

taken to a small stable that stood in one corner of the yard. I requested him to allow Totten to remain outside, and myself along with him, so that I might bathe his ankle with cold water, and see if I couldn't get him into walking condition before we started again.

"Bah! you can doctor him in the stable as well as here," replied the young wolf with a grin.

"But, lieutenant, it will be more convenient here," I said in the most conciliating manner I was capable of. "The water is near at hand."

"Put in the other two, then," he exclaimed, pointing to Hill and Carey, the two privates. "Turn all the horses into the old field; four of you get 'fresh mounts,' and be ready to come along with me."

Hill and Carey were taken on to the stable, and thrust into it; the door was closed and bolted behind them, and two sentries stationed near by.

I managed with some difficulty to get Totten close up to the stoop of the dwelling and under a large tree, against the trunk of which I placed him in a sitting posture. Then, using my hands as ladders, I kept pouring a continual stream of cold water upon the injured ankle.

One of the sentries had been placed over Hill and Carey by the stable door, while the other kept guard upon Totten and myself—a gaunt, stalwart fellow, with a very wide-awake and dangerous expression in his small greenish eyes.

With joy I saw the Confederates take the saddles from their horses, lead the animals down a narrow lane, and turn them loose into a large inclosure.

When they came back into the yard four of them stepped into a second stable, larger than that in which the prisoners were secured. In a short time they came out again, each leading a horse. These they hitched to a long rack in front of the house.

The horses were at once saddled and bridled, and I could see through the open door of the stable that it was now empty, and that the animals brought forth were all of their reserve stock.

Each wing of the building was entered by a door that fronted on the central space. One was a heavy open door opened outward. Could be secured by a strong shooting bolt, and a thick that swinging bar of iron attached to it.

Shortly after I had got Totten up to the back step I noticed that this door had been left ajar, and that the lieutenant had gone inside, where he had seated himself.

The door was sufficiently open to allow me a good view of the room inside. I saw there was a large heap of shelled corn in one corner, and on a bench close by lay the rifles and revolvers of the men, who were out looking after the horses. The heavy padlock belonging to the door-bolt lay on the porch outside.

After saddling their horses, the four men sat down on the front step. In a few minutes, two of them got up again, and lounged into the store-room; where presently they became engaged in wiping their revolvers.

Soon another rose up, and also went inside the store-room, where he threw himself down on the corn heap. The fourth man remained in the porch, employed in mending the broken rein of a bridle. Presently he, too, got up, and walked into the building, where I could hear him asking for an awl. Just then I felt a quick beating at the heart, and a sudden flushing in my face, as a thought came across my brain, that promised a plan of escape.

Although I felt cool and collected as ever in my life, I could hear my heart thumping against my ribs, like the strokes of a trip-hammer. My anxiety was extreme, for I knew every moment that passed lessened our chance of success. At any instant the Confederate lieutenant might start us to the road again.

The trooper, who had been strap-mending, once more came upon the porch, and walked off to where his horse stood at the rack.

Buckling on the mended rein, he returned to the house, and went straight into the store-room. Crossing to his comrades, he sat down on the bench beside them.

I looked at Totten, and then asked the guard in a low voice, if we could not have a cabbage leaf to place on the sprained ankle.

"Cabbage leaf!" he replied, "where the h—l's there any cabbage about here?"

"Right there," said I, pointing to a corner of the inclosure, where I had observed a few miserable heads growing in a sort of garden patch.

"Oh! answered he, with a laugh, "if you think them 'ere will do you any good, you kin take 'em, I 'pose."

"Thank you, sir," said Totten; "won't you have some tobacco?"

And the sergeant drew from his pocket a plug of the weed—which by good luck he happened to have about him.

The Reb, stepping up, took it readily; and, cramming a quid into his jaw, drew off again.

As Totten wished it, the movement placed him several feet nearer us, than he had been before.

"I reckon a bit o' baccy air better than a cabbage leaf," he remarked with a grin.

