MAMA'S STORY.

"Now mama, tell me a story, please"
"Well, what shall the story be?"
"The Three Little Bears?" "No, Mama dear, Please tell the story I love to hear
"Best when you was little like me"

"Very well. When I was less than four
"No mama half one, three."
"Oh yes. I forgot when the moon was bright—
"Your papa tolded you—one starry night—
"You are right. He carried me,
"And he said—"No, Mary, I'm bound you up";
"He bounced me up all tight,
And the sofy—the sofy—I mean the sofy—
Ah! he carried you straight to dem'ma's daddy
Am' said, 'Can she stay all night?'
"Oh, yes. And so he left me there
"Ah! so you didn't go back!
Ah! and did when you saw your mother?
You found the bear—but little
Forever,
Ah! is my Uncle Jack."

—Youth's Companion

Isora's Bridal Vow.

BY MARGARET BLOUNT.

CHAPTER XI—(CONTINUED.

"Consequently, it is very important for you to let all the rooms if you can and to tenants who pay, not only well, but promptly."

"Hush, 'don't speak too loud,' said Miss Markham, with an anxious look first at the open window and then at the ceiling overhead.

"Oh, she will not hear me. And it will not do to be so very sensitive in her behalf, my dear."

Miss Markham looked distressed.

"It is such a very awkward piece of business, my dear."

"Not so very, after all," said Miss Graham, briskly. "Here is the whole state of the case. Mrs. Trotter having your parlors staid enough, far too long, you let them to a lady, from America, who brings with her as letter of introduction from people in New York. She takes your best rooms, and you supply her with food, lights, and all things needful, as well. She dresses well, pays regularly, speaks very good and well selected, her manners are perfect, she is evidently a lady in every sense of the word, and as plain and a lodger as you could wish to have, if she should only pay you.

"Yes, your thing," said Miss Markham, sighing, "I like her so very, very much, and it is really painful to me to think that she may perhaps be in this strange, fatal condition and resources, or, let the other hand, what am I to do?"

"You must put your scruples in your pocket, my dear, make out a neat little bill and send it up by the maid to Miss Kent—from the next time she rings the bell."

"But she would take them for money."

"Then she ought to know it."

"Her remittances may not have arrived from America."

"They ought to have done so long ere this. She has been with you now six weeks. Two weeks out from New York. If her remittances are ever coming, they should have come by this time. Perhaps, after all, it is only her ignorance of English ways that makes her so remiss. She may be accustomed to pay for her apartments by the season, or by the year, instead of the week. She may be waiting for you to send the bill in before she offers you a note.

"I hardly think it is that, my dear."

"Why?"

"Because, because, the fact is, Agnes, I sent in my bill to her the first Sunday she came, for—as I would have done with any English lady."

"Well," said Miss Graham, looking very much interested, "What did she say or do?"

"Annie said she glanced over the bill and laid it down again on the tray, saying that she would attend to it shortly. Then she began to read the morning paper. And from that day to this, I have never heard anything more about the matter."

Miss Durston shook her head again, but this time it was with a look of mingling.

"Do not fall to take Agnes' advice, my dear Helen," she said. "This is Friday night. Make out your bill to-night, and send it up to her in the morning—with the breakfast tray."

Mrs. Graham arose and commenced tying on her bonnet as if about to go.

"Can I be of any kind service? Do you wish me to make out the young lady's bill, or to take it to her in person?" she asked.

"No."

"Then fag well for the present to my sob."

She crossed to the door and ran lightly down the concealed passage, led toward the garden gate. Not so low had been the conversation, however, but that another beside the three friends heard it. And Isora, pale as a fall, slender girl, in the open parlor window of Miss Markham's own house, who stood for a few moments as with hey face buried in her clasped hands; then hurried on her cloak and hat and quickly reached the street.

A few steps onward and she passed through the great wooden gates of the Catholic church. She entered the structure, and when she again came out into the street it was 10 o'clock, and she hurried toward her own home. A crouching female figure rose from a niche in the wall of the church, as Frances Kent passed out, followed her, and plucked timidly at her cloak as she lifted the latch of the gate.

"She turned, and saw a slender, delicate looking girl of eighteen, with a profusion of golden hair falling round a pale and frightened face.

"Are you—what? What can I do for you?" she asked kindly.

"Lady," said the girl, in a low, hurried voice, "will you tell me of any respectable lodgings there I can get shelter for the night? I am a stranger from the country yesterday, and a mah at the station carried my box away before I could stop him. My clothes and my money were in it, and I don't know where he went. I have been wandering about all day without food or shelter, and now I am frightened. I dare not stay in the streets all night. Oh, do take pity on me, and find a place for me somewhere, or I shall surely die with fright."

