

VETERANS' CORNER.

SOME GOOD SHORT STORIES FOR OLD SOLDIERS.

"The Victor and the Vanquished," a Domestic Poem - The Irishman Obeyed Gen. Butler's Orders - The Battle of Trafalgar - Strength of British Army.



THROUGH the crowded streets returning, at the ending of the day. Has tened on one whom all saluted as he sped along his way.

In his eye a gleam of triumph, in his heart a joy sincere, And the voice of shouting thousands still resounding in his ear. Passed he 'neath a stately archway toward the goal of his desire, Till he saw a woman's figure lolling idly by the fire.

"I have won," he cried exultant: "I have saved a cause from wreck, Crushed the rival that I dreaded, set my foot upon his neck! Now at last the way is open, now at last men call me great, I am leader of the leaders, I am master in the state!"

Languidly she turned to listen with a decorous pretense, And her cold, patrician features mirrored forth indifference; "Men are always scheming, striving for some petty end," said she, Then a little yawn suppressing, "What is all of this to me?"

II.

Through the shadows of the evening, as they quenched the sunset glow, Came the other, faring homeward with dejected step and slow; Wistful, peering through the darkness, till he saw, as oft before, Where a woman stood impatient at the threshold of the door.

"I have lost," he faltered faintly, "All is over," with a groan; Then he paused and gazed expectant at the face beside his own. Two soft eyes were turned upon him with a woman's tenderness. Two white arms were flung about him with a passionate caress, And a voice of thrilling music to his mutely uttered plea. Said, "If only you are with me, what is all the rest to me?"

III.

All night long the people's leader sat in silence and alone, Dull of eye, with brain unthinking, for his heart was turned to stone; While the hours passed all unheeded till the hush of night had ceased, And the haggard light returning becked the melancholy east.

But the other, the defeated, laughed a laugh of merriment, And he thrust his arms behind him with an infinite content, Reeking not of place and power and the smiles of those above, For his darkness was illumined with the radiance of love.

Each had grasped the gift of fortune, each had counted up the cost, And the vanquished was the victor, and the winner he that lost.

Battle of Trafalgar.

On October 10, 1805, Nelson had already published in his fleet the plan of the coming battle, with orders similar in kind and quite as brilliant as those of Napoleon before reaching Ulm, says the Century Magazine. In order not to terrify his enemy, he hovered at a long distance from the shore. On the 20th he advanced toward the northwest, having learned from his frigates, which had been watching Cadiz, that the allies had started. Next morning at day-break his own watch descried the enemy sailing southeasterly and far beyond, low on the horizon, the downs which line the bay north of Cape Trafalgar. The French fleet, simultaneously descriing the English, at once turned northward so as to be ready for retreat toward Cadiz, and Villeneuve, skilful but ever despondent, drew up his ships for battle in a disposition which, on the whole, was admirable; two long lines parallel with the shore, those of the rear covering the spaces between those of the first, so as to make the whole virtually a single compact curved line, concave toward the enemy, and therefore prepared to deliver a cross-fire.

It was a bright morning, with a light westerly breeze, but a heavy ocean swell, as the British, with the advantage of the wind, slowly advanced in two columns, one led by Nelson in the Victory, the other by Collingwood in the Royal Sovereign. All was silent, when at the appointed moment the famous signal flattered from the flagship, "England expects every man to do his duty." Responsive cheers burst from ship after ship and the French admiral murmured: "All is lost!" Nelson had given a stirring order: "In these signals cannot be seen or clearly understood, no captain can do wrong if he places his ship alongside that of an enemy." Villeneuve's was scarcely so: "Any captain not under fire is not at his post and a signal to recall him would be a disgrace."

It was a splendid audacity on Nelson's part, which, fearing lest the light wind might make an engagement impossible, ordered each of his ships in two columns, one after the other, to be abreast of the whole fleet. Collingwood's line—the van—the British—came into action first just at dawn and drove

through the enemy's ranks, as was expected, but although this was by prearrangement with Nelson, yet the Royal Sovereign, having outslid her consorts, went too far, and was isolated for twenty minutes, being exposed to the fire of all the enemy's ships which could reach her and was nearly lost before she could maneuver or aid could reach her. Instead of furling his sails, Collingwood had cut his sheets, and the flapping canvas could not be put into use.

