A CONFEDERATE FAMILY

Four left home in a state of hearty hurly and wild excitement. When Gen. Johnston began his famous retreat from Dalton, Mr. G—— and his family had made up their mind to remain "within the lines" and from the demands of federal rule under the shelter of their own roof, too rather than become homless refugees in the ever contracting Southern Confederacy.

And so, when the troops came marching by their home, the girls stood out by the gate to see them go, and in the manner that led to the command and waived them an adieu, how long would it be before they would see a gray jacket again, they wondered.

But they had not reckoned on Gen. Johnston fighting at Resaca, and their home being in the battle-field, to which place, Col. Freeman, the chief engineer of the army, came riding up one morning and said, "Get away from here as soon as you can, the line of battle will run through your yard in to-morrow's fight," though they flatly did rather think he turned out of the car and left in Atlanta Refugee friends and shelter.

Of course, they had not the pleasure of interviewing these commissaries. After vainly refusing, remonstrating and entreating, so, by the advice of friendly officers, just the last, over and, but to be sure, an concession was to the retired refugees.

In his absence one of the rubber overcoats, which he was in the habit of the family and their belongings, and then calmly demanded his mistress. Mr. G—— was a fiery old man, and he sensibly refused to pay it. A hot altercation ensued, and he was allowed that the Yankee, a tall, raw boned man, preserved his equanimity, while only swore and exasperated the other.

"I'll pay you nothing," cried the old man. "I have Gen. Croxton's transportation papers that take me home, and not a cent will I pay you."

"Then you don't leave here," said the other coolly.

"You have no right to demand money from a peaceable citizen whose's orders. Just show me your authority, sir!"

"It is the rule here for all refugees to pay," said the man calmly, "and you must."

"The rule! Who gave you any right to make a rule? I'll be you can't show me any authority for your rule!" he shouted.

"I don't tell," said the Yankee thief with an indescribable drawl. "I have commissioner's orders about it."

"Show them to me!" said the man, now indignant into a fury. "You have commissioner scrapes! You? Get thee my soul! Let me see your orders!" he stormed back in his chair speechless with anger.

Hitting their mind his enemy's gone, the black sneer, after again calmly asserting that he should not leave without pay, took himself off.

Young G—— soon after appeared and stated that he had paid the tax, as they would not let him go to Atlanta and carry by the railroad train, and it was not worth while resisting when resistance was useless.

They soon after started on their journey over the roughest road on earth, for it had been torn up many times by the contending armies, and it was an excursion time when the iron rails had been so twisted as to be unfit for use, engines had been improvised, hole rails and sailed in the ties so as to take a train over the gaps. The road was so rough that the story did not seem incredible.

Marietta, their next shipping place, seemed deserted. The only people they saw were a lot of men busy with a machine straightening railroad rails, so as to use them over again. And they had certainly been turned into the most wonderful shapes in the world.

The journey made by now through a dreary country and endless scenes of desolation. They failed to recognize it. It was the "Germantown" country, and only charred and bare of ruins marked the sites of what had been smiling villages.

At last they reached Resaca, and their home. It had been, to some purpose, "sacked and gutted." Every window was gone. A soldier, it was said, had tried his prowess with a pickaxe to see if he could destroy a window at a single blow. He succeeded, the gapping hole causing the house to look like a blind thing.

But the roof was there to shed the dews, and it belonged to them, and that was a great thing. So they set to work to make themselves comfortable.

Before a great white they had in canvas window glass, which, if it kept out most of the light, also kept out most of the wind.

Remnants of the battle were scattered about. The hole of the front door having been broken, it was kept closed by the aid of a weight made out of half a torpedo with which time Whipler had blown up the railroad track near their house. Old percussion shells were used to prop open the windows, and the fire was stirred with a bayonet, and empty cartridge boxes were used as troughs to feed the cows in, so that there was a warlike flavor about things.

But in a year's time the returned refugees had got so to rights that there was little to tell that the house had been in the center of the battle-field and been a bone contested spot—only the grave of a Confederate soldier, who slept peacefully in the flower garden, where the roses waved above his head and scattered their perfumed petals over his grave.—Paul Grant in Atlanta Constitution.

An Honored Boy.

I once saw a little boy take a splendid medal in Paris, France, in this way: On his way to school with his little dinner basket he came across a poor, half starved dog, and he pitied the dog so that he just opened his dinner basket and gave it all his dinner and went without himself.

The French society for the prevention of cruelty to animals heard of it and sent him a medal, and I was present at the annual meeting of the society in the great hall of the Sorbonne when the medal was presented.

When the little fellow's name was called, and he came forward to get the medal, the whole vast audience of French men and women stood up and cheered him.

Now whether you ever get a medal or not, I hope you will always do to every half starved dog or cat, or other creature you may happen to meet, exactly what you would like to have done if you were half starved yourself.—George Tangell's Address in Our Dumb Animals.

A Message at Sea.

Several large albatrosses were following the barkentine Jasper one day in February, 1890. One was caught, and a piece of quill about two inches long discovered securely fastened round its neck. This quill was unscrewed, and a slip of paper taken from it containing the following message: "Feb. 9, '90. Infinite of dogs south, lonesome 103 days east. All well. Posted by an albatross. Ship Janet Court, Glasgow." This slip was entrusted bound from Liverpool to New Zealand, and at that place was due to where the position indicated in the message.—Chambers' Journal.

Practical Politeness.

Caller—Please, sir, the master, Dennis Kilmiffin, died last night, and the missus wants to know if you will be paid at the funeral!

