

VETERANS' CORNER.

GOOD SHORT STORIES FOR THE OLD SOLDIERS.

Hope the Hub of Life—Story of a Captain's Mule—When Sheridan Was a Cadet—A Poor Picket—Little Sparks.



He are living, we are dwelling, In a grand and awful time, In the age on ages telling; To be living is sublime.

Hark! the onset! will ye fold your Faith-clad arms In lazy lock? Up! O up! thou drowsy soldier; Worlds are charging to the shock.

Worlds are charging, heaven beholding; Thou hast but an hour to fight; Now, the blazoned cross unfolding, On! right onward for the right.

Oh! let all the soul within you For the truth's sake go abroad; Strike! let every nerve and sinew Tell on ages—tell for God!

Capt. Fox's Mule.

Capt. Reuben L. Fox, who is known wherever presidential conventions have ever been held for his connection with the state committees, tells a mule story in which the mule is doubly the hero of the tale:

"We were going down the valley of the Shenandoah," tells the captain, when a "yarn" is loudly called for by the assembled comrades, "and, although, we had enough to eat as a general thing, we certainly did suffer for tobacco. Nothing would take its place, and to do without it was a terrible privation for men who had not any home comforts just then. Tobacco was our solace and joy, and tobacco we talked about, wished for and went without.

"Once in every week or so we would come across great storehouses of tobacco, and then we would load our mules with all they could carry. But as every veteran knows, the fumes of tobacco make an animal sick in twenty-four hours, and in three days he is staggering and trembling so he can't walk.

"We were lamenting for the millionth time that we had no tobacco, when we saw within marching distance across the fields a large building which we knew contained enough for many a pipe many a day. To scurry out in a small detachment to take possession of all we could carry was work, and I was one of the scurriers. When we arrived at the storehouse we found a good old southerner in charge, and by his side stood a plump, good-natured mule. I did not want to take the mule by force, so I made a close bargain for her—her name was the musical one of Caroline—and all the tobacco she could carry, and when we reappeared at camp we were greeted with loud hurrahs.

"Next day we started down the valley, the mule walking proudly along. And the following day we journeyed on again, expecting to see Caroline weaken and begin the usual tobacco staggers. But she didn't stagger worth a cent. In fact, she seemed to be enjoying her chances to see the country, and so we kept right on with her. Well, that mule carried tobacco for us all the way down the Shenandoah valley, returning the same way, still laden with the fragrant weed. It took four months, and by that time she smelled so strongly of tobacco that she fairly scented the camp when she wagged her tail. Oh, how we loved that mule.

"On our return to the old plantation where we had bought her she seemed to know she was at home. She frisked around and acted as joyfully as she could. Her old owner was in sight again, and when I led the mule over to him he said: 'If you want to sell me back that here animal I'll pay you twice what you paid me for her.'

"I took up his offer, as we were in sight of plenty of weed, and as we marched I caught a glimpse of my tobacco mule rolling over and over in the pasture to get off her hide the scent of the tobacco which she had so nobly borne for us through the Shenandoah."—New York Recorder.

Told of Abraham Lincoln.

At the commencement exercises at Summitville the class address was delivered by Benjamin F. Phemister, one of Van Buren's teachers, who illustrated the spirit of his subject in the following story of Lincoln: "On the first day of January, 1864, while a blinding snow storm swept with untold violence through the northern and New England States, while thousands of our brave defenders were suffering upon the gory fields of the south, a man, tall, gaunt, and homely, was seen standing in Pennsylvania avenue in the city of Washington. A woman with her head bared to the hurricane of heaven, with her feet naked to the frozen ground, with her gown tattered and torn, saw him. She, supposing him to be a minister of the Gospel, ran to him, and falling at his feet, addressed him thus:

"Oh, sir! If you are a minister of the Gospel, if you serve the God who fed Elijah by ravens and Israel with manna, prey to Him to provide me a shelter from the storm and food for my poor starving children! I am a widow. My husband sleeps in the bloody bosom of Gettysburg. I'm sad and forlorn. Oh, pray to the Master till He hears my sad cry, that He may shelter and feed us, or pray that we may die."

"The tall, ugly man, with his heart overflowing with sympathy and his eyes flooded with tears, extended both

his hands to the dirty kneeling woman and said: 'Woman, get up; you are mistaken. I am not a minister of the Gospel. Jehovah never appears to hear my prayer. For four long years I have been praying for the restoration of our Federal Union and the cessation of this cruel and bloody war. Not until a petition was sent to the states in rebellion in the form of two of the most magnificent armies that ever shouldered a musket, under the guiding hands of Gen. Grant and Sherman, was there ever the remotest resemblance of an answer. My prayers have finally been answered through the instrumentalities of these two armies under the matchless and daring skill of these two Generals. Now if I had any idea that a prayer would shelter, feed, and clothe you I would bow down, but I think that the best prayer that I can make in your behalf is a prayer to that groceryman on your corner.