The Victory hastened on against the Bucentaure, which carried the standard of Villeneuve, as fast as the treacherous breeze would permit, and in turn attacked on the north. She, too, was in advance of her consorts, and was riddled before they could come to her relief. For a time the Redoubtable withstood the onset both of the Victory and the next in line, but three more British vessels coming up, the five finally broke through, capturing the Bucentaure, the Redoubtable, and the Santissima Trinidad, which had so gallantly opposed them. Both the English flagships were saved in the end, but the fighting was terrific on both sides. To the overconfidence of the British was opposed a dull timidity in their opponents, and in the end this began to tell.

The allied boats failed to use their guns with either rapidity or precision, while their inner line drifted away to leeward and was enveloped by the enemy. In a few hours they were scattered and about 4 o'clock were at the mercy of their foes. Of the whole armada only eleven ships—five French and six Spanish—finally escaped. About 1:30 Nelson received a mortal wound from the maintop of the Redoubtable, but lived to hear the news of victory. His last order was for the ships to anchor for safety against a storm which was evidently approaching. He was a victim to his own system, which subordinated caution and every other idea to the single one of success. His men loved him just as Napoleon's did and fought desperately for his approval. Like his great contemporary, he was a master of his own profession, and to an extent equaled by no other admiral of Great Britain. He was still in his prime, and in many minds his loss offset the victory.

Strength of Great Britain's Army.

Recent returns of the strength of the British army at home and abroad, exclusive of the Indian native army and the forces raised by colonial authorities, says the Edinburgh Scotsman, shows that there are in round numbers 221,000 officers and men actually serving and entirely exclusive of the reserve. The total allows about 1,300 to the three regiments of household cavalry; 18,500 to the twenty-eight regiments of dragoon guards, dragoons, hussars and lancers; more than 37,000 to twenty-one horse batteries, eighty-seven field batteries, ten mountain batteries, ninety-three garrison companies, and the depots and riding establishments of artillery; 7,700 to the various companies of engineers; 6,000 to the seven battalions of foot guards; 137,500 to 141 battalions of line infantry, highlanders and rifles; 5,000 to various colonial corps raised as part of the imperial forces; 3,500 to the army service corps, 3,500 to the medical staff corps, and the remainder to the ordnance stores and army pay corps. In the distribution of the army there are on home service about 107,000 men, of whom 37,000 are in Ireland, nearly 4,000 in Scotland, and the rest in England, Wales and the Channel Islands; 76,000 in India, Burma and Aden; nearly 15,000 in the garrisons of Malta and Gibraltar; 3,500 at the Cape of Natal; 3,000 at Hong Kong; 4,500 in Egypt, and the residue are scattered over the West Indies, Bermuda, Nova Scotia, Mauritius, Ceylon, and Straits Settlements and other places, some of which, like St. Helena, have the service of but very small bodies of the imperial troops. The Canadian dominion has only about 1,400 of the queen's forces, Australia none at all, and the recent dispatch of men to the African west coast has only added about 1,000 soldiers to the ordinary strength in that part of the empire. India remains the great absorbent of the regular forces abroad, and at the beginning of this year there were in the four great commands of the Punjab, Bengal, Madras and Bombay nine regiments of cavalry, eighty-eight batteries and companies of artillery and fifty-three battalions of infantry. The Bengal command still takes up the largest portion of the British troops, and the new command of the Punjab corps next with 20,000; and of the two other commands Bombay has about 1,000 more men than Madras, the latter including Burmah.

Obedient Butler's Orders.

Gen. Butler received word during a sharp engagement in front of Petersburg that his favorite horse, Almond Eye, had fallen into a ravine and been killed. The general, says the Boston World, ordered an Irish attendant to go and skin the animal. "What, is Almond Eye dead?" asked Pat. "What's that to you? Do as I bid you and ask no questions." Pat went about his business, and in an hour or two returned. "Well, Pat, where have you been all this time?" sternly demanded the general. "Skinning the horse, yer honor." "Does it take nearly two hours to perform such an operation?" "No, yer honor; but then, you see, it took 'bout half an hour to catch him," replied Pat. Gen. Butler cast upon his servant such a ferocious look that Pat thought he meditated skinning an Irishman in revenge for the death of his horse. "Can your wife cook?" "I don't know and I intend to be careful not to find out."

IS A GIFTED DIVINE.

HE WILL SOON PREACH TO THE PEOPLE OF CHICAGO.

Rev. Frank H. Vrooman of Boston Believes in Nineteenth Century Methods for Nineteenth Century Christians—Descendant of a Count.