By the light of the street lamp Miss Kent considered the girl's face, as she studied what course to pursue. Truth and innocence were written there, and, after a brief scrutiny she turned, saying:

"Follow me."

And Francis Kent led her protege into the house, where, after a short parley with Helen Markham, she was readily admitted.

CHAPTER XII.

The next morning, directly after breakfast, Miss Markham was summoned to the apartment of her lodger, when she received payment in full for all debts contracted by the lady during her stay. The good little woman heart migave her as she looked at the pale, resolute face of her lodger. Surely she had not overheard the conversation of last evening. Surely she was not offended, was not going to give up the apartments and go away.

No—Miss Kent had evidently no such intention, since she said nothing, but to request that the girl she had taken under her protection the night before should be brought to her room.

She came, with her golden hair nicely arranged, and her face beaming with delight, as pretty and modest looking a little English girl as one might often see.

She told her little story simply and artlessly enough. Her name was Lily Graham, and her home had been with an uncle and cousin in a Hampshire inn. But her cousin wished to make her his wife, and her uncle favored his suit. To escape all persecution upon the subject, she had run away, without the knowledge of any person on the place. Her box had been stolen from her arrival in London, and but for Frances, she knew not what would become of her in that great weary, wicked city.

She would write to her uncle in a day or two, for the good sisters had already promised to procure her a place—and all was to go well with her.

"We have just heard of a place this morning, which seems the very thing for her," said Helen Marham. "The place is to have is in the city, but with a good, motherly woman, whom we have known for years—a Mrs. Trotter—who keeps an eating-house of a superior kind. Lily will not, however, be in the shop. Her work is to take care of a young child, which Mrs. Trotter has adopted, and I believe she will like the child and her mistress, and do well there."

"When will she go?"

"In a few days. We are getting up a little outfit for her, as the poor child lost all her clothes."

Miss Kent drew out her purse and laid two sovereigns upon the table.

"Please accept that, dear, as my contribution."

"I will see that it is invested to the best advantage."

Before the week was ended Miss Kent had the satisfaction of seeing her protege safely sheltered in the comfortable home of good Mrs. Trotter, and welcomed by Rudolph, who, with all a boy's enthusiasm, thought the girl's blue eyes and golden hair the most beautiful things in life.

Vernon was his idol, but she was only an infant after all, and quite incapable of understanding, appreciating or returning the boy's devotion he lavished upon her.

But Lily was older—Lily could both understand and appreciate him, and the child idolized the seven knight and cavalier upon the spot.

Miss Kent, returning to the Brompton cottage, gave such a report of Mrs. Trotter and her little charge, as roused the curiosity of Mrs. Graham to an inordinate degree, when process of calling upon her, at an early day, in order to see for herself the mysterious infant, and she accordingly made the request.

But before she could put the proposal into effect, a startling and astonishing event occurred, which rendered it impossible for a time for her to satisfy her curiosity, which she had so innocently raised.

"It happened in this wise. One foggy morning, in the latter part of November, the inhabitants of Fleet street were startled by a piteous shriek of a child—a child, or, stolen, giving an accurate description of the infant's appearance and dress at the time of its abduction, and offering a reward of £100 to any person who would give such information as should lead to its recovery by the officers of police at station A.

Now, it happened that as Rudolph and his charge had knocked at Mrs. Hecket's door, the night before, a night no one of her immediate neighbors had known of his coming. In London, as in some other parts of the world, the earth is full of paper walls, and you may live ten years beside a man and know nothing more of him than that he goes to his business at 8 a. m. and returns home in the afternoon at 5 or half-past 5 you shall see a horse and two white stockings before the door next your door, and meet your late neighbor evening out in that mournful fashion of feet foremost, to which we must all submit, sooner or another, whether we like it or not.

Among themselves, as they ran out on Mack's bell, was a tall, broad shouldered, low, white-skinned, dark and sinister looking man, who, if he had heard any conscience, it was not in all easier or possibly both.

He read the advertisement once and twice, then looked at the shop, a look of intelligence passing in his deep set eyes. He then looked down at a narrow street, piched his over his brows and he plodded.

He went round at a lucky moment just in time to see Mrs. Trotter hobble staggering beneath the weight of a large butter, that threatened to take her with it to the heading, beneath.

Have you seen this great police placard about the stealing of the baby?"

"About what?" asked Mrs. Trotter. "Do you know anything of the child, ma'am?"

"Are you from the police office?" she asked sharply.

"No ma'am. I'm just from the country, and only saw a notice in the streets a few moments ago."

