JESSIE OF LUCKNOW.

A FAMOUS CASE OF CLAIRVOYANCE GRAPHICALLY RELATED.

When the Passport Had Lost Its Hope, the Messenger Arrived to Inquire Which Amusement Was the Diplomatic Were Coming to the Rescue.

In conversation between a European judge of calendars and an editor the attitude of Mark Twain has been generally come into talk. Many times were cited, and the judge alluded to the inimitable story of Jesse Brown. It will be new to many, and it is given herewith as it appeared in a letter to the London Times, the letter being written by a lady who was the wife of an officer at Lucknow:

"On every side death stared us in the face. Sickness shall come near it any longer. We saw the sick and suffering where we were left behind to die, yet without hope that succor—the succor which must have been experienced by the unhappy victims at Cawnpore. We were cooped up in the dark in vault and were fully prepared for the worst all would be lost. The engineer had said so, and all knew the worse. We women there to encourage each other and to perform the light duties which were assigned to us, each an overwrought prism to the hideous, weighing the men with problems, especially ours of suffering, when we prepared for our night.

"I had gone out to try to make myself useful in company with Jessie Brown, the wife of a corporal in our battalion regiment. Poor Jessie had been in a state of restless excitement all through the day and had fallen away visibly during the last few days. A constant fever consumed her, and her mind wandered incoherently, especially that day, when the recollections of home scenes powerfully pressed to her. At last, we came with Judge, the lay down on the ground, wrapped in her plaid. I lay beside her, promising to awake her when, as she said, her Tallies should return from the plowing.

"She fell at length into a troubled slumber, sometimes and apparently liquidless, not food nothing to my lap.

"I myself could no longer resist the fascination to sleep in spite of the sentinel near of the cannon. Suddenly I was aroused by a wild, unearthly scream close to my ear. My companion stood upright beside me, her arms raised and her head bent forward in the attitude of listening.

"A look of intense delight broke over her pronounced features. She grasped hard, drew me toward her and exclaimed: 'Dinna ye hear it? Dinna ye hear it? Aye, I'm not dreaming! Its the slogan o' the highlanders! We're saved! We're saved!' Then, dinging herself on her knees she thanked God with passionate fervor. I felt utterly bewildered.

"My English ears heard only the roar of artillery, and I thought my poor Jessie was still raving, but she dragged me to the battlement, and I heard her say huskily to the men 'Courage! Courage! Hark to the slogan—the Macgregor, the grandest of them all! Here's help at last!'

"To describe the effect of these words upon the soldiers would be impossible. For a moment they ceased firing, and every soul listened with intense anxiety. Gradually, however, there arose a murmur of bitter disappointment, and the wailing of women who had flocked to the spot burst out anew as the echoes shook its load. One dull lowland ears heard only the roar of the engineery.

"A few moments more of this double life passed, of this agonizing hope, and Jessie, who had again sunk on the ground, sprang to her feet and cried in a voice so clear and piercing that it was heard along the whole line: 'Will ye no believe it now? The slogan has ceased indeed, but the Campbells are coming. Dye hear? Dye hear?'

"At that instant all sound, indeed, to hear the voice of God in the distance, when the pibroch of the highlanders brought us tidings of deliverance, for now there was no longer any doubt of the fact. That dirill, penetrating, unearthly sound, which rose above all other sounds, could come neither from the advance of the enemy nor from the work of the rajaus. No, it was indeed the blast of the Scottish bagpipe, now shrill and harsh, as threatening vengeance on the foe, then in softer tones seeming to promise succor to their friends in need.

"Never, never, was music so sweet as that which followed. Not a heart in the residency of Lucknow but bowed itself before God. All in one simultaneous impulse fell upon their knees, and nothing was heard but hurrying sobs and earnestly voice of prayer. Then all arose, and there rang out from a thousand lips a great shout of joy, which resounded far and wide and lent new eyes to that blessed jubilee.

"'Do ye choose of God save the Queen?' they replied by the well known strain that more every Scot to tears, 'Shall Auld Acquaintance Be Forgot?' After that nothing else make any impression on us. I scarcely remember what followed. Jessie was presented to the general on his entrance to the fort, and as the officers' banquet he toasted was drunk by all present, while the pipers marched round the table playing reasures the familiar air of 'Auld Lang Syne.'"

Whittier's poem, "The Pipes at Lucknow," and Robert T. S. Lowell's "The Relief of Lucknow" are analogues of this same incident.—Baltimore American.

WEALTH CANNOT BUY THEM.

Mrs. Lynn Linton Enumerates a Few of Life's Unpurchasables.

When Mrs. Lynn Linton begins to be original and welcome and capable of saying some fairly pointed things. The idea that many things of value cannot be bought, and that those things which can be bought are only or secondary or partially valuable, is not a straight one. Yet it does point and bite upon it better Mrs. Linton. But when she says about the unpurchasable things in life she has interesting and true to point they have been just cry such for ages.

"Love is priceless—the life of the poor and lay and lap. 'Where the treasure you love is, there is your heart also.' Love is the most precious thing in life. Yet it is the most unpurchasable. Love is the most unpurchasable thing in life. Love is the most unpurchasable thing in life. Love is the most unpurchasable thing in life