REV. FRANK H. VROOMAN, of Boston, to whom an informal call has been extended by the Kenwood Presbyterian church, of Chicago, is a divine of national and international reputation. Mr. Vrooman is a Harvard man, and has also studied at Oxford and Berlin. While in London he lived about a year at Toynbee Hall, the first organized social settlement, where he had a splendid opportunity to study sociology. While attending Oxford he filled the pulpit of the Holloway Congregational church, and at the end of a year received a call to become permanent pastor of that church. At the same time he received a call to the pastorate of the Beecher church, of Elmira, N. Y., to succeed Thomas K. Beecher, brother of Henry Ward Beecher. He accepted the Elmira call, and was in charge of this church a year and a half. At the end of this time Mr. Beecher was so improved in health that he resumed his pastorate, and Mr. Vrooman returned to London. As a result of one of his published articles he received a call to the Salem Street Congregational church, of

Worcester, Mass. This call was accepted. Two years ago Mr. Vrooman married the daughter of Gen. John C. Black, of Chicago. An interesting feature about Mr. Vrooman is the fact that he is a direct descendant of Count Egmont, Prince of Gavre, who was beheaded by the Duke of Alva during the religious persecutions of the sixteenth century.



GEORGE N. CURZON.

Worcester, Mass. This call was accepted. Two years ago Mr. Vrooman married the daughter of Gen. John C. Black, of Chicago. An interesting feature about Mr. Vrooman is the fact that he is a direct descendant of Count Egmont, Prince of Gavre, who was beheaded by the Duke of Alva during the religious persecutions of the sixteenth century.



REV. VROOMAN.

Mr. Vrooman is a forceful speaker, with up-to-date ideas, and does not believe in medieval Christianity for the twentieth century Christians.

ATLANTA'S OLD CLOCK.

It Stopped at the Exact Time of President Lincoln's Death. What caused the old black-faced clock on Whitehall street, near the corner of Alabama, the one with the gilded figures and the yellow hands, to stop at the fateful moment? asks the Atlanta Journal. That is the question that many persons have asked themselves as they have looked at the hands of the clock, pointing for the last few weeks to 8:18. That was the exact time of night when President Lincoln met his death at the hands of John Wilkes Booth and as a silent monument to Lincoln's memory the makers of painted clocks since then have always painted the hands pointing to 8:18. Nearly all of the painted clocks have the hands marking that time and it is strange that the clock on the corner should know about it. For more than a year the old clock has been keeping good time for the many shoppers who have thronged along Whitehall street until it was a veritable Babel of human-

ity, especially during the exposition, but one night a few weeks ago it stopped suddenly. It had been marking off the minutes as usual until the time recorded was 8:18. Then the hands stopped. It was quite a coincidence and superstitious people were inclined to catch a tighter grip on the rabbit foot when they saw the time at which the clock had stopped. It was set in motion again recently.

Curzon is a Jingo.

Mr. Curzon's statements touching the proposed Egyptian campaign pleased the ultra Tories and Jingos. While he speciously brought out the fact of the great danger of dervish incursions northward, no good reason was adduced for British aid to Italy, though, of course, the safeguarding of the southern entrance to the Suez canal was understood. The opinion is general that financial interests are fomenting this Egyptian foray as they did the disgraceful invasion of the Transvaal. Holders of bonds want to be sure that the victories of Menelek will not lead to a general uprising in the Soudanese provinces, thus creating a menace to existing conditions in the khedive's domain; and for this reason, as a protective and precautionary measure, the campaign is planned. But France and Turkey will surely have to be settled with, and the czar will have a finger in the pie. Baron de Courcel, the French ambassador, has not yet returned from Paris, whether he went Friday, after a special audience with Lord Salisbury, to inform his government of the British plans concerning Egypt. Curzon believes in a vigorous campaign.

A Canine Drunkard.

A dog in this city loafs in a saloon and is a drunkard. The dog is only a

common cur, but he likes his toddy and must have it every day. Not a day passes that the dog does not get drunk, and after getting full he staggers behind the stove and sleeps it off. The dog is 12 years old and has made his home around the saloon in question for the past nine years. He never attempts to bite any one and all who frequent the saloon think a great deal of the dog. Often men will visit the saloon just for the purpose of seeing the dog and getting him drunk. His liquor is given to him in a saucer and he likes it, like many a man.—Louisville Commercial.

All the Way from Bangor to Portland. The other day a man in Bangor, Maine, wished to send a dispatch from that city to Portland, Maine. On account of the destruction of the bridge at Benton direct communication with Portland was impossible, but the Western Union got the message through all the same, and this was the way it was done. It was telegraphed from Bangor to North Sidney, C. B., then to Heart's Content, N. F., thence to Valencia, Ireland, thence to Land's End, England, thence to Dover, then to Brest, France, thence to St. Pierre, Miquelon, thence to Duxbury, Mass., thence to Boston and thence to Portland.

