WINTER JOYS.

When the window pane is crusted
With a fairyland of snow,
And the wizard
Of the blizzard
Has shut off his biting blow,
When the morning's gold has busted
Like a billow on the swamp,
From my cozy,
Rosy, posy
Nest I fly with Persian pomp.
Oh, my spirit's bright and sunny,
And joy's echoes in me wake,
When I pour the shining honey
On the
Buckwheat cake.

Oh, the frosty air is bitter,
And the poodle's eyeballs shine,
And the chicken,
Zero-stricken,
Roosts upon the horse's spine.
Oh, the snowdrifts gleam and glitter
With a gleaming, glaring glit,
And the sparrow,
To his marrow,
By old Boreas is hit,
Yet I listen to him chirrup
In the bramble and the brake,
While I pour the maple syrup
On the
Buckwheat cake.

Oh, I watch the dumpy possum,
As he wags his tail in glee,
While he's rooting,
Or a-scooting,
To escape the fricassee.
With his nose a frozen blossom
Doth the small boy now appear
At the gateway,
And he straightway
Moulds of snow the deadly sphere.
And I see the man who passes
On his ear that snowball take,
While I pour the rich molasses
On the
Buckwheat cake.

—New York Journal.

THE COMEDY OF MR. TUCKER.

"Ma?"

No answer. There was a gentle clatter of china in the kitchen and a smell of steaming soapsuds.

"Ma, I say?" The call came this time from the head of the stairs.

"Well, what is it?"

"I want my clean shirt."

"It's right there in your drawer, just where I put it."

"I can't find it."

Mrs. Tucker wiped her hands hastily on the towel as she crossed the room. The stairs were built in the wall and she laid her hand against it going up; it was the third time she had been upstairs that morning.

"There!" she exclaimed triumphantly in her good-hearted tone, drawing forth the desired article; "just where I said 'twas.'"

"I thought that was another one," answered her husband. "Ain't you 'most through? You'll be late."

"No, I guess not."

It was a sweet Sunday morning in June and the sunshine struck glints of gold from the surface of the grass blades. The sky was a clear, rain-washed blue; the fragrance of wild rose was abroad in the air. Mrs. Tucker looked out of the kitchen door at the old horse switching his tail at the gate. He, too, wore a Sunday aspect. "I'd like to sit down and take it all in," she thought to herself. "There'll be the ride to church, anyway."

Presently there came another call from above. "Hurry up! You'll make me late."

"S'pose so," said Mrs. Tucker silently, now resigned to her fate. It seemed to Almira Tucker at times as if she had been "hurrying up" all her life.

When she went upstairs Mr. Tucker was standing in his shirt sleeves before the glass, chin out and mouth drawn to one side, as he wrestled with his collar button. She stopped to fasten it for him before sitting down to put on her shoes, then, standing behind him, she craned her neck over his shoulder to see how her back hair looked. He did not move and she did not seem to expect it.

"I wish you'd fix this tie, Almiry. I can't make it come right."

"Just a minute, Isr'el."

He shifted his position uneasily from one foot to the other. "I can't wait all day."

His wife dropped the just arranged waves of her front hair in disorder, and tied the necktie. There was not a neater or more "particular" man in town than Israel Tucker, and she was proud of the fact. His stiff shirt bosoms never broke in the wrong place.

"I'll be all ready by the time you get unhitched," she said, breathlessly, darting here and there as he put on his Sun-coat and vest. "Yes, Isr'el, I'm coming!" she called a few moments later. "Oh, dear! I always get so flustrated. Well, I can put on my gloves 's we go along."

"Oh, my! Ain't it a pretty day?" she exclaimed, now quite serene again. "Don't those daisies look like a lot 'o children havin' a party? See 'em bowin' an' dancin'. How pretty pink those roses are!"

"Well enough," said Mr. Tucker, indulgently. The patronizing toleration of the unimaginative temperament for what is beyond its grasp is a secret spring of glee to the humorous mind. Mrs. Tucker was not definitely conscious, however, of anything unsatisfying. She "took Isr'el just 's she found him." After all, they had much in common.

After church they drove to their married daughter's to dinner. Emmeline lived in the village. Mrs. Tucker always felt this visit to be something of an event. It was the only day in the week when she could sit still in her best black silk and see someone else "fly around." Emmeline loved to fly around. She was young and plump and inexhaustible. She rushed up to her mother as soon as the buggy stopped, and switched her collar into shape. "I did'nt want to tell you in church, but you got your collar on crooked again. Now, come right in. Don't you do anything, ma—sit where you are. I'm going to have chicken for dinner."

