

WOMEN AT HOME

TELL HER SO.

Amid the cares of married life,
In spite of toil and business strife,
If you value your sweet wife,
Tell her so!

Prove to her you don't forget
The bond to which your seal is set:
She's, of life's sweets, the sweetest yet—
Tell her so!

When days are dark and deeply blue,
She has her troubles, same as you;
Show her that your love is true—
Tell her so!

There was time you thought it bliss
To get the favor of one kiss:
A dozen now won't come amiss—
Tell her so!

Your love for her is no mistake—
You feel it, dreaming, or awake—
Don't conceal it! For her sake,
Tell her so!

Don't act, if she has passed her prime,
As though to please her were a crime;
If e'er you loved her, now's the time—
Tell her so!

She'll return, for each caress,
An hundredfold of tenderness!
Hearts like hers were made to bless!
Tell her so!

You are hers, and hers alone;
Well you know she's all your own;
Don't wait to "carve it on a stone"—
Tell her so!

Never let her heart grow cold—
Richer beauties will unfold;
She is worth her weight in gold!
Tell her so!

—Detroit Free Press.

Dreyfus' Wife.

Madame Dreyfus, wife of the exiled French army officer, is convinced of her husband's innocence, and said in a recent interview: "As husband, father,



MADAME DREYFUS.

er, soldier, friend, he has always been above reproach. Honorable, gentle, kind; his life moral, his conduct upright. I cannot, cannot understand it. I cannot understand why he, of all men, should have been made a mark for this frightful, odious charge."

Lives by Tuning Pianos.

Traveling around the country tuning pianos is the unique occupation followed by Miss Nellie Jay Hatch, a pretty and attractive young woman of Seneca, Kan. On graduation from the New England Conservatory of Music in Boston Miss Hatch received a diploma in piano tuning, and the course she took in order to secure it was both thorough and comprehensive. She was graduated in 1889, and since then she has traveled throughout the State of Kansas, actively engaged in her chosen profession.

Barred Because She Married.

Because she eloped and was married, Mrs. Sam Frazier of Crescent, a suburb of St. Louis, has been barred from attendance at the high school. Mrs. Frazier was Miss Gertrude W. Lewis. She is 17 years old and would have soon graduated had she been allowed to finish. As it is she will only be allowed to continue at school by special permission of the school board. The next day after marriage the bride went to school as usual. Her secret was too big for her to keep, and the new Mrs. Frazier told several of her schoolmates, under pledge of secrecy, of course, of her changed estate. Young schoolgirls are not expert secret keepers and the romance soon became the gossip of the school. It came to the ears of Principal Bryan. He called the blushing bride into his office and plumped the question fairly at her. She blushed and stammered, but she confessed that it was true she was married.

Mrs. Frazier.

The cutting of children's toe-nails is but little understood by nurses; and even mothers give but scant attention to this most important point. Never should a toe-nail be rounded like a finger-nail. The nails must from earliest infancy be trained to grow square, and never on any account be cut out at the sides.



ABOUT THE BABY.

Do not give a child too many playthings at one time. Such a practice tends to develop restlessness. Rather let her have but one, and when signs of discontent appear, show her some new way of playing with it. Her ingenuity and steadiness will thus be encouraged. A child should not, of course, be kept too monotonously with one plaything, if she has a number (variety is good for all, at times), but rather that error than the other; and, by all means, guard against her having a number at the same time. Rather let her play with one as long as she will. Then, before the second one is taken up, put the first one entirely out of sight, in order that it may come forth as some future day masquerading as a new toy.

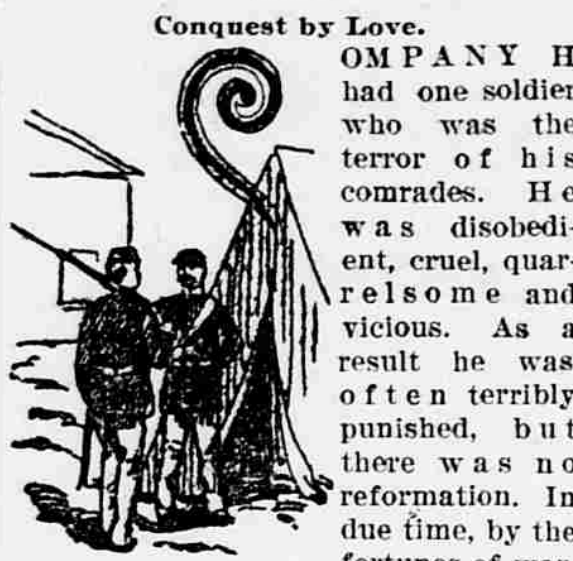
Sarah an Abstainer.

