

A Huntress That wicked witch, the wind, A-hunting goes to-day, I hear her horn on the echoes borne ing far away

I see her streaming hair. Dusky and thin and long. Its tresses trail through ether pale, Her steed is wild and strong.

Sometimes she drives the clouds, A merry chase at morn. Full fast they fly across the sky, All ragged and foriorn.

Or when the thunder rolls Its terrors overhead. With shrick and hollo she flies to follow Those sounds of fear and dread.

In leaping sheets of foam She hurles the frightful wave; Against the rocks like tempest shocks The billows beat and rave.

The armies of the snow She scatters far and wide, Till deep they rest in the valley's breast, Or on the mountain's side.

But best she loves to chase The dying leaves, that fall Like banners rolled in blood and gold Before her clarion call.

Away, away, away! Far over hill and dale. The flying host is driven and tossed Before that angry gale.

Oh wild and reckless witch! When will your hunting cease? "While old earth lasts my trumpet blasts Shall shake its sleep and peace!

"When the day of God shall dawn His endless moraing rise. And the heavens roll like a preaching scroll The stormy witch wind dies." ROSE TERRY COOKE.

Have a Hobby.

"I know that there is a great deal said about the folly of collecting brica-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. Whether it be Alaska or made up my mind, but it is charming to have a special object in life and know all about a certain thing.

Of course I don't mean to study one other things, but I do mean to turn or of such problems as she has been acone's attention in a special direction, customed to leave to the solution of so as to become thorough in one thing, men. Yet two Southern women have

These assistants may at the first stand in line with the hostess until the Ghostly Funeral Train.) believer in ghosts, but certainly this rooms begin to be filled; then they rooms beg'n to be filled; then they should gradually withdraw, leaving only one of the number to act as special assistant to the hostess, and it should be their special mission to break up the stiff little pauses following introduc-tions, to see that timid and issolated people are brought among those who have the most savoir faire, to invite guests out to the dining-room, and see that they are properly served, to make the stranger feel specially welcome, to break up little groups of intimates; in short, to difuse a sweet and gracious courtesy every-where, to make every guest feel that he or she is an object of

special consideration, to do what no hostess, no matter how fine her tact, can accomplish, because she cannot once.

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. They may exist without them, but it will be about as joyous as a country walk in a dense fog. An etching or a graceful bit of China will not keep one warm, it is true, but it will go far toward making one forget some disagreeable thing. There is a poor woman who sews in a Bowery clothing store, and who always has a pictare card or a bit of bright ribbon fastened on one corner of her machine. She says it rests her to look at it now and then.

Some one very wise, I think Emerson. says the love of beauty is the strongest feeling save one, motherhood, that exists in human nature. From the savage who daubs his skin with crude pigments to the refined woman who surrounds herself with works of art from every country under the sun, everybody shows the same longing. So don't deprive yourself of what you have every right to desire. Your tea will taste better out of the pretty cup, and you will not tire so soon of your work if you look up every now and then at something pretty, even if it is only a patent medicine calendar covered with children's faces.

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. We easily excuse the grossly wronged woman that slays her letrayer, and we sometimes applaud the woman who horsewhips her traducer, but even the most passionate advocate of woman's rights must dimly perceive that all this may be carried too far.

Woman's weakness has hitherto been her defense, and when she elects to substitute some other defense she must, of course, abandon that which some point in South America I haven't has thus far served her so well. Veneration for women is probably carried nowhere upon earth so far as in our own Southern States, and the Southern woman is, as a rule, the most helpless fact or set of facts to the exclusion of of her sex in the presence of violence

AMERICAN. THE

conceived notions of the subject, leav-

ing me in a quandary of doubt. On the

evening upon which I saw the mysteri-ous midnight funeral at Knotty Ash I

was exceedingly wide awake: had met

several cyclists on the Prescott road.

with whom I conversed, and had like-

wise refreshed myself at the public

drinking fountain placed at the top of

Thomas lane. Strange that a few hun-

dred yards further down the road I

should encounter so ghastly an experi-

ence-an experience I shall never for-

SAW A CHOST.

A Peculiar Story Recited in Lord

Brougham's Memorsi.

