

Some Rebellion Experience in the South.

As my home at the time was in Marietta, Ga., quite near, Atlanta, and directly in Sherman's line of march, writes a Southern girl in the Watchman, I saw a great many strange and exciting things, and suppose that is the reason I remember my life there so well; for, although a very small girl at the time, it is far more vividly real to me than the events of last year.

I can picture to myself distinctly the quaint figures of my little playmates, for invention, like charity, begins at home, and we little ones showed the first fruits of our mother's talents in that direction. We always wore "homespun" and as the cloth stood a good deal of wear our dresses were made large enough to last two seasons. Some of us wore shoes, but they were such odd-looking things, made of course leather and only reaching our ankles. As the leather shoestrings wore out they had to be replaced by the covering from the wires of hoop-skirts, dyed black. Our stockings were knit of plain white yarn, also homespun. For "every day" we wore calico sun-bonnets, but on "state occasions" hats braided at home from the palmetto straw. As one thing after another gave out the women were always equal to the emergency and quick in finding substitutes, just as our great-grandmothers did during the Revolution. American women are, I think, quite remarkable for that sort of thing. My mother must have been unusually clever, for I remember so many bright things that she did. Trifles never seemed to daunt her. Our table was always delightfully served, although her inventive faculties were constantly called upon to supply some need in the kitchen.

There is one very clever thing that I recollect about her. She had sent out invitations for a very large party; for Marietta was quite gay at one time, as a number of refugees, besides a great many officers "on leave," were in town, and my mother, who was delighted to be able to collect together so many charming people, determined to give something very grand. Her preparations were all completed, as she supposed, on the morning of the appointed day, and she was actually arranging the flowers in her rooms when she received the very depressing tidings that not a candle could be found in Atlanta for love or money. Most women would have despaired at such ill-luck as this, and would have sent immediately to inform expected guests that they need not come; but my mother did nothing of the sort. She put on her "thinking cap" at once. She sent far and near to borrow all the wine-glasses possible. These she filled with pure white lard, and every one who could be spared on the place was set to work cutting out little round pieces of paper about the size of a half-dollar. Each of these she twisted in the centre to form a taper, and placed on the lard in the glasses, ready for use, for she meant to light her rooms with them. We always had used them in the bedrooms and for sickness, as they would last all night, and candles were far too precious to be wasted in that way. But the idea of making them ornamental was my mother's, and you cannot realize how lovely the house looked that night. She had placed them everywhere, and had built pyramids of lights, banked in with flowers, in every available nook and corner. The rooms and halls were brilliantly lighted by the tiny flames, which seemed to me to be flashing from floor to ceiling in every direction, and looked like some lovely fairy scene, far prettier than any ball-room I have seen.

Gen. Sharpe's First Case.

From the Pittsburgh Times.

"I lost my first case to a miserable little pettifogging lawyer named Johnny Wood, said Gen. Sharpe at Chicago during the convention to a group of Arthur men, who had lost interest in the proceedings and were gathered in his room for the comfort of being together. "I was a graduate of Harvard Law School, and had a good deal of conceit, besides a perfectly good case. When my senior warned me that I would have to meet Johnny Wood I laughed at him. The suit was before a justice of the peace. He made out our case, and Wood's client, the plaintiff, made out none worth speaking of at all. When Johnny Wood arose to speak he rehearsed the evidence impartially, and then, taking up a book read the law—such law as I had never heard of, but which fitted his case to a nicety. When he got through I said, "Mr. Wood, will you allow me to see that statute, please?"

"Certainly, sir," he replied, handing the book closed.

"Ah, thank you; but what is it on?"

"What page?" he cried indignantly.

"Don't expect me to coach you, young man. Find your own law,—you. I found mine."

"Of course, I couldn't find it, but Johnny had the laugh and the court with him, and I lost my case, according to law which that scoundrel Wood had made up out of his head just as he had spun it out."

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Is a good old maxim, but no more reliable than the 'oft repeated verdict of visitors that

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is the Queen City of a magnificent county and the most beautifully located of the many new and prosperous places of North Dakota. It is the

Permanent County Seat of Griggs County, and, though only a few months old, already has a representation in nearly every branch of business and each man enjoying a profitable trade. Plenty of room for more business houses, mechanics or professional men. Cooperstown is not only the

TERMINUS OF THE S. C. & T. M. R. R., but is also Headquarters thereof. In short, the place is, by virtue of its situation

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