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AFTER A BATTLE

The Horrors of a Struggle Realized After the Armies Have Abandoned the Field.

The beginning of a battle, unless brought on by accident, as it were, reminds one of manœuvers standing about an open grave in a cemetery waiting for the clods of earth to fall upon the coffin. The cool, deliberate way in which troops are moved and batteries placed in position tries your nerve. Men speak to each other in subdued voices, and the commands of the officers are low and stern. A regiment is put a cog in one of the wheels; division in one of the dozen wheels of the great machine. You may now and then catch sight of the enemy as he also moves to the right or left or advances, or you may not see anything of him for an hour after the battle opens.

Your brigade is in battle line, and has been waiting for a hour. There is a line of skirmishers down along the bush-fringed creek, but you know it only because you saw them go down across the field.

A DISTANT CHEER

comes floating over the wheat fields. Some commander has been addressing his troops. Five minutes later there is a pop! pop! pop! along the skirmish line. The enemy is moving forward in battle line. The skirmishers are the gnats stinging the elephant. They kill and wound, but of what result is the feeble disabling of fifty men out of a division?

Now the field pieces open one after another. They are to the right on the hills, but you feel the earth trembling where you stand! and the crackle of musketry is added to the roar of the rifled guns. You jump as you face; your chin quivers; your legs are strangely weak. You shout with relief the enemy appears on the slope and you get the command to fire.

The coming of night may end a battlewhich has raged along a front of ten miles from early morn. The enemy may have been driven and drawn off. We may have been driven. If the going down of the sun and the coming of night has left victory undecided there is a gradual dying away of the roar of the larger guns. The spiteful six and nine pounders keep to their work for half an hour longer. Then you hear only the boom of a single gun, and the fire of muskets, which has been a continuous roar for hours, slackens off and dies out until there is only a sullen sputter, as from the wick of a candle touched with water. The night will not be entirely quiet. Here and there the pickets will fire into the darkness at intervals, and guns and troops will be moved to new position.

But it is over the battle—after both armies have abandoned the field—that you realize the horror of a struggle where 200,000 men have been engaged. From right to left rank is a distance of, say nine miles. Both flanks were held by cavalry. The line ran through meadows, over flower fields, across woodlands and

THROUGH THE ORCHARDS

surrounding farmhouses. Everywhere along this front are dead and wounded men, dead and wounded horses, dismounted guns, sabers, swords, muskets, and accoutrements. Here in this hazel thicket a dozen mortally wounded men crawled away to die. Under the wild plum tree shading the waters of the brook are a score of wounded men, some of them faint with loss of blood as they drew themselves along inch by inch to reach the water for which they thirsted as never before. There are dead men among the ripening wheat, on the sterile hillsides, in the clover over which the honey bees are hovering, among the red and white hollyhocks of the farmer's garden.

The field is left to the hospital corps and the brigade detailed for burial duty. Field hospitals are erected here and there, and the wounded are gathered in. Blood drips from the stretchers as they are carried along. Blood on the grass, on the rocks, and leaves and bushes—blood until you turn your eyes to the blue sky to forget its color. Men are carried past you who seem to be dead; others groan in agony; others still cry out and curse at the Samaritans of the battlefield.

Index of the dead? Right here where they lie in windows, some across each other, a brigade tried to drive itself into our centre as a wedge, and was almost wiped out of existence by grapeshot, canister, and bullet. Farther to the left we find them only at intervals and not so near our lines. Over the hill and on each side of

THE DUSTY HIGHWAY

we come upon them by scores again. Here we had a battery, and half a brigade charged out of the woods to take it? Standing here you can see dead men dotting the ground to the very edge of the forest. The guns were turned upon them as soon as they appeared, and the fire was murderous. Here is where they were checked and shattered and driven back by the volleys of the infantry in support of the guns. If there were any wounded among the dead they have crawled away.

And here, just in the edge of the orchard, the earth is almost hidden by the dead and wounded. Men have carried water from the creek, deep said to the wounded—the dead await burial alone. Here was a hand-to-hand fight over two field pieces. Were they worth 200 lives? And as the guns changed up and dashed off to a new position the iron-shod feet of the excited horses were planted on the faces of dead men—on the breasts of men crying out with their wounds—and the heavy wheels followed after to grind human flesh into earth.