"Then I don't mind telling you, ma'am, that I do know something about that child, and I am certain that the right people were asking after it. I'd go and give information at once."

"You may be sure of that, ma'am. For you are to go to Station A, and there's a tidy little reward of a hundred pounds waiting for you when you get through with your story. Is the baby's parents that have had that notice put out, I think."

"Poor little dear," said Mrs. Trotter, with a sigh, "I know what I feel! If Rudolph was well; but there, I can't ask the poor lad to get up, as he's ill as he is, and there's no one to mind the shop for me."

Rudolph's poor sick boy, ma'am?"

"Yes."

"Is there no one else to help you, you can leave here? I really think your duty to go at once and tell what you know of the child."

"Well, I do," she said, with another heavy sigh. "But I don't like to do it."

"As far as the shop is concerned, I am a stranger to you, but I flatter myself I am an honest man, and if you have any one who can sit here in the shop just to see that I do right by you, why I will wait on your customers with pleasure, while you are gone, and you need not disturb the sick lad at all."

Mrs. Trotter's face brightened at once. The proposal was a strange one, and yet, as she thought, lie both looked and acted as an honest man, and it really was hard to say, as she said, to give information about the child, if its parents were seeking for it, much as she disliked to part with it herself.

She went to the stairs and called softly:

"Lily!"

"What is it?" a sweet girlish voice, replied, and the cheek of the stranger flushed deeply as he heard it.

"Bring down my bonnet and shawl, there's a good girl. Is the baby asleep?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Come softly then and do not wake her, but leave the door a little ajar, so that you can hear her if she wakes."

A moment or two and a light, quick step was heard upon the stairs. The stranger turned toward the door, and stood there with his back toward the house, and his hands in his pockets, whistling softly to himself.

"Lily, I must go out for a few moments," said Mrs. Trotter, getting into her bonnet and shawl, and making a perfect figure of herself in her hurry and agitation. "This gentleman will mind the shop, but as he is a stranger I wishes you to keep close by. If the baby wakes turn up and bring her down here for a few moments, only mind and wrap her up well."

Saying this the portly soul hustled out and bolted up Fleet street as fast as she could go. And Lily stood in the middle of the shop wondering if the lady had gone, and wondering still more who or what this mysterious stranger might be, over whose proceedings in the shop she was to keep a sharp look out. Mrs. Trotter was fairly out of sight he turned toward her with a smile and held out his hand.

"Stephen," she exclaimed, in low voice.

And then the warm blood left her lips and cheeks, and she felt blindly for a chair for a seat to save herself from falling.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

RICH AMERICAN ARTISTS.

Some Make $35,000 a Year, and a Number Run into Five Figures.

Eastman Johnson, devoting himself exclusively to portraits, has a regular income of $35,000 a year, says Art Interchange. Mr. Blashfield, the vice president of the academy, has $30,000, while a number of men not exclusively portrait painters, such as Messrs. Chase, Blashfield, Beckwith, Dewing and H. O. Walker, derive a large portion of their incomes from that branch of their art. Again, there is a group of men who do not attempt portraits and whose incomes rise to a pretty figure up in the thousands. In this group stands Shirlaw, Inness, Gifford, Tryon, Homer, J. G. Brown, Leon Lassalle, Harper, Hovenden, Blum, Poore, Boston, Jones, Maynard, Horatio Walker, Ranger, Church and others, some of whose incomes will fall below $5,000 and several of which will run above $20,000. In such a classification no account is taken of our popular illustrators, men like Remington, Frost, Castaigne and Smedley, whose work in black and white brings them handsome returns. In addition there is a large number of men who are well known who receive considerable sums annually from the book and magazine publishers for their work in black and white, which supplements the income derived from painting pictures. On the whole it would seem that our artists were a more prosperous class than our literary men, for of the latter it is said that less than twenty receive sufficient incomes for their writings alone to support them, while it may be set down as a positive fact that more than forty of the artists receive incomes of $5,000 and over.

A Trick of the Trade.

One of the tricks of trade is for the shopkeepers in London to include the weight of the paper in which articles sold are enveloped. It has been shown that a huge profit is made in this way. For instance, the report of the public analyst to the department of the city of London states that in a recent case it was shown that a firm of tea dealers sold as quarter-pounds of tea packets which contained four ounces of tea and of paper, and, that on this the firm profited to the extent of some thousands a year. The result of the investigation in London was that out of 285 bags of flour weighed ready for delivery, 127 were found of deficient weight, the deficiency amounting to over 2 per cent; in 1 packages of sugar, 377 were found to be short weight, while out of 232 packages of bread, 99 were short weight to the extent of over 2 per cent, the average short weight being 1 ounce. The loss by weight of the wrapper, it was found that in a number of cases the gross weight of the packets was short.