"Suiting the generous act to the kind and sympathetic words, that ugly beautiful man took from his pocket a small order book and wrote:

"Washington, Jan. 1, 1864.—Mr. Groceryman—Sir: You will please supply the bearer with \$25 worth of provisions as she may direct and choose and charge the same to yours truly, "Abraham Lincoln."

A Poor Picket.

At the beginning of the war there were a lot of "raw" soldiers, who, though ardent fellows and good fighters, were not up to the West Point standard on military matters. At Warrenton, Va., one of the new companies happened to be stationed early in the conflict, and many were the lessons that had to be learned by the earnest but ignorant southerners, who had but a slight idea of the rigid rules of warlike discipline. But on the whole, they did exceedingly well. It was one balmy September evening, just that delicious time of the year when the cool breeze is laden with the rich odors of the dying leaves and full of an exhilarating crispness that seems to fill one's blood with dreams of love and happiness. The moon was just peeping from behind a bank of clouds resting on the crests of the Blue Ridge, and the line of light crept down the sides and crawled across the fields of waving corn and the meadows full of chirping insects. About in the field were scattered the white tents of the confederate, and beneath them the tired men were deep in slumber.

One of the most ignorant men had been put out as a picket, and for hours he trod his beat, watching with eager eye the lights from the distant farm houses, lest some fire of an enemy's camp break out into the gloom. The air was warm and fragrant, and the soldier's mind was full of the romance of the situation.

Presently the moon sank behind the dark billows of the cloud bank and the world was wrapped in silence and darkness. But in each bush there sparkled a glow-worm, and about in the air circulated some of the bright insects known as "lightning-bugs," whose tiny tail is seemingly pointed with fire.

Now the sentry suddenly became alarmed, and gave the signal, and the camp was soon in turmoil. The men, hastily awakened from their sleep, began to saddle up and were full of delight at the thought of meeting the enemy whose camp-fires, so the sentry said, had just gleamed out from a distant hill.

The men were ranged up to begin their march, the colonel had exhorted them that this was the "time for them to win their spurs," and all was excitement, when the sentinel crept up to the colonel.

"Colonel," said the fellow in a discomfited voice, "I am mighty sorry, but I have made a mistake—there is no camp fire of the enemy—it's a lightning-bug—you see, I am a bit near-sighted," and the man crept back to hide under the flap of his desolate tent, while the disgruntled men took themselves again to slumber.

When Sheridan Was a Cadet.

Gen. Casey, who recently retired as chief of engineers of the army, graduated in a class which contained a great many distinguished officers in the late war. It is said that Gen. Sheridan often claimed that the class of 1852 was his class, although in reality he graduated the next year. The story of why he did not graduate is told by a friend who admired the great cavalry leader very much. Sheridan never became any kind of an officer while he was a cadet. He was always a private, not even becoming a corporal or any other petty officer that would give him command of his fellows. Marching out to dinner one day Sheridan fell under the eye of a cadet in the class below him, who was an officer in that class, and consequently competent to command a private even in the class above him. He ordered Sheridan to walk more soldierly, and spoke to him in very sharp terms. Sheridan told the young man that he would see him after dinner. And immediately after the meal a ring was formed and Sheridan went at the young officer. He was not his match, however, and after a very hard fight his friends in the first class, seeing that he was getting the worst of it, stopped the fight. Sheridan was reported for fighting, the cause stated to the commandant of the school, and a clear case made against him for striking a superior officer for ordering him to do what he should have done, and he was suspended for a year; and so he graduated in the same class with the cadet with whom he had his difficulty. That was also a famous class. The present chief of engineers, Gen. Craig-hill, was a member of it.

Good intentions never die—some may be one reason why they are so seldom carried out.

WOMAN AND HOME.

CURRENT READING FOR THE DAMES AND THE DAMSELS.

Woven Horse Hair for Fall and Winter Hats—Suitings of Odd Weave—A Late French Creation—Hints for the House-hold.



