

## BIG HUSH MONEY.

The Large Amount Paid a Georgia Woman by Governor Murray.  
[Salt Lake Tribune.]

Governor Murray tells a laughable story of his experiences in the Georgia March to the Sea, which is worth repeating.

"Speaking of the famous march through Georgia," said the Governor, "I never shall forget the amount of money it cost us to keep an old woman from crying herself to death. Of course we were obliged to subsist off the country as we went along, and we naturally took about the best in sight. One day we took possession of a chicken ranch kept by an old lady who stood at the front gate with a broom and threatened to lick all of Sherman's forces if they did not move on. Now chickens were considered as officers' meat, and as we were infernally hungry we went for these old hens pretty lively. When she saw that her favorite fowls were being caught and killed she keeled right over and began to cry. Presently she began to scream, and finally you could hear that woman's yells clear to Atlanta. I sent the surgeon in to quiet her, but they failed, and then all the officers took turns, but the more attention paid her the more she howled. I then got pretty nervous over the infernal noise, because the whole army would hear it, and they might suppose somebody was torturing the woman. Finally Sherman rode up and asked what was it all about, and when we told him he said: 'Give her a bushel of Confederate bonds for her hens, and see if that won't stop her.' Acting on this hint, I proceeded to business. We had captured a Confederate train the day before with 4,000,000 of Confederate money, and I hunted up the train at once. The money was worth about two cents on the dollar. Well, I stuffed about half a million dollars in an old carpet-sack and marched into the house.

"Madam" said I, opening the sack, "I'll give you \$50,000 to quit this noise." It was as still as death in a minute, and then her face expanded in a broad smile. I laid the packages of money on the table and I never saw such a delighted woman. The effect pleased me, and I continued: 'Gen. Sherman presents his compliments and \$100,000.' I never in my life saw such a pleased old woman, and I wound up by dumping the contents of the sack right down on the floor, and telling her that when it came to contributions to distressed females I could be outdone by no man living.

"She invited the officers to supper and she cooked every chicken on the ranch and set out cider as free as water. We were having a pretty good time, when a long, lank old coon came in, and she said it was her husband. Pretty soon his eye fell on the money. 'Sarah,' said he, 'where in blazes did you get all this darned truck?'

"A present from Gen. Sherman," said she. "Taint worth a continental cent; they're kindlin' fires with it down at New Orleans."

"The old woman rose up, her face as white as your shirt-front, and her eye wasn't pleasant to meet.

"So you are the bilk that gave me this, are you," she called out, reaching for the old broom.

"The entire mess rose and started from that house. We never heard any more of her, and there isn't a man of the crowd who would meet that old woman for all that Confederate money, if it would bring one hundred cents on the dollar, at the Treasury Department, Washington."

## EXILED SOUTHERN FAMILIES.

The Tres Marias are three well-known small islands, forty miles off the coast from Tepic, Maximilian sold these islands to five Confederates in 1864. These went and purchased them also from Juarez or the Liberal Government when it was in the field. These three islands have about 3,000,000 acres of sea island and cotton land. There are now about seventy-five or eighty Confederate families on these islands. They each have an immense plantation, and Mr. Jacob Ashlock, of Kentucky, says that their crop year after year averages one and three-fourths bales to the acre.

## NEW YEAR.

[Ella Wheeler.]

Toll bells for the year that has perished—  
ring chimes for the year that is born;  
Farewell to a day that we cherished—  
All hail to a happy new morn!

Lay a cross on the grave of lost pleasures—  
Bring a crown for the better new times;  
And sing, to the surge of old measures,  
A sweet-stirring song of new rhymes!

Dig graves for old follies and errors—  
Rear thrones for Truth's precepts above;  
We are done with old gods and their terrors,  
And we worship the one God of Love!

Slide bolts and turn keys on the portal  
That shuts back intolerant strife;  
Swing wider the doors to immortal  
And beautiful precepts of life!

Then ring out old wrongs that are banished,  
And ring in new truths that appear;  
And speak well of the day that has vanished,  
Since it led to the day that is here!

## Two Negatives.

[Eleanor Putnam in Life.]

I gave him his first rejection  
At Newport, a year ago;  
At Christmas, with proper reflection,  
Again, in New York, I said "No."  
There's in grammar a rule I remember—  
Two negatives—how does it run?  
So the cards have gone out for September,  
And my white satin gown is begun.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

[Reprinted from the Weekly Courier-Journal—  
Only a Limited Number of Letters Answered—  
No Attention Paid to Communications not Accompanied by the Name of the Writer.]

