THE RED CLOUD CHIEF

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RED CLOUD, - NEBRASKA.

"IF."

"If you were me, and I were you,
And all the world was topsy-turned, too,
What do you think then you would do
If you were me and I were you?"

"If I were you and you were me,
I'd be as good as good could be;
I'd never fret, nor tease, you see,
If I were you and you were me."

"If you were me and I were you,
And home-time you'd be good and true?
Well, it's as easy a thing to do
When I am I, and you are you."

"Since I'm not you and you're not me,
Suppose we try, each day, to be
So good that nobody can see
Which one is you, and which is me."
—*Pansy.*

TWO OF A KIND.

The Love Affairs of Father and Daughter Kennedy.

Mr. Jason Kennedy was pronounced by his friends the mildest-tempered man in Posey County, but had any of them chanced to accompany him on his homeward way the night on which this chronicle opens they would have been obliged to alter their decision. The little gentleman trembled in every limb, his cane swayed menacingly up and down, and his lips leaped mutterred vituperations on the heads of imaginary companions. His own dwelling reached, he called hoarsely from the foot of the stairway:

"Katie!"

"Yes, pa?"

"Come down; I want to see you."

She ran down the stairs after a moment's time and followed her parent into the parlor. Her toilet she considered amply sufficient for the occasion, it consisting of a pair of stockings, a slight dress and a shawl.

"What's the matter, pa?" (She pronounced it *peaw.*)

"What's the matter?" He turned around with a burst of anger that startled her. "What's the matter?" he repeated again. "The matter is that if that thieving low-lived Mark Dickinson ever sets this house again I will shoot every load in that revolver into his idle, worthless, impudent carcass," emphasizing each adjective with a resounding blow from his cane upon the time-worn horse-hair sofa. He paused for an instant, but his astonished daughter did not speak, and he opened up the second round. "You've had your pick of the finest fellows in town and to take up with a loafing vagabond who never earned his own boots or even blacking for them. Girl, girl [he began to grow tragic], you've ruined yourself and you've ruined me; but remember [gradually lowering his tones to the deepest bass in his vocal repertory] if he once comes here he comes—to—Death! Go to bed."

Glad to escape, she lost no time in locking herself into her room, for she was quite decided in her own mind that her father had become suddenly insane. Her mother had domineered over him all the years of their married life until the grave stood between the meek little man and his firm-minded consort; but Katie assumed the reins of government as they fell from her mother's lifeless hands, and followed so nobly in her footsteps that Mr. Kennedy's subjugation had been quite as complete with his pretty daughter for housekeeper as during his wife's lifetime. The unwavering docility that had characterized him made his exhibition of rage the more impressive. Mr. Kennedy was the victim of a deep and humiliating disappointment. Had not her thoughts for weeks past been so exclusively centered on Mark, Katie would have detected the fact that her father seemed apprehensive of displeasing her. While love had been gently besieging her heart the same tender passion had made immense havoc with the similar organ that beat in Mr. Kennedy's breast. The Widow Garrison (the widow and her large farm south of town) had cultivated his affections; her gracious acceptance of his timidly offered attentions gave him every reason to consider his suit successful, though a nervous dread of incurring his daughter's displeasure long deferred him from uttering the decisive words. But his fears subsided when the widow casually remarked upon her son Sam's growing admiration of Katie, and Mr. Kennedy recollected that he had frequently met the young man in his own parlor. Should Katie marry Sam she would certainly not refuse to sanction her father's union with her mother-in-law, and encouraged by these reflections Mr. Kennedy offered his heart and hand to and was accepted by his elderly charmer. Her "yes" had hardly been pronounced when Sam entered the room, his glance falling with displeasure upon the visitor.

"Well, Sam," began happy and unsuspicious Mr. Kennedy, "how did you leave 'em to-night?" with a surreptitious wink at his own dulcinea.

"I left her a deceitful, two-faced minx as she always has been."

The explosion brought consternation to the hearers. Mr. Kennedy's jaw dropped and he stared in silent dismay, but the widow's quickened intuition saw through her son's anger.

"Has Katie played you?" she asked sharply.

"I asked her to marry me and she refused."

"Perhaps she'll change her mind," suggested Mr. Kennedy, hesitatingly, after a few moments of oppressive silence. "She doesn't like anybody else——"

"She does, though," interrupted Sam, suddenly, "she's engaged to Mark Dickinson."

"Mark Dickinson——"

"Well, Mr. Kennedy," the widow spoke deliberately, although her expressive black eyes hardly indicated a soul at peace with all mankind, "if your girl is too good for my boy I reckon I'd better make matters even by being too good for you, and we will be just as comfortable if our two families keep a little distance between them hereafter."