It was pleasant to see her little airs of position and hospitality. "Shall I cut up your lettuce for you, Henry?" she asked at table.

"If you want to," answered her husband, a thin, dark man with a rather discouraged expression. "I wish the pesky stuff would grow cut up, for my part."

They all laughed. Later on in the meal reference was made to something in the weekly newspaper. Emmeline at once jumped up and brought it to him.

"Why didn't you let him go?" asked Mrs Tucker afterward. She was thinking complacently, "Emmeline's got a good home."

"Well, I knew just where it was."

"You don't want to do for him in every single thing. Let him wait on you some. It's just as well to begin right."

Emmeline came to a standstill opposite. Her eyes had a jocose light in them; her round, good-humored face was like her mother's.

"Now, ma, I'd just like to know how much more I do than you've been doing for pa as far back as I can remember?"

"Well, maybe so," said Mrs. Tucker, surprised. The matter had never been so forcibly presented to her before. On their way home that afternoon she thought it over. She had the ability, rare in women who lead restricted lives, to face a situation and sum it up from an impersonal point of view. She was doing this now.

What Emmeline said was true. All her married life she had waited on her husband hand and foot until he had become so wonted to it as hardly to be able to get along without her help; and it had been a wonder to her, in the infrequent trips which he made to the city how he managed to dress himself unaided. She had found his belongings for him and put them away for years, and he expected it. Did he call she dropped everything and ran to him; it had been so much easier to run than to tell him what to do. She realized now that it was this that kept her always in a hurry. "The Tuckers always did take a sight of attention," she thought, with no sense of grievance. "Well, he is as he is, I suppose."

Nevertheless, when Mr. Tucker stopped on his way out to harness the horse next Sunday, to remark that he hoped she wasn't going to keep him waiting a whole half-hour again, she made a stand for herself.

"I'll be ready soon enough if you won't call me away from my work."

"It ain't that," said Mr. Tucker, in a tone of conscious superiority; "it's something else. I don't know how 'tis, but a woman never can get ready to go anywhere without fussin'."

"Well, you look after your own things today and I'll tend to mine—then we'll see."

Mr. Tucker came in and went upstairs. Presently his voice called:

"Is the water hot?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Tucker, rubbing her spoons with cheerful energy.

There was silence for two or three minutes, then the voice called again, a little imperatively: "I asked you if the water was hot?"

"Hot enough for shavin'; better come an' get it right off."

"I can't—I ain't fixed to."

"You can fix yourself well enough to come down; there's nobody passin'."

Mr. Tucker didn't look exactly "fixed" as he limped crossly downstairs in heelless slippers, with his suspenders dangling and his old shirt bulging out at the back in an extraordinary manner. "I didn't know you was so put to it 't you couldn't hand up a dipper of water," he observed with sarcasm.

"Well, I ain't a goin' to have you tell me I'm late this time," said his wife.

Soon he called again: "Where'd you put those socks of mine, Almiry?"

"Just where I told you—righthand corner of your drawer."

"I can't find 'em."

"Well, you look again an' I guess you will."

Strange sounds arose overhead; shoving sounds; squeaking, rattling sounds; a tramping back and forth. Over Mrs. Tucker's face stole an irrepressible smile of pure enjoyment. "Great doin's goin' on," she said, deftly turning over the dishpan and hanging the towels up to dry. "I declare, I'm about through!"

She entered her room. The bureau drawer that held Mr. Tucker's linen had been taken out bodily and dumped upon the bed; it looked as if a cyclone had whirled through it. Hanging over the edge were various nondescript bundles, partly unrolled; some even strewed the floor. Mrs. Tucker paid no outward attention, though her orderly mind was dismayed. She disported herself leisurely before the glass, smoothing her hair and pinning her collar with the utmost nicety. Behind her stood her husband, dodging his head from side to side.

"What is the matter?"

"I can't see anything while you take up the whole lookin' glass."

"You can see over my head just as well as I can over yours. Want anything?"

He would not answer until she looked up. Then he pointed to his tie.

"As soon as I've put on my bonnet. Why, what makes you fidget so? Get your coat an' vest on if you want to be doing something."

Five minutes afterward Mrs. Tucker might have been seen in the ample sitting-room door with her striped Sunday shawl on her arm, occasionally glancing over her shoulder, for her husband was behind time. As he finally appeared, warm and tired, she remarked, pleasantly: "You see I was all ready."