Long Suffering Pastor—Yes, certainly. Will you come—Good News.

AGO CASTLE.

It Is the Oldest Building in Finland and Was Used as a Prison.

About railway between the observatory and the sea stands Abo castle, which is the oldest building in Finland. It dates back to 1157, to the days of Eric the saint, the first Swedish conqueror, who with St. Henry, bishop of Upsala, introduced Christianity into Finland. Henry therefore been regarded as the patron saint of the Finns.

In the Fifteenth and Sixteenth centuries the old castle witnessed the fall of many calamities upon Abo. The town was burned in 1158 with fire kindled by lightning, and within twenty years it was burned again. In 1509 the Danes sacked the place, and half a century later three fires occurred successively within six years, after which, in 1614, the castle itself was burned during a visit of Gustavus II Adolphus, when the royal kitchen took fire.

A few years later in the middle ages not spirit for a museum of antiquities.

Another part of the castle was used as a storehouse, but the portion that attracted my most was the prison, my first visit to which, in 1874, I had never forgotten. In those young days of my prison experience I had seen nothing worse than the Tolbooth, in Edinburgh, and knew nothing of dungeons in historical castles save what I had gathered from "Bible Blood" and similar stories of my boyhood. But when I came to Abo I witnessed what my imagination had failed to depict.

A flight of steps brought us to a damp, dark passage, through which we made our way, illumined by the light of a lantern, into a heavily bolted, rusty door. This was only opened and we were invited to enter. Having so done we found ourselves in a good sized room, dimly lighted by a window, which was shaded by a high building only a few feet distant. The embrasure of a window exposed a wall I should think twelve feet thick, and on the inner side of which were grated bars, so that the glading could be opened and shut only from the outside of a long rod. The floor of bare earth, and the furniture, if such it could be called, was of the roughest description.

A rickety wooden bedstead, an earthen cover with water, a lump of coarse black bread, and a wooden pole containing soft fish heads, stood on pieces from which looked coarse sheepskin, but, to our surprise, we were told that in spite of such drawbacks some of the poor come to the jail in autumn and beg to be allowed admittance in preference to enduring the hardships of a northern winter. This would have seemed to me incredibly credible but I not heard a similar story when visiting one of the prisons in Germany.

The prison authorities inform us that men are not only rarely, and periodically for the transport of dangerous criminals. I remember hearing when in Finland in 1878 that it sometimes happened when prisoners were on their way from the country districts in farmers' carts that assemblyes would bid the officers and relaxed their manners.—Henry Lansdell, D. D., in Harper's.

Snakes' Legs.

There are two very finely prepared skeletons of big snakes in the National museum, and in making them ready for exhibition the utmost pains were taken to preserve the antilaginous extremities of the ribs, which with ordinary treatment are lost. Without these little pieces of cartilage the serpent's skeleton can hardly be said to be complete, inasmuch as they are the feet upon which the reptile walks, as it were. In fact a snake walks on the ends of its ribs, and in that manner achieves locomotion. Some big serpents, however, like the boas and pythons, really have hind legs, though they are quite rudimentary. Pythons, you know, are constrictors, crushing their prey in their coils. They have no poison glands, but they can bite terribly with their nasty teeth, which turn inward like hooks, so that a person once seized would have little chance of disengaging himself save by cleaving off the head of the animal.—Washington Letter.

The Queen's Witty Rebuke.

A fact but little known is that besides Lord Kingsale and Lord Forester there is another individual who has the curious prerogative of remaining covered in the presence of the British sovereign—namely, the master of Trinity college, Cambridge. About this a curious anecdote has been narrated: A superstition prevailed concerning the necessity for exercising the right or losing it altogether, so when on a certain occasion the queen visited Cambridge university the then well known, highly popular master of Trinity kept his hat on during the proceedings. The queen apparently did not notice the circumstance, and the master began to feel uncomfortable.

At length, just as her majesty was about to depart, he deferentially approached and said: "Your majesty has perhaps noticed that I should appear so far wanting in respect as to keep my hat on all day, but er—perhaps it has escaped your majesty's memory that Lord Kingsale in Ireland, Lord Forester in England and also the master of Trinity have a right to keep their hats on in the presence of their sovereigns." "Quite so—there—but not in the presence of a lady!" was the freezing rejoinder.—Philadelphia Ebiook.

An Indian Delicacy.

The choicest delicacy known to the Indian epicure is the tongue of the elk, which is getting to be exceedingly rare. A gentleman who had been hunting quite far north returned during the dancing season of the Indians. He brought with him an elk's tongue to the camp. It was stolen in a very secret way. During the dance of one of the Indians, after long hours of dancing, the Moslah brought him an elk's tongue, so he said. The Indians never doubted the Moslah afterward.—Chicago Herald.

Cures—So you think of buying hats? I understand. Yes, I thought some of people would come to me.

Cures—Well, I don't know, young man, there's a good opening here for a man as complacent as you. Just wait a little longer, and perhaps I will be able to give you a position.

Many times women call on me to have their hats trimmed, so that they may look well from strangers, and also from most intimate friends, who know that they have purchased their current collections or gone to the city to get them. I can do this for you and in the way that all present, who, in themselves and their sex, may well be pleased and charmed. Hats, which, in every respect are fitted to the wearer, and which, in reality, this and fashionable, are the result of my taste and discretion. The adjustment, whether in the case of ready-made hats, or those made to order, is a matter of the utmost importance, and, in this, I may claim to be an expert. The adjustment of the hat to the face, and the manner in which it is worn