And now the long and shallow trenches have been dug on the hillside overlooked by peach trees, and we gather up the dead on the section assigned to us and place them side by side. There is only a brief search after identity—never a eulogy or a prayer over one. Friends in these trenches, foes in those over there. So let them be covered and slept until the last trumpet calls. Known or unknown, what matters it to them?

Experience of an African Traveller.

Commander Monteil, at present traveling in Africa, announces his arrival at Lake Tchad in a letter to a friend, which is published in Le Politique Coloniale (Paris), and in which he gives some interesting details of his experiences. He describes how the country at one time was devastated by a cattle plague, through which he lost all his carrying beasts; how he himself was hovering between life and death for some days, being laid low with fever, and how, at last he reached Lake Tchad. He sums up his narrative by enumerating some of the practical advantages of the expedition. He has, he says, thoroughly searched out the natural and commercial resources of the districts he passed through, and seen how they can best be turned to the interests of France. She could secure all the trade at the mouth of the Niger, he considered, and he had spared no pains to pave the way for Frenchmen to maintain friendly intercourse with the natives. Everywhere he had gained the good will of the natives, and had left master of the situation. He is sure that good results will follow his efforts if only France at once takes the initiative in opening up trade.

Chances of Death in War.

No doubt every reader has seen the statement that it takes a man's weight of lead to kill him. This statement is usually looked upon as a rhetorical hyperbole, suggested by the fact that comparatively few out of the whole number of shots fired in battle take effect. Marshal Saxe, I believe, first made the statement that forms the basis of the theory, only he said that it "would take 125 pounds of lead and thirty-three pounds of powder to put each of the enemy in the long trench." Wild and visionary as this may seem it appears that there was really more truth than poetry in the remark.

At the battle of Solferino, according to M. Rossel's carefully deduced calculations, a comparison of the number of shots fired on the Austrian side with the number of killed and wounded on the part of the enemy, shows that 700 bullets were expended for every man wounded and 4200 for each man killed. The average weight of the ball used was thirty grains, therefore it would have taken at least 126 kilograms of lead for every man put out of the way. Yet Solferino was a most bloody and important engagement.

Regret, in light of the above, was about right when he said; "War is awful, but the sound of war is awfuller."

A Prudent Girl.

Elderly Relative (to school-girl)—"Amanda, you are looking pale. You must not be too ambitious. Tell me the truth, now—haven't you been burning the midnight oil?"

Miss Amanda (her paleness all gone)—"Why, yes, auntie, but—but not much. We turned the lamp down very low."

Every promise in the Bible is a soldier with a drawn sword, ready to fight for the man of God.

BATTLE HEIGHTS

A THRILLING STORY OF CANADIAN HISTORY.

BY ERNEST CUILSMANE.

Most Canadians are sufficiently familiar with the stately column which crowns the summit of Queenston Heights, and looks down upon an expanse of scenery that can scarcely be paralleled for variety and sublimity, save by the view from the edge of the plateau, on which an obelisk marks the spot where "Wolfe died victorious." Most of them know, also, in a general way, why it was placed there, and that Brock died to preserve what Wolfe had died to conquer.

It is not necessary to trace the march of events immediately succeeding the declaration of war by the United States, on the 18th of June, 1812; how Brock cheered up the despondent, decided the wavering and overawed the disloyal among the inhabitants of the province by a settled policy, to use his own words, of "speaking loud and looking big;" how, prevented by the express instructions of his superior from attacking the enemy beyond the Niagara, he assembled an enthusiastic body of volunteers, and taking with him almost every regular soldier at his disposal, flew to repel the invader at the Detroit; how he promptly determined to cross that river contrary to the opinion of his most trusted officers; and how his audacity was rewarded by a complete and bloodless victory, is tolerably well known to every Canadian.

