

DRY.

IT WAS A CLOSE SHAVE.

HID BETWEEN THE SPRINGS OF A BED AND THE MATTRESS.

A Confederate Colonel's Experience in Chicago in '63—He Was Engaged on a Secret Mission and the Soldiers Tracked Him to the House, but Didn't Get Him.

A few years ago I was taking an after dinner smoke in a hotel in Chicago with a gentleman who had been a colonel in the Confederate army.

"I was in Chicago during the war, in 1862 or '63," he said, "and I had a decidedly narrow escape. Do you want to hear a thrilling episode, as the newspapers call it?"

"Certainly."

"Well, I came through the lines—no matter how—on special business, the exact nature of which I don't care to divulge even at this late hour. I had to be cautious in my movements. The Federal authorities were on the lookout for secret emissaries. I came to meet some parties from Canada, and I met them, transacted my business, and went around town for several days enjoying myself.

"One morning I received a note from a lady of my acquaintance, who had a kindly feeling for the south and who was well posted on current movements. She wrote: 'I learned on undoubted authority that you are known to be in Chicago and that they are on the lookout for you. When you get this stay where you are until night and then go to Mrs. X's, — street, and show her this note and I think you will be all right.'

"Here's a pretty mess," I said to myself. However, I determined to weather the gale. I had been through many a big battle, but to get in a tight place like this was calculated to make a man nervous, as I might be arrested as a spy and shot. I wasn't a spy, however, but couldn't prove I wasn't.

"I wasn't molested during the day. I stuck close to my quarters, and changing my clothes and putting on a souch hat and pulling it down over my eyes, I launched out on the street and pursued my way to the address indicated in the lady's note. The streets were pretty lively with people, and a regiment of soldiers were marching down Lake street to the Illinois Central depot to take a train to the front. I got to the house all right and found the lady to be an old southern friend. An old friend, but a very young and handsome lady, the wife of a very agreeable Chicago gentleman. 'You'll be all right here,' she said, and I thought so, too. She, her husband and I had a very pleasant evening together, and parted for the night in high spirits. I was tired and went to sleep very quickly. Don't know how long I slept, but I was awakened by a thundering knock at my door. I sprang up and found my friend, the master of the household, pale as a ghost, standing in the hall. 'An officer and a guard are at the door and you must hide—I don't know where—or we shall all be ruined.'

"Go ahead," I said, "and let them in. I'll take care of myself and you shan't be compromised."

"It was a desperately rough situation. Just then my friend's wife came quickly to me and said: 'Come in here; we must do the best we can and adopt heroic means. Get in there and don't breathe or we are lost.'

"She pointed to her bed.

"Get under the mattress and be still as death, and get air when you can."

"In an instant I saw her plan. The bed was a large one. The springs were large. I pulled up the mattress, jumped in on the springs and pulled the mattress over me. The lady then returned to her bed and quickly laid down as naturally as you please over me. She wasn't very heavy, but the mattress was, and the springs seemed to have edges cutting into my legs and side.

"Hardly had we disposed ourselves in this unique manner when the lieutenant and his men were admitted to the house. We could hear loud talking as they explored the house from cellar to garret and looked in every closet, ran their bayonets into piles of clothes. At last the door of the room opened. The officer touched his hat and remarked that he couldn't use much ceremony, as the case was urgent. He had been informed and was convinced that Colonel X was in the house, and he meant to have him.

"Mrs. X—pleaded sickness as an excuse for not rising and aiding in the search, and said: 'Look everywhere, sir, over the house. There's nobody here except myself, my husband and the servants. All the closets and coal bins are at your disposal. We have nothing to conceal.'

"Oh," said the officer, "I've heard all many a time. I shall have to look through your room, madam."

He looked in each closet, called his men and made them run their bayonets into the wall to be sure there were

no secret closets anywhere. He stooped down, looked under the bed within four feet of me. 'Jovel—but I was in a cold sweat. One movement, one creak of a spring, one sneeze or hard breath would have betrayed me. But after three minutes of suppressed vitality the lieutenant withdrew, muttering: 'This is strange.' 'Still he lingered down stairs; went into the cellar again, into the back yard, tore up boards from the floors, and ran his bayonet into the parlor sofas. At last the gang cleared out thoroughly disgusted. They did their duty certainly and deserved promotion.

"I waited on those infernal springs two hours before I moved. I was afraid they would suddenly come back. But they didn't. The guard was kept around the house until 10 o'clock next morning, and then they withdrew. I spent the day with my friends, borrowed a suit of clothes and a hat from my friend, shaved my mustache off, and at 8 o'clock in the evening, taking leave of my kind protectors, I lighted a cigar, stepped boldly into the street, and before midnight was a good many miles on my way to the Confederacy. That is what I call a pretty close shave."—Letter in Minneapolis Journal.

Heat of the Body.

That animal heat is due to combustion was first recognized by Lavoisier, who was unable to determine whether the combustion takes place in the lungs at the place where the oxygen is absorbed or throughout the entire system. Berthollet, in a late paper on the subject, states that one-seventh of the heat is produced in the lungs, and six-sevenths in the system by reactions of oxidation and hydration. The temperature of the blood in the lungs is raised by absorption of oxygen, while the return of carbon to a gaseous state and the evaporation of moisture tend to lower it.—Herald of Health.