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. The story is

given as follows in the first volume of

A most remarkable thing happened

o me, so remarkable that I must tell

the story from the beginning. After I

my most intimate friend, to attend the

our walks discussed many grave sub-

question, and the possibility of the dead

whichever of us died first should ap-

doubts we had entertained of the "life

our classes at the college, G---- went

wrote to me, and after the lapse of a

-, looking calmiy at me. How I

tion, or whatever it was that had taken

the likeness of G-, had disappeared.

whole history, with the date, Dec. 19.

and all the particulars, as they are

left the High school I went with G-

'Lord Brougham's Memoirs"

W. T. STEAD.

get to my dying day.

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. The time was then shortly after midnight. The whole burying can accomplish, because she cannot ground seemed alive and glistening with a thousand small bluish lights, which appeared to creep in and out of the different graves, as if the departed



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.

Just at this moment the moon, which had hitherto been more or there in the civil service. He seldom less obseured by a panorama of passing clouds, came, as it would seem, to my few years I had nearly forgotton his assistance, giving me for a very short existence * * * One day I had time the benefit of her companionship. taken, as I have said, a warm bath, and And now appeared the most startling while lying in it and enjoying phenomenon of all, a phenomenon the comfort of the heat which caused my hair to stand on end turned my head - round, looking with fright, a cold numbness of horror toward the chair on which I had paralyzing me in every limb, for, ad- deposited my clothes as I was about rancing up the road directly opposite to to get out of the bath. On the chair sat me; came a funeral train, the coffin Gborne along with measured tread, got out of the bath I know not, but on covered with an immense black pall, recovering my senses I found myself which fluttered up in the midnight kprawling on the floor. The appariwind.

At first I thought I must surely be dreaming, and therefore pinched my. This vision had produced such a shock self in the arm to ascertain if this was that I had no inclination to talk about really the case. But no, I certainly it, or to speak about it even to Stewart, was not, for I distinctly felt the nip, but the impression it made upon me wakefulness. What could it all mean? I asked myself as the cortege gradually approached me, and I began fo distinguish the general outlines of the bearers. These appeared to be elderly men and to have lived in a bygone age. All were dressed in the costume of the lat-

ter part of the eighteenth century. They wore tie-wigs, and some had swords, as well as walking sticks, mounted with death's heads. I ob-

"JUMPING THE BOUNTY." has entirely upset all my previously

AN ARMY OFFICER TELLS TALES OF WAR TIMES.

Regular Organized Bureau of "Bounty Jumpers" - They Worked the Gim , for All The e Was in It - Lincola's Kndness.

"And phat is yer b'y Phalim doin' now, Mistress Maloney?"

"Sure, it's gov'ment employ he is in now, and a foine job he has indade. Every wake or two he comes home wid lashin's of greenbacks and batthers down the dure with a new gold watch."

"Faith, an' it is a nate job entirely, and phwat do they call it?"

Indade, I disremember the exact name, but I think they call it 'leppin' the bounty.

Phelim's experience in 1863 was that of a good many thousands during the hardest days of the reballion, says the Springfield Republican. The drafts ordered by, the president were being rigidly en orced. A man whose name was on the fated list of conscripts had but one alternative-the ranks or providing a 'substitute."

By the provisions of the act of conclasses in the University. There was gress authorizing the draft, \$300 was the allowance for these substitutes. no divinity class, but we frequently in But as the war progressed and everybody's name was on the provost marshal's books -- that is every citizen's jects-among others, the immortality of the soul and a future state. This name who had ever voted or was an elegible voter-the price rose in proappearing to the living, were subjects of portion to the scarcity of available much speculation, and we actually material for substitutes, till in some committed the folly of drawing of the smaller states in New England up an agreement, written with our blood, to the effect that and in many Western neighborhoods. large sums, from \$1,200 to \$2,000 even, were paid by these who were pear to the other, and thus solve any drafted, and the quotas of each county and town being duly apportioned, the after death." After we had finished citizens thereof voted county and town bounties, and these sums, added to to India, having got an appointment the state and national bounties, made up a very respectable inducement to young men to enlist.