But, while conquering at Detroit, he could not fail to be apprehensive that disaster might have befallen the weakened garrisons on the Niagara, and scarcely twenty-four hours were permitted to elapse before he was on his way thither, carrying with him all the troops that had accompanied or preceded him to that quarter, fully alive to the truth of the Napoleonic maxim that "in war, time is everything." Brock then hoped to duplicate his exploit by the capture of Fort Niagara and the dispersal of the forces assembled on that frontier. That it would have been an easy task, there can now be no reasonable doubt, for although superior in numbers, the American troops there, were, by the admission of their commander, in a very indifferent state of discipline, without any heavier ordnance than six pounders, and but few of them, and without artillerists. After days later, when the true extent of Brock's success was made known, their demoralization became complete. The most absurd rumors were believed and spread. Panic-stricken fugitives from Detroit, anxious to excuse their cowardice, gravely related that a hundred fresh scalps had been deposited at Colonel Elliott's feet and that he had paid for them at the rate of six dollars each. Not only the Western Indians, but those residing in Michigan and Canada were reported to have taken the hatchet, and to be already on their way to devastate the border settlements of Ohio. The appearance of two British war-vessels on the south shore of Lake Erie threw the inhabitants of Chautauqua county into a paroxysm of terror. Fearful memories of Cherry Valley and Wyoming were recalled, and a general flight began. The militia became clamorous for pay, and sought furloughs under every possible pretext. When refused, they feigned sickness or deserted.

The intensity of Brock's disappointment may be imagined when he learned, on his arrival at Fort Erie on the 22nd of August, that an armistice had been proclaimed five days before. Persistently hoping against hope that peace might be established, without bloodshed, the Governor-General of Canada, as soon as he was informed of the repeal of the obnoxious Orders in Council, assigned by the American government as the chief cause of their declaration of war, dispatched his Adjutant-General, Colonel Baynes, to General Dearborn, commander of the United States forces in the State of New York, who had his headquarters at Greenbush, near Albany, to propose a cessation of hostilities till the decision of the cabinet could be ascertained. He found Dearborn in a favorable humor. The latter had indeed been vaguely instructed to make a diversion in favor of General Hull upon the Niagara, but was in no position to assume the offensive there or elsewhere at that moment. Most of the American merchant vessels on lake Ontario were blockaded at Ogdensburg. Sackett's Harbor, his principal naval station on that lake, was nearly defenceless, and had been threatened with an attack; the forces assembled on the Niagara were unprovided with artillery and necessary munitions of war. He readily assented to Baynes' proposals as far as the forces under his immediate command were concerned, as he could still continue his preparations for defence and invasion with entire freedom. But Hull was believed to be in full tide of success. It was confidently reported that he had taken Maldenand was marching up the Thames. Dearborn therefore warily declined to extend the armistice to his operations.

General Van Rensselaer, who commanded the American forces on the Niagara, received the news with feelings of profound relief and satisfaction. Although refugees from Canada had assured him nearly a week before, that all the regular troops had been withdrawn from the posts opposite to meet General Hull, he still remained incredulous and apprehensive of an attack. Yet his forces already exceeded two thousand men, of whom one-half were regulars. He perceived in an instant what an immense advantage might be derived from the cessation of hostilities, if the terms could be construed in such a way as to enable him to bring up troops and stores from Oswego and Sackett's Harbor by water, instead of the tedious overland route. Unless this concession were secured, the armistice would be of little immediate benefit to him. The agreement was so loosely worded as to leave this matter in doubt. His Adjutant-General was at once sent to Fort George with directions to insist on this interpretation.

Colonel Christopher Myers had been left in command there by General Brock. To garrison all the posts, he had less than three hundred men of the 41st regiment. The absentees of the flank companies of the Lincoln militia were called in and increased a number of militia in service to about four hundred. The remainder of the inhabitants were busily engaged in the harvest fields, but an additional draft of five hundred men was warned to hold itself in readiness to march to his support. The two armed vessels, Prince Regent and Earl Moira, were moored in the mouth of the river to protect his left flank, while the new schooner, Lady Prevost, was anchored off Fort Erie to assist in the defence of that post. Efforts to strengthen the fortifications along the extreme line were continued as far as his means would permit. A day or two before the armistice was announced, Colonel Roger Sheaffe of the 49th arrived and assumed command. Letters recently received from Prevost insisted on the policy of conciliating the enemy by every means in his power, and Sheaffe finally consented that both parties should enjoy the unrestricted navigation of Lake Ontario as long as the armistice continued, although an express from Detroit had informed him a few minutes before of the capitulation of the entire American army there.

