

He took the matter very good-naturedly, however, merely remarking to his friend Stager that the sell was a very clever one indeed—very clever; and expressed the hope that at some future time he might have the pleasure of reciprocating the compliment.

During this period of the war we had a good many spies and other offenders confined in the Old Capitol Prison, then under the supervision of Pinkerton; and shortly after the occurrence above related Colonel Stager evinced a curiosity to visit the establishment, and asked his friend Pinkerton if there were any objections to his doing so. "Not at all," said he. "Any time you wish to go there, just let me know, and I will give you a permit which will throw the doors open to you in an instant."

Having a leisure hour one day, he called for the pass, and it was written and duly signed by Pinkerton, directing the warden in charge to conduct the bearer through the entire prison, etc., which phraseology was in accordance with a preconcerted formula, understood by the door-keeper, and signified that the visitor was to be held in confinement until further orders. No sooner was the pass presented by Stager than he was politely invited in, shown to a comfortable apartment, and a chair offered him by the official, who then asked to be excused for a moment, and went out, turning the key of the door upon him, and the amiable superintendent of military telegraphy was unconsciously but securely "bagged."

After waiting a while for the return of his cicerone, he went to the door to look for him, and found it locked, but supposing this to be accidental, it gave him no concern, and he sat down again, and waited patiently for a good while, expecting to see the door open every moment. He then knocked loudly upon it, but received no response, when, thinking the turnkey might unexpectedly have been called away, he hallooed and shouted most vociferously, at the same time shaking the door with all his might, and at length he succeeded in calling the turnkey, who made his appearance at a small aperture in the door, and in a peremptory tone of voice said, "You are violating the regulations, and disturbing every body in the prison, Sir; and if you don't stop your noise at once I shall confine you in a cell where you can't be heard."

This announcement exasperated him immensely, and drew forth several emphatic but not very complimentary ejaculations of wrath; and he threatened, if he was not instantly released, he would have the warden severely punished. To all of which the faithful functionary gave no heed, except to repeat the assurance that if he did not remain quiet he might expect more rigorous treatment.

He soon discovered that threats had no effect, and gradually cooled down a little, telling the man there certainly had been a mis-

take in his being incarcerated, and if he would allow him to send a note to Pinkerton he would be set at liberty forthwith.

His manner was so calm and plausible now, and his entreaties so earnest, that the turnkey finally consented to his wishes, and the note was soon dispatched; but several hours elapsed and no answer came. He then sent a more pressing demand for instant action, which, after another protracted suspense, finally brought an order for his release. Whereupon he proceeded directly to Pinkerton's office, flushed with excitement and rage, and prepared for active hostilities; but the facetious detective met him with a most bland smile, and reminded him of the little comedy in which he had enacted the chief rôle at Willard's, and at the same time observed that in his judgment their accounts were now nearly balanced; which brought about a reconciliation; but it was some days before the corrugated brow of the colonel resumed its usual placidity.

## HERO WORSHIP.

"He is not what you think." O judges wise,

Can we not have Valhalla of our own  
Within our hearts, where all the souls we prize  
Shall sit in state, each on his royal throne?

What matter if we do not always choose  
The few whose names, well weighed, ye write above  
As laurel-worthy: do ye then refuse  
Our heart's free right to honor whom we love?

Rest regnant in your reasonable choice,  
The two or three ye crown with cautious care;  
Nor they, nor ye, need miss our wanting voice  
Among the plaudits filling all the air.  
The crowd will have its god with robe and crown  
To worship; but for us, we must be free  
To follow when the stars seem pointing down,  
To love when souls seem full of royalty.

Ye smile because we cherish still a throng  
Of students of the bue, the form, the tone,  
The verse, the stage, the romance, and the song,  
Not for deep reasons, but for love alone.  
We do not coldly wait till death shall place  
The seal upon their works; but here and now  
We love them, as we see them face to face;  
Before them, warm in loyalty, we bow.

Those whom we cherish may not all attain  
A crown so bright that the whole world can view;  
But is it not a diadem to gain,  
The having been a glory to a few?  
Should one prove false to all our hope and trust,  
Should our fair marble turn to common clay,  
Silent we lay the pall over the dust,  
And from our temple bear our dead away.

What is one false among a thousand true—  
A thousand opening lives so well begun!  
"He is no hero, as you think," say you?  
Well, then, our faith shall help to make him one.  
Back, judges, to your work of weighing, slow,  
The dead ye destine to Fame's courts above!  
But leave us free to worship here below  
With faith and hope the living whom we love.