

### THE PENALTY.

Nebber was no use o' gittin' humptious, anyhow. Mockin' bird, he sot hisse' ter singin' on de boug; An' ev'ry time a yuhub bird would try ter stah a chune, He take it up an' carry it, an' 'scourage im right soon. He put on lots ob airs, he did, de envy ob de through.

A-singin' An' a-wingin' An' a-mockin' all day long.

An' many a bird dat humbly crep' along a lower limb Would stop awhile ter listen an' ter wish dat he was him.

Dey worried 'bout de human folks dat praised 'im up so high, But dem birds got mo' contented when a week or so went by. Dar is pity foh de mockin'-bird dat caused sech jealous rage.

Case dey cotched 'im An' dey coteched 'im An' dey've got 'im in a cage.

### STORY OF A SOLDIER'S DOUBLE.

About thirty days before Grant broke through Lee's line at Petersburg and the beginning of the end came, a portion of my regiment captured seven Confederates and brought them into camp. My own company was a part of the Federal force, but as I was on detached duty that week I was not with them. The first I knew of the capture was when I heard the story that I had deserted to the Confederates and been recaptured and would be shot. I visited company headquarters to ascertain what the talk meant, and there met with a strange reception. I was there wearing a blue uniform, and yet I was in the guardhouse half a mile away wearing the butternut. I had been on duty at division headquarters, and yet I had been captured on the advance lines. I was at once placed under arrest, and it was an hour or more before the mystery was solved. Then it was found that one of the Confederate prisoners was my double. As the case excited a good deal of comment at the time, I will give you the full particulars. My double was a member of an Alabama regiment. When placed side by side we were twin brothers. Each of us was 20 years



A COLONEL QUESTIONED ME AS TO MY NAME, ETC.

old; each five feet five inches high; each weighed 137 pounds. Our eyes and hair were of the same color. Even our voices were the same except that he spoke with more of a drawl. The name of the young man was John Wakefield, and we were born a thousand miles apart and were in no way related. We were as much astonished as the officers and surgeons who were called in to gaze at us. No twin brothers ever bore a closer resemblance, and they declared that even our gait was the same.

I had not yet recovered from my astonishment when the suggestion was made that I go into the Confederate camp as a spy on the strength of the wonderful resemblance. I was given three days in which to pump Wakefield. He did not know my object, or I should credit him with having told me less, although he was tired of the war and rather glad he had been captured. I first got his family history complete. Then the town from which he hailed, the names of many people and the situation of streets and public buildings. Then the names of the officers and comrades and incidents of campaigning. Having nothing else to do, my aim being to acquire information, I got from him almost every incident of his life in those three days and nights. As my life would depend upon my being thoroughly posted, we canvassed the most trivial incidents of his life at home and as a soldier. He was a ready talker and had a good memory, and, of course, these things helped me wonderfully. When I was quite ready I took his suit of clothes complete, and he was given another. Then I was taken down to the front and made a bolt for it. In other words, one of the Confederate prisoners escaped and dashed across the space which separated the opposing lines. Not half a dozen men were let into the secret, and as I ran I was fired upon by half the regiment.

They had promised me differently, and I still cherish a bitter feeling against the officer who had charge of the affair and obliged me to run such a risk. The bullets whizzed overhead and tore up the earth at my feet, and it was nothing short of a miracle that I escaped being hit. I ran at full speed straight for the Confederate lines, and on dashing over the breastwork I found myself in the midst of a Louisiana brigade of infantry. A colonel questioned me as to my name, regiment, when captured, etc., and I answered so promptly that I supposed everything was all right. It wasn't, however. Federal spies had played the game before, and Confederate wit had become sharp. I was sent to

the headquarters of Gen. Mahone, who was subsequently celebrated in Virginia and national politics. He asked me the same questions which the colonel had put to me and many others in addition. I saw that he was suspicious, and, braving all at one stroke, I requested that my captain be sent for. The Alabama regiment to which I was supposed to belong was stationed two miles away, and it was about 9 o'clock before the captain arrived. Previous to his appearance I had been asked his name, which I gave correctly, and had also described his person. When he reached headquarters I was sent for, and as I stood before him and two or



WINSLOW BOLDLY PROCLAIMED THAT I WAS NOT JOHN WAKEFIELD.

three headquarters officers Gen. Mahone asked: "Capt. Thorn, this man claims to be long to your company. Is he a member or not?" "Yes, sir," was the prompt reply. "What's his name?" "John Wakefield, sir." "When was he captured?" "Four days ago, along with several men."