All the advantages secured so far by the superiority of the British squadron on Lake Ontario were thrown away by a stroke of the pen. The blockaded vessels at Ogdensburg were removed to Sackett's Harbor to be armed, and troops and stores of all kinds hurried forward to Fort Niagara. Tidings of Brock's almost incredible success had preceded him, and as he rode down to Niagara he was met midway by many of the magistrates and principal inhabitants on horseback, who presented him with a congratulatory address, to which he replied with his characteristic readiness and tact, modestly disclaiming any personal credit, and ascribing his triumph to the fidelity and alacrity with which he had been supported by the people of the province, and the steadiness of the troops under his command. The volunteers who had accompanied him were filled with natural exultation, and their easy victory inspired them with a certain amount of contempt for their enemies, which was rapidly communicated to their friends and acquaintances. The arrival of the American general and the regulars of his army, a few days later, became the signal for a frantic outburst of enthusiasm, and aged loyalists who still nourished bitter memories of the Revolution, joyfully declared that Saratoga had been at last avenged.

Quite as profound was the dismay occasioned in the minds of even the most sanguine of his antagonists. "Three days ago," wrote Peter B. Porter, their Quarter-master-general, to the Governor of New York, "the heroes of Tippecanoe and the garrisons of Detroit and Mackinac, amounting to about 500, were marched like cattle from Fort Erie to Fort George, guarded by General Brock's regular troops with all the parade and pomp of British discipline and we were footsoldered by the numerous and we were footsoldered by the numerous

[illegible]

[illegible] Hull, and at that critical moment, to JOHN, when the fate of the province hung in the balance, loaned him several thousand pound of ready money, which enabled him to equip his expedition for the relief of Malden. The contents of General Hull's military chest and ten thousand dolls a sent him by the Governor-General, had enabled him to satisfy the most pressing demands since. But the pay of his troops, both regulars and militia, was several months in arrears, and they were unable to obtain the most trifling article without paying the highest price in cash for it. They were without tents or camp utensils of any description. Their clothing hung about them in tatters; their shoes were worn out, and they suffered dreadfully from cold and wet, yet their patience and cheerfulness excited his warmest admiration and praise. With the exception of a few men from the militia, who generally went to their homes and afterwards rejoined their companies, there were scarcely any desertions.

On the other side of the river bodies of fresh troops were constantly arriving, but their militia was represented as being very much dissatisfied and extremely inefficient. Sickness prevailed in their camp and funerals were daily observed. Seven men of the 6th United States Infantry deserted in a body and attempted to swim the river, six of whom perished in sight of both armies. Undeterred by the fate of his unfortunate comrades, another man of the same regiment plunged in next day and swam successfully over amid a shower of bullets. Two companies that had arrived during the armistice, each consisting of sixty men, this fugitive said, had already lost one-half by desertion.

"The United States regiments of the line desert over to us frequently," Brock wrote on the 18th of September. "The men are tired of the service. Opportunities seldom offer, otherwise I have reason to think the greater part would follow their example. The militia being principally composed of engaged democrats are more ardent and anxious to engage, but they have neither subordination nor discipline."

By the middle of September, two companies of the Royal Newfoundland and six of the 49th regiment arrived from Kingston, and ninety men of the 41st came down from Penetanguishene. These slender reinforcements were ostentatiously paraded in view of the enemy as they arrived and marched from place to place with marked effect, as we have already observed. Three hundred Indians had come in and two hundred more were promised, but Brock placed little dependence upon auxiliaries of such uncertain temperament. "They may serve to intimidate," he said, "but no effective service can be expected from this, degenerate race." To Prevost he wrote that there was no doubt great discontent existed among the American forces, "and much might be done, but keeping in mind Your Excellency's intimate views, and aware of the policy of permitting such a force to dwindle away by its own inefficient means, I do not contemplate any immediate attack." But in a letter to his brother a few days later, he avowed his real impatience at his forced inactivity.

"My instructions oblige me to adopt defensive measures, and I have evinced greater forbearance than was ever practised on any former occasion. It is thought that without aid of the sword, the American people may be brought to a due sense of their interests. I firmly believe that at this moment I could sweep everything before me from Fort Niagara to Buffalo, but my success would be transient."

In fact the arrival of his reinforcements had almost produced a panic in the American camp. Party strife raged among the officers with unabated fury. Porter and his friends styled the commanding general a traitor, while Solomon Van Rensselaer openly announced his intention of publishing Porter as "a poltroon, coward and scoundrel." In this dilemma, General Dearborn suggested that the Governor of the State should assume supreme command himself and march thither with as large a force of militia as he could assemble, while he would endeavor to draw off part of the British troops by a movement towards Montreal by way of Lake Champlain. Tompkins was too shrewd a politician to imperil his reputation by so rash a step, but he displayed great vigor in pushing forward troops and stores, and invested Van Rensselaer with authority to call out an almost unlimited number of militia from the neighboring counties. Dearborn at the same time dispatched a regiment of regulars from Van Rensselaer's assistance, while the Secretary of War sent sailors to equip man the boats and vessels at Buffalo, and was urging forward another army to recover Detroit. Two thousand volunteers from Pennsylvania were at the same time ordered to march to the Niagara.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

WAS NOT KILLED.

