

A HOUSEHOLD PRAYER.

From a rusty needle, a pointless pin, A button minus an eye, A torn out, wornout buttonhole, Both new and by and by, From a rotten string or shoe lace weak, Collars that button hard, Neckties that turn "hind side before" Without the least regard, Good Lord, deliver us!

TAKEN BY A GIRL.

BY C. B. LEWIS.

The first time I had speech with General Grant, though seeing him on a dozen occasions before, was about two weeks previous to his move against Lee in what is known as the Wilderness campaign. He had settled his plans in a general way, but wanted more details and particulars, and of the 88 scouts and spies ordered to report at headquarters I was one.

On this occasion he briefly but plainly instructed each man. Ten of the 36 were to go as spies, the remainder as scouts. I had been put down among the latter, to my great satisfaction. Not that I would have hesitated to disguise myself and attempt to penetrate the enemy's camp and taken the chances, but soldiers did not take to spy work.

"You will leave camp as soon as it is dark and take this road," began the general as he pointed to the map on the table before him. "When you reach this cross-road, turn to the left. At this road turn to the right. Get as close to their pickets and camp as possible and hear and see all you can. Note which way any force may be moving, and if reinforcements are coming up try to ascertain their strength. Scout the country thoroughly along the roads and try to be back within four days. You are pretty young for this business."

I was not going to detail all the incidents of the next two days, though all were interesting and some of them full of peril. So far as I could make out, Lee was not being re-enforced, though he was changing the position of some of his troops, throwing up field works and evidently on the alert for any movement on the part of Grant's army. I had secured all the information I could hope for under the circumstances and had set out on my return when I had a close shave from capture or death. An hour after daylight, as I was crossing a highway in the thick woods, I was observed by a detachment of cavalry whose approach I had not heard.

"What do you want?" she asked. "I want something to eat and you for it," I replied. "Father is away, and I'm all you are a Yankee." "Well, what of it?" She looked me over again from foot and no doubt wondered there and what my errand was against the door and smiled at the pleasant look left her face and tightened as if she had come to a decided conclusion about something she thought she was going to turn but after awhile she slowly said: "You will find a good at the well, but I will get you something to eat."

I went to the well and satisfied my thirst and then entered the house and sat down at the rude table in the kitchen whereon the meals were served. She put on a plate, knife and fork and a cup of milk and then brought me some corn bread and cold meat. I tried my best to engage her in conversation, but she either answered in monosyllables or was silent. She knew all about the war, of course, and being southern born she had no love for the blue. I could and did make allowances for this, and when I found that she was sullen and uncommunicative I ceased to annoy her with questions. When my cup was empty, she took it and went down

cellar to refill it. I heard her down there and heard her ascend the stairs, and though she did not immediately appear, I did not raise my eyes. A minute later she spoke, and my eyes lifted fast enough. She was standing in the door between the kitchen and what farmers call the "front room," and she had a shotgun leveled at my breast from a distance of only ten feet. "Yankee, you are my prisoner!" she quietly said. "What do you mean?" I asked as I rested my elbows on the table and stared at her in surprise. "Just what I said, sir! You are my prisoner, and if you don't do just as I tell you I'll shoot! Stand up!"

"Don't be foolish, child," I said as I stood up and smiled at her. "That gun isn't loaded, and even if it was you would not dare fire it off. Put it away and bring the milk."

"The gun is loaded, and I'll shoot!" she exclaimed, though her voice betrayed that she was frightened. "Do as I tell you or I will fire! Go into the pantry." I had a revolver in my holster under my coat, but as I looked into the girl's face I knew that she would pull trigger if I made a motion to get my weapon. It was absurd to let a child like her make me a prisoner, and yet I was forced to realize that she was as dangerous as a man—perhaps more so. The result was that I backed up to the open door of the pantry, and as she advanced upon me I stepped into the little room and she closed the door and fastened it with a button. My idea was to escape by the window before she could get out and around the house, but I found the opening a small one, with wooden bars across the outside. I could not have escaped that way had I been alone in the house. Drawing my revolver I fired through the door and made threats, but the girl's voice was firm and determined as she answered me:

"If you fire again, I'll shoot through the door, and there is a big load of buck shot in this gun."

I coaxed and attempted to bribe, but she refused to hold any conversation with me. I hoped that she would leave the house, in which case a couple of kicks would have sent the old door flying, but she sat down in the kitchen to guard me and wait for some one to come along. It was almost noon before any one arrived, and then it was a guard of cavalry beating up the country in search of me. They were passing the house when the girl called them in, and as the leader opened my prison door and commanded me to step forth—seven or eight soldiers had their carbines leveled at me. They joked me and said much in praise of the girl, but she scarcely uttered a word in reply. I was first taken to General Lee's headquarters, to be questioned and later on was sent to Richmond, where President Davis did me the honor to confine me in a dark cell of the city prison for two weeks as a spy and to inform me that I should eventually be hanged. By and by I was transferred to Libby prison, and later on to Andersonville, and it was within a few weeks of peace before I recovered my liberty. Long after the war I revisited the farmhouse where I was so ignominiously captured. I found only an old man about, and of him I queried:

"You lived here during the war?" "Yes." "You had a daughter?" "Yes, Nancy. She married two years ago, but has been dead for six months. She was a good girl—Nancy was. She was also brave. Right yere in this house, when she was only 12 years old, she captured the most daring spy in Grant's whole army."

Soldiers' Beds.