Sarah Bernhardt is a total abstainer, from all alcoholic drinks, and to this she attributes much of her wonderful energy and mental power. Her favorite beverages are milk and water.

THE BOOMING CANNON

RECITALS OF CAMP AND BATTLE INCIDENTS.

Survivors of the Rebellion Relate Many Amusing and Startling Incidents of Marches, Camp Life, Foraging Experiences and Battle Scenes.



Conquest by Love. COMPANY H had one soldier who was the terror of his comrades. He was a disobedient, cruel, quarrelsome and vicious. As a result he was often terribly punished, but there was no reformation. In due time, by the fortunes of war, a captain from another regiment was placed in command of that company. The very first day the orderly sergeant informed the Captain of the terrible character of this incorrigible soldier. That afternoon the man perpetrated some misdemeanor, was arrested by a sergeant, and brought before the Captain. He looked at him for a moment, and, speaking to the sergeant, said: "Let him go to his quarters."

"Shall I keep him under guard?" inquired the sergeant. "Oh, no," said the Captain, quietly. "That evening the Captain called his sergeant and said: "Go down to Mr. Blank's quarters and tell him to come up to my tent; I wish to see him."

"Shall I bring him up under guard?" inquired the sergeant. "Oh, no," said the Captain. "Just tell him to come. I guess he'll come, if you tell him."

"Take a seat, sir," said the Captain. The soldier obeyed, but all the time looking defiance. The Captain inquired of his home, his relations, etc., and then said:

"I have heard all about you, and thought I would like to see you privately and talk with you. You have been punished often—most times, no doubt, justly, but, perhaps, sometimes unjustly. But I see in you the making of a first-class soldier—just the kind that I would like to have a whole company of; and now, if you will obey orders, and behave as a soldier should, and as I know you can, I promise on my honor as a soldier, that I will be your friend, and stand by you. I do not want you to destroy yourself."

With that the soldier's chin began to quiver, and the tears trickled down his cheeks, and he said: "Captain, you are the first man to speak a kind word to me in two years, and for your sake I'll do it."

"Give me your hand on that, my brave fellow," said the Captain. "I'll trust you."

And from that day on there was not a better or more exemplary soldier in the Army of the Potomac. Love conquered him.—Ram's Horn.

Mr. Moody's War Story.

ANGELIST Moody occasionally tells some good war stories. In one of his sermons in Cincinnati the other day he brought in the story of the little child visiting President Lincoln and imploring him to save the life of a condemned soldier.

and mother. I just tell you this to show you how Abraham Lincoln's heart was moved by compassion for the sorrow of that mother and father, and if he showed so much do you think the Son of God will not have compassion upon you, sinner, if you only take that crushed, bruised heart to him?—Orville H. Stewart, in Chicago Times-Herald.

Made the Yankee a Slave. Most of the Missourians who attended the ex-Confederate reunion at Nashville, Tenn., have returned. They have all brought back new stories and reminiscences of the war. Frank James entertained a crowd at the Laclede with a recital of several new stories he heard.

"I visited the battlefield of Franklin, where was fought one of the bloodiest and most terrible battles in the whole history of the world's wars, great and small," said the survivor of Quantrell's night raiding dare-devils. "I met there a lady who played a conspicuous part in that awful drama. She is Mrs. McGavock. A colonel from Alabama, whose name I can't recall, told me that he was under Mrs. McGavock's command during most of the battle. Her magnificent home, situated close to the heavy fighting, was converted into a hospital soon after the battle opened. This colonel says that when he applied to Gen. Forrest for orders, that dashing cavalryman told him to report to Mrs. McGavock. He did as directed, and when he reached the house found its fair mistress ministering to the wounded and washing the blood from the dead. Her skirts were splashed with blood and her bare arms were as bloody as though she had stuck them into buckets of the crimson fluid. "Go get me a Yankee," was the imperious command she gave to the Alabama colonel, when he told her he had been ordered by Gen. Forrest to report to her.

