



A Huntress. That whisked with the wind, A hunting goes to-day, I hear her horn on the echoes borne Resounding far away.

These assistants may at the first stand in line with the hostess until the rooms begin to be filled; then they should gradually withdraw, leaving only one of the number to act as special assistant to the hostess.

A Woman's View. Don't starve your love of beauty. Charming colors and graceful forms are as necessary to some people's lives as food itself.

Ghostly Funeral Train.

EMERGED FROM AN ANCIENT ENGLISH CEMETERY.

William F. Stead, Editor of the Review of Reviews, Tells of a Remarkable Experience He Once Had at Knotty Ash—It Has a Sequel.

I was proceeding leisurely on foot to Broadgreen, England, when on passing the church at Knotty Ash, my attention was suddenly arrested by the strange and uncanny appearance of its graveyard.



A FUNERAL TRAIN

spirits were taking a midnight ramble. I stood petrified, not knowing what to make of it, at the same time experiencing a feeling of horror which suddenly took possession of me.

At first I thought I must surely be dreaming, and therefore pinched myself in the arm to ascertain if this was really the case. But no, I certainly was not.

Instead of the procession advancing to the gate at which I stood, it turned suddenly and entered the burial ground by the one situated at a few yards distance.

Where this most extraordinary funeral went to or what became of it I cannot tell; but this much I distinctly aver that coffin, mourners and lights—even the pale, flickering moon-light—all disappeared as mysteriously as they came, leaving me standing in the darkness, transfixed with astonishment and fright.

After recovering a little from the shock I immediately aroused a female relative, who had retired to her above particulars. She assured me that I must have been suffering from mental hallucination, but seeing the great perturbation of my mind, and at the same time knowing my natural skepticism with regard to all so-called supernatural phenomena, she came to the conclusion that, after all, I might possibly have seen what has been described above.

believer in ghosts, but certainly this very remarkable experience of mine has entirely upset all my previously conceived notions of the subject, leaving me in a quandary of doubt.

SAW A GHOST.

A Peculiar Story Recited in Lord Brougham's Memorial.

When one comes to the question of the apparition, pure and simple, one of the best known leading cases is that recorded by Lord Brougham, who was certainly one of the hardest headed persons that ever lived.

A most remarkable thing happened to me, so remarkable that I must tell the story from the beginning. After I left the High school I went with G—, my most intimate friend, to attend the classes in the University.



ON THE CHAIR SAT G—

fallen asleep, and that the appearance presented so distinctly before my eyes, was a dream I cannot for a minute doubt; yet for years I had had no communication with G—, nor had there been anything to recall him to my recollection.

AN AUDIENCE OF ONE.

Even a Sensational Preacher Does Not Always Create a Sensation.

It is not very often that a preacher of national reputation is met at a published appointment by a congregation of one. But that is what happened once to the famous Parson Brownlow—the Swift of a provincial age and place.

"JUMPING THE BOUNTY."

AN ARMY OFFICER TELLS TALES OF WAR TIMES.

Regular Organized Bureau of "Bounty Jumpers"—They Worked the Gam for All The Time Was in It—Lincoln's Kidnappers.

"And that is yer 'By Phalim doin' now, Mistress Maloney?"

"Sure, it's govment employ he is in now, and a foins job he has it-dada. Every wake or two he comes home wid lashin's of greenbacks and bathers down the dure with a new gold watch."

Phelim's experience in 1863 was that of a good many thousands during the hardest days of the rebellion, says the Springfield Republican. The drafts ordered by the president were being rigidly enforced.

This state of affairs held out every temptation to unprincipled men to enlist for the sake of the bounty. Many such enlistments were made by foreigners and not few Americans.

When these men had passed their medical examination, signed their enlistment papers and duly perjured themselves according to law, they were put into United States uniforms, furnished with blanket, knapsack, haversack and canteen and sent under guard, to some receiving depot, where they remained till they were forwarded to the several regiments to which they were accredited.

From time to time these recruiting depots were thinned out by sending the men to various camps until enough were collected for any designated regiment. Troops from the East were sent to Camp Grant and to Camp Taylor, four or five miles from Washington, the former being only for drafted men and the other for substitutes and recruits newly enlisted.

I had charge of the latter camp during the winter of 1864-5, and of all the ungracious work I ever had to do in the army that was the meanest. To start with, I had control of a shifting, varying class of humanity, as "hard" a lot as ever assembled in a penitentiary.

After a Seattle man had spent \$5,000 and traveled extensively for ten months to recover his voice it came back to him without costing a cent.

porarily blind for a few minutes or accidentally turn his back to permit an escape. Fully 15 per cent of the men in camp were missing every week, and never did the morning report show less than ten or twelve missing out of 500 or 600.

There was a regularly organized bureau of "bounty jumpers." It had its headquarters in Washington, known, of course, only to its patrons and directors. It had its branches in every large city.

LIFE'S SUNSHINE.

A Husband Whose Efforts Were Not Appreciated.

He asked me for a night's lodging in Park row the other night. "Why don't you go home?" I asked slowly.

"That's what I don't understand myself," he said vaguely, hitching at his suspenders. "You have a home, eh?" "Sorter."

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History Handed Down.

Little Willie—"Say, wasn't you in the war with my father?" Gen. Gore-Hunter—"Yes, sir, I was. I was with your father, my boy in the memorable affair of Chestnut Rib. Ah, that was a day! Shells bursting all around; bullets flying like hail; men mowed down like grass. My son, that was a day!"

The Force of Example.

Distracted Mother—"Boys this must stop! Willie, I heard you call your brother a liar and a horse-thief. What does this mean?" Willie—"Nothin', mother. Me and the rest was only playin' we were a p'itical convention.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

PICKED UP.

An old Continental hat worn in 1787 is the treasured relic of a Coatesville, Pa., gentleman. The hat belonged to his uncle.

"I know that there is a great deal said about the folly of collecting bric-a-brac and things," said a young matron of a good deal of education and more common sense, "but for my part I think it's a good idea. It seems to me that anyone would find it an advantage to turn the thoughts into some special channel; I don't care whether it's collecting pots and pans, cups and saucers or interesting facts. I think I shall devote my odd time and change to making a collection of facts, pictures, statistics, literature of all sorts, products, and, indeed, everything that I can learn about some special part of the earth.

The Afternoon Tea.

Every woman who makes any social pretension whatever gives a tea or a series of teas, more or less elaborate, according to her means or place. For this English importation, "tea," is an elastic affair, and may mean a simple cup of the beverage that cheers, or be extended to a banquet almost elaborate enough to be served at a reception.

Rich Women's Idle Hours.

"How do wealthy women spend their idle hours?" was a question propounded to me by a young friend a few days ago.

Vanity of Female Prisoners.

One of the most striking peculiarities of female prisoners is the strong personal vanity which remains with most of them until the last, no matter what their traits prison life crushes out.

Have a Hobby.

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Have Scripture for It.

We have scripture for it that those who appeal to the sword shall perish by the sword, and the text has peculiar significance apropos of the question of woman's emancipation from certain irking conventions.