Getting Even.

"You barbers do a heap of talking, don't you?" remarked the inconsiderate man as he took his place in the chair.

"Some of us do," was the answer. "People are always kicking in the comic papers about your having too much to say."

"Well," replied the tonsorial artist, "in comic papers I don't blame them."

"Why not?"

"Because it's unquestionably impolite for anybody to make an ostentatious display of superior knowledge."

An Innovation in the Navy.

The British admiralty is to try an innovation in transporting seamen. The Gibraltar, a first-class cruiser, is to be manned by a crew which will take it to Australia and back, leaving the crew of the Orlando, the flagship of the station. The crew of the Gibraltar will then take the Gibraltar home. Thus the expense of a crew will save the expense of a troop ship. The officers and men will be the regular discipline of the navy, and the cruiser will be tested by a long voyage.

A Sympathy Strike.

"Children," said Mr. Chipwater emphatically, "close that piano."

"What's the matter, father?" inquired one of the two little girls in blue.

"The matter," he answered, locking the instrument and putting the key in his pocket, "is that the musicians of the city have been called out and you're going to join that strike out of sympathy for the neighbors."

Lucky Colonel Singerly.

Colonel Singerly, of Philadelphia, not only grows some of the best cattle in the world on his farm down in Caroline county, Maryland, but he has recently discovered on the same farm a deposit of clay that he expects to ship to New York and underself the porcelain that are now supplying the market with a like quality of clay.

Why, Indeed.

"Are you not ashamed of yourself to fight with a boy so much smaller than yourself? I really can't understand it," said a gentleman to a boy who was imposing on a small one.

"Well, then, why do you meddle with things you don't understand?" Answers.

New Use for Codfish.

Woman—How are codfish selling, young fellow?

Grocer's Clerk—We've had a big demand to-day.

"What's the cause?"

"Well, we're going out of the codfish business, and I guess the customers is buying it for souvenirs."—Judge.

For Modern Cooking.

As a matter of useful information it may be stated that whenever a cooking receipt calls for a baking powder the "Royal" should be used. The result will be found to work better and surer, and the bread, biscuit, rolls, cakes, dumplings, crusts, puddings, crullers or whatever made, will be produced sweeter, lighter, finer flavored, more dainty, palatable and wholesome. Besides the "Royal" will go further as has greater leavening power, and is therefore more economical than any other powder.

Many receipts as published still call for cream-of-tartar and soda, the old fashioned way of raising. Modern cooking and expert cooks do not sanction this old way. In all such receipts the Royal Baking Powder should be substituted without fail.

The greatest adepts in the culinary art are particular to use the Royal only, and the authors of the most popular cook books and the teachers of the most fashionable cooking schools, whom the best results are imperative, are careful to impress their readers and pupils with the importance of its exclusive employment.

The Royal Baking Powder is the greatest help of modern times to perfect cooking, and every receipt requiring a quick raising ingredient should embody it.

THEN AND NOW

Grandma Expatiates Upon the Wonders of Modern Mechanical Contrivances.

The dear old lady folded up the old fashioned edge she had been knitting, and looked over her glasses as the light rays of evening fell from the drooping lilies of the chandelier flooded the room.

There was no hint of the eighty-three years of her life, only in the white hair, the dainty, soft face, the few benevolent lines in her sweet old face.

There was a reminiscent look in her placed eyes as she leaned back in her rocking chair and took off her glasses.

"My dears, you are living in a wonderful age," she said. "I can remember when a woman guarded a lot of fire in her chimney, as carefully as the modern woman does her jewels.

"To-day the last spark in a household to expire is looked on a poor housekeeper and entailed infinite trouble and vexation with flint and tinder, or the old-fashioned tinder box, or the nearest neighbor, often miles away, for the brand of fire or a living coal.

"This invariably subjected the unlucky housekeeper to ridicule.

"The first matches I ever saw were called 'lucifers,' and my mother took them and placed them carefully away in an old pewter tea caddy, which stood on the top of the tall clock in the living room, so that the dangerous things, she regarded them, would be well out of the reach of children. I remember with what awe we looked at that tea pot, and how carefully we avoided the vicinity of the clock.

"Here were every day affairs in comparison to the parlor match with which you are familiar, and to strike one was to be almost suffocated with brimstone.

"Our candles were made at home, and candle making was as regular an institution as house cleaning or training.

"Wax candles were used for the fall brass candlesticks in the best room, which was only lighted on grand occasions—for the use of the very rich.