"Not to us, now," replied Totten, with a glance given to me that, had the sentry seen, had he been anything of a physiognomist, would have done us damage.

"Rube!" he said, calling out to the other guard, who was about fifty paces off, and nearer the patch of cultivated ground, "pitch one o' them 'ere old heads of greens this way; the Yank wants it for his crippled foot."

Rouben, propping his long rifle against the log he was seated on, and slowly rising up, walked towards the "greens."

I glanced at Totten. He was gathering his legs under him, and furiously rubbing the sprained ankle with one hand. Our sentry had turned half way round while speaking to the other; the butt of his gun rested on his boot, not more than a dozen feet from the sergeant's grasp. I was close to Totten, only a little outside, and in full view of the Confed. I saw that the sergeant was quite ready, and watching me with eager eyes.

The outside guard had reached the cabbage patch, and was stooping to pluck the "greens." The time for action had at length arrived; and I raised my right hand.

With the spring of a catamount, Totten threw himself forward upon the unsuspecting sentry. As he did so, I rushed up the steps, caught hold of the heavy door, dashed it to, and drove home the shooting-bolt—before the men inside could stir hand or foot!

There had not been a second to spare. By the time I had

got the swinging bar into its place, the Rebs had thrown themselves against the door, uttering loud curses.

But the bolt was a strong one, and resisted all their efforts, until I had got the bar safe in its place, and secured it with the padlock. This done, I sprang out of the porch again, and ran for the rifle left leaning against the log.

All the while, Totten and the sentry were engaged in a deathlike struggle. On first flinging himself on the latter, Totten had caught him round the legs, at the same time securing his gun, and bringing him to the ground. I knew that few men could equal the sergeant in rough strength; and, satisfied he would soon have the mastery over his opponent, I left him to settle that matter for himself.

As I rushed to get possession of the rifle, its owner, bewildered by the sudden surprise, was now running towards it himself—making a loud outcry and still holding the head of cabbage in his hand. Fortunately I was the swifter, and reached the log first; but, as I stooped to grasp the gun, the Reb, threw himself impetuously upon me. Seizing the butt in one hand, with the other he struck me a violent blow in the face. But I had the barrel firmly grasped; and, exerting all my strength, I succeeded in becoming master of the weapon—drawing the man down upon his knees. Before he could recover himself, I dealt him a crushing blow with the butt, that felled him flat upon the earth.

To rush to the stable, and set free our comrades, Hill and Carey, was but the work of a few seconds. Then we all ran to where the sergeant and the big sentry were still engaged in their deadly wrestle.

Totten had his antagonist by the throat; and would no doubt have strangled him, but that the Confed was a very powerful man, and had got hold of the sergeant's wrist.

Our arrival put an end to the struggle; as the sentry, seeing himself outnumbered, with a rifle held close to his head, cried out, "Quarter!"

While all this was taking place, the party in the store-room were making furious efforts to burst open the door. But as the oak was sound, and the bolts strong; we saw it would take them some time to make their way out.

Before they did this, we were all four mounted, and galloping away.

We knew we had little to fear from pursuit by those left at the log house. On the tired horses that remained to them, and the start we had obtained, there would be no chance for the Confederates to overtake us.

Fortune proved friendly to us. Not a soul did we encounter, as we dashed along at a breakneck pace; until we fell in with a body of our own cavalry, several miles beyond where we had been captured in the morning; which at length put an end to our apprehensions.

I had some explanations to make, after rejoining my regiment—as to how I got the very handsome black eye I had brought from the other side of the Shenandoah.—*London Society.*

PROPHETS OF EVIL.