Mr. Kennedy lost his head the following day, examined by his fit of passion. His daughter waited on him at first with a feeling of timidity that gradually gave place to one of relief, as he showed no symptoms of relapsing into his condition of the previous evening. She had not expected that he would entirely approve of her engagement, as Mark was out of employment and had no property, but she had not anticipated any decided action on his part. She now began to consider herself a martyr for love's sake, and went moodily about the house, her habitual tyranny over her father increasing day by day with her resentment.

Autumn set in and a sharp wind cut Mr. Kennedy's face as he came home to dinner. He reflected that he must have the winter fuel hauled from his wood lot down the river; simultaneously he noticed Mrs. Peabody's long, trim pile of wood reaching entirely across her back yard. Mr. Kennedy had felt very lonely since the widow Garrison snatched the treasure of her love from his keeping; Katie's silence at home was not calculated to cheer him, and the old gentleman's heart gave a perceptible bound as he recollected what a cheerful, engaging woman was Mrs. Peabody. Fate favored his thought, for at that moment Mrs. Peabody's plump, agreeable person filled her doorway, and she said in quite a musical voice:

"O Mr. Kennedy, do you know of a man who will saw my wood? I have neglected it until I have hardly enough to get dinner with."

"Certainly, certainly, ma'am," Mr. Kennedy bubbled with his joke. "Here is a man right before you anxious for a job. Are the saw and saw-horse handy?"

"Now, Mr. Kennedy, you know I didn't mean for you to do it." Even her smooth black hair and white apron seemed to join in the smile that radiated from the corners of her mouth. But Mr. Kennedy became suddenly imbued with youthful gallantry, and in spite of her protests he insisted upon making his way to the woodpile where, rheumatism entirely forgotten, he manipulated the saw and axe so energetically that he soon deposited a generous armful of neatly-prepared wood in the kitchen, remarking facetiously: "I'll send up a man this afternoon, unless you want to engage me to do the whole of it." He was obliged to hasten away to his own dinner, but he felt more light-hearted than he had before in weeks, and visions of Mrs. Peabody, her comfortable house, long woodpile, and money in the bank filled his mental vision all the afternoon. It was a little strange that she had never before occurred to him as a matrimonial prize, but Mrs. Peabody had been considerably married already, and the presence of two grave-stones in the cemetery and a decree of divorce locked in her bureau-drawer were enough to give any one the impression that her experience of married life must have been sufficiently varied to satisfy almost any woman. When she obtained her divorce from the last incumbent, Mr. Drewgood, she had again reverted to the name of her first husband, Silas Peabody, for she no longer wished to be known as Mrs. Drewgood, and Peabody was so much more distinguished a name than Higley, the cognomen of number two. She seemed very much surprised indeed when, upon answering a hesitating little ring from the door-bell, she discovered Mr. Kennedy upon the porch; but perfect candor makes it necessary to state that Mrs. Peabody's comfortable form was attired in her second-best black silk and a marvel of a worked-lace apron; her hair that evening had proved so obstreperous that three combings had been necessary to reduce it to its usual condition of sleekness, and she had straightened her furniture and gathered straw bits of thread from the carpet quite in the manner of one expecting a visitor.

"I hope the man got around to take care of your wood. I just thought I would step over and see that it was all right," explained Mr. Kennedy, with an air of responsibility. "These fellows sometimes try to take advantage of a woman when they don't find a man around to look after her."

"Yes, it's hard for a woman to go through life alone." She sighed and gazed mournfully at a figure in the carpet. On most occasions she would have said that it was a sharp man that could get ahead of Miranda Peabody, but that remark hardly seemed appropriate at this time, and she continued to sigh and look at the carpet until her guest, sorry that he had said anything to make her feel melancholy, remarked with animation. "That's a fine portrait of Peabody that you have up there."

Mr. Peabody's relict glanced at the portrait with an expression of great satisfaction. It was one of a group. Below it at the left was a picture of Mr. Higley, and at the right of the latter was one of Mr. Drewgood. Supported by a bracket below them was a pot of English ivy, the vine wandering in and out among the frames and cords.

"Yes, it's a good likeness of Mr. Peabody, and so it is of Mr. Higley; but I never thought Mr. Drewgood's picture did him justice. Mr. Drewgood is a handsome man; they were all good-looking men. Indeed," she said, with pardonable pride, "taken all in all, I don't think you would find three better-looking men in Indiana."

"You wouldn't, you certainly wouldn't," agreed Mr. Kennedy, emphatically.

"But Mr. Drewgood," continued his hostess, "was the handsomest of them all. I must say that Mr. Drewgood is a very fine man and a man of fine manners."

Mr. Kennedy was conscious of a slight but very perceptible twinge of jealousy. He had not come there to hear Mr. Drewgood's praises. "Let me see," he said, "it's about four years since you and he had your——your——" he tried to think of a delicate and suitable phrase, but the words would not come, "your blowout?"