"Now you have only to touch a little button in the wall and all the house is brilliantly illuminated, or turn a little button in the grate and there came a leap up the chimney.

"My dears, in those days these wonderful things to which you are so accustomed would have been pronounced witchcraft, pure and simple.

Here the dearly beloved head began to nod drowsily, and some one tiptoed across the room to tick a fleecy shawl around grandma's shoulders, while sleep and dreams of the long ago glorified the sweet old face.

RAISED A WHIRLWIND.

The Gentleman Who Made Nothing Hot Said a Cool Deal.

On one occasion a member of the house of commons made use of the phrase, "King, lords, and commons," directing his gaze toward Mr. Pitt, as that right honorable member was still "King, commons, lords, and king." Mr. Pitt rose with great deliberation and called to order. "I have frequently heard in this house a doctrine which have surprised me," he said, "but now my blood runs cold. I desire the words of the high treasonable nature may be taken down. The clerk of the house wrote. The words, "Being them to me," commanded Mr. Pitt, in a voice of thunder, "at this time the offending member was thoroughly frightened, since he had addressing himself to the speaker. "I am sorry to have given offense to the right honorable gentleman, or the house. I meant nothing. King, lords, and commons; lords, king, and commons; commons, lords, and king, ties jumeta in unum. I meant nothing. Indeed I meant nothing." Mr. Pitt then rose, and said gravely, "I do not wish to push the matter further, the moment a man acknowledges his error he ceases to be guilty. I have a great regard for the honorable member, and in consideration of that regard I give him this advice—that he should ever be meany nothing, he will say nothing.

At the Earth's Center.

Let us speculate a little on what would be the probable condition of some of the common substances if they could be taken to the center of the earth—say to a distance of 4,000 miles—taking down under your feet. Professor Leslie says that water, at a depth of 362 miles, would be of the density of quicksilver, and that air at the depth of 1,000 miles would be as thick and heavy as water. It is true that we are ignorant of the laws of compression beyond the depth of a pair of coal mines, but it is believed that water at the center of the earth would be as dense as lead and that air would be about four feet square would be equal to the size of a child's A B C block.

Low Rate Excursions to the West.

On Dec 4 and 18, 1894, the Northwestern lines will sell tickets to points in Nebraska and west from stations in Illinois and Iowa to points in the Black Hills, Wyoming and Utah, and to points in the district of South Dakota at very low rates for the round trip. Tickets good for return 21 days from date of sale. Stopover at any time within 21 days from date of sale. For tickets and information, call on any agent of the Chicago & Northwestern railway.

THE BETTER HALF.

Husband—I wonder what would be a good remedy for so many divorces? Wife—Fewer marriages like ours.

Husband—You says he doesn't believe a word you say. Why, he's just as good as seem. He has proposed five times.

He—May I kiss this dainty hand? She—Oh, yes, if it will give you any pleasure. But it will not give me any.

It is a venial of honor that the Moor.

By the draining of the Zuyder Zee at an expense of $106,000,000, 72,782 acres of land worth perhaps $130,000,000, will be reclaimed.

According to the statistical abstract of the United States the total cost of liquors consumed in this country annually is over $16 per capita.

ABOUT THE CAMPFIRE

GENERAL BANKS HELD MARYLAND IN THE UNION.

When the Legislature Met There Was no Quorum—How Dr. Holmes Wrote "Old Ironsides"—The War Was to Have Been a Holiday Excursion.

—No Quorum.

The death of General Banks revived in my memory an incident which I have long regarded as important, and for which I looked in vain among the numerous paragraphs concerning him published immediately following his decease.

General Banks performed an act which stands singly and alone in all the annals of the war. He prevented Maryland from seceding! To be sure, he was ordered to do so, but he had in charge the carrying out of the order.

Maryland was in a fever heat of excitement, and impatiently awaiting the opportunity to take the necessary action. The legislature of that state was to convene on the 17th day of September, 1861. It was known that the members would, without delay, pass the act which would cut them asunder, theoretically at least, from the union.

On the night Simon Cameron directed General Banks to prevent the assembling of the Maryland legislature. This was a war order, nothing short of it. General Banks and his lieutenants were on hand and as fast as a member came in his name was taken and could be got at he was summarily arrested on a charge of plotting against the government and hastened away to some fort farther north, for where Uncle Sam could hold him safe all hazards.

Two days after the issue of the order a dozen or more were thus seized and hurried away, the days catch including two editors of secession journals, a congressman, and the candidate for governor. The people of Maryland, particularly of Frederick and Baltimore, were almost beside themselves at these acts, and no wonder.

The seventeenth, the day for the convening of the legislature, arrived and there was no quorum. Such members assembled as had escaped the drag-net of general Banks and looked anxiously all day for accessions enough to form a quorum, but in vain.