OVEN HORSE hair remains a rage for hats and will figure largely in the millinery notions for early fall. Black horse hair chapeaus are trimmed elegantly with rhinestone buckles and a single perky upfear of flowers. Such a hat will be quite the thing for early town use. In many cases the trimming is very simple, but in the hat of this material that the artist presents here the trimming is abundant. First there is in front a large Louis XV. bow made of rose pink ribbon overlaid with black guipure

entirely upon personal ideas and prejudices. A great many families do not approve of it, and under no circumstances would they appear in somber garments heavily trimmed with crape. It is said, in defense of this custom, that it saves comment and question; but this, as a rule, amounts to very little as a reason. One's friends are likely to know of illness and death, and it is thought somewhat ostentatious to advertise by deep mourning the fact that one has met with the loss of a near relative. In such occurrences strangers are not supposed to have any interest, therefore the evident superfluity of mourning so far as the public are concerned. It certainly can make very little difference in one's grief what the attire may be, and it is an unquestioned fact that too much time and money are spent on the preparation of mourning dresses for such occasions. The only apology for this can be that it furnishes the bereaved ones with a much needed diversion. This, however, would be much better if taken in another way. But the fact remains that mourning dresses and crape are worn by many people, especially by the English, who to an extent seem to set the pace for the

New Shoulder Cape. A pretty variation on the round shoulder cape is one that has ends crossing in front like a Marie Antoinette fichu. To the woman who has a pretty waist and handsomely curved figure, this fashion is less ungenerous than the round cape, which, no matter how stylish in itself, hides the figure entirely.

A Late French Creation. For the matter of hats the varieties are legion; but one of the oddest yet shown is an immense brimmed, shirred hat, made of soft tan brillantine, to match the frock; the whole, the traveling rig for a prospective bride. It sounds horribly clumsy, brilliantine is so waxy and applies itself so poorly to soft folds, but when turned out in a beautiful state of finish by a clever



WHAT FASHION DECLARES TO BE CORRECT.

whose fancy edges extend beyond the ribbon. This bow has double loops on each side that droop over black ribbon arranged in puffs on the brim. In front a few Malmaison roses with buds and foliage show.

Suitings of Odd Weave. In replacing silks in large degree, as suitings will in fashionable fall dressing, the latter weaves will include novel goods, which are doubtless designed to make women pleased with the change from more showy stuffs. One of these novelty suitings is employed in the costume sketched here-with and is a handsome green, figured



with pink rosebuds. The bodice is cut with fitted black and front, fastens at the side, and is trimmed with a draped bertha of black lace. This bertha is draped with green ribbons, and two ribbon straps extend from the center of the front to the side seams. The skirt is untrimmed, and a black felt hat is worn that is trimmed with green velvet ribbons and small sprays of foliage.

Mourning Attire. Whether or not one shall wear mourning is a question that depends

world. There is very little change in mourning materials. For years the Priestley silk-warp Henrietta cloth has been the standard fabric for first mourning dresses. It is, however, curious that while this was originally a material for mourning, its use has become so general that any woman of any age may wear it, even though she habitually indulges in the brightest colors or wears colors with it. There is nothing so durable, handsome and economical in the long run.

The Tender Sentiment. A. B. C. asks the following questions: "Is it right for a young man to show affection for a young woman unless he means it? What should she do if he shows decided evidences of affection for her, then, upon leaving the place where she lives, writes to her and other young ladies in precisely the same way?" Answer: In a case of this kind there are several things to be considered. In the first place, it is rather hard to draw the line between genuine good-will and what young women call affection or love. A young man may find great pleasure in a young woman's society, may really enjoy her company, comradeship and conversation, and may plainly show that he does so, without giving any actual evidence of what people call love. There is a great difference in persons about matters of this sort. Some are more demonstrative than others, some may go through an entire season of courtship and finally marry without half as much appearance of affection as is exhibited by others who have no serious intentions whatever. It is scarcely worth while to waste one's time on a young man who talks and writes to two or three young women in precisely the same way, if he professes to love them. A man who will do this is beneath contempt, and A. B. C. will do very well to waste no time on him. But before she takes any decided steps, it might be well for her to sit down and carefully study the case and see if she has made any mistake in the matter. There are a great many young girls who fancy that every man who looks at them in an interested

French milliner. Its beauty is unquestionable and is an adorable adjunct to a natty traveling costume. The illustration shows the hat in question. It flares broadly at the sides and has a soft little puff all about the edge. The crown is finished in the same manner. Directly in front rests an immense chou, with two massive loops sticking out at both sides, giving a wonderfully broad effect to the affair. The hat pins are two rhinestone balls, the only bit of adornment about the chapeau. The bodice of the frock also caught my eye, from its decided oddity. It fitted the form snugly to the waist, and was cut with the broad back pieces so in vogue; from the waist it flared out in smart



Undecorated Shame. "Augh waugh!" It was the baby. He had repeated the remark sixty times in the last hour.