"Just four years ago to-day since we decided to separate," she answered, smilingly, but added, in a pensive voice: "As I said, he was a very fine man, but he and I were not congenial. The very day that we were married I discovered that he took his roast beef extremely rare, while I eat it well done."

"So do I," cried her listener, delightedly. "No one but a barbarian can eat rare beef.

"And he had such a passion for raw onions," she said, plaintively, meeting the eyes of her guest, "it was awful. He ate them every day, and you will certainly admit that it was very inconsiderate in him, when I told you that I, under no circumstance, ever touch an onion."

"Inconsiderate? It was brutal."

"But the worst of it was," she went on, "that he wanted me to invest my money in building houses—tenements—in Indianapolis, and I made up my mind that he was a dangerous schemer, and although it was hard for a woman who had buried two husbands to set herself square against a third, I did it, and I have never been sorry."

"Sorry? It was the noblest act of your life, ma'am. He didn't appreciate you. It tires me all up to think of your living with such a—such a—smelling—scheming reprobate as he was. Why, if it had been me, Mrs. Peabody, I wouldn't have eaten anything if you'd said so." Emboldened by his indignation, Mr. Kennedy placed his chair close by Mrs. Peabody's side and sat down upon it.

"I hardly think I would treat you as badly as that," she said, coquettishly. Mr. Kennedy's heart began to beat very fast, and a dull red burned in his cheeks, but his courage had deserted him as unexpectedly as it came, and he quite regretted changing his seat, as he could not think of a word more to say. The late partner of his bosom was equal to the emergency, however, and again reverting to the spruce carpet and the pensive gaze, she said, so softly and sympathetically: "I have often thought how lonely you must be with only that child Katie to look after for you." Mr. Kennedy sighed enthusiastically that the newspapers on the table at Mrs. Peabody's elbow rustled. She happened, quite accidentally, to lay her well-shaped hand on the chair-arm next to him, and, after an instant's hesitation, he covered it with his own palm. She did not resent his action and waited a moment for him to speak, but language was forced out of Mr. Kennedy's reach then.

"I know the grief of losing a loved companion." So one could accuse her of exaggeration in that statement. "I know the grief of loneliness"—a growing tremor in her voice; "I know the grief of being alone in the world." A sob completed the testimony, and her disengaged hand covered her face with a handkerchief.

"Don't," said Mr. Kennedy, with husky sympathy. "I know you've had a hard time—a good many of 'em; but—you should never say fail; you may be happy yet. A stout heart never won fair lady." He realized that in his efforts to be poetically comforting he was wandering somewhat from the point. Mrs. Peabody realized it also.

"How can I be happy?" she inquired from behind the handkerchief. "No one cares for me." The reflection was so overwhelming that her whole frame shook with sobs. Mr. Kennedy's love and sympathy mastered his hesitation. He put his arm about her waist and drew her head upon his shoulder.

"Now, see here; can't we fix this up, Mrs. Drewgood—no, Mrs. Higley—no, I mean Mrs. Peabody."

"Call me Miranda," murmured the handkerchief.

"Well now, Miranda, you're alone over here and I'm alone over there and I say we'd better hitch up and make a team."

"Could you be happy with me, Jason?" She had removed the handkerchief and her lips were very near his face.

"Could? Well I reckon I'm willing to try," emphasizing his answer with a resounding kiss. How superior she was to the Widow Garrison, and what a merciful Providence had kept him from marrying that hateful woman. This idea brought Katie to his mind and he did not feel quite so happy.

"Well, Miranda," he said, "I thank my stars for bringing me over here to-night, but it's pretty late and I'll have to go, but I'll be over to-morrow."

He started home with a variety of emotions dubious when he thought of Katie but jubilant when his mind turned on Mrs. Peabody. "Jehosiphat!" he exclaimed aloud, "she's a——she's a"—feeling about in his rather limited vocabulary for a sufficiently glowing expression—"she's a glorious female!" If Katie would only not make any fuss she might marry Mark as soon as she liked, and Mr. Kennedy would gladly give him a situation in his store, he knew that in his wild rage he had been unjust to them both; there was nothing bad about the young fellow—he was merely poor and out of employment. There were very few business openings for young men in the little Hoosier village, and the fascination of Katie's face had kept him from trying his fortunes elsewhere. But his name had never been mentioned between Mr. Kennedy and his daughter since that memorable evening, and the old gentleman's habitual indecision and evasiveness made him shrink from recurring to the subject.

"Do you suppose Katie will object?" asked Mrs. Peabody the next evening, after Mr. Kennedy had succeeded in overcoming some other faint objections on her part to a speedy marriage.

"Well—Mr. Kennedy looked troubled "I am afraid—that is, I am rather inclined to think that she will. What do you think we had better do?"

"She need not be told until it is all over," suggested the prospective bride.

Mr. Kennedy looked rather alarmed at the idea of such an act of insubordination. "I don't quite see how we could help it," he said, anxiously.