Mark Twain in Egypt. Mark Twain is at present lecturing in Egypt. A few weeks ago considerable anxiety was aroused because of a



MARK TWAIN.

report that he was dying at Bombay, India. The report happily turned out to be unfounded.

Wherever the truth in any shape is being sought, it means that some one is searching after God.

THE SKIRT CLUTCH.

HOW THE WOMAN PEDESTRIAN PROTECTS HER FROCK.

The Grim Grip and Backward Reach—Various Kinds of Clutches—A Double Reef—The Perpendicular Hang Affected by Fat Women.



IF THOSE unmitigated nuisances who go around telling how they make a practice of studying human nature ever watched the way in which a woman holds her dress in the street they would find lots of deductions to make as to her peculiarities in other ways, says the New York Herald. If you show a philosopher how a woman clutches her dress, no doubt he can tell you who she is and what she is thinking about. But the ordinary man who sees a woman pass him on the street notices only how she looks, and draws no inferences from the wildness or tameness of her clutch.

The left hand probably is the one with which the dress can be held up most rationally, if there is anything at all rational in the system that makes it necessary to hold up a dress at all. Then in the right hand can be clasped the gloves, purse, key, umbrella and any little parcels, and things that have been acquired en route. It is correct to hold out the purse a little more prominent than the other things. One reason for this is that the wealth may impress the beholder and the other is that the sneak-thief may have less trouble in sifting it out from the other effects. All he has to do is to grab wildly at the woman and he can't very well miss the purse, and then sprint for his residence.

To hold the dress as some do it, clinch the teeth wildly, wrinkle the forehead with desperate determination, put the left arm back about fifteen inches about the shoulders, seize a handful of the dress at a point as far down as you can reach and fasten on to it with the same mad energy with which the drowning man gets hold of a straw. Then continue your triumphant career up or down Broadway, as the case may be.

When the bell skirts were abolished there was a cry of dismay from women. "We've held up our trains for so many years," said they, "that it has become a second nature to us. If we haven't anything to hold on to what shall we do with our hands? A handful of frock is to a woman what a walking stick is to a man."

And the dressmakers replied: "Well, hold onto the dresses, anyway, if you like. There's no law against it. Break yourselves of the habit by degrees." And that is why a woman whose skirt clears the ground by some inches, anyway, can be seen clutching at it to keep it out of the mud.

The prettiest dress clutch many think is the plain everyday "perpendicular grip." The arm is allowed to hang straight down by the side and the dress seized. In this grip there is no dislocation of the shoulder or wrenching of the arm to get hold of the dress too far back. It is found that it is just as effective and much more comfortable to keep the arm perfectly straight. This dress clutch is especially adapted to the stout.

If the arm goes too far round it is not only tiring, but it tends to change the center of gravity, and the woman waddles along somewhat like a soft-shell crab scooting from two places at once that are at opposite ends of the earth. It is the same principle that causes a boat with two oars on one side and one on the other to deviate from a straight line. If a person is blindfolded and turned loose on a prairie and told to walk perfectly straight, he will describe a large circle. But if a woman who is holding her dress up with the backward sweep were blindfolded and told to do the same thing the change of the center of gravity would be so great that she would describe a very small circle indeed.

Then there is the pose with the left arm akimbo—same attitude as your cook assumes when she says she won't stand it any longer, but will leave at once, except that she does it with both arms at once. In this pose the left hand with a little bit of the dress rests pressing closely against the side. The elbow sticks out into the middle of the street, sweeping all comers before it. Long steps often accompany this pose, and the poser walks very fast.

Sometimes the extreme end of the dress is brought round toward the front and folded over gracefully. But the whole thing of diminishing the area of frock must always remain a puzzle to the male philosopher. As a sailor would put it: "What's the use of having so many sails, if they're always reefed?" The word "reef" aptly describes what some women do to their dresses in rainy weather.

Said of the Russian.

The Russian breathes the air of Europe and thinks the thought of Asia. His feet are on the threshold of the 20th century, yet his head is still in medieval times. He mimics the style of the West European, yet follows the habit of the Tartar. His aspirations are never very high, and his passions are often very low.—Rev. Joseph Krauskopf.

Religious Maniac Has a "Command."