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, most of them with no family ties and no regard for them if they had did the same thing. They enlisted for the money, pure and simple, and a little perjury here and there was a small matter to such elastic consciences. The substitu e was in a strange part of the country, and sworn to the fact that he was an alien, or at any rate had never voted, and enlisted only for bounty, meant to desert when he could. Another class was composed of men recruited to fill up regiments already and was therefore satisfied as to my was too vivid to be easily forgotten. large bounties, had no more intention and so strongly was I affected by it of fighting than the substitutes had. that I have here written down the and were in great part especially in cities, graduates of jails and penttentiaries, good enough food for powder now fresh before me. No doubt, I had if their teeth were strong enough to bite a "hard-tack."

when these men had passed their medical examination, signed their enlistment papers and duly perjured eh? 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. In these temporary depots, especially in large cites like New York, Philadelphia and Boston, there was a complete reign of terror. Strength and brutality were uppermost. Half a dozen rullians would attack a small-sized man and take his money from him. To comfallen asleep, and that the appearance plain was useless; it was impossible to identify the money or to fix the offense, in general, upon any one individual. 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 me as a future state. This was on 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, with none of the restraints which are thrown about the and now to finish the story began about latter place, with no possibility of maintaining more than a semblance of turn to Edinburgh there arrived a let- discipline I had all the responsibiliter frm India announcing G-'s death, ties of a prison warden, without his means of enforcing obedience, and I am satisfied that a year of such work would have brutalized me beyond redemption. As it was, I found my character not, I trust, an ungentle one deteriorating from day to day under such debasing influences, and I was truly thankful when transferred to a more congenial line of duty. Camp Taylor covered in all an area of about fifteen acres, surrounded by It was before the war, when he was no stockad but instead with an armed guard of the Veteran Reserve corps. an organization of which those of the present generation know nothing. It was composed of soldiers who had been wounded severely enough to Methodist church in Clarksville, Tenn., | prevent them from doing more serious duty in the field. Many of these men had received very little bounty on enlisting; some none at all, and it is not to be, wondered at that they felt aggrieved at seeing these roughs with hundreds of dollars in their pockets, enjoying life after their fashion, gambling and loafing and idling away the slow hours, while they, who had borne the heat and burden of the day were living along wounded and getting a mere pittance. Nor is it to be wondored at, either, that a hundred dollar bill, deftly administered by a recruit who wanted to he had "come early to avoid the rush." desert, should make his guards tem-

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 for '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. It had its under-ground railroad." as the Abolitionists had. It had its secret places of innocent exterior, where deserters were boarded, furnished with citizens' clothing and disguises of various kinds.

In fine, nothing was wanting to enable a man to enlist, get his bounty, make his escape, get to another part of the country and enlist again and again desert. Substitute brokers got rich the army suffered, scoundreis flourished and waxed fat. Occasionally a bounty jumper was caught and two or three were shot. But the kind heart of President Lincoln generally commuted their sentence to imprisonment at the Dry Tortugas, and finally, soon after the termination of the war, they were all set free under a general amnesty.

LIFE'S SUNSHINE.

A Husband Whose Efforts Were Not Ap. prec ated

He asked me for a night's lodging 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, ch?"

"Sorter."

- "And a wife?"
- "Well, rather."

Children ?"

Kinder.

Then why on earth don't you go home?"

Should I tell you sure shootin'?" Certainly. You say that you have a home. What do you mean by ask-ing for each to go to a hotel? It seems incredible.

He came a little nearer. He puckered up his face. He gasped several times. Then he whispered:

·Shoo, softly!" "Yes."

"She scolds!"

"What?"

"She scolds! I done all I could to tame her down. No good. She's got the most infernal notion of scolding you ever seed. I went off on a little picnic a day or two sgo; I'm afraid to go home; I want ter go, too; but, from experience, I know what's waitin' fer me? Think L'd go home? Oh, no!"

"Do you do all you can to make home congenial?"

"I guess I do! I work sometimes when I gits a job; once I bought a barrel of flour, about a year ago; once I bought her a hull new dress; once I paid \$3 cash, by jingo, fer an ollcloth fer the kitchen, wot warn't no use in this world, but wot I buyed just to humor her. Say, do you know wot,

What?"

and avoid a smattering of knowledge, and really be proficient-an expert, as one might say, in some special branch. It is a great comfort to feel perfectly at home on any given subject.