We thank our correspondents for the following contribution to our columns:

GENEVA, ALA., July 5, 1890.—In your issue of June 28, M. L. G., of Oakley, La., asks: "Can you give the name of author and publish poem in which occur the following lines:

"To the past go more dead faces  
Every year;

As the loved leave vacant places  
Every year."

Albert Pike is the author of the beautiful lines referred to. I give you a copy which I think will be appreciated by thousands of your readers:

"The spring has less of brightness  
Every year;

And the snow a ghastlier whiteness  
Every year;

Nor do summer flowers quicken,  
Nor autumn fruitage thicken,  
As they once did, for they sicken  
Every year.

It is growing darker, colder,  
Every year;

As the heart and soul grow older  
Every year;

I care not for dancing,  
Or for eyes with passion glancing,  
Love is less and less entrancing,  
Every year.

Of the loves and sorrows blended,  
Every year;

Of the charms of friendship ended,  
Every year;

Of the lies that still might blind me,  
Until Time to Death resign me,  
My infirmities remind me,  
Every year.

Ab! how sad to look before us,  
Every year;

While the cloud grows darker o'er us,  
Every year.

When the blossoms are faded,  
That to bloom, we might have aided,  
And immortal garlands braided,  
Every year.

To the past go more dead faces,  
Every year;

As the loved leave vacant places  
Every year;

Everywhere the sad eyes meet us,  
In the coming dusk they greet us,  
And to come to them entreat us  
Every year.

"You are growing old," they tell us  
Every year;

"You are more alone," they tell us  
Every year;

"You can win no new affection,  
You have only recollection,  
Deeper sorrow and dejection  
Every year."

Yes! the shores of life are shifting  
Every year;

And we are seaward drifting  
Every year;

Old places changing fret us,  
The living more forget us,  
There are fewer to regret us  
Every year.

But the truer life draws nigher  
Every year,

And its morning star climbs higher  
Every year;

Earth's hold on us grows slighter,  
And the heavy burden lighter,  
And the dawn immortal brighter  
Every year.

J. W. H.

LAKE CRYSTAL, MINN., Dec. 16, 1890.—Please state the population of Pekin, China.  
D. F. K.  
Answer—The population is estimated at between two and three millions.

## LAVENDER.

How prone we are to hide and hoard  
Each little token love has stored  
To tell of happy hours.

We lay aside, with tender care,  
A tattered book, a curl of hair,  
A bunch of fragrant flowers.

When death has led, with pulseless hand,  
Our darling to the silent land,  
A while we sit bereft,

But time goes on; anon we rise;  
Our dead being buried from our eyes,  
We gather what is left.

The works they loved, the songs they sang,  
The little bits, whose music rang  
So cheerily of old—

The pictures we have watched them paint,  
The last plucked flower, with odor faint,  
That fell from fingers cold.

We smooth and fold, with reverent care,  
The robes they, living, used to wear,  
And painful pulses stir

As o'er these relics of our dead,  
With bitter rain of tears, we spread  
Pale purple lavender.

And when we come, in after years,  
With only tender April tears  
On cheeks once white with care,

To look at treasures put away  
Despairing, on that far-off day,  
A subtle scent is there.

Dew-wet and sweet we gathered them,  
Those fragrant flowers; now every stem  
Is bare of all its bloom.

Tear-wet and sweet we strowed them here,  
To lend our relics sacred, dear,  
Their beautiful perfume.

That scent abides on book and lute,  
On curl and flower, and with its mute  
But eloquent appeal,

It wins from us a deeper sob  
For our lost dead—a sharper throb  
Than we are wont to feel.

It whispers of the long ago—  
Its love, its loss, its aching woe—  
And buried sorrows stir;

And tears, like those we shed of old,  
Roll down our cheeks as we behold  
Our faded lavender.

Please print the above, and give the name of the author. I found it several years ago, but have never been able to discover who wrote it. I derive much profit and pleasure from the "Answers." S. P. F.

NOTE BY THE EDITOR—We gladly publish the poem. Its author we do not know.

## SPOOPENDYKE'S BURGLARS.

[Brooklyn Eagle.]

"Say, my dear," ejaculated Mr. Spoopendyke, sitting bolt upright in bed with a sudden jerk; "say, my dear, wake up! I hear burglars in the house."

"Who? what burglars?" demanded Mrs. Spoopendyke, as she popped up beside her husband. "Who's in the house?"

"Hush! Quiet, will ye? I don't know which burglar, but I hear some one moving around."