There are a number of people moving in our midst who take their pleasures sadly. They wear an aspect of impenetrable gloom, suggestive of a career of life-long disappointment. Their speaking faces proclaim the fact that they are blighted beings, who have been cruelly and unjustly treated. The remembrance of their wrongs precludes all possibility of their ever again being blithesome creatures. There may be joy and mirth in the world, but not for them. They are dead to earthly pleasures, their faces can never smile again, or their voices be raised above the most melancholy of melancholy drawls. The utmost they can do is to bear their fate with becoming meekness, and to point out to people in general the pitfalls into which they are liable to fall. This they do with much complacency. With a bitter kind of satisfaction do they throw cold water upon the ambitious aspirations of many a proud youth. He, in his innocence, exults, perhaps, over the prospect before him. There lies the world; in it there are numberless priceless prizes awaiting him, and which he has only to put forth his hand in order to obtain. He can, with little trouble, secure a princely fortune, a peerless wife whose beauty and virtues shall be the talk of the world, and who will bestow upon him such affection as man never before received from woman, and crown himself with immortal fame. They inform him that it is quite possible he may become a beggar and die in a workhouse. Better men than he have done that before now. He is told that his wife may turn out a vitago, a slut, or a drunkard; and it is pointed out to him with great clearness that, out of the mass of people who plan to become famous, not one in a hundred achieves anything but the most miserable failure. It is hinted—very broadly hinted—that there are more talented men than himself living, and that luckless beings are pursued by a sanguinary Nemesis when they least expect it. They do not say it will be so, but it would not surprise them if his future were one of the most abject misery. They have seen so many people fall into the slough of despond, where they have floundered till they were hopelessly lost, that nothing would astonish them. It would strike a disinterested on-looker that they would be rather glad than otherwise to see their prophecies of ill-omen verified; but this is, no doubt, a mistake. Though they do their best to dishearten people, and give every-day life a cheerless and gloomy aspect, they profess to regard all mankind with the most profound charity, and avow that they are prepared to make, as they are ever making, great sacrifices on its behalf. Probably, then, the injury they do, they do unconsciously. But this much is certain. They have no word of comfort for the despairing soul. The man who is bankrupt in purse they plainly infer will shortly be bankrupt in reputation, and he who, in his trouble, is looking round for help and succour, they bluntly say is looking in vain.

The prophet of evil flourishes among all classes of the community, and has a word to say in reference to every passing event. When a picnic is arranged he straightway sets to work to make everyone concerned feel miserable by declaring that it is very likely the day will be wet. Not even will a gloriously fine morning on the day chosen silence his croakings. As he travels along in carriage or boat he keeps a sharp look-out for stray clouds which have a suspicious look, and his search is rarely in vain. In commiserating tones the ladies are asked if they have brought their umbrellas, or if they have anything on which "will spoil." If the nasty-looking cloud floats away into space, and the sun shines out bright and warm as ever, though rather disappointed that his evil prognostications have come to nothing, he is no way disheart-

ened, but straightway sets to work to discover fresh signs of bad weather. If the weather prove too settled even for him to say anything disheartening in reference to it, he has other cards to play. He has a strong suspicion that a particular wheel on the carriage is by no means safe, and that it will be coming off, thereby placing the party in great danger. Or the boat is cranky, and has a tendency to turn over—an event which could not happen, he asserts, without putting everybody in the most serious jeopardy; indeed, it would be nothing less than a miracle if everyone in the unfortunate craft did not perish. He is continually haunted by doubts that some of the party will take cold. If he finds them reclining upon the grass, in touching tones he advises them not to do so, informing them, at the same time, of some of the awful effects of such folly which have come under his personal observation. He has a horror of the chilly night air. In trembling accents he beseeches everybody to wrap themselves up warm, because nothing is so dangerous as a cold caught under such circumstances. He knows more than one unlucky mortal who has gone to an early grave by such means. When he parts from those he has attempted to warn and save, his last words are, "I hope you won't catch cold," delivered in such a tone that those whom he is addressing cannot avoid the conviction that, if they do not do so, no one will be more astonished than he will. All this may be very considerate and very kind, and people ought to feel very thankful, perhaps, that so much interest is taken in their welfare. But they don't. They persist in regarding the prophet of evil as an unmitigated nuisance, who damps their spirits when they want to be merry, and is only enjoying himself when he is making everybody else miserable. In addition to all this, the prophet of evil deems himself privileged to criticise the domestic economy of almost every household into which he has any insight. The heart of these criticisms is, that the majority of people are going to the dogs as quickly as they can go. When told that his neighbour is indisposed, he asserts with portentous face that he for some time has seen that the unfortunate man has not long to live. And no argument will induce him to think that this is not the case. When speaking of the national business he is equally dolorous. The country is going to rack and ruin, and nothing can save it. There are troubles looming ahead which no one but himself can properly estimate the importance of. He does not see that anything can be done to avert them. The nation has had its day of triumph, and, like Greece, and Rome, and Egypt, it must have its hour of humiliation and distress. In short, he looks upon the dark side of everything, especially of other people's concerns, and takes care to let them see the dismal aspect, too. No doubt he experiences a sort of gloomy pleasure in making other folks, something like himself, melancholy and misanthropical.