The soldier's bed varies notably in the different European armies. According to Dr. Viry, the following are the principal varieties, in which, perhaps, we may see the reflection of national characteristics. In England the bed is hard. The soldier lies on a thin mattress that rests on canvas stretched over a frame. In Spain the soldier has only a straw bed, but he is allowed besides this a pillow, two sheets, two blankets and a covered quilt, sometimes even a cover for the feet. It is almost sybaritic. In Germany and Austria he has a simple straw bed with one or two covers, neither sheet nor mattress. In Russia, until recently, the soldier slept with his clothes on a camp bed, but now ordinary beds begin to be used—the result of contact with more civilized countries. After this it cannot be doubted that the French soldier's bed is the best of all, with its wooden or iron bedstead, a straw bed, a wool mattress, sheets, a brown woolen coverlet and an extra quilt for cold weather. Thus the bed of the French soldier is the softest of all soldiers' beds, as that of the French peasant is acknowledged also to be the best of all European countries.—British Medical Record.

Rough on the Unmarried.

The North Frisians are very unmerciful to people who don't marry. One of their legends says that after death old maids are doomed to cut stars out of the sun when it has sunk below the horizon, and the ghosts of the old bachelors must blow them up in the east, running like lamplighters, all night up and down a ladder.

Old ruin has been uncovered on reservation in Arizona and 200 pieces of perfect pottery

THE SUBJECT WAS DROPPED.

Talk at a Banquet Between Two Well Known Men.

"That reminds me," remarked an old pioneer to a San Francisco Post reporter when General Halleck's name was mentioned, "of the banquet we gave Halleck in 1865, when he returned from the war. The people here were proud of him, for he had more than regained the laurels he lost at Corinth, when he permitted the enemy to escape and the cover of a big battery of wood was that had been made out of logs during the night.

"Among the friends of Halleck who met him at the banquet was Dr. Waterman, the old sea captain, who in early days commanded a clipper ship, plying between San Francisco and New York. On one voyage he had laid a wager to beat a rival clipper, but when he found on going to sea that some of his crew who had shipped as alleged seamen were incompetent he was so angry he hanged three to the yard. Just how many were hanged was never known, but Waterman was tried for murder and acquitted.

"During one of those silences that will fall over the merriest of banquets—General Halleck called to Waterman, who was at the other end of the room:

"Now that you have been tried and acquitted, Waterman, won't you tell us how many men you hanged on that voyage?"

"Yes, general, I will," responded Waterman, "if you will first tell us how many wooden guns stopped you at Corinth."

"The subject dropped there."

An Acid Proof Glue.

The following has been recommended as producing a cement which will fasten glass or porcelain, etc., together firmly and will not be affected by strong acids: Mix together two parts of powdered asbestos, one part of barium sulphate and two parts of sodium silicate of specific gravity 1.50. A still firmer glue can be made which is particularly valuable, since it is not attacked by hot acids, by mixing together two parts of sodium silicate, one part of the finest sand and one part of finely pulverized asbestos. If potassium silicate is used instead of the sodium salt, the glue will harden immediately, but otherwise it will require about an hour to set.—Exchange.

Dressmakers' Superstitions.

Theatrical folk are generally supposed to take the palm for superstition, but dressmakers are not far behind. No matter how gilt edged and "madamed" and given to big bills and scornful of anybody who comes to her foot she may be, and especially of the somebody who can't afford silk lining, she wouldn't dream of sewing the gown while upon you. "Take a stitch while you're trying the dress on!" she cries. "Mercy, no! I wouldn't dream of such a dreadful thing. Don't you know what it means? Every one of those stitches would stand for a lie that somebody was telling about you, and the longer the stitch the bigger the lie." That is what she will tell you if you ask her or any of her aids to take the least little "tack" in the garment. "Well, I will if you're willing to run the risk," said one of the profession resignedly. "Yes, I know I can't do it so well off you, but it'll take at least six stitches, and that means just six lies—big lies, too, for the stitches are awful long." She regarded the customer who was willing to fly thus in the face of fate as nothing short of a marvel.

Another superstition of the dressmaker concerns basting threads. Basting threads in a finished garment are a sign that you haven't paid for it. It doesn't do the slightest good to produce the receipted bill. The dressmaker may have receipted the bill herself, but if she finds a stray "baster" anywhere in the garment she has all the air of doubting her own memory and signature.

Another superstition is that when a customer "tries on" a dress skirt and the hem at the back remains tucked up in a great peak it is a sign that she has a "new beau." The deeper the turn up the bigger the beau, or rather, the more crisp is he. Nothing can convince a dressmaker to the contrary, and as it is a case where no receipted bill testimony can be called into play it is even more useless to argue about it than about the "basters."—New York Sun.

He Would Do For a Portmanteau.

On hearing his sentence the captive's heart sank and his knees shook like castanets, but rapidly recovering his self-possession he saluted the African despot with a courtly bow.

"Sire," he began, "while nothing could give me more pleasure than to grace your majesty's festive board, yet it is my duty to warn you."

"Of what?" "That I am a commercial traveler. As your majesty is doubtless aware, members of my profession are universally conceded to be as tough as leather. Fearing that I should cause serious disturbance in the royal digestive regions, I respectfully submit that your majesty might utilize me to better advantage than in the culinary department."

"Your solicitude," replied the chief with emotion, "is extremely touching. To show my appreciation of your disinterestedness I shall do as you suggest. Your name shall be stricken from the menu."

"A thousand thanks, your majesty. How shall I ever repay you?"

"Don't worry about that, my dear sir. If you cannot serve me in one capacity, you shall in another. I happen to be badly in need of a new portmanteau, and my stock of rhinoceros hide is completely exhausted. From what I have read in the comic papers your skin, I am convinced, will prove an admirable substitute."—Strand Magazine.

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