Mr. Newleigh's hair, such as it was, stood on end. "Gwaw ohwb wowhgwaw Awwaugh!" added the baby, while people living across the street got up and closed their windows.

Mr. Newleigh took a whetstone out of the table drawer and ground his teeth. "To think," he groaned, burying his face in the pillows, "that I should grow up to become the father of a union depot train crier."

Equal to the Occasion. Mrs. Bland always has something pleasant to say to everybody. She puts all her friends in better humor with themselves. She met the ugliest man in town the other day. He is really a curiosity he is so ugly, and when she saw him he was worse than ever, for he had a boil on his nose. She couldn't say he had a sweet voice, for he notoriously hasn't. It looked for a moment as if she were bowled out, but she wasn't. She rallied gallantly, with her sweetest smile she grasped the man's hand. "Oh, Mr. S—," said she, "how do you do? You—you always do wear such immaculate linen."

She Knows Her Business. An ingenious bride, so the story goes, has evolved a happy scheme for keeping her husband true to the propensities of his wooing. The engagement was a long one, love letters exchanged legion. With these letters she has prepared her husband. He may cough, in the face of such evidence of devoted affection, object to the price of a new coat, or be so stingy in the matter of money. She has him where the heart is short.

Put one pound of sugar and one quart of water on to boil. Boil five minutes. Pound the leaves from a good-sized bunch of mint; add them to the boiling sirup, and when cool, strain. Add juice of two lemons, and sufficient green coloring to make a disagreeable green. Freeze.



box plaits, showing a lining of vivid scarlet silk. A broad folded belt of tan satin encircled the waist and fastened with two tiny gold clasps in front.

SPAIN'S LITTLE KING.

HE CAN'T ROMP AND PLAY LIKE OTHER BOYS.

The 9-Year-Old Monarch and His Daily Life—Sorry Because He Can't Wear Old Clothes—Wishes Many Times Daily.



If there is anything a healthy, active boy hates it is being watched all the time. "A fellow can't do nothing" when a nurse is always "round," more than one energetic little American has spluttered after being dragged out of the

water because the vigilant nurse thinks he will splash his pants. And poor little Alfonso XIII, king of Spain, undoubtedly feels much like other growing boys on this matter.

Young Alfonso is over 9 now, but he is watched and guarded as carefully as he was when he became king, a mere baby in a cradle. Alfonso doesn't like being watched either. He thinks he is old enough to go in swimming this summer without having a nurse along to see that he doesn't get into deep water. Poor boy, nobody has taught him how to swim, so that he has to paddle around the shore and wonder why he can't jump around and have fun as the other boys do.

Most every boy thinks he would just like to be a king for a while and order everybody to do things for him, but they would soon get tired of the attention. Just think, no fun at all, such as American boys have, for him. He can't, in the first place, have any playmates, for no boys in Spain are supposed to be good enough to associate with him, and what fun can a fellow have with no boys to play with. He has, to be sure, two sisters, but they are older, and what boy of 9 cares to play with dolls with a couple of girls? He has one advantage, however, with his older sisters, that many boys would like to have. They can't "boss" him. "All he has to say to them is, 'Remember that I am king,' and they have to bow down and beg his forgiveness. That in itself is some compensation for being a king.

The worst part of his life is that he has to be dressed up all the time. It would never do, you know, for anybody, even for his mother, to see him—the king—in soiled clothes, or with dirty face and hands. So he has to be washed a score of times every day, and has to put on a clean suit of clothes at least three or four times a day. When he exercises he goes to a room with one of his teachers, who shows him how to swing dumbbells or Indian clubs and how to draw himself up on a horizontal bar. He never plays any outdoor games after dark, though, of course, he would like to at times. A king's life is too precious to risk taking cold by being out in the damp night air. He goes to the theater, though, as often as he wants to, and that is something that many an American boy would like to do.

He is a soldier, and that's how he gets most of his fun, for he has a small army of boys in Madrid, where he lives in winter, and he frequently marches at the head of this army and sometimes drills it. He knows a good deal about marching, for he has been instructed by the best teachers in the world. He never tires of learning new points about army life, for he has been taught to know that some day he must direct the armies of his kingdom. He is the generalissimo of the Spanish army and the grand master of all the military orders of the kingdom. His names are Alfonso Leon Maria Francisco Pascal. He does not know his last, or family name. Kings don't have any—in theory.

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