"You old innocent!" Miranda smiled and pinched his arm. "You're too honest for anything. Suppose I should go up to Newburg for a little visit; suppose you followed the next day to buy goods, and when we return home Miranda Peabody would have become——" here she stopped with quite a maidenly assumption of modesty, but Mr. Kennedy delightedly finished the sentence, "Miranda Peabody will come back Miranda Kennedy. What a head she's got!" looking for sympathy to the portraits of his three predecessors in Miranda's affections. "We couldn't do better," he said, patting her plump shoulder. "What do you say to going up Monday? I'll come Tuesday, and Wednesday we'll be back here and surprise everybody, eh?" Mr. Kennedy could not contain his satisfaction. He wished he could shake hands with himself; he wished he could shake hands with the portraits—even Drewgood. He could forgive him everything now. What would not he give to see the face of the Widow Garrison when she should hear the news of his marriage to Mrs. Peabody, the wealthiest single woman in town!

A little gentleman with a plump lady on his arm inquired at a residence in Newburg the following Tuesday for Rev. Mr. Doobury.

"Yes, he is in. Do you wish to see him?"

"Well, yes," he answered, twitching his cane nervously, "we thought—we made up our minds—but is, we've concluded——"

"We wish to be married," interrupted his companion sweetly.

"Come right in, then," said the lady who had opened the door. "A couple is in the parlor now waiting until I get some witnesses to their marriage, as I was just going out to do, but you will answer just as well."

They were met at the door of the parlor by the young man, to whom Mr. Kennedy made his most deferential bow, and was about to state his business when his glance fell on the couple at the opposite side of the room. "Jehosiphat!" he ejaculated, and stood as if paralyzed.

"It will do you no good to follow us, Mr. Kennedy," said Mark Dickinson hotly. "You cannot prevent our marriage if you try."

"Prevent it?" cried Mr. Kennedy, darting like a shot across the long room and shaking both of Mark's hands over and over again. "Prevent it?" he shouted in ecstacy; "God bless you, Mark, you're the finest fellow I ever saw in my life. Jehosiphat! I'm proud to have you for a son-in-law. Good gracious! I didn't think I could be so pleased over anything."

"He's crazy again," said Katie, looking around at the other amazed faces in the room.

"No, I'm so relieved. I've wished you and Mark were married for a month past, but I didn't see any way to fix it up—naturally, as I would feel—you know," he explained incoherently, "and Mark can begin work in my store to-morrow if he likes."

"Thank you," said Mark, with slight sarcasm in his tone. "I am sorry to decline, but I already have a situation in Bateman's drug-store."

"Well, never mind, you can have my house to live in, for I'm going—why, good gracious, Miranda, I'm so upset I almost forgot what we'd come for."

"Are you going to marry Mrs. Peabody?" asked his daughter, who for two or three minutes had been eyeing that lady suspiciously.

Before he could reply Mrs. Peabody clasped Katie with both arms about the neck, and, kissing her tenderly, whispered: "I am going to try to comfort his lonely heart for your sweet mother's sake, Katie dear."

Mr. Kennedy, who had been shaking hands with Mark over again, now grasped the hand of the amused clergyman and said, jubilantly: "Now, Mr. Berrydoodle, you see how it stands; they were afraid of me, and I was afraid of Katie, so we all ran away from each other and——"

"Now you can have a double wedding and all be happy," suggested Mr. Doobury, good-humoredly.

"Precisely just what I was about to remark; they're happy, Miranda's happy, and I'm the best fixed man in Posey County."—*Chicago Tribune.*

HUNTLEY, REX.

The Creator of Spoopendyke, Now King of the Teton Sioux, Willing to do the Fair Thing by the United States.

Stanley Huntley, editor of *Drake's Traveler's Magazine*, and just advanced to the position of Chief of the Teton Nation, having been adopted by them years ago when among the Indians in the capacity of correspondent, is preparing to leave for the Sioux country. He bought ten cents' worth of war-paint and a pair of moccasins yesterday, and will start as soon as the walking improves. He had the moccasins charged in the name of Wankpey Wankan, or Holy Leaf, as his name signifies in the Sioux language. The name was derived from the fact that he cured a wounded Indian chief called Little Knife by applying leaves and oil.

"What does the pale-face want?" asked the new chief as a reporter of the *World* entered his wigwam yesterday.

"To know how the big medicine man cured Little Knife," was the reply.

"I had to cure him," said Mr. Huntley, smiling. "I was held prisoner by Sitting Bull's allies, and it was cure Little Knife or die. No cure, no life. The chief had two sons. One was killed awhile ago and Young Antelope has just died. As I was adopted by Little Knife, the hereditary chief of the Teton Nation, which includes all the Sioux tribes, the title falls to me. The Indians regard the tie as sacred as though I was a blood relation."