But a Red and Disagreeable Indian Was Just About to Dispatch Him.

The first white person who made a permanent settlement in the county of Onondaga, New York, was Ephraim Webster. He traded with the Indians, became familiar with their language and customs, and was for many years Indian agent and interpreter for the Onondagas. It sometimes happened that the Indians on account of fancied or real wrongs, became offended with him. More than once they threatened his life.

At one time the Indians tied him to a tree, and amused themselves by throwing tomahawks, to see how near they could come to his head and not hit it. Sometimes the whistling missile grazed his hair. The spot was kept up for more than an hour, during which time Webster did not flinch. His coolness excited the admiration of his tormentors.

On another occasion the Indians seemed so determined to kill him that he almost gave up hope. A grave was dug, and his executioners, four in number, with glittering tomahawks in hand, were chosen. Webster stood with his arms outstretched, each hand firmly held by a sturdy brave.

He was asked if he had any request to make before he died.

"No," replied Webster, "only I should like a drink of water."

"No, no, no!" cried several voices at once.

The venerable war chief, Oun-dia-ga, was inclined to grant the request. "Hold!" he said to the Indians, whose ready weapons were poised. "Stay your hands, offend not the Great Spirit. Let him drink a cup of water for the last time."

The cup was given him, and one hand was released. Webster, with perfect composure and apparent good feeling, drank the health of the chiefs and brave warriors of the "Onondaga nation."

This exhibition of good nature and bravery produced a marked effect upon the Indians. From all sides came cries:

"He is free!"

"Let the white man go!"

"He is good Indian, one of us!"

Mr. Webster was released, and the Indians led him to their wigwams and smoked with him the pipe of peace. He had won the Indians' respect by his fortitude.

A Wonder In Figures.

Some person of a mathematical turn of mind has discovered that the multiplication of 987654321 (which you will observe are simply the figures 1 to 9, inclusive, reversed) by 45 give 44,444,444,445. Reversing the order of the digits and multiplying 123456789 by 45 we get a result equally as curious, viz., 5,555,555,605. If we take 123456789 as the multiplicand and interchanging the figures in 45 so as to make them read 54, use the last numbers as the multiplier and the result will be 6,666,666,666. Returning to the multiplicand 987654321 and taking 54 as the multiplier again the result will be 53,333,333,334—all 3s except the first and last figures, which together read 54—the multiplier. Taking the same multiplicand and 27, the half of 54, as the multiplier, the product is 26,666,666,667, all 6s except the first and last figures, which together read as 27—the multiplier. Now interchanging the order of the figures, 27, and using 72 instead as a multiplier and 987654321 as the multiplicand we get as a product 71,111,111,112, all 1s except the first and last figures, which together read 72, the multiplier.

Mathematicians and others who delight to wade around in the realms of the curious are well aware of the fact that there are many such numbers as the one we have in hand, but it is doubtful if there is a better illustration of the trite saying: "Figures will work wonders," than that given above.

Just Like Him.

A young man gave his sweetheart a pug dog as a birthday present. It was of the purest blood, but its nose was particularly short. The grateful recipient was profuse with her acknowledgements.

"Oh, thank you, James," she said; "thank you. You are so kind. It's just like you."

"There is no virtue in doing what you have to do. Even the devil will behave himself when he is chained.

HOUSEHOLD

A Knot of Hair.

She has a knot of russet hair;
It becomes a little thing to wear.
Through years, despite of fashion's check
The same deep coil about the neck;
Yet there is twine, I ween,
When first I knew her,
And learned with passion to pursue her,
Of that, if she changed it, to my mind
She wore a creature of rare kind.

On others she may flash the wise,
Strong light of apprehending eyes
And make who fronts her beauty great
With hopes that awe and stimulate
The happy lot
Be mine to follow
These throats! that graceful curve and hollow,
And muse a lifetime how they get
Into that wild, mysterious knot.