Mr. Tucker apparently did not hear. He got stiffly into the buggy. It was not until the end of the day that his wife discovered that he had worn socks that were not mates.

Now it happened that their nearest neighbor besought Mrs. Tucker to pay her a visit that week. "You're almost a stranger, Almiry," said she; "can't you and Mr. Tucker come to tea toward the end of the week?"

"I'd be pleased," answered Mrs. Tucker. "Mr. Tucker's busier'n common just now with the hayin,' but perhaps he could come along late in the afternoon and go home with me."

Mr. Tucker, however, would make no promise. "I'll see about it," was what he said. The day was so warm that Mrs. Tucker went to the storeroom to get out a certain black and white sprigged lawn, which she kept for the hottest weather, and which had not been worn that season. The store closet was built around the chimney. It was too small for a room, too large for a closet, and it had a little bit of a window near the floor that would not open. Mrs. Tucker was all ready to go when she saw that she had left the door unfastened, and she stepped back and turned the button.

It proved to be an enjoyable afternoon, though Mr. Tucker did not come to tea. "I don't suppose it was so he could get away," Mrs. Tucker explained, apologetically; "the hay's ripenin' so fast." She was disappointed herself, for she enjoyed her husband's society at times—he "made a good appearance in company." On this account she returned early in the evening, holding her muslin skirts well up to keep them out of the dust. Contrary to their usual twilight habit, the side door was closed. Everything looked just as she had left it. She hooked back the door and opened a window to let in the fresh air. It went up with a bang. Rat-a-tat; rat-atat! What was that? Mrs. Tucker's pulse jumped wildly; both her hands sprung up as she listened. There it was again! A loud thump-thump going on upstairs.

"Mercy! What can it be. Where's Isr'el that he don't hear the noise? It can't—" Awful fears chased her as, dragging her everyday hat by one string, she rushed upstairs where the sounds, louder and louder, guided her straight to the storeroom door.

There was no mistaking the animating motive of those blows; rage, wordless and impotent rage, was venting itself in regular pounding thwacks like a battering ram inside that closet; the door trembled under them. Mrs. Tucker turned the button and the door shot forward with the force of a catapault. A tall, burly form, partly white and partly black in the dusk, stepped forth.

"Isr'el Putnam Tucker, how you scaret me! How came you there?"

Did Israel Putnam Tucker deign to reply? Not he. He stalked majestically across the hall with a measured tread that lost none of its impressiveness from his being in his shirt sleeves. His wife followed at his heels, all agitation and remorse.

"You don't say you was in that closet all the aft'noon? Why, the awful! Why didn't you speak? Why didn't you say something? I was in a hurry an' I suppose you didn't have time. An' the boy was way over in the lot, wa'n't he? Of course, he couldn't hear you. I'm dreadful sorry, Isr'el. I wouldn't done it for anything if I'd known. Such a hot day, too! I'm afraid you'll be sick. Your face is just purple—"

This was going just too far. Mr. Tucker lifted his free hand (the other held his vest and wilted collar) in a single determined gesture, as one who should say: "Avaunt!" He might have been posed just so on a pedestal for a statue of his namesake. Then looking neither to right nor left, he marched downstairs.

Consternation made Mrs. Tucker's round eyes rounder and puckered all her face; something else divided her swift mind, something that wanted to be amusement, and had no kindred soul to share it with.

"Oh, my, he's just full of mad!" she soliloquized. "Don't blame him. So'd I be if I'd been shut up four or five hours in that little closet; only I'd been thinkin' some how comical 'twas, and kind o' makin' a story of it to tell afterward, an' he don't get any comfort that way."

Mr. Tucker came in from the yard after awhile, and sat down in the door with his newspaper. His wife fluttered about anxiously. "Let me make you a glass of lemonade, Isr'el," she suggested.

The top of Mr. Tucker's head above the newspaper waved decidedly from side to side.

"I won't ask him; I'll go make it," thought his better half; "he hasn't had any supper, either."

The pungent freshness of lemon peel and the tinkle of the spoon in the pitcher were pleasant things that warm night, and Mr. Tucker's senses seemed to greet them with approval; but as his wife set the glass beside him he looked askance at it and spoke for the first time: "I don't want it."

"Do drink it, Isr'el, it'll cool you off."

"I-don't-want-it."

She said no more, but carried the glass out to the kitchen and left it in the window. By and by Mr. Tucker arose, and, with his eyes still on the paper, sauntered casually out that way. When Mrs. Tucker went into the pantry to stir up bread the glass was empty, and an immense wedge was gone from the berry pie she had baked that morning. She looked pleased.