Mr. Huntley sent the following to the President:

NEW YORK, Feb. 6.—*Hon. Chester A. Arthur, President of the United States*—Dear Sir: As you will observe by the dispatches in this morning's New York papers I have succeeded to the chieftain-ship of the Tetons, and I wait to ask you whether your nation and mine are to live on terms of friendly equality or whether you want strife and carnage.

I would like to remark that we will have war on you for any marauding Republican form of Government that comes feeling around our Congressional District, while we will be on a peace footing toward your people so long as they conduct themselves with due regard to the prejudices of civilization. Any deviation from this course of procedure will result in your being sent to the tower for the first offense and to two towers for the second.

Please speak to your Secretary of the Interior and have him brace up the rations issued to my tribes so as to include an occasional ham and a mackerel for Sunday. Any cast-off war material, play forts, or light literature you may like in your State Department will be gracefully received as a guarantee of your good faith.

Hoping to hear from you soon in a spirit of peace around the reservations and good will toward the undersigned, I have the honor to remain, yours, STANLEY HUNTLEY, Rex.

Mr. Huntley allowed his eyes to wander to some Indian relics on the wall above his desk. Among other things was a feathered coronet that he wore when a young buck among his new-found friends. He continued: "I am afraid to assume the emblems of the new dignity while in the city until Mr. O'Donovan kicks out, because he don't want kings or chiefs outside of himself; that's why you see those old plumes and moccasins there. It would take me four days to tell all my experiences among the Indians, besides I have forgotten most of it now."

"Have you been officially notified of your advancement?"

"The first I heard of it was when I read the morning papers to-day. I shall take the cigar-man across the street along with me. He has just sent me a bill, and I suppose I must make him chief of one of the tribes."

Early in the day Mr. Huntley sent out for four bricks, and placed one under each leg of his chair as a mark of distinction. His reputation heretofore has rested on two great efforts of his life. The first was during the Chicago riots, when he coined the expression, "The pale ale was streaked with blood and the gutters gushed with gurgling gore." The other effort was, "The Spookendyke Papers," which were printed in a Brooklyn paper. His object in getting the bricks yesterday was to have a more enduring foundation.—*N. Y. World.*

A HINT TO BUILDERS.

Over-Ornamentation in Brickwork Condemned by a Connoisseur.

"The desire for the ornate has given rise of late to the most elaborate and fantastic attempts in bricks and in the methods of putting them together," said a real estate agent yesterday. "In many cases of newly built houses this matter has frequently been the occasion for the display of bad taste in the creation of a cheap, flashy and wonderfully designed wall. While this, when new, is not unsightly to the average eye, the wear and tear of the elements on the various projections, niches, balconies and the like render the exterior appearance of such a house much more unsightly in a given time than that of a building of a more substantial and less startling appearance.

"The various projections and recesses form a convenient place for dust and dirt constantly blown about, and to add to this damage the ornamental brickwork of the cornices offers a snug abode for that numerous little pest, the English sparrow. When the white deposit, so common to brick buildings, makes its appearance the dinginess and general air of past glory and damaged splendor is increased. If builders would only recognize the fact that the effort spent in this direction would be better appreciated if directed toward the interior finish of a house the result would be advantageous in many ways.—*Philadelphia Press.*

THE BATTLE OF SHILOH.

An Apparently Impartial and Unprejudiced View of the Much Mooted Questions Connected with this Important Affair—The Discrepancies of History Illustrated—The Issues of the Battle Probably Determined by an Accident.

The difficulty which the conscientious historian has to overcome in getting at the truth is curiously illustrated by a careful reading of the two articles on the "Battle of Shiloh" in the February *Century*, the one by General Grant, the other by Colonel William Preston Johnston, a son of General Johnston, and on the staff of Jefferson Davis. One gives, of course, the Federal, the other the Confederate, side. Not only is their interpretation of the aims and purposes of the combatants, and in their estimate of the significance and result of the first day's battle, do they differ, but in their accounts of events, even in minor details. Thus Colonel Johnston credits Grant with an army of 58,000, nearly 50,000 of whom were effectives, while he allows the Confederate commander 50,000, of whom but 40,000 were available for combat. General Grant, on the contrary, gives the entire strength of the Federal army at 38,000, of whom not more than 25,000 were in line on the first day. Of course General Grant's statement of his own forces is official and conclusive; but the fact illustrates the discrepancies of history.