"Of course, it is important that this collection fad be carried on with some degree of common sense. This, as well as any thing else, may be made absurd and intrusive by lack of judgment, but I think it will be a prominent feature of the future, and that most people of intelligence and culture will turn their attention to some one or other phases of life, and not be content until they have made at least a fairly exhaustive study of them."

The Afternoon Tes.

Every woman who makes any social pretention whatever gives a tea or 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. The two new things to serve in addition to the old favorites are "coffe-tea," which is not what it suggests, a mixture of the two beverages, but a decoction brewed of the leaves of the coffee plant as tea is made; and coffee frappe, a frozen mixture served from a punch bowl in little dishes prepared especially for it.

A pretty arrangement for an elabor ate tea is to have one table where the tea is poured in its pretty cups. Sliced lemon and biscuits are passed by an equally pretty maiden, who is dressed in happy harmony with the colors of her table. Another table for chocolate, decked in a different color. is presided over by another girl, and at third the frappe is served by the third of the trio of graces. A little table near is covered with a cloth and supplied with fancy cakes, salted almonds, preserved ginger, bonbons and biscuits, and the ladies help themselves to these dainties as they stand about chatting over their cups of tea. Every wise hostess knows that a welltrained maid or man is an absolute necessity at these functions, for the modern Hebe who presides over the feast is not so faithful a cup-bearer as was her prototype of Olympian fame.

When Asked to Receive.

If one of your women-friends asks you to "reseive" with her at any inction she has a definite reason for so doing. She doesn't expect you to spend with her all the afternoon and do nothing but greet and dismiss guests-that is her special privilege as hostess.

The unwritten law for those who are asked to receive with the hostess is otherwise. It is their part to do what the hostess, who is busy with incoming ruesta, can not do.

just been lynched by a mob of men be cause they elected to abandon the soft ness of their sex and to make themselves part of the outlaw band composed of their father and brothers.

Young women to-day find it irksome that, simply because they are women, they may not visit without escort entirely reputable places, and may not venture forth at night alone and unprotected. It is highly probable that should young women generally take to pistol practice or carry loaded canes they might presently find themselves nearly as safe as men are in going about the streets by day or night. But should women thus appeal to physical force they would soon miss the thousand and one attentions and the deli-

cate consideration that they now receive at the hands of most men, and they must speedily find that they had made a poor exchange for the reasonable security afforded by the gallantry of the opposite sex.

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 800.

"Do you think they really have an idle time?" I said in reply.

"Oh, yes," my questioner replied. am sure they have.

I remembered the query some days after, and having occasion to call upon some wealthy women of the exclusive set, I inquired as to their idle hour indulgences. One woman informed me that she made all her own underwear, which, upon seeing. I found showed evidence of an accomplished needle; another lady said she painted; another was interested in school matters and dabbled in literature, and before 1 got through I came to the conclusion that wealthy women were as industrious, considering the many social calls upon them, as the working woman.

Vanity of Female Prisoners.

One of the most striking pecularities of female prisoners is the strong personal vanity which remains with most of them until the last, no matter what other traits prison life crushes out. The wearing of prison uniform is a great blow to them. It never occurred to them that they would have to take off all their pretty little trinkets and

ornaments and wear the ugly convict garb, and they plead for a ribbon or a ring more pitifully than they would for food. But when it comes to cropping their hair close, that is the finishing touch; you'd think their hearts would They may have remained stolic and stoical all through their trial, reeived their sentence even in slience but when it comes to cropping off their treasured locks, their pleadings, and prayers, and tears and cries would move a heart of stone.

among the crowd of followers, walking just behind the coffin. His youth, in comparison with the others, perhaps made me take especial notice of him. He was dressed in what appeared to be black velvet, the whiteness of his ruffles standing ont in marked contrast to the sombre nature of his general attire. He carried a sword, had diamond buckles in his shoes, and wore his powdered hair in a queue. The face of this young man was deathly pale, as were also the faces of all the others accompanying him.