Occasionally these prophets of evil are people who have met with real disappointments, and, to a certain extent, have become soured gloomy. More frequently, they are beings who, for the lack of real troubles, manufacture that which passes for them. In time they succeed in persuading themselves, perhaps, that the world is a very sad place, in which there are numberless snares to trap unwary mortals. Now, there is no objection to any man, woman, or child making himself or herself—as the case may be—miserable. If they like that sort of employment we, at any rate, shall not grumble at them for indulging in it.—*Liberal Review.*

The following extraordinary case of spontaneous combustion is related by the *New York Insurance Journal*: A lady watching at the bedside of her husband, was astonished, about midnight, to perceive flames burst from the surface of a dressing-table from no apparent cause. Upon the table was some writing paper and the table-cover, with an open newspaper spread above them. Although alarmed, the lady was not unnerved, and cast the burning mass into a contiguous vessel, where the flames were soon extinguished. In searching her memory for a cause for this perilous incident, she remembered that a day or two previously, she had saturated some linen with sweet oil to be laid over a blister, and had left it for a short time upon the table, occasioning a grease spot upon the cover. The paper was laid upon this spot. Probably, accelerated by the temperature of the room, combustion commenced on the greased cloth, communicated to the paper, and slumbered until the oxygen of the atmosphere was the final cause of the flame.

A Chicago paper is responsible for the following incident:—A touching incident is reported from Chattanooga. An utter stranger called on a respectable farmer last week, and asked him if his house had not been robbed during the war. The farmer replied that it had. "I," said the stranger, "was one of a marauding party that did it. I took a little silver locket." "That locket," said the farmer, bursting into tears, "had been worn by my dear, dead child." "Here it is," replied the stranger, visibly affected; "I am rich; let me make restitution; here are \$20 for your little son." He gave the farmer a \$50 bill and received \$30 in change. He then wrung the farmer's hand warmly and left. The farmer since dried his tears and loaded his shot gun. The \$50 bill was bad.

A THREAT.—A refined young lady who has long loved and cherished a tall and handsome conductor on the Third Avenue line, recently discovered that he was taking fare from her and dead-heading another girl who lived on Fourteenth street. She did not eat pickles and pine away, but wrote him an affecting epistle, which read: "You want to nok down enuff stamps to get me a paisier shawl & a dolly vardin before sunday or I will put an awning over that girls eye the next time I meet her in society. You hear me." The company is desirous that he "make up" with the girl again.

It is fortunate that there are no Darwinians on the Committee for revising the translation of the Scriptures. For one of that school suggests the following reading for the fifteenth and sixteenth verses of the one hundred and thirty-ninth Psalm: My protoplasm was not hidden from thee when, far back in the Silurian epoch, I floated on the sea a frilled and flounced Medusa. Yea, in ages still more remote, before differentiation had begun, thine eyes did see my sarcode, and in thy thought my limbs took form before they were evolved.

Hon. Wm. Parson, in a New York town, found himself advertised to lecture on "Wicked Angels." The secretary declared that he wrote "Michael Angelo," but of course the "printer was to blame."