Earl Rickard, of Graton, Ohio, has gone insane over religion. He was nabbed just in time to prevent him from carrying out a "command" to kill his wife and baby.

BLISS TRIUMPH POTATOES at \$1 a bushel; \$2 a bbl. of 11 big pecks; 3 bbls. for \$5. No potato is earlier; or one-half barrel of Triumph and one-half barrel of late for \$2.25; 3 bbls. for \$6. To get these low prices

Cut This Out and Send the Money along to the John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., and get Salzer's Pedigree Potatoes at above cheap prices! Good until April 25th, 1896. W. N.

To Preserve Health. It is understood that the government of New Zealand will introduce a measure for the exclusion of consumptive persons on the same lines as that dealing with smallpox, making masters of ships liable.

The Pilgrim—Easter Number

Will be ready the early part of April. Everything in it will be new and original. It will contain articles by Capt. Chas. King, U. S. A., ex-Gov. Geo. W. Peck, of Wisconsin, and other noted writers. An entertaining number, well illustrated. Send ten (10) cents to Geo. H. Hefford, publisher, 415 Old Colony building, Chicago, Ill. for a copy.

Five-sixths of the men at Oxford and Cambridge universities are teetotalers.

Bank

President Isaac Lewis of Sabina, Ohio, is highly respected all through that section. He has lived in Clinton Co. 75 years, and has been president of the Sabina Bank 20 years. He gladly testifies to the merit of Hood's Sarsaparilla, and what he says is worthy attention. All brain workers find Hood's Sarsaparilla peculiarly adapted to their needs. It makes pure, rich, red blood, and from this comes nerve, mental, bodily and digestive strength.

"I am glad to say that Hood's Sarsaparilla is a very good medicine, especially as a blood purifier. It has done me good many times. For several years I suffered greatly with pains of

Neuralgia

in one eye and about my temples, especially at night when I had been having a hard day of physical and mental labor. I took many remedies, but found help only in Hood's Sarsaparilla which cured me of rheumatism, neuralgia and headache. Hood's Sarsaparilla has proved itself a true friend. I also take Hood's Pills to keep my bowels regular, and like the pills very much." ISAAC LEWIS, Sabina, Ohio.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the One True Blood Purifier. All druggists. \$1. Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Hood's Pills are prompt, efficient and

Webster's International Dictionary

The One Great Standard Authority. So writes Hon. D. J. Brewer, Justice U. S. Supreme Court. Send a Postal for Specimen Pages, etc. Successor of the "Unabridged."

Standard of the U. S. Printing Office, the U. S. Bureau of Education, the State Supreme Courts, and other Educational Institutions.

Warmly Commended by State Superintendents of Education and other Educators almost without number.

THE BEST FOR EVERYBODY. It is easy to find the word wanted. It is easy to ascertain the pronunciation. It is easy to trace the growth of a word. It is easy to learn what a word means.

The Chicago Times-Herald says: "Webster's International Dictionary is an absolute authority on everything pertaining to our language in the way of orthography, etymology, and definition. From it there is no appeal. It is as perfect as human effort and scholarship can make it."—Chicago Times-Herald.

G. & C. MERRIAM Co., Publishers, Springfield, Mass., U.S.A.

WALL PAPER FREE

Would be dearer than ALABASTINE, which does not require to be taken off to renew, does not harbor germs, but destroys them, and any one can brush it off. Sold by all paint dealers. Write for card with samples.

ALABASTINE CO., Grand Rapids, Mich.

SWAMP The Great KIDNEY, LIVER & BLADDER CURE. At Druggists, 50c a Btl. Advice & Pamphlet Free. Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM. Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Prevents falling out. Restores the hair to its youthful vigor. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. One and a half dollar bottles.

Millions are suffering with CONSTIPATION and those who find relief use HYPO. The only sure cure; money refunded if not cured; guarantee in each package; sent to any address on receipt of Price 50 Cents. THE HYPO CO., 277 La Salle St., CHICAGO.

DENSION JOHN W. HOBBS, Washington, D. C. Successfully Prescribes Cigars. (Late Principal) Washington U. S. Pension Bureau. 329 in last war, 156 in this war. Claims, 457, 500.

GRIPPLE CREEK. Write for what you want to THE WESTERN INVESTMENT CO., 158 Jackson St., Chicago, Ill.

If afflicted with sore eyes, use Thompson's Eye Water.

FISCO'S CURE FOR RHEUMATISM, ALL BRUISES, Cuts, Bruises, Sprains, Pains, Good, One in Time. Sold by Druggists. CONSUMPTION