The battle of Shiloh was one of the great battles of the war. It was great whether estimated by the number of men engaged in it, by the character of the Generals commanding, by the desperate nature of the conflict, by the uncertainty of the result during the whole of the first day, or by the consequences which ensued from the Confederate defeat and which might have ensued from a Federal defeat. The Confederate authorities have always insisted that General Grant was virtually beaten at the end of the first day's fight, and that nothing saved his army but the death of General Johnston, and the consequent change of commanders. General Grant was freely charged at the time with being intoxicated, and severely criticised for putting undisciplined men at the front without earthworks. The newspaper correspondents had General Prentiss' division surprised and captured at the very beginning of the fight. Some of these then current errors are corrected, so far as we know for the first time officially, by General Grant's paper. General Grant's horse fell on him, and nearly disabled him, two days before the battle. The raw levies were put at the front purposely, General Grant trusting to their commander, General Sherman, to compensate for their inexperience—a trust reposed not in vain. And General Prentiss' division fought bravely and effectively throughout the day, and were not captured till after four o'clock in the afternoon.

The man of Northern prejudices will read General Grant's paper, and will but glance at Colonel Johnston's. The man of Southern prejudices will console himself with Colonel Johnston's conviction that the battle of Shiloh was won on the first day, and was lost on the second only because the Confederate commander was killed. The impartial historian, accepting the veracity, but not necessarily the judgments, of both authors will compare the two papers to reach a true understanding of this momentous battle, and will find in General Grant's frank confession of his misapprehension of the strength of the Confederacy, and in Colonel Johnston's disclosure of the divided counsels in the Confederate army the two clues to the true interpretations of the events of the day.

"Up to the battle of Shiloh," says General Grant, "I, as well as thousands of other citizens, believed that the rebellion against the Government would collapse suddenly and soon if a decisive victory could be gained over any of its armies." This was substantially the universal opinion in the North. It was even shared by many in the South. The fall of Forts Donelson and Henry apparently opened the whole Southwest to the Federal army. The North believed that further resistance would be in vain. Thousands in the South shared that belief. General Grant, as soon as the dilatory Halleck gave him opportunity to move, acted in accordance with his subsequent instructions to General Sheridan before Richmond and pushed things. He hurried his army forward after the retreating Confederate forces, meaning to give them no time to recover from their demoralization. He expected no other than a Fabian policy of slow retreat and sullen, but not aggressive, resistance. Assuming that the Confederates would retreat, if pushed, he threw up no earthworks. He put raw levies at the front. He telegraphed to Halleck on Saturday night, "I have scarcely the faintest idea of an attack (general one) being made upon us." The army, catching the contagion of his confidence, perhaps neglected to keep out scouts in the front. This was charged at the time by newspaper correspondents, and is not specifically denied by General Grant, who does specifically deny some other analogous charges. While General Grant was thus taking for granted that the Confederate forces would not venture on an aggressive campaign, the Confederate Generals themselves were in debate upon that very point. General Johnston, first in command, purposed an attack. General Beauregard, the popular Southern hero of Bull Run, was opposed to it. He wished to pursue the policy in the West which General Lee pursued so effectively in the East—to prolong the war, weary out the North, and keep his own army intact, by a defensive campaign. General Johnston overruled all opposition. He ended the council of war on Saturday afternoon with the decisive declaration: "We shall attack at daylight to-morrow. I would fight them if they were a million."

Thus both sides entered the first day's battle under some disadvantage. The Federal forces were not expecting an attack, and were not prepared for it. Even when it came, they regarded it at first as only a reconnaissance in force. General Sherman, who was at the front, so interpreted it. "Beauregard," he said, "is not such a fool as to leave his base of operations and attack us in ours." On the other hand, the Confederates entered on an aggressive campaign with divided counsels. The second in command was half sick, had no faith in an assault, and no expectation of success.

General Grant apparently insists that the Federal forces were not defeated on the first day. But we think the facts do not bear out this claim. His front had been forced back nearly or quite two miles. General Prentiss' division had been captured *en masse*—2,200 officers and men. The Federal camps were in the possession of the enemy. What the Confederates could or would have done on the morrow if their leadership had remained unchanged must always remain a matter of opinion. That the wearied assailants could have driven the Federal forces into the river, or cut of their retreat, and enforced their surrender, is to us incredible, even if the Federal army had not been reinforced on the morrow by part of General Buell's forces, and by the gunboats. But the attempt was not even made. The death of General Johnson devolved the command on General Beauregard; and the change of commanders brought a change of policy. At the council of war on Saturday afternoon General Beauregard had urged that the army withdraw to Corinth. On Monday morning he ordered that withdrawal to take place. The first day's battle of Shiloh was a Confederate attack under one commander. The second day's battle was a Confederate retreat under another commander. Both were measurably successful. It is, indeed, rarely the case that a change of command and a change of policy takes place on the field of battle with so little resultant disaster to the army as resulted to the Confederates from their change of commanders and policy at the battle of Shiloh.