"Well, I guess he won't starve," she said.

"What makes pa so solemn?" asked Emmeline next Sunday. "He acts just's he did at the time those bunko men took him in at Hartford."

"Now, Emmeline, you mustn't say one word." Mrs. Tucker was really aching to tell the story. She told it dramatically because it was her nature. If it had been a joke against herself it would have been the same. Emmeline dropped the flour seive and plumped herself down on a stool in the pantry—she also was dramatic.

"Oh, ma," she said, "I shall give up!"

"There-sh-h! You mustn't do so."

It is hard to know how to treat a man in the sulks. You can punish a little boy who does not behave to please you, whether you are right or wrong, for he is the under dog; but what can you do with a little boy of fifty-seven? For a week Mr. Tucker showed a surprising propensity for keeping himself in evidence. He would come in from the farm at all hours of the day and institute elaborate searches for unknown articles, and if his wife asked him what he was looking for or begged to help him he invariably turned a deaf ear. He found numberless things requiring his immediate attention within sight of the kitchen door. It was not that he wanted to be near at hand to answer if spoken to and not answer. He also developed a rigid independence to his toilet. He could look after himself, he guessed; he didn't want any meddling with his things. One rainy day he was busy for some time upstairs, and later on his wife found out that he had been turning out the contents of his bureau drawers and rearranging them after an original conception of his own. By this time she would have worn sackcloth and ashes, if sackcloth and ashes had anything to do with the case. He even refused assistance with his collars, going so far as to trim off the frayed edges of an old one to wear to town meeting, much to her mortification, and on Sunday, while driving to church, as she saw his checked necktie sliding around to his ear and ventured to replace it, he deliberately put up his left hand and shoved it around again. Then she knew he was very mad.

Of course, it wore off in time; but a touch of new independence remained, and another result less palpable perhaps, a shading off, as it were, of the undisturbed self-importance which had hitherto marked his demeanor. A man cannot be confined four or five hours in a closet on a broiling day in July, from circumstances over which he has no control, and preserve intact his sense of conscious superiority over all inanimate things. Even a stout wooden button of his own fashioning may be a sufficient agent to enlarge his views. The instruments that shape our ends are not always such as we would choose ourselves. It is a curious fact, yet true, that nothing had ever done Israel Tucker more good than being shut up in that closet.

In the first sharp days of fall Mrs. Tucker fell sick, and when she recovered the doctor told her husband that her heart was weak. "You must see to it now that she doesn't overdo," he said. "Make her sit down more, and not stoop over or reach up, or get tired out."

He was a young doctor and very able. Israel went to the door to see him drive out of the yard in his mud-splashed buggy. He did not go back to the room where his wife was. He looked out of the end window. Little was to be seen from the window, and that little he did not see, but he stood there some time.

It was a trial to the able-bodied woman, whose life had been spent in taking steps for others, to give up her active ways and let many things go undone. Israel did his best to follow the doctor's instructions. He did more; he began in a feeble, rudimentary fashion to take care of her. At first it seemed to Mrs. Tucker more bother than use. She expressed herself quite openly about it. She had never been a scold, but she had had her own way in that kitchen. His fingers were all thumbs. When he broke the handle off the sugar bowl trying to make her a cup of tea she felt that the whole household was going to rack and ruin and told him so.

By-and-by it began to give her a certain pleasure to see Israel stepping about the house, bringing her her shawl or placing a footstool for her. He had never done those things before, even when courting; he had supposed that she knew enough to take care of herself.

One day she sat in her room while Israel, on his knees beside her, struggled over her shoes with the button-hook. His sleek, gray head and busy, work-hardened hands were pleasant in her eyes. She suddenly threw her arms around his neck and kissed him. And I suppose she had not done it like that since she was young.

Our New England emotions are like our bottled cider; they have a tang of their own, but the cork comes out hard, and not always without an explosion.

"Oh, Isr'el," said she, "you're so good. I don't like to make you do so much for me all the time."

Israel looked up. He was not smiling, but in his sober face there was a look as of one who was slowly rising to the occasion.

"You might as well get used to it," he said. "Doctor said to see to you some, an' I'm going to do it."

"But I don't want you should wait on me so much—I don't need it."

"I ain't said yet I didn't like it," answered Israel.—New York Tribune.

A Comforting Text.