On the day following quite a few of those who had waited were arrested and conveyed away. This substantially ended the case so effectually that it was useless to depend upon any legislative act. The arrests of the 18th included the speaker and the clerk of the house, and in all, said about twenty.

General Banks has never to my knowledge been given credit for this act. In this connection, I may be permitted to say that the secession of Maryland resulted in the state contributing troops to both sides. A remarkable practice, resulting from the above fact was that in speaking during the war of either of the organizations from Maryland upon the Union side, the speaker added the word "loyal" to the distinguishing name with a deal of emphasis.—D. Eldredge, Historian 1st N. H., in the National Tribune.

Story of "Old Ironsides."

"Old Ironsides," Dr. Holmes' most stirring lyric and the one which brought him recognition as a poet, was first printed in the Boston Advertiser. In 1830, as all know, the frigate Constitution, the conquering hero of many a sea fight, lay at Charlestown navy yard, condemned by an unsentimental department to be destroyed as no longer seaworthy.

Dr. Holmes was then a youth of 21. He had been graduated from Harvard the year before and had spent some time in the study of law, but at the moment, however, his legal studies had been abandoned, and he was living quietly at home uncertain of his future occupation. It was in the interval between his desertion of the law and his resolve to study medicine that "Old Ironsides" was written.

The young man's mind was filled with enthusiasm for the achievements of our navy, and that its most famous vessel should be chopped up into unhallowed wood naturally provoked and galled him. The feelings which the action of the department aroused in him found spontaneous expression in the poem. We say spontaneously advisedly. There was nothing deliberate about its composition, it was wholly impromptu.

To the best of his recollection, he says, he wrote it on a scrap of paper in the Athenaeum, one day, while standing one foot on the fireplace in the old house at Cambridge. And then, without dreaming of the great popularity it would win, or of how effectual its protest would be, he sent it off to the Advertiser, where it appeared in the issue Thursday, September 14.

The poem gave eloquent voice to the sentiment of the whole country, its success was both sudden and universal. The poem was copied with alacrity from paper to paper, while in Washington it was struck off in handbills and distributed through the city. The grand result was presented with honor for the Constitution.

It Would Soon Be Over.

When I got to the tailor's store I found it filled with partially-uniformed men—the "Lambton Tigers." I think they called themselves. But I am not sure as to this. They were discussing the nearest road to New York. And one of these "tigers" was describing how easy it would be to shell the Yanks out of New York city by placing mortars at Hoboken. I, being a Yankee, had a little more unnecessary delay, as I felt it was time I become too hot for me, and proceeded up to the Mills house, where I found Colonel Pickens. I delivered Lieutenant Foster's message, and he replied that "none of the steamers could be spared, as the Governor Dutch," who he mentioned, "and all the other steamers, were required to send troops down to garrison Fort Moultrie." He then said, "I cannot see why as your vessel is disabled you don't leave her here instead of taking her to Savannah." To this I replied, "We are ordered to go there." He then remarked that "the trouble would soon be over," and said, "it would be an affair of ninety days, or a sort of holiday excursion," or to that effect. I replied, "Yes, I should judge you all thought so, because as I came up here I stopped at a tailor store where your men, who were ordering uniforms, were explaining how easy it would be to shell New York." I also said, "Don't you think there is the same spirit in the North that there was in 1776? Do you think the North will allow the United States to be broken up? Because, sir, if you do, I don't think so." He replied, "Oh, yes, there is spirit enough there, but the North has degenerated into a commercial people, while we are a military people."—Home and Country.

The 8th Iowa Cavalry.

The regiment was organized at Davenport, Iowa, Sept. 30, 1863, to serve three years. It was mustered out Aug. 13, 1865. Joseph R. Doe was commissioned colonel, and continued in command until his death at Macon, Ga., May 16, 1865. Then mustered out H. G. Barner had been promissioned colonel, and was awaiting muster. During the winter of 1863, 64 the regiment was stationed in Tennessee doing guard duty, and saw little fighting until the spring of 1864, when it started with General Sherman on the famous march to the sea. In May, 1864, the regiment was assigned to the First brigade, McCook's division, and Colonel Dorr was placed in command. Lieutenant-Colonel Barner then had charge of the regiment. On July 27, 1865, it started on a raid to Lovejoy to destroy the Macon railroad. The march was torn up and much damage done by the railroad property, but when the force started to return it found that the rebels had strong force between them and the Union lines. Very much hard fighting most of the regiment were taken prisoners, except a few who escaped through the woods and reached the Union lines. Many officers and men were killed in this engagement. Colonel Dorr was exchanged in the latter autumn. In March the regiment was at Chickasaw, Ala., and took part in the great cavalry movement in that state. During the years spent in the war the regiment was engaged in the following battles, besides many others of minor impt tance: Resaca, Cassville, Dallas, Kenesaw, Lost Mountain, Atlanta, Newnan, Raceson Ford, Franklin and Pleasant Ridge. Three officers and thirty-seven men were killed in action and died of wounds, and 115 officers and men died of disease or in prison.