A New Way to Cut Beefsteaks.

A young married couple have just gone to housekeeping on Duffield street. The other morning the neighbors were treated to this bit of colloquial entertainment as the two parted at the gate:

He—What shall I order for supper, precious?

She—A piece of beefsteak, and oh, darling, do tell the man to cut it the right way of the goods, so it will be tender.—Detroit Free Press.

Steam for Projecting Dynamite Shells.

The substitution of steam for compressed air in a gun intended to throw shells containing dynamite or other high explosives is proposed in France, the advantages claimed being the furnishing of power direct from the boiler, without the use of air-compressing machinery. The pressures usually carried in steam boilers would not be sufficient for this purpose, but boilers are promised of a special type, which will supply steam at a pressure of from 600 to 800 pounds, and which will, at the same time, be safe and easily handled.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Can't Keep His Own Pictures.

Meissonier recently said to a lady who remarked, upon visiting his new house, that she missed pictures of his own from among the beautiful things with which he had adorned the rooms: "Ah, madame, they are too dear to allow me to keep them."—Brooklyn Eagle.

Old Time English Women Riders.

As the fox gave up his life at the worrying of the hounds, the one to be "in at the death" and claim the brush was as likely to be her grace the duchess, astride a fleet palfrey, as his grace the duke mounted on a trusty but slow footed war horse. Gorgeous in all the costly finery of the fourteenth-century the high born and gentle dames, with squire and knight at side and sturdy troopers to "safely guard and surely keep" them from all harm, would leave their frowning castle homes and journey over moorland and through the shades of mighty forests, where the outlaw lurked, to the distant courts at London or at Holyrood, or to the nearer pleasures of the tourney in his gracious majesty's walled and loyal city of York. They lived in an age of strife and danger. Like their fathers, brothers, husbands and sweethearts, they possessed courage, strength and resource, which in nowise detracted from their beauty or their womanliness. The saddle of Galahad was equally suitable for Guinevere, and at the first alarm the lady fair could press her knees against the good steed's sides and dig her dainty spur shod heels into his flanks, preparatory to flight or charge, with a facility equal to that of the gallant gentlemen of her escort.

A Thirty-Ton Stone.

The largest and heaviest building stone ever quarried in England was taken from the Plankington quarry near Norwich, in February, 1889. It was in one piece, without crack or flaw, and weighed 25 tons. It was 15 feet long, 6 feet high and 5 feet wide.—St. Louis Public.

THE CATHOLIC JOURNAL

Indian Remains Discovered.

Professor F. W. Putnam, of Harvard college, has made some interesting discoveries of Indian remains at Winthrop, Mass. The spot is evidently an old glacial pothole, conical in form, the base being of blue clay and the surface chiefly sand, with a mixture of gravel. After much patient digging the skeleton of a man was uncovered, together with the skeletons of two children, all in an excellent state of preservation. The deaths, in the opinion of Professor Putnam, were undoubtedly caused by the plague, which visited the Massachusetts Indians about 1622 and carried away large numbers of them. With the skeleton of one child were found two pottery vessels, about the size of a modern tea cup, the outer surface being rudely ornamented. There was also a stone pestle, with one end polished. Several other ornaments were found, and Professor Putnam had all of the discoveries carefully photographed before anything had been disturbed, after which the bones and other articles were carefully packed in a box and taken to the rooms of the Society of Natural History.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Sudden Changes of Air.

The tenants of an unventilated cabin may contrive to resist the atmospheric poisons of their hovel as long as they pass their days in steady indoor occupations. The female members of the family may enjoy that immunity for weeks, but the first mild day will tempt their male relatives to take a hunting trip to the next mountain range, where their lungs open all their safety valves to drink in the largest possible draughts of the grateful, pure air. In that unprepared condition of their respiratory organs the hunters at night re-enter their air poisoned den, and the next morning are hardly able to speak for hoarseness and headache. If they had passed the night in the mountains or in an open shed, after the fashion of the Canadian lumbermen, they would feel as hale as hill cattle; but the sudden change from Olympus to Hades proved too much for the resisting power of their organism.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Green Roses in California.

"Green roses are not a rarity in California," said a San Francisco florist. "I remember the first one that I saw in San Francisco. That was thirty-five years ago. But before that date I had seen a green rose in Europe. I think it was in 1849 that one was exhibited in Germany at a grand exposition."

"A green rose is nothing but a hybrid, and like all hybrid roses, it grows hardy, healthy and tall. Some specimens are larger than others, but they are about the same. None of them has any perfume. Its petals resemble green leaves."—San Francisco Call.

Origin of Silk Manufacture.

The origin of silk manufacture is, without doubt, to be found in China, and the classical scholar will readily remember allusions to it by ancient writers. For ages it would seem that the nature and source of silk were utterly unknown to the western nations; indeed, it was not until about the sixth century that Europe possessed the worm which spins the fiber of silk.—New York Telegram.

A Lucky Number.

Mother (to young son who has been dining with the neighbors)—Had a good dinner, Jimmy?
Jim—Tip top.
Mother—I hope you didn't ask twice for soup.
Jim—No, ma'am, I asked three times.—Epoch.

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