"Oh! my! What shall we do?" inquired Mrs. Spoopendyke. "Let's cover up our heads."

"Why don't you get up and light the gas?" propounded Mr. Spoopendyke in a hoarse whisper. "S'pose you can see who it is in the dark? Strike a light can't ye? If you had your way, we'd both be murdered in bed. Going to light up before we're killed?"

"I'm afraid," whispered Mrs. Spoopendyke, sticking one foot out of bed and hauling it in as if she had caught a fish with it.

"Going to sit there like a shot-tower and have our throats cut?" interrogated Mr. Spoopendyke. "How'm I going to find a burglar without a light? Find a match and light that measly gas, now, quick!"

Mrs. Spoopendyke crawled out of bed and hunted around for a skirt.

"What's the matter with you? Can't you find a match? Why don't you move?" hissed Mr. Spoopendyke.

"I am as fast as I can," replied his wife, her teeth chattering. "I'm looking for a pin."

"Oh! you're moving like a railroad, ain't ye? I never saw anything fly like you do. All you want is to be done up in white and blue papers to be a seidlitz powder. What d'ye want of a pin? Going to stick a pin in the burglar? Why don't you light that gas?"

Mrs. Spoopendyke broke half a dozen matches, and finally got a light.

"That's something like it," continued Mr. Spoopendyke. "Now hand me my pantaloons."

"You won't go down where they are, will you?" anxiously inquired Mrs. Spoopendyke, handing over the garment.

Mr. Spoopendyke vouchsafed no reply, but donned the habiliments.

"Now, you open the door," said he, "and go to the head of the stairs and ask who's there, while I find my stick. Hurry up, or they'll get away."

"Suppose they are there. What'll I do then?"

"Tell 'em I'm coming. Go ask 'em, will ye? What's the matter with you?"

Mrs. Spoopendyke opened the door about an inch, squealed "Who's there?" slammed the door again, and popped into bed.

"What ails ye?" demanded her husband. "What d'ye think you are, anyway, a conical shot? Get up, can't ye, and look out. Where's my big stick? What have you done with it? Sent it to school, haven't ye? Go out and ask who's there, will ye, before they come up and slaughter us."

Once more Mrs. Spoopendyke approached the door and tremulously demanded what was going on. There was no response, to her incalculable relief, and she went to the head of the stairs.

"See anybody," whispered Mr. Spoopendyke, looking over her shoulder.

"Who's there?" squealed Mrs. Spoopendyke. "Go right away, because my husband is here."

"Oh, you've done it!" exclaimed Mr. Spoopendyke, as he hauled her back into the room. "Now, how d'ye s'pose I'm going to catch 'em? What do you want to scare 'em away for? What'd you say anything about me for? Think this is a nominating convention? What made you leave the house open? Come on down with me, and I'll show you how to lock up."

Down they went, and a careful scrutiny demonstrated that everything was fast.

"I don't believe there was anybody there," said Mrs. Spoopendyke, as they returned to their chamber.

"It wasn't your fault," retorted Mr. Spoopendyke. "If you'd got up when I told you and kept your mouth shut, we'd have got 'em."

"But you said for me —"

"Didn't say anything of the sort!" howled Mr. Spoopendyke—"never mentioned your name. We might have been killed, the way you went to work."

"I think we'd caught them if they'd been there," said Mrs. Spoopendyke, taking down her hair and proceeding to put it up again.

"You'd caught 'em!" sneered Mr. Spoopendyke. "All you want is some chloride of lime and your accounts short to be a penitentiary. Another time a burglar gets into the house you stay abed, and don't you wake me up again. I won't have any dod-gasted woman routing me out this time of night, ye hear!"

"Yes, dear," and Mrs. Spoopendyke wound her hand in the collar of her liege lord's night shirt and went to sleep, secure in his protection.

## "MAYFLOWERS."

Unuttered.

[John B. Tabb, in Harper's Magazine.]

Waiting for words—as on the broad expanse  
Of heaven the formless vapors of the night  
Expectant wait the prophecy of light,  
Interpreting their dumb significance;  
Or like a star that in the morning glance  
Shrinks, as a fading blossom, from the night,  
Nor awakens till, upon the western night,  
The shadows to their evening towers advance—  
So, in my soul, a dream ineffable,  
Expectant of the sunshine or the shade,  
Doth oft upon the brink of twilight chill,  
Or at the dawn's pale opening portal stayed,  
In tears, that all the quivering eyelids fill,  
In smiles, that on the lip of silence fade.