The late Mayor Howland, of Toronto, called one day on a poor, sick woman and as usual read a portion of scripture and offered prayer. On leaving he named a passage of scripture which he thought would give comfort. The husband of the sick woman was incensed that Mr. Howland should have left no more substantial evidence of sympathy and gave expression to his anger in vigorous language. After a little the Bible was opened again, and a $10 bill was found. The angry man went at once to Mr. Howland and offered his humble apologies, and at the funeral of his benefactor there was not a more sincere mourner than the one who had failed to understand that there is more than one way of bestowing charity.

Nobody but a woman will carry a watch without keeping it wound up.

A Masonic Ring.

A prisoner named Davenport, who belonged to a Maryland regiment and whose home was in Baltimore, had a hut near that of Richardson and Bell. He had been sick for some time. He failed rapidly and seemed to realize that he would live but a few days. Richardson was by his side a good deal of the time.

"I want you to do something for me, Charley," said Davenport.

"Name it, and if possible it shall be done."

Then Davenport slipped from a bony finger a ring upon which there were emblems which his friend did not understand.

"I want you to get permission to go outside and find Sergeant Hall, the Confederate who helped Wirz the day we came to the prison, hand him this ring and tell him I am very sick."

"I went down to the gate," said Richardson, "and waited for a chance to speak to the officer in charge. While standing there I examined the ring. The Confederate guard noticed it, and asked me to let him see it. I held it so he could see the ring, not daring to let it get out of my possession. 'You need not be afraid to let me take that ring, young fellow; I have one like it, you see. But what are you doing with such a ring? You are not old enough to be a Mason.'"

"I then told him about poor Davenport and what he had asked me to do.

"'Corporal of the guard No. 1,' cried the guard, without saying a word in answer to me. In a moment a corporal appeared and the guard asked him to have Sergeant Hall sent to the gate, explaining that a prisoner had a message from a man who had a right to call upon him.

"Sergeant Hall soon came to the gate. The guard pointed at me and said: 'He wants to speak to you.' I held up the ring as he approached and began to tell him why I had come after him, but hadn't gotten half through when he said: 'Take me to Mr. Davenport; I can guess the rest.'

"Ten minutes later the soldier in gray was lovingly bending over the soldier in faded blue. Hall did everything in his power for Davenport, but help had come too late. Three days afterward Davenport died. Hall took charge of the body, and word came to us that Davenport had been buried with Masonic honors."

"It was about the middle of December, 1864, when word came to the prison at Florence, S. C., that a batch of the sickest and weakest men would be exchanged. 'Now, Bell, we will try again,' and we did.

"A few days before I had found a new friend, a brother printer, the first before-the-war acquaintance I had met since becoming a prisoner. He was M. P. Walsh, also of a New York regiment, but, like myself, a resident of Milwaukee. Walsh, Bell and myself fell in for examination. All three were badly wrecked. My weight had gotten down to 70 pounds. Walsh and Bell were no better off.

"'You can go, and so can you,' said the surgeon, when he came to Walsh and Bell.

"'I guess you can hold out until the next batch is called for, young fellow,' is what he said to me.

"I staggered and would have fallen if one of the boys hadn't caught me.

"'Can't I go, doctor? I have been a prisoner over a year. I am sick and too weak to live here any longer.' But my appeal did not avail.

"Walsh told me to cheer up, and said that it wouldn't be long before I would get out. I asked him to call on my mother when he got home and tell her where I was. I ran away to go to the war, and had never written her while in the regiment for fear that she would get me out because I was under age. For two or three minutes before saying good-by Bell and I stood with arms around each other's necks crying, not softly, but heart-brokenly, loudly. I can never forget that parting."

Richardson's brothers and sisters had long since given up their brother as dead, but his mother was sure that he was alive and would return home.

The night before Christmas, 1864, Mrs. Richardson startled the family by saying that one of their Christmas gifts would consist of information from Charlie. She could give no reason, but stoutly declared that she knew the glad tidings were coming.

Sergeant Walsh, since a member of the assembly and Sheriff of Milwaukee County, arrived home the night before Christmas.

While the Richardsons were at breakfast the mother talked about her son most of the time, closing with "And this is the day we are to hear from him." She took a seat near a window and watched for the messenger who was to tell her something about the boy she had not seen nor heard a word from for more than three years.

The hours dragged slowly along. Two o'clock came and the watcher had watched in vain. The family had gathered about the table to enjoy the Christmas dinner. There was a rap at the door.

"The news has come!" cried the mother, as she hurried to open the door. "I don't know who you are, but I guess that you have come to tell us about Charlie," said Mrs. Richardson, before the caller could say a word.

