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MOSBY'S "CLOSE CALL."

How the Guerrilla Chieftain Was Once Captured, Shot and Left for Dead.

"It was one of the closest calls I ever had, and I was pronounced as good as a dead man by the Federal surgeon who made a hasty examination of me after the shooting."

The speaker was the noted southern raider, Colonel John S. Mosby, who now resides in San Francisco, but was spending a few days in the city. He and I sat together on a settee in the corridor of a Broadway hotel and talked about war times. The colonel—he was never a general—pushed back his slouch hat and his gray eyes gazed at the ceiling as if it were a map of the war. He forgot that he had ever been a politician and spent seven years of his life as consul to Hong-Kong. His memory went back twenty-seven years, to a period when he was known to the north as a guerrilla raider. I had been talking to him about narrow escapes, and the conversation led to the following narrative by the colonel:

"It was in December, 1864, in Virginia, that I thought I had received a fatal wound. I was captured, but not recognized, and left for dead by the Federals. I have seen an account somewhere of this adventure of mine, but it had no resemblance to the truth. That verisimilitude of detail was lacking to rescue the story from pure fiction.

"On that evening in December I was eating supper at a farmhouse and not suspecting the approach of Federal cavalry. The farmer, his wife and daughter were friends of mine, and a son of the family was under my command. I was ravenously hungry, and by the aid of a tallow candle—gas and oil were not used in Virginia then—I was eating sausages and pone bread. Such luxuries as sugar and coffee were not in the menu. Suddenly the door was opened and several Federal officers entered. The house was entirely surrounded by a regiment of cavalry. I had on a long gray overcoat, and on the collar was the insignia of my rank as colonel. Jumping up I raised both hands and carelessly grasped my collar, hiding the insignia of my rank. They did not know who I was, except that I was a Confederate.

"I looked down the barrels of several revolvers and surrendered. Of course I racked my brain to find out some avenue of escape. It came in a dangerous way. The soldiers on the outside fired through an open window at me and a ball struck me in the left side. The firing created confusion, and the officers rushed out to avoid being shot by their own men. In the haste of their departure the table was overturned and the candle went out, leaving the room in darkness. This was my chance. I ran into an adjoining room, pulled off my coat and tucked it under a bureau. By that time I was growing weak from loss of blood, and I fell.

"The Federals came in and the surgeon examined me hastily. I distinctly remember that he said I was shot in the heart, though how he managed to locate the wound there is a mystery to me. I was stripped of what clothing I had and left in almost a nude condition. They asked me my name and I gave a fictitious one. The farmer was interrogated, but he did not tell them my name. As they did not suspect that I was Mosby they soon departed.

"Although it rained in torrents and the lightning was incessant I was carried away in an ox wagon. All the mules and horses in the place had disappeared weeks before and only a yoke of oxen remained. Two negro boys, the farmer and his daughter drove the wagon and acted as my escort. Before they started I was rolled in several bankets and made as comfortable as possible under the circumstances. They conveyed me three miles to my men, and when they unrolled me and examined my wound I said I was shot in the identical spot that General Jeb Stuart was, and I thought I would die. The ball went straight through Jeb Stuart, but fortunately in my case it deflected and went upward. In six weeks I was strong enough to be in the saddle again. I have been wounded six times."—New York Herald.

An Aurist's Prescription for Earache.

"I am afraid I have greatly interfered with my own practice," said a celebrated aurist, "by giving the following advice to many of my friends: At the first symptoms of earache let the patient lie on the bed with the painful ear uppermost. Fold a thick towel and tuck it around the neck; then with a teaspoon fill the ear with warm water. Continue doing this for fifteen or twenty minutes; the water will fill the ear orifice and flow over on the towel. Afterward turn over the head, let the water run out and plug the ear with warm glycerin and cotton. This may be done every hour until relief is obtained. It is an almost invariable cure and has saved many cases of acute inflammation. The water should be quite warm, but not too hot."—London Tit-Bits.

What One Man Saw.

Blake, a distinguished English painter, who was liable to disordered sensations, described a fairy funeral which he seemed to have witnessed. He was walking in his garden one night, when he apparently heard a low and pleasant sound, and at length saw a procession of creatures of the size and color of grasshoppers bearing a body laid out on a rose leaf, which they buried with songs and then disappeared.—Youth's Companion.

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