This battle singularly illustrates how far the fortunes of war depend upon what we call accident. If General Johnston had lived he would have pursued on Monday the aggressive policy of Sunday, and his army would have either won a victory or suffered a rout. And that he did not live was due to accident. A stray shot cut an artery in his leg. An extemporized tourniquet would have stopped the bleeding. But half an hour earlier he had dismissed the surgeon, who up to that time had accompanied him, to attend wounded Federal prisoners. There was no one present at the moment who knew enough to tie up the artery, and General Johnston bled to death. His humanity to Federal prisoners cost him his life. On the other hand, General Grant, Colonel McPherson and Major Hawkins, reconnoitering the field together, suddenly found themselves subjected to a sharp musket fire from a concealed battery. Major Hawkins lost his hat; Colonel McPherson's horse was shot through the body and lived just long enough to take him out of danger; and the scabbard of General Grant's sword was taken off by a ball. If the one ball had missed General Johnston, and the other ball had struck General Grant, the commander of the Federal forces, not of the Confederate forces, would have been changed, and the issue of the battle of Shiloh might have been different.—*Christian Union.*

TOBOGGANING.

Some Speculations as to How the Next Craze Will Catch You.

Tobogganing, the contagion of which seems to have come from Montreal's two winter carnivals, threatens to be the next popular craze. Already artificial hills are being built, where natural ones do not exist, and some provision for a glacial surface when ice is not to be had will doubtless be forthcoming. It is a wild, whirling sensation that takes hold firmer and holds on longer, perhaps, than the roller skate. It is thus described:

"Imagine yourself at the summit of a slope six hundred feet in height, and set at an angle of sixty degrees. For a long distance it falls sheer as a nightmare, dazzling white, each little grain of the snow scintillating like a diamond. You straighten your toboggan's head, and your lady companion bestows herself in the bow, tucking her skirts tightly around her dainty feet, and drawing her nubia down to shield her eyes and face. You ensconce yourself behind her; on one hip if you will, with the other foot trailing as a rudder; though my experience teaches me to prefer a square seat, with the toes in the near neighborhood of the rearward buttons of Angelina's sacque, one hand trailing on each side, by whose pressure (a small section of a broomstick is to be commended 'in this connection') the frail vessel is guided.

"All being in readiness you gently push your toboggan to the edge of the precipice. The slender wood creaks, rustles and bends; from a level the sled assumes an almost perpendicular position, and the nether world seems to rise up and smite you in the face. Nothing in the universe resembles this first dizzy swoop. So low is the sled and so light its fabric, and so tremendous the impetus instantly attained, that the impression is one of sitting still while the universe flies up at you. The sharp edges of the straining-board cut rainbows of snow that hiss at you, and cover your beard with chilly diamonds and Angelina's hair with priceless jewels; from either side the grinding crystals fly behind you like sparks from a grindstone. You have hardly swallowed your heart again when you are at the foot of the slope, and with the bound of a shark touched with the steel, the sled, striking the level, springs a dozen feet into the air and landing on the level snow-crust speeds onward with scarcely lessening speed till at last it stops more than a mile away from the hill whence you started, and where now the great pines look like scrubby bushes. In a minute you have gone a mile and a quarter, and realized the dizzy plunge of a nightmare and the long, unsupported, breathless swoop of the eagle.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Why He Didn't Fall.

Last spring an Indiana man started a bank in a town in Dakota, and about the 1st of October, having secured deposits to the extent of $25,000, a notice was one morning posted on the doors of the bank reading:

"Temporarily closed. Hope to pay depositors in full."

The banker wanted to test the temper of the public previous to a big scoop. In the course of half an hour the doors were kicked in, the office gutted, the banker stepped on until he was seventeen feet long and only two inches thick, and the chap who held a revolver to his ear jovially remarked:

"Now, then, my friend, we give you just five minutes to unlock that safe and count out the slugs to depositors in full."

Depositors were paid in full and the banker has come East in search of more civil people.—*Wall Street News.*

—The finest glassware in the market is the newest fashion in glass. It is called Amberina. The name is a combination of amber and ruby. The upper part of Amberina glassware is of a rich ruby color and the lower part in exact representation of the clearest amber. It is made into shades, globes and all kinds of cut ware. Many articles of table ware are made to represent insects. The glass has been in use for two years. It is made in Massachusetts and costs about seventy-five per cent. more than ordinary cut ware. Large quantities are shipped to Mexico and South America.—*J. E. Kendall, Glass Manufacturer, in N. Y. Tribune.*

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—Rufus J. Childress, a poet and magazine writer, and a well-known resident of Louisville, Ky., has become insane.

—Novels constitute nine-tenths of the books read in England, and nineteen-twentieths of the books read in the whole world.

—The London newspapers have a curious etiquette forbidding one to other quote or comment upon anything that appears in the columns of another.

—Ida Lewis, "the Grace Darling of Lime Rock," near Newport, R. I., has sent a contribution to the treasurer of the Grace Darling monument fund in England.

—The London *Standard* declares that the opinion steadily grows that Nathaniel Hawthorne was the most considerable literary personage that America has yet produced.