O, first of women who hast laid
Magnificent glory on a braid!
In others' tresses we may mark
If they be silken, blond, or dark;
But thine we praise,
And dare not feel them;
Not Hermes, god of theft, dare steal them;
It is enough for us to gaze
Upon their vivifying maze.

[Michael Field.

How to Combine Remnants.

Clever shoppers get elegant dresses at small expense by buying two remnants of harmonious colors. One remnant is a skirt pattern of the fine double width woolens, such as Russian velours, plisse veiling, or honey-comb crepon, the width serving for the length of the skirt, and only three yards and a third or a half being required. The part sloped away in the seam at the back of the skirt will make a corselet, or a deeper peasant waist, or also a small Figaro jacket, or a Mikado that opens up the back. A second remnant of changeable surah will make a shirt waist or guimpe with large sleeves, and should repeat the colors of the skirt, or else be in contrast with it. Thus a bell skirt of black Russian velours with turquoise blue cords has a Swiss belt of the same with a blouse of black and the blue dotted while a skirt of blue crepon in lines like Bedford cord has a square-cornered Mikado jacket over a blouse, and sleeves of green and blue shot surah speckled with gold. Black satin ribbon is used as a belt and collar, also to bind the jacket broadly, and in three narrow ruffles on the sleeves.

An effective and new way of combining two fabrics in a dress has the slightly draped skirt. Thus a Paris dress of gray crepon with cross stripes of pale blue has a lower skirt, vest, and half sleeves of gray-blue twilled silk. The lower skirt is in bell shape, slightly long, and the back seam is left open. On this is hung a crepon bell skirt, with the selvage of the lower edge left intact—not curved with the pattern—and carried up each side from the foot of the front to the top of the back, thence dropping double in a fold half the length of the skirt. A half-breadth of the wide crepon lined with stiff linen is then let in the whole length of the open back seam of the silk skirt, and made to fall in a graduated Watteau fold, the effect of breadth and fulness at the top being completed by the half-long folds of crepon on each side of it. The round crepon vest has a soft puffed vest, the edges crossed with bands of embroidered galloon. The sleeves have a puff of crepon at the top, with long close sleeves of silk below. A band of galloon edges the puff and the wrists.

How Dust Gets In.

When the air around us becomes condensed—shrinks into a smaller volume—it becomes heavier, puts greater pressure on the surface of the mercury, and makes it ascend in the tube; then the mercury is said to rise. When the air expands—swells into a larger volume—it becomes lighter, the pressure on the mercury is less, the mercury sinks in the tube, and the barometer is said to fall. Therefore, every change of height of the quicksilver which we observe is a sign and measure of a change in the volume of the air around us. Further, this change in volume tells no less upon the air inside our cases and cupboards. When the barometer falls, the air around expands into a larger volume, and the air inside the cupboard also expands and forces itself out at every minute crevice. When the barometer rises again, the air inside the cupboard, as well as outside, condenses and shrinks, and air is forced back into the cupboard to equalize the pressure; and along with the air, in goes the dust. The smaller the crevice, the stronger the jet of air, the farther goes the dirt. Witness the dirt-tracks so often seen in imperfectly framed engravings or photographs. Remember, ladies and gentlemen, whenever you see the barometer rising, that an additional charge of dust is entering your cupboards and drawers.

Motherly Indulgence.

There are those who deprecate motherly indulgence as if it were the greatest evil. Doubtless it will become a great evil if it is not properly subordinated to the wisdom which appreciates the divinity of order, or if it is alternated with capricious severities; in short, if the indulgence proceeds from indolence or self-love instead of love of the child. The indulgence that really comes from love has a recognition (unconscious, it may be) of the divine possibilities of the child—a spark of the divine creativeness! Of the two evils extreme indulgence is not so deadly a mistake as extreme severity. The one fatal thing is to wound the child's heart. It is better to give up the point of controlling its will to righteousness for the moment than to do that; and a parent is the least likely of all persons to wound the child's heart.—[Miss Elizabeth P. Peabody.

Preserving Strawberries.

The season of strawberries is about at its height and housekeepers should be reminded that there is no better preserve than one of strawberries. Preservemakers in this country have not been as successful with this fruit as the foreigners. The imported German preserves seem to retain the flavor and almost the firmness of the fresh berry. The secret of their process is said to consist in simple care. They cook but a few berries at once. Strawberries are not an acid fruit, they do not require more than three-quarters of a pound of sugar to a pound of fruit. They are very much better, however, preserved than canned.