"Are you positive that this is your man?" "Certainly, sir. I knew him before he enlisted, and he has been in my company for a year." That settled it. We were dismissed, and I followed Capt. Thorn to the regiment. On the way I related the particulars of my capture and escape, and he seemed considerably puzzled that Gen. Mahone should have been so suspicious of me. There were about forty men in Company D. They all gathered around me as I appeared and gave me welcome, and a young man named David Ganny, who had been Wakefield's tent mate, put his arms around me and shed tears in his gladness over my return. I had learned my part so thoroughly that I was "at home" from the first. Next day I met every member of the company, officers included, and where I used names I made no mistake. I fell into the routine with the rest, and after three days the curiosity of all had been satisfied.

You may say that it was a wonderful thing that I could thus pass myself off and escape all suspicion, but I am only telling you what was known to Gen. Grant himself. My orders were to ascertain Lee's strength on a line about four miles long. How I was to accomplish this after entering the Confederate lines was left for me to decide. Wakefield told me that he had a cousin in the Seventh Virginia—a young soldier named John Winslow. He had visited him whenever opportunity offered, and this was a good excuse for me to get out of camp. I got permission from my captain to go, and in hunting up the Seventh Virginia I took care to miss it and cover the whole front and have a look at guns and fortifications. I found Winslow at last, but his greeting was far from cordial. The two had evidently quarreled about something on which I was not posted. He was so sulky and unfriendly that I was about to cut my visit short when he gave me a searching look and exclaimed:

"Why, you are not John Wakefield at all!" "Then who am I?" I asked with a laugh.

"I don't know, but you are certainly not my cousin John. You look like him, but you are not he."

It was queer that he alone should have suspected me, but something in my speech, walk or look warned him that I was a counterfeit. I laughed at him in a good-natured way, hoped I would find him in a better humor when I called again, and started for my regiment; but I had not gone a quarter of

NO, SIR, I'D HAVE HUNG YOU BY THE NECK.

a mile when I was overtaken, put under arrest, and an hour later was once more in the presence of Gen. Mahone. I am sure that the General had doubted me from the first. Indeed, after the war he told me as much, and added that he was not quite satisfied even when my captain so thoroughly identified me. I was followed to his tent by Winslow, who boldly proclaimed that I was not John Wakefield. Then all the officers and half a dozen men of the company, including my tentmate, were sent for, and the General heartily entered upon the work of trapping me. My life was the stake being played

for, and, though I was terribly anxious as to the outcome, as you may believe, I believe I displayed all the coolness and nerve which my best friend could have hoped for. Every officer and every man promptly identified me as John Wakefield, but to offset this Winslow said that his cousin had a scar on the neck which could not be found on me. I denied the scar, and then my captain was requested to ask me certain questions which the General suggested or wrote out. In reply I gave the Christian name of father, mother and sister, as well as a number of uncles, aunts and consins. I gave the names of many streets in Montgomery, Ala.; the names of many families, the situation of the State House, Exchange Hotel, police station, etc. I told the part taken by my regiment in various battles and skirmishes, and related a funny incident connected with my enlistment which Capt. Thorn clearly remembered.

I had pumped John Wakefield so thoroughly and so plainly remembered everything that I believe I passed the examination fully as well as or better than he could. Gen. Mahone had only one peg to hang a rope on after putting me through my paces for a full two hours. My tentmate was sure I was John Wakefield, and yet I was a bit strange since my return to the company. I did not use tobacco any longer and he had not heard me swear, though I had been addicted to both vices before my capture. I claimed that I had resolved to let tobacco alone, as it was affecting my health, and I had quit swearing in gratitude over my escape. The General was satisfied and yet unsatisfied. He acknowledged that my officers and comrades ought to know me after being together for a year, but added that there was no great hurry to dispose of the case, and sent me to the guardhouse.

At the end of two days I was escorted back to his headquarters, and he played his last card. In his tent was a soldier dressed in Federal uniform, whom I took to be a deserter. There were also two men dressed as civilians, but I believe they were Confederate soldiers temporarily disguised. The General had two letters and a telegram before him, and as I stood at attention, he looked up and said:

"Well, my Yankee lad, you are pretty sharp and have stuck by your story, but you might as well make a clean breast of it now. You see this deserter from your lines—these citizens from Montgomery—these written proofs that you are not John Wakefield."

"What do you want me to be?" I asked.

"I want your right name and the story of how you got into our lines. You are a spy, and hanging is the penalty, but, owing to your youth, we may decide to treat you as a prisoner of war."

I declared that I was John Wakefield, asked him to remember that all my comrades had fully identified me, and expressed my willingness to face any new proofs he might have to the contrary. He leaned back in his chair and looked me straight in the eyes for a moment, and I knew he was a beaten man. He did not call up the men nor read the letters, as they had been "prepared" for the occasion, and could not have helped him out. After what seemed fully ten minutes he quietly said:

"Well, perhaps a mistake has been made. You can return to your regiment."

My two arraignments before Gen. Mahone made me an object of curiosity and gossip in my company, and when I returned it was to find all the men anxious to quiz me, and two or three of them seemingly suspicious. The Captain called me into his tent and questioned and cross-questioned me until he declared that nobody but a fool could have taken me for anyone else. I put the men off by pretending to be angry, and three nights later, as we held a breastwork at the front, I slipped away in the darkness and reentered the Federal lines. Acting on the information I brought Grant was hammering away on that portion of the Confederate line at daybreak. Ten years after the war, as I smoked the pipe of peace with Gen. Mahone at a hotel in Richmond, I put the inquiry:

"General, suppose you had secured proofs that I was not John Wakefield—what would have happened?" "Can't you guess?" he replied. "Would you have had me shot?" "No, sir. I'd have hung you by the neck and made a good job of it!"—C. B. Lewis, in St. Louis Republic.

**Trinity's Clock on a Spree.** Old Trinity's clock, which is usually a trustworthy timepiece, went wrong on Friday, and for two days its antics made the Wall street men rub their eyes and try to recall where they had been the night before. The hands seemed to have fled of their humdrum round and got frisky. On Saturday morning they jumped from 11 o'clock to 11:15 in less than a second, and then they swung to 11:45, where they played for a moment. Then they advanced until they pointed to 12 o'clock. The subsequent proceedings attracted general attention down town, and when the hands pointed to 11:30 and the clock struck 3 there was appropriate language used. Trinity's clock is one of the most conspicuous things in the lower part of the city, and its accuracy is seldom questioned.—New York Sun.

**Content with What He Had.** "Brother," said the minister, "you should try to be content with what you have."

"I am," said the brother, who had been grumbling. "It is what I ain't got that I am dissatisfied about."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A man will always give up the rocking chair to his wife, but he demands that she give up the newspaper.

### RIVALRY BLONDIEN.

**Warner, the Tight Rope Artist, Performs Daring Feats in Pain.** The plain of Bogota is sixty miles long from north to south and thirty miles from east to west. The River Funga, formed by numerous mountain streams, which take their rise one hundred miles north of the city, traverses the plain in a southwesterly direction to Tequendama, where, through a gap not over thirty-six feet in width, it leaps over a rocky ledge upward of 600 feet high, forming one of the most magnificent cataracts on the globe, and thence rushes down to join the Magdalena. The height of this precipice is



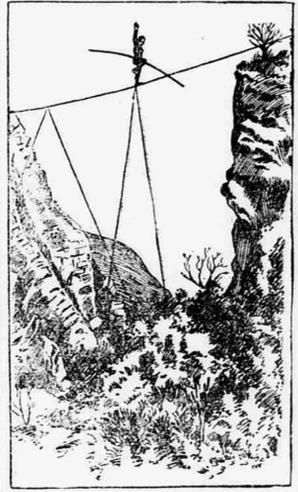
CROSSING THE TEQUENDAMA CATARACT.

so great that the inhabitants of Bogota were terrified by the daring and audacious act of the Canadian equilibrist, Mr. Warner, who crossed the abyss of the Tequendama in imitation of the act of Blondin at Niagara. This feat is shown in the accompanying cuts, which are reproductions of photographs taken on the spot by A. Esperm, of the city of Bogota, Spain, says the Scientific American.

From the remotest antiquity there have always been equilibrists, many of whom were extraordinary, daring and skillful, and have astounded the spectators by their daring deeds of prowess. History tells us that in 1385, upon the entrance of Isabel of Bavaria into Paris, a Genoese allowed himself to slide, singing, from the top of the towers of Notre Dame to Pont de Change, over which the Queen passed and entered through an opening in the blue taffeta gown with golden fleur de lis, with which the bridge was covered. After having placed a crown on young Isabel's head, the equilibrist continued his aerial journey. When it was nearly night, the Genoese ascended to the towers carrying a lighted torch in each hand, which must have caused a singular appearance from a distance, and doubtless gave rise to more than one story of fantastic apparitions.

If history has preserved for us through five centuries the traditions of this descent from the towers of Notre Dame to the Pont de Change as a marvelous feat, what can we say of Blondin and his imitators, especially Warner, who has dared not only on a wire to cross the cataract of Niagara, but has just performed the wonderful feat of crossing the terrible abyss of Tequendama on a rope. The crossing of Niagara gave Blondin a universal reputation, he being the first to try this daring act; but if considered conscientiously, that is nothing compared with the crossing of Tequendama, for the conditions of the two cataracts are quite different.

At Niagara an acrobat who became dizzy and lost his equilibrium would fall into waters that are perfectly tranquil and very deep—circumstances which taken in connection with the fact that the fall would not be more than about one hundred feet, would give the equilibrist the assurance of salvation, for he would not encounter rocks, and if he knew something of swimming he



500 FEET ABOVE THE GROUND.

would rise to the surface and swim to one of the banks or to a boat, which would pick him up and land him safely. At Tequendama all the conditions of the abyss are against the equilibrist, who, in case he experiences the slightest dizziness and falls, would be very certain of breaking his neck, for he would fall into a raging torrent from the terrible height of 475 feet. What would be the size of the largest fragment of the acrobat that could be picked up at the bottom of such an abyss?

**Cater Extracted from Gold Pieces.** One of the most puzzled men in town is a Montgomery street restaurant-keeper, who recently took in a \$20 gold

piece which filled all the ordinary requirements of genuineness so far as a superficial test could reveal the true facts. But a few days ago a banker stepped into his place and saw the \$20 piece which the restaurant man had received only a short time before. The banker had a queer look in his eyes as he took the coin and rapped it sharply with his knife, and the restaurant-keeper had a stranger expression as he saw his supposed \$20 piece break into two pieces.

"How is this?" he demanded. The banker answered: "It is the same old game. I had one of these pieces myself, and since then I have tested gold pieces of the \$20 denomination very carefully. If that had been genuine my test would not have broken it."

Then the restaurant-keeper and the banker carefully examined it together. The outside of the gold piece was all right, seemingly, when the disassembled parts were placed together. The milling seemed to be up to the standard. The weight was correct.

But the inside of the piece was half filled with a composition which was not the customary gold and alloy. Still closer examination revealed that the gold had been saved through with exquisite care and skill just inside of the milling. Then the milling had been removed and from the interior of the piece some of the gold had been extracted and the baser composition was made to take the place of the more precious metal. Then, with equal deftness and skill the milling had been replaced and soldered in some way, and the trick was done.—San Francisco Call.

### Have Birds Reasoning Powers?

Some very interesting observations relating to the surgical treatments of wounds by birds were recently brought by M. Parlo before the Physical Society of Geneva. He quotes the case of the snipe, which he often observed engaging in repairing damages.

With its beak and feathers it makes a very creditable dressing, applying plasters to bleeding wounds, and even securing a broken limb by means of a stout ligature. On one occasion he killed a snipe which had on its chest a large dressing composed of down taken from other parts of the body, and securely fixed to the wound by the coagulated blood. Twice he has brought home snipe with interwoven feathers strapped on to the site of fracture of one of the other limb. The most interesting example was that of a snipe, both of whose legs he had unfortunately broken by a misdirected shot. He recovered the bird only the day following, and he then found that the poor thing had contrived to apply dressings and a sort of splint to both limbs.

In a case reported by M. Magnin, a snipe, that was observed to fly away with a broken leg, was subsequently found to have forced the fragments into a parallel position, the upper fragment reaching to the knee, and secured them there by means of a strong band of feathers and moss intermingled. The observers were particularly struck by the application of a ligature of a kind of flat leaved grass wound round the limb in a spiral form, and securely fixed by means of a sort of glue.

### Wolves Increasing in Number.

The gray wolf, the bane of cattleman and flockmaster, appears to multiply and flourish in defiance of the efforts of the hunter and the price set upon his head. Advice from all sections of the range country report that gray wolves are as numerous and destructive as ever. Range riders are witnesses to the fact that the fattest and strongest steers are frequently overcome by these ferocious beasts, while the weak and infirm surrender to their attacks almost without a struggle. The live stock loss of Montana from this source cannot be calculated, but from the nature of the case it must be tremendous. Professional hunters state that the gray wolf is an exceptionally difficult animal to circumvent; his cunning is remarkable, and his suspicious nature causes him to avoid any locality which his keen senses notify him has been invaded by his human enemy. He is not a gregarious animal, preparing to roam in small bunches, which prevents such a wholesale killing as could be accomplished if a large band should fall within the power of the hunter. He avoids poisoned baits and dead carcasses; he is essentially a beast of prey, preferring fresh meat all the time, and when the pangs of hunger are felt he starts out to find something with warm blood in it.

For these reasons wolf hunting is an extremely slow and precarious occupation; trapping, chasing and shooting are practically the only methods that produce results, and attractive inducements are necessary to encourage hunters to engage in that work as a means of livelihood.—Benton River (Mont.) Press.

### The Hat.

A hat has been designed which it is claimed will remedy many of the most serious objections made to it in its present shape. The chief idea in this new hat is to prevent pressure on the arteries passing to the scalp, and the veins passing therefrom, by the application of pads to the leather of the hat, in certain positions. On the band inside are fixed three pads in front, one central and two lateral; between these there is an interval on each side in which the frontal artery and supra-orbital nerve rest; passing backward, the next interval forms a large space for any variations of the temporal artery and its two branches, and the next interval is for the occipital artery.

**Onyx in Kentucky.** Onyx in large quantity and, it is said, of good quality, has been found in Hart County, Kentucky.

### QUEER HOUSES.

#### They Were Built to Gratify Hobbies of Their Owners.

In an obscure thoroughfare of Paris there is an old, dilapidated building which has a curious history. Nearly 300 years ago, in the reign of Louis XIV., its owner, Comte de Boutteville, conceived the extraordinary idea of making it a rendezvous for duellists, and at one period all the aristocratic quarrels of the day were disposed of within its precincts.

An engagement to fight a duel was a sure passport to the Comte's favor and hospitality. He spared neither pains nor expense in arranging his household to anticipate the wants of his curious guests, and a table was laid every morning in one of the rooms of the mansion, at which the principals and their supporters breakfasted before proceeding to business with weapons supplied frequently from the Comte's armory.

A German doctor living in Japan set himself to construct a perfect sanitary dwelling house at Yokohama in 1891. The walls consist of two layers of rough plate glass about half an inch thick, separated by a space of four inches, filled with a strong solution of salts of soda or alum to moderate and diffuse the sunlight. The foundations are constructed with a special view of minimizing the danger from earthquakes so common in Japan.

The main feature of the house is that there are no openings or cracks of any kind to admit air, moisture, insects, dust or microbes. Fresh air and ventilation are supplied by means of pipes and grids in the floors, and before entering the rooms the air is filtered by passing through cages filled with cotton wool. It is then made to strike a large pane of glass coated with glycerine, which, in the opinion of the doctor, makes it as pure as an antiseptic dressing. The impure germs introduced by the inmates are, it is claimed, doomed to rapid extinction in rooms bathed in sunlight and without a dark corner.

#### A Slight Mistake.

It was the first poem the young lady had been brave enough to offer to the paper, and she brought it in person. She took it into the business office by mistake.

The young lady handed her poem to the advertising manager and he counted the words in it, tapping his pencil upon each one as he read it. It ran this way:

As the sun sank to rest that evening,  
All my hopes turned to ashes and dust;  
The future will bring me but grieving,  
For him who has broken his trust.

And the day that has gone shall be ever  
The last that I ever will know  
Of joy of loving forever,  
And the future be clouded with woe.

"That's a dandy," said the advertising manager, "and it ought to get him back sure. Let's see—sixty-two words; that'll be \$1.75 for one insertion. Will that be enough?"

"Why," said the young lady, "I hadn't thought of fixing a price. What do you think is right will do. Do you think it is worth it?"

"Oh, yes, miss, it's a low rate. We'll run it right next to reading matter. It's a catchy idea, running it in verse. You'd better add your address so the party that finds him can bring him 'round to you. Quite a pet with you, wasn't he?"

"Sir," said the young lady.

"Excuse me, I supposed he was. What color was he?"

"I supposed editors were gentlemen," said the young lady; "excuse me for the mistake I made," and she went out in a rage.

"Whew!" said the advertising manager as he scratched his head and read the poem again. "By jingo! this is headed, 'The Last Day,' and I thought it was 'The Lost Dog.' Guess I'll let the fellows upstairs pass on it. It might be a literary poem instead of a want ad."—Detroit Free Press.

#### A Vegetable Sea Rope.

The largest plant in the world is believed to be a gigantic seaweed, the nereocystis, which frequently grows to a height of more than 300 feet. The stem of the plant is as strong as an ordinary rope, and large quantities of it are dried and used as rope by the inhabitants of the South Sea Islands, where the curious vegetable ropes are found. This seaweed usually grows at a depth of from 200 to 300 feet. As soon as the plant takes root a pear-shaped balloon is formed, which grows with the stem toward the surface of the water. This balloon frequently has a diameter of six feet or more. It has, of course, an upward tendency, and therefore keeps the stem growing until it floats on top of the water. This enormous weed grows in such quantities that large meadow-like islands are formed, which frequently impede navigation. The ropes made from these stems are used for building purposes, and the balloons, when dried, make very serviceable vessels.

#### An Expressive Phrase.

Miss Bellefield—it is my opinion that Mabel intends to marry Fred Gaswell.

Miss Bloomfield—What are Fred's intentions?

"I don't know, but they don't count."

"What makes you think that Mabel has designs on him?"

"I asked her opinion of him the other day, and she replied: 'He'll do to tie to.'"—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

#### Not So Deep.

A country minister, talking to an old lady about his son who had emigrated, was very pathetic over the dangers of the deep.

"Hoot, minister," quoth Janet, "ye needna haver sae muckle about it. It'll nae be sae awfu' deep. It's been an unco' dry year."—Tid-Bits.

If the devil punishes the ordinary harmless liar, what will he do to the dentist who advertises to extract teeth without pain?