"That's what I have," said Walsh. "He is at Florence prison, and I think he will soon be exchanged and start for home."

"There, what did I tell you!" exclaimed the overjoyed mother, as she fell into a chair and wept—wept as any mother would have done under like circumstances.

Three months later the boy returned to his home. One of his first acts was to write and ask how Bell was getting on. Word came back that he had died on the way home.—J. A. Watrous, in Chicago Times-Herald.

A New Lincoln Anecdote.

A Kentucky contributor sends to the Youth's Companion a pleasing anecdote of Abraham Lincoln. It has never before been published, he says, and was received by him from the other party to the story, who is still living in Kentucky. It illustrates once more the genial, friendly temper of the great war President. During the Presidential campaign of 1840, when Gen. William Henry Harrison was the Whig candidate, Lincoln, then a young man just rising into prominence, accepted an invitation to address an audience in Union County, Kentucky, at a Whig barbecue.

He was met at a landing on the Ohio River, about ten miles from the place of the barbecue, by a committee, headed by Capt. George W. Riddle, and was escorted to the meeting, seated in a spring wagon by the side of Captain Riddle, the driver.

On the road Mr. Lincoln entertained the committee with several amusing anecdotes, and on arriving at his destination delivered an able and eloquent address—probably the only address that he ever delivered in his native State.

After the speaking Captain Riddle, who commanded a military company, fired a salute in honor of the orator of the day, but the cannon, an old six-pounder, was overcharged, and exploded; though without any serious results. Captain Riddle raised a subscription to pay Mr. Lincoln's expenses, contributing liberally himself, and then escorted him back to the river. The future President was much pleased with his visit, and so expressed himself.

Many years passed. Mr. Lincoln was elected chief magistrate of the nation, Riddle took sides with the South, and having expressed his opinions rather boldly, was arrested for treason and sent to Camp Chase, a military prison.

"It was a dull and gloomy place for me," said the old gentleman, in relating the story, "and after I had remained there about ten days I got home-sick, and concluded I would remind my friend Lincoln of bygone hours. So I wrote to him as follows:

"'My Dear Mr. President—After presenting my compliments to you I wish to remind you that a good many years ago I had you in tow at a Whig barbecue near Morganfield, in Union County, Kentucky. On that occasion I tried to treat you kindly, and even burst my cannon in firing a salute in your honor. I hope you have not forgotten it. Now, sir, you have me in tow, and I am your prisoner here in Camp Chase. I am lonesome and home-sick, and want to get home to my old wife. Please let me go. Yours truly.

"'GEORGE W. RIDDLE.'"

When Mr. Lincoln received this letter he laughed heartily, and at once wrote upon the back of it, "Please let Capt. George W. Riddle go home. A. Lincoln."

Delighted in Taking Prisoners.

Grant made very few comments upon the stirring events which were crowding so closely upon one another until the reports came in regarding the prisoners. When the large numbers captured were announced, he said, with the first trace of animation he had shown, "That's the kind of news I like to hear. I had hoped that a bold dash at daylight would secure a large number of prisoners. Hancock is doing well." This remark was eminently characteristic of the Union commander. His extreme fondness for taking prisoners was manifested in every battle he fought. When word was brought to him of a success on any part of the line, his first most eager question was always, "Have any prisoners been taken?" The love for capturing prisoners amounted to a passion with him. It did not arise from the fact that they added so largely to the trophies of battle, and was no doubt chiefly due to his tenderness of heart, which prompted him to feel that it was always more humane to reduce the enemy's strength by captures than by slaughter. His desire in this respect was amply gratified, for during the war it fell to his lot to capture a larger number of prisoners than any general of modern times.—Century.

Kill and Capture.

When after the second battle of Bull Run, General Sickles assumed command of a division of the Army of the Potomac, he gave an elaborate farewell dinner to the officers of his old Excelsior Brigade.

"Now, boys, we will have a family gathering," he said to them as they assembled in his quarters.

Pointing to the table, he continued, "Treat it as you would the enemy."

As the feast ended, an Irish officer, Captain Byrnes, was discovered by Sickles in the act of stowing away three bottles of champagne in his saddle-bags.

"What are you doing, sir?" gasped the astonished general.

"Obeying orders, sir," replied the captain, in a firm voice.

"You told us to treat that dinner as we would the enemy, and you know, general, what we don't kill we capture!"

Moses was the ablest law-giver who ever lived. He was also an executive manager of matchless resources, and the system of state government founded by him has ever since been a model