"Working" a Sutler.

A sutler, the purveyor to a New York regiment, kept in his stock a barrel of really good whiskey. The price of it was a little high for patriots wearing corkscrew caps and "Hell" on the bucks! $15 a month, but they wanted some rather stiff. A smooth-faced, boyish young fellow proposed a plan. A crowd of his companions in wickedness got into the shanty and kept the sutler busy. Even that usually respectable personage, the orderly sergeant, sat on the counter and joked and laughed in his loudest vein, while the boys crept under the shanty went a few of the "boys" with camp kettles. The initiated of the plot had an anger, and the orderly sergeant, who was always told him where to locate the cask. It was the work of a few moments to run through the floor and into the keg, and fill the pots and pans and into the kettles. As the thieves sneaked back into the quarters they could hear the other fellows quarreling and fighting over the beads, and in giving change to one of them the sutler was drunk. And it was several hours before, when a darky brought a flask from the "reserve" that he was in a fit this time victim discovered the outrage. It was too late then, the depredators had got back on our lines before he was through with his second. Incidentally, I may say that the clergyman of this occasion is now the beloved pastor of a church out in Iowa.—Blue and Gray.

The Bugle Call.

Have you heard the troops a marching?
Marching, marching
O my soul, how I do love and thrilling
roll of the drum!
Up the hill and down the valley, I can hear
his step among them
Before you see his face—I can tell Hi know my
lover's tread.
From see them, you a marching,
Slowly, slowly
As they reach the top, I can tremble at the
coming of that band
There is no pride in the footfall, no other
bugle blast nor drum call.
A silent band they pass from sight into a
valley and
Lo! the bugle calling,
Calling, calling
As a lonely bugle call to the valley
Hear the marching, marching ever, to that call
O my soul, O my soul.

—Happenchance.

Right Word in the Right Place.

As a large hearted Union lady, resident in Cincinnati, the wife of a gentleman of the same character, was distributing a lot of fine apples, of which she had a half-bushel basket full, to the soldiers in hospital in that city, she gave an apple to one soldier of a group who exhibited peculiar anxiety to obtain one. To him, observing as she handed it to him, she said, "Take it, my poor fellow, it was a pleasant thing to receive gifts from a lady. At this she asked if he had a wife, and immediately his eyes filled with tears, which rolled down his cheeks as he replied:

"Yes madam, I have a wif and six children."

Observing his emotion, her own eyes rapidly filling at the sight, she quickly exclaimed to him:

"Well, keep up a good heart."

"Good heart" Yes, madam that is my name."

At the instant their tear drops were changed to smiles, and Goodheart, the lady, and the soldier's companions, broke into a hearty laugh.

"Cap" and "Dad."

That Dr. Holmes was a typical Yankee in undoubtedly was shown in the meeting with his son who was wounded at Chancellorsville, in the manner he had sought the captain on the fields and in the hospitals and at last learned that he was on a train that was carrying the wounded to Washington. He entered the car, saw the pale face of his wounded boy, and they clasped hands with a "Hello, cap," and a "Hello, dad."

General Sherman and the Poet.

Frank L. Stanton, the Georgia poet, says of General Sherman: "It was when the Union forces invaded Savannah the general placed a guard at the house of the poet's father, who was a Northern man, and after seeing to it that no harm should befall him. While he was there the infantile poet came into the room, and the general took him upon his knee, said: "This is a fine fellow, but his head is a heap too big."

A Colonial Sword.

A valuable sword presented by General Henry Knox to a colonial colonel, of the revolution, is now owned by a gentleman of Portland, Me. It has a keen blade and solid silver handle, on which is engraved: "To my wife's honor. To my mother's love. To my enemy the point."

An Officers' Brigade.

Artemus Ward's famous regiment of brigadier-generals is almost duplicated in the Sixth brigade, California N. G., which has seventy-three privates and twenty-seven officers ranking all the way from second lieutenant to brigadier-general.

She—George, all is lost. George—Why? She—Papa has olied those squeaky shoes you sold him yesterday

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder
ABSOLUTELY PURE

The trunks of the largest Siberian mammoth ever dug up weighed 869 pounds.