The very best way of preserving strawberries is in their own juice. To six quarts of ripe, firm berries allow four and a half pounds of sugar. Put three pints of the berries in a porcelain-lined kettle with three-quarters of a pound of sugar. Place them at the back of the stove where they will simmer and where they will on no account get beyond blood-heat. In an hour the juice will have drawn out of them. Mash them with a potato-masher and strain all the juice out of the berries through a fine strainer. Add this juice to the remainder of the sugar and beat up the whites of two eggs with their egg shells in the syrup. Let the syrup come to the boiling point rather slowly and boil steadily for about five minutes. Then strain it, putting a cloth inside the colander and setting the colander on the mouth of an open jar.

Return the syrup to the preserving kettle which should have been first thoroughly washed. Have the cans ready and set in boiling water in a tin pan. As soon as the syrup boils, add a few of the berries, just enough to cover the top. When these have cooked for five minutes put them in one of the cans and put more berries in the syrup to cook. As soon as you have a canful of berries, cover them with syrup and fill another can. When all the berries are used there may still be some syrup left. Can this by itself as it is nicely flavored with the strawberry, and use it for flavoring desserts in the winter. If you wish to make a strawberry cordial add equal quantities of white cooking brandy to equal quantities of this syrup.

It is not strictly necessary to clarify and strain the syrup for strawberry preserves, though the preserves are much handsomer in appearance if this is done. Strawberry preserves should be kept in a cool, dark place or they will be liable to ferment in the heat of the summer. The safest way is to pack the jars in boxes of sand and set them in as cool a place as you have, remembering that dampness is as objectionable as heat.

Some House Cleaning Hints.

Save your cold tea; it is excellent for cleaning grained wood.

Applying kerosene with a rag when you are about to put your stoves away for the summer will prevent them from rusting.

Use common soda for cleaning your tinware. Dampen a cloth and dip in soda and rub the ware briskly after which wipe dry.

A great convenience when cleaning house is a stick with a notch in the end that will lift the picture cords off from the hooks without so much stepping up and down.

Papered walls are cleaned by being wiped down with a flannel cloth tied over a broom or brush. Then cut off a thick piece of stale bread and rub down with it. Begin at the top and go straight down.

Hot clean water is the best thing to do stoves. Put the alum into hot water and let it boil till it has all dissolved, then apply the solution hot to all cracks, closets, bedsteads and other places, where any insects are found. Ants, bedbugs, cockroaches and creeping things are killed by it, and it is safe, while there is no danger of poisoning the family or injuring the property.

To clean oilcloth it must be wiped perfectly dry, as it is washed. Use little soap and this in tepid water; change often. A good brush and a piece of dry flannel will make oilcloth look like new, especially if rubbed with olive oil or skim-milk in well rubbed in after washing. If in addition to these precautions, the cloth is varnished annually it is almost indestructable.

BEN THOMPSON.

The Noted Texas Desperado.

The most notable Englishman who ever came to Texas was Ben Thompson. But he arrived there at so early an age and became so thoroughly Western in his mode of life that Texans claim him as their own. I imagine, however, he always remained some of the traditions of his birthplace, as there is a story of his standing with his hat off to talk to an English nobleman when Thompson at the time was the most feared and best-known man in all Texas. The stories of his recklessness and ignorance of fear and utter disregard of the value of others' lives as well as his own are innumerable. A few of them are interesting and worth keeping, as they show the typical bad man of the highest degree in his different humors, and also as I have not dared to say half as much about bad men as I should have liked to do. Thompson killed eighteen men in different parts of Texas, and was for this made Marshal of Austin, on the principle that it he must kill somebody, it was better to give him authority to kill other desperadoes than reputable citizens. As Marshal it was his pleasure to pull up his buggy across the railroad track just as the daily express train was about to start, and covering the engineer with his revolver, bid him hold the train until he was ready to move on. He would then call some trembling acquaintance from the crowd on the platform and talk with him leisurely, until he thought he had successfully awed the engineer and established his authority. Then he would pick up his reins and drive on, saying to the engineer, "You needn't think, sir, my corporation can hurry me." The position of the unfortunate man to whom he talked must have been most trying—with a locomotive on one side and a revolver on the other.

