hours upon hours.

Know the whole range of history from Cleve-land to Prasin, and the thought of all lands from New Brunswick to Siam, and work like a drudge at a dollar per diem, love all lovely objects with no cash to buy 'em;  
Such as roses and posies,  
And mountains and fountains,  
And pictures and fixtures,

And gorgeous pavilions for Lauras and Lilians,  
And a large bank deposit far up in the millions.  
His lines should be full of nabobs and emirs, of gliaours and khans and Oint dreamers, of cymbals and shawms and victorious steamers, and end in a climax of glory and screamers.

With clashing and slashing!  
With roaring and pouring!  
With lunging and plunging!  
And burst in a chasm of blank protoplasm!  
In a gunpowder chaos and dynamite spasm!

—*Tid-Bits.*

### The Paris Morgue.

During 1885 the number of "receptions" at the morgue in Paris was 858. Of these 659 were the bodies of men, 199 of women. The busiest month was August, when the number was 106; the slackest, February, when it was 41. Of the 858 bodies, 695 were identified, and the following is the classification given of professions:

MEN.	WOMEN.
Labourers.....115	Working women.....37
Employees.....67	Domestic servants.....26
Drivers.....51	Washerwomen.....17
Mascons.....47	Flower-girls.....16
Mechanics.....23	Bookbinders.....11
Gentlemen.....19	Other professions.....13
Other professions.....158	

The sundry forms of deaths are classified as follows: Drowned, 181; hung, 79; firearms, 163; sidearms, 91; poisoned, 62; suffocated, 154; falls from houses, etc., 75; other causes, 53.

CAPT. PAUL BOYTON says that while floating down the Mississippi River a storm drove him a-hore. He sought shelter in a deserted cabin on the bank. Entering the cabin with a torch in his hand he discovered a huge rattlesnake. It crawled into a crevice in the floor. On holding his torch before the hole he discovered that it contained a nest of rattlesnakes. He flung his torch among them and fled to the river. The cabin soon sprang up in a blaze behind him.