One of the famous "big trees" of California is conjectured to be 4,000 years old.

The largest salmon trout ever caught in Adirondack waters weighed 25¼ pounds.

The average age at which women marry in civilized countries is said to be 23½ years.

The deepest gold mines in Australia are the Magdala at Stawell, 2,400 feet, and Lansell's at Sandhurst, 2,640.

Much money buys many cares.

Cox's Cough Balsam
Is the oldest, best and most reliable. It will break up a Cold quicker than anything else. Try it. Price 25 cts.

Bad habits have growing appetites.

"Hansen's Magic Corn Salve."
Warranted to cure or money refunded. Ask your druggist for it. Price 15 cents.

Conscience is not an infallible compass.

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth,
Be sure and use that old and well tried remedy, Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children Teething.

Some men never learn to walk backward.

Piso's Cure for Consumption cured a case of Pneumonia in my family after the family doctor gave up all hope.—M. F. McDowes, Conowingo, Md.

You would make a home run by striking at every opportunity.

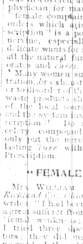
BEARD OF TRADE.—Be sure you get the genuine, Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil. It cures Colds, Croup, Asthma, Deafness and Inflammation.

Many a man by living an honest life who wouldn't if he had never heard of it.

The man who tries to his own highest interest is not the one who is selfish.

If there is a sound dog in a man it is pretty apt to work itself out in his face and voice.

The criminal cannot plead ignorance of the law but can plead remedy the lawmaker can.



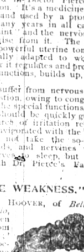
N. Society women often feel the effect of too much of late hours, balls, theatres, and it was in rapid succession that Mrs. Hoover suffered from nervousness, sleeplessness and irregularities. The smile and good spirits take flight. It is time to accept the help offered in Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription, a medicine which was discovered and used by a prominent specialist for many years in all cases of female complaint and in the nervous disorders which follow them. The "Prescription" is a powerful tonic and nervine, especially adapted to woman's delicate system. It strengthens and promotes all the natural functions, builds up, invigorates and cures.

"Many women suffer from nervous prostration, or exhaustion, owing to congestion or inflammation of the uterine organs. Their weak products should be quickly got rid of, which alone can be effectually relieved and the system invigorated with the "Prescription." It is good for tonic and nervine, especially adapted to woman's delicate system. It strengthens and promotes all the natural functions, builds up, invigorates and cures.

"Many women suffer from nervous prostration, or exhaustion, owing to congestion or inflammation of the uterine organs. Their weak products should be quickly got rid of, which alone can be effectually relieved and the system invigorated with the "Prescription." It is good for tonic and nervine, especially adapted to woman's delicate system. It strengthens and promotes all the natural functions, builds up, invigorates and cures.

"FEMALE WEAKNESS."

Mrs. William Hoover, of *Belleville, Kankakee Co., Ill.*, writes: "I had been a sufferer from aggravated female weakness for years, which I tried three doctors to cure without success. I was in a delicate condition, and was fearful of a miscarriage. At the urgent request of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, I took eight bottles. It cured completely my weakness, and I feel as well as ever. I took eight bottles of 'Golden Medical Discovery' on my feet only a short time, and now I do all my work for my family of five."



Mrs. Hoover.

Know all women

that there is one rheumatic, neuralgic, sciatic, and all-pain remedy, as harmless as water, and sure as taxes—It is St. Jacobs Oil—used by everybody,—sold everywhere.

PENSION BOUNTY, HOMES. Successfully Prosecutes Claims. Late Principal Examiner U.S. Pension Bureau. 3 yrs in war, 15 adjudicating claims, atty since.

TREES of GOLD 1894 SPLENDID prizes $1,000 in Gold. Trees PREPAID ALL SAFE ARRIVAL guaranteed. Handsome catalogue free to your door. Agents wanted. Liberal terms. Address, "Trees of Gold," Rochester, N. Y. "Not hunger and hoar better."

CALIFORNIA
Weekly Overland Parties—Personally Conducted. Tourist Sleeping Cars, Upholstered Tourist Sleeping Cars, without change, Chicago to Los Angeles and San Francisco. Excursions to points on the Pacific Coast. For particulars address, Geo. H. Crosby, G. A., 195 South Clark St., Chicago.

LINENE REVERSIBLE **COLLARS** 15 cts. Linene Dress Shirt Bosoms, Linene Cuffs, Linene Ladies' Collars, Linene Ladies' Cuffs, Linene Ladies' Dress Shirt Bosoms, Linene Ladies' Dress Shirt Bosoms, Linene Ladies' Dress Shirt Bosoms