"Alive or dead?" laconically inquired the colonel. "Alive, of course," was the quick response. "What use have I for a dead Yankee?" "Without further ado the colonel galloped back to our lines and in a jiffy all that remained of the army were made acquainted with Mrs. McGavock's order for a live Yankee. The colonel soon succeeded in capturing one and marched him to the McGavock mansion, without the least idea to what use his trembling prisoner was going to be put. Mrs. McGavock eyed him closely for an instant when he was ushered into her presence, and then broke the silence and relieved everybody's feelings by inquiring of him: "Can you peel potatoes?" The Yankee gleefully told her he could. "Then come to the kitchen with me," was her next command. "Your people are trying to kill all of our boys and those who survive the day will want something to eat to-night. My cellar is full of potatoes, and you can begin now and peel on them until night comes. Then you can help me cook them. You have freed all our negroes, and now that you are in my power I will make you do the work my slaves would do but for the conduct of your sort of people."

"And the colonel says the way that Yankee shed his coat and got down to peeling potatoes would have distanced the modern machine used for that purpose."—St. Louis Republic.

Swapping Horses.

General Horace Porter, in his "Campaigning with Grant," in the Century, tells the following anecdote of his chief during a ride from Petersburg to City Point:

Owing to the heat and dust, the long ride was exceedingly uncomfortable. My best horse had been hurt, and I was mounted on a bay cob that had a trot which necessitated no end of "saddle-pounding" on the part of the rider; and if distances are to be measured by the amount of fatigue endured, this exertion added many miles to the trip. The general was riding his black pony "Jeff Davis." This smooth little pacer shambled along at a gait which was too fast for a walk and not fast enough for a gallop, so that all the other horses had to move at a brisk trot to keep up with him.

When we were about five miles from headquarters the general said to me in a joking way: "You don't look comfortable on that horse. Now I feel about as fresh as when we started out."

I replied: "It makes all the difference in the world, general, what kind of horse one rides."

He remarked: "Oh, all horses are pretty much alike as far as the comfort of their gait is concerned." "In the present instance," I answered, "I don't think you would like to swap with me, general."

He said at once: "Why, yes; I'd just as lief swap with you as not," and threw himself off his pony and mounted my uncomfortable beast, while I put myself astride of "Jeff." The general had always been a famous rider, even when a cadet at West Point. When he rode or drove a strange horse, not many minutes elapsed before he and the animal seemed to understand each other perfectly. In my experience I have never seen a better rider, or one who had a more steady seat, no matter what sort of horse he rode; but on this occasion it soon became evident that his body and that of the animal were not always in touch, and he saw that all the party were considerably amused at the joggling to which he was subjected. In the meantime "Jeff Davis" was pacing along with a smoothness which made me feel as if I were seated in a rocking-chair. When we reached headquarters the general dismounted in a manner which showed that he was pretty stiff from the ride. As he touched the ground he turned and said with a quizzical look: "Well, I must acknowledge that animal is pretty rough."

BATTLE WITH RATS.

Pennsylvania Farmer Terribly Mutilated by the Rodents.

Attacked by several hundred fierce rats, which swarmed upon him while he was imprisoned in a narrow space from which he could not escape, Robert Crook of Wilkesbarre, Pa., fought them until his strength failed, and then, unable to beat them off, fell senseless. He had been terribly mutilated when rescued and his sight had been destroyed.

Crook, who is a wealthy farmer, had suffered considerable loss from rats, which infested his barns. At length he hit upon the idea of constructing a monster rat trap in the loft of one of his barns. This trap was like a big box, some ten feet square and about four feet high. Mr. Crook completed it, baited it and then left it to do its work.

When he visited it again he found that its captives numbered several hundreds. The farmer called his rat terrier, Spot, and thrust the dog into the trap in the belief that he would make short work of the enemy. The dog sprang fiercely to the task, but the rats leaped upon him by the score from all sides and he was soon stretched lifeless in the trap.

Angered at the fate of his pet Mr. Crook armed himself with two stout cudgels, opened the door of the cage and crawled in. The rats flew at him as they had at the dog. He beat them down by the dozen, but they swarmed upon every part of his body. The farmer flung himself at the door of the



FIGHT WITH RATS.

cage in a frantic effort to escape. He could not open it. He had sprung the lock on entering the trap and made himself a prