

TTT-BITS.

A couple of visitors from a rural district in the House gallery were trying to pick out their Congressman on the floor. "I can't distinguish him," said one, after a hopeless visual observation. "Of course not," was the honest reply, "he can't even distinguish himself."

A PLEASANT RECEPTION.—Employer (to collector): "See Mr. Smith?"
Collector: "Oh, yes."
Employer: "Was he annoyed at your calling upon him?"
Collector: "Not a bit. He asked me to call again."

THE RED FLAG.—"Yes," said a husband sadly, "my wife is a devotee of the red flag. The very sight of one arouses her to the very highest pitch of excitement."

"Surely she cannot have any sympathy in common with such out-throats."

"Yes, she has."

"What, Anarchists and Socialists?"

"No, auctioneers."

Little brother (whose sister is playing cards with a gentleman): "Mr. Smiler, does Minnie play cards well?" Mr. Smiler: "Yes, very well, indeed." Little brother: "Then you had better look out, mamma said if she played her cards well she would catch you."

"Love, think of me when lilacs bloom," sings Alice Stone Blackwell in the New Orleans *Times Democrat*. Alice seems to be easily satisfied. Lilacs bloom but once a year, and then only for a few days.—*Lowell Courier*.

PURE GRIT.—I was one of the first men who signed papers with the much-vaunted Confederate cruiser, the *Alabama*, and my service in her did not end until she sailed in an English port with the Confederate flag flying. You will thus realize that I participated in the capture of several dozen Federal merchantmen and whalers. There was a sameness about our manner of making captures which we were glad to have broken now and then. It was but rarely that a vessel was overhauled during the night. If we were in chase of her we simply kept her in sight, or tried to, until daylight came. While we could not anticipate any stubborn resistance, the right sort of a skipper might fire a volley into a boat's crew or go to some other uncomfortable extreme. As a rule we had only to close in on our victim, fire a solid shot across his course, and he would heave to and put the best face possible on a bad matter. The first lieutenant would be sent off to sea with a boat and half a dozen marines, and in the course of half an hour his fate would be decided. If it was thought best to bond him the papers were made out and signed and he was permitted to go his way. If his craft was to be destroyed, the men were allowed to bring up their clothing and knickknacks, the officers to pack up their personal effects, and inside of an hour the craft would be ablaze and we would be sailing away in search of another victim.

When we ran around in search of whalers we came upon a Yankee skipper who didn't know what surrender meant. We were just well to the west of the stormy cape, when, one morning after breakfast, we raised a whaler. He was headed up the coast, and about noon we overhauled him. He paid no attention to the first shot, and it was only when the second one hulled him that he came into the wind. It was then seen that he had fifteen or sixteen men aboard, and that all were armed with muskets, and meant to defend the ship. The lieutenant was sent off with his boat, but no sooner was he within fair musket range than the whaler opened on him, killing one man and wounding two at the first volley. The officer pushed ahead and demanded surrender, but he got another volley and the reply that the whaler "would go to the bottom before he would surrender to a d— rebel."

The boat was recalled, and our gunners were instructed to hull the whaler with solid shot. We approached him within rifle range and opened fire. Every one of the balls plumped through his side at and above the water line, and he answered with his muskets, severely wounding two men. He was repeatedly hailed to surrender, but in reply he encouraged his men to maintain their fire. We soon had the sea pouring into his starboard side through a dozen holes, and when it was seen that he would soon go down we ceased firing and again demanded his surrender. I can remember just how he looked as he sprang upon the rail—tall, gaunt, hair flying and eyes blazing, and shouted in reply:

"The Ben Scott don't surrender! Come and take us—if you can!"

Five minutes later his craft settled down bow first. We lowered the boats to save his crew, and strangely enough not a man was lost. When we brought them aboard, the Yankee skipper walked up to Semmes, bareheaded, barefooted and coatless, and said:

"If I'd only have had one old cannon aboard we'd have licked ye out of yer butes! Here we are, and what are ye going to do with us?"

He was voted a jolly good fellow, and the crew were treated better than any other ever forced aboard. In order to give them their liberty, the very next capture we made was bonded and they were put aboard to sail for home.—*Detroit Free Press*.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS. Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth? If so send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," for Children Teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no other like it. It cures Dysentery and Diarrhoea, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price twenty cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind.

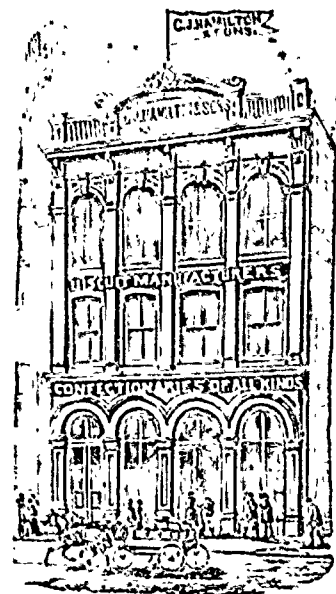
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