—Rufus Choate, when somebody threatened to challenge his vote on the ground that he could not write, answered: "If you do I will give you a specimen of my handwriting, and challenge you on the ground that you can not read."—*N. Y. Commercial-Advertiser.*

—Mr. Sarony, the New York photographer, although over sixty years of age, rich and very fond of sketching in charcoal and chalks for the Tile and Salmagundi Clubs, of which he is a member, still attends personally to posing the sitters in his great establishment.—*N. Y. Post.*

—"Bill" Nye invites the Prince of Wales' son, who has just come of age, to be his guest when he visits this country. "I tender you," he writes, "the freedom of my double-barreled shotgun during the prairie-chicken holocaust. I know where the angleworm grows rankest and the wild hen hatches her young."

—The new book, "The Money-makers," which is said to be a reply to "The Bread-winners," has just been published, and it has been generally understood that Congressman Martin A. Foran, of Cleveland, is the author, but that gentleman denies the report, and there promises to be the same mystery about the book as there was about "The Bread-winners."—*Chicago Inter Ocean.*

—The late David Kimball, of Portsmouth, N. H., had on several occasions during his lifetime the rare experience of seeing under the roof-tree of the old house at Topsfield, Mass., seven generations of his own blood, namely, his own great grandfather, grandfather, father, mother, his own generation, his own and his brother's children and grandchildren, and his brother's great grandchildren.—*Boston Journal.*

—Policeman Richard L. Eldredge, of New York, has been retired from the force and will hereafter receive a pension of fifty dollars per month. Eldredge has been in continuous service for fifty-two years, and is now eighty-seven years old. He was one of the four men who stood guard at Castle Garden when General Lafayette was received by the citizens of New York, and was the officer called by the mob after the murder of Helen Jewett many years ago. It was he who found the hatchet with which the murder was committed and the cloak of the murderer.—*N. Y. Sun.*

HUMOROUS.

—The principal seasons illustrated at the roller-skating rink are "fall" and "spring." Some of the remarks they provoke are summery.—*Norristown Herald.*

—"This bed is too short," said the tall man, on being shown to his room. "You must remember," said the boy, "that when you are in there will be two feet added to it."—*Merchant Traveler.*

—"Joseph Marmaduke Mullally, how dare you, sir!" exclaimed the indignant mother of a St. Louis boy. "Take your sister's ear muff off your feet instanter and find your rubbers. Don't be so lazy, sir!"—*Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.*

—"Look here, this piece of meat don't suit me. It's from the back of the animal's neck," said a man to a German butcher. "Mine frien', all dot beef vat I sells is pack of dot neck. Dere vos nodding but horns in front of dot neck."—*N. Y. Independent.*

"Do you manufacture trucks as well as roller skates?" "Oh, no." "But I was down at your factory this morning and saw several put together." "Oh, those were not trucks." "No?" "No, they are the kind of skates we are shipping to Chicago."—*Boston Post.*

—So you didn't succeed very well with your school in Illinois?" "No; I had to give it up at the end of the first month." "Did you use the blackboard much?" "No; it was too large. But I used all the other furniture about the room that wasn't nailed down."—*N. Y. Graphic.*

—"Aunt Jane, is it quite true that a lady may ask a gentleman to marry her if it is leap year?" "Yes, my dear, it is quite true." "But if he don't want to marry her, Aunt Jane, what must he do then?" "He must give her a new black silk dress, my dear, and then she understands." "Oh! Aunt Jane! Aunt Jane! Now I know why you have so many black silk dresses."—*Chicago Tribune.*

—"Mary, what does this mean? I find a bill for the use of hose." "Sure, marm, a man called to know if you used hose. I told him you did and he left that bill." "Why did you tell him we used hose, Mary? We never do." Mary's face showed surprise, distress and reproach: "Why, we do, marm!" with vehemence. "How? Mary, we haven't any." "Why, m-a-r-m! What does Pat take up the woods with?"—*Boston Transcript.*

—"Just listen to this, Martha!" exclaimed Mr. Jarphly, who was reading his evening paper; "one of the dogs at the London prize show is valued at $50,000. Good gracious! That's more money than I ever expect to be worth in my life." "Some dogs are worth more than others, Jeremiah," quietly remarked Mrs. Jarphly. And Mr. Jarphly eyed her for a moment and said she need not sit up for him that evening.—*N. Y. Herald.*

—Barnacle was forty-two years of age yesterday. His wife presented him with a handsome pair of carpet slippers—cost fifty cents. Barnacle was grateful, but thoughtful. At last he exclaimed: "Times have changed!" "Why, dear?" asked Mrs. B. "Well, before we were married, you gave me slippers worked in floss and silk, embroidered, monogrammed, scalloped in morocco and patent-leather with wool soles, at a cost of several dollars—ah, times change!" "Well, John, replied Mrs. B., after a thoughtful pause, "I had the slippers charged to you. I thought you wouldn't want to pay for a costly pair."—*Providence News.*