One day a cowboy, who was a well-known bully and a would-be desperado, shot several bullet-holes through the high hat of an Eastern traveller, who was standing at the bar of an Austin hotel. Thompson heard of this, and, purchasing a high hat, entered the bar-room.

"I hear," he said, facing the cowboy, "that you are shooting plug hats here today. Perhaps you would like to take a shot at mine." He then raised his revolver and shot away the cowboy's ear. "I meant," he said, "to hit your ear; did I do it?" The bully showed proof that he had. "Well then," said the Marshal, "get out of here," and catching the man by his cartridge-belt, he threw him out into the street, and so put an end to his reputation as a desperate character forever.

Thompson was naturally unpopular with a certain class in the community. Two bar-keepers who had a personal grudge against him, with no doubt excellent reason, lay in ambush for him behind the two bars of the saloon, which stretched along either wall. Thompson entered the room from the street in ignorance of any plot against his life, and with the two men bulled him with shot-guns. They had him so surely in their pleasure that he made no effort to reach his revolver, but stood looking from one to the other and smiling grimly. But his reputation was so great, and their fear of him so actual, that both men missed him, although not twenty feet away, and with shotguns in their hands. Then Thompson took out his pistol deliberately and killed them.

A few years ago he became involved in San Antonio with "Jack" Harris, the keeper of a gambling-house and variety theatre. Harris lay in wait for Thompson behind the swinging doors of his saloon; but Thompson, as he crossed the Military Plaza, was warned of Harris's hiding-place, and shot him through the door. He was tried for the murder, and acquitted on the ground of self-defence, and on his return to Austin was met at the station by a brass band and all the fire companies. Perhaps inspired by this, he returned to San Antonio, and going to Harris's theatre, then in the hands of his partner, Joe Foster, called from the gallery for Foster to come up and speak to him. Thompson had with him a desperado named King Fisher, and against him every man of his class in San Antonio, for Harris had been very popular. Foster sent his assistant, a new young man named Bill Sims, to ask Thompson to leave the place, as he did not want trouble.

"I have come to have a reconciliation," said Thompson. "I want to shake hands with my old friend Joe Foster. Tell him I won't leave till I see him, and I won't make a row."

Sims returned with Foster, and Thompson held out his hand.

"Joe," he said, "I have come all the way from Austin to shake hands with you. Let's make up, and call it off."

"I can't shake hands with you Ben," Foster said. "You killed my partner, and you know well enough I am not the sort to forget it. Now go, won't you? and don't make trouble."

Thompson said he would leave in a minute, but they must drink together first. There was a bar in the gallery, which was by this time packed with men who learned of Thompson's presence in the theatre, but Fisher and Thompson stood quite alone beside the bar. The Marshal of Austin looked up and saw Foster's glass untouched before him, and said:

"Aren't you drinking with me, Joe?" Foster shook his head.

"Well, then," cried Thompson, "the man who won't drink with me, nor shake hands with me, fights me."

He reached back for his pistol, and some one—a jury of twelve intelligent citizens decided it was not young Bill Sims—shot him three times in the forehead. They say you could have covered the three bullet holes with a half-dollar. But so great was the desperate courage of this ruffian that even as he fell he fired holding his revolver at his hip, and killing Foster, and then, as he lay on his back jerking in agony, he emptied his revolver into the floor, ripping great gashes in the boards about him. And he died, as he would have elected to die, with his boots on, and with the report of his pistol the last sound to ring in his ears. King Fisher was killed at the same moment, and the Express spoke of it the next morning as "A Good Night's Work."—Harper's Weekly.

Your Legions of Ancestors.

Did you ever stop to think how many male and female ancestors were required to bring you into the world? Let us reason together on this subject and see if we cannot prove it to be a most curious and interesting theme to write and talk about. First, it was very necessary that you should have a father and a mother—that makes two human beings. Each of them must have had a father and a mother, that makes four more human beings. Then, again, each of these four had a father and a mother, making eight more representatives of God's greatest handiwork. So we go on back to the birth of Christ, or through fifty-six generations in all. The result of such a calculation, which can be made in a few minutes by any school child, will show that 139,235,017,459,534,976 births must have taken place in order to bring you into this world. Yes, you who read these lines. All this, too, since the beginning of the Christian era, not since the beginning of time, by any means. According to Proctor, if from a single pair for 5,000 years each husband and