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. As the coffin was borne through this gate all the blue spirit lights seemed to rise from the graves as if to meet the cortege for the purpose of escorting the body to its last resting place; these awful lights added considerably to the ghastliness of the scene as they floated over the coffin and heads of the mourners. Slowly the procession glided up the pathway, passing the main entrance of the church and continuing its way in a straight line. finally disappearing at the back of the edifice.

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 lightseven the pale, flickering moon-lightall disappeared as mysteriously as they came, leaving me standing in the darkness, transfixed with astonishment and fright. Upon gathering together my somewhat scattered senses I took to my heels and never stopped until I found myself safe in my own house. In fact, I hardly remember how I got home. After recovering a little from the shock I immediately aroused female relative, who had tired for the night, and re related to her the 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. The next day I made inquiries at the neighborhood of Knotty Ash, and ascertained from a very old woman that she remembered a story in her youth having reference to the mysterious and sudden death of an old occupant of Thingwall hall, who was hastily and quietly buried, she thought at mid-night, in old Knotty Ash churchyard. If so was this a ghastly repetition of the event, got up for my benefit, or wasit a portent intended to foreshadow the coming of the dread visitor to myself?

Now, as I have before stated, I am no train home.



ON THE CHAIR SAT G

presented so distinctly before my eyes, was a dream I cannot for a minute doubt; yet for years I had had no communication with Gnor had there been anything to rrecall him to my recollection. Nothing had taken place concerning our Swedish travels connected with G-, or with Innia, or with anything relating to him, or to any member of his family. I recollected quickly enough our old discussion, and the bargain we had made. I could not discharge from my mind the impression that G---- must have diel and that his appearance to me was to be received by Dec. 19, 1799. In Oct., 1862, Lord Brougham added as a postscript: "1 have just been copying out from my journal the account of the strange dream, 'Certissima mortis imago?' sixty years since. Soon after my re-

and stating that he died on Dec. 19." AN AUDIENCE OF ONE.

Even a Sensational Preacher Does Not Always Create a Sensation

It is not very often that a preache of national reputation is met at a published appointment by a congregation of one. But that is what happened once to the famous Parson Brownlowthe Swift of a provincial age and place. about equally venomous against the Baptists and the Abolitionists. The fame of his controversy with both filled everal States. Somehow, though, when he stepped into the pulpit of a notoriously a Methodist town, he found himself with just one auditor. The sexton even had gone away after open ing the doors and ringing the bell.

The parson looked about him for minute, then lifted his hands and said: "Let us pray." The prayer was long and fervent, but nobody came. At the close of it the minister courageously sang a hymn. Still there were no more listeners.

brawing a long breath the preacher "Sister, we will be dismissed," sid: then repeated the benediction, grabbed his hat and overcoat, and took the next

"She scolds worser ner worser! Well, if you don't wanter sympathize with a poor man in his sorrers, all I can say is, may heaven save ver from a scoldin' woman. I do all I kin to make her life sunshine, but its no go, nohow:

And he dried a failing tear and moved slowly toward a beer hall --New York Recorder.

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 hall; men mowed down like grass. My son, that was a day!"

Little Willie- "And didn't you run?" Gen. Gore-Hunter- ... What! I run? I, with the ancestral blood of three grenadiers and a French marshal coursing through my veins? I see myself now being pursued by the enemy! Ha ha! Run? That's a good joke. Run? Ha! No. Willie I should say I didn't run."

Little Willie (slowly and decisive-ly)-"Then pop lied."-New York Truth.

The Force of Example.

Distracted Mother-Boys, this must stop! Willie, I heard you call your brother a haz and a horse-thief. What does this mean? Willie-Nothin', mother. Me and

the rest was only playin' we were a p'litical 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

incle. 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. Washington is still the haven of honeymoon tourists, and it is also a great town for weddings, the percentage of marriages

there being greater than in other cities o its size.

A member of a New York china firm says the very latest fad in New York so-ciety is for all a girl's intimates to send her teacups on the announcement of her engagement

A horse jockey in Aroostook, county, Ma, repented his sharp practices, joined the church, and announced that, if he had taken unfair advantage of any one in a horse trade, he would be glad to square things by paying the difference in cash It was scarcely daylight next morning when a neighbor who considered that he had been "roasted" in a swap with the newly converted jockoy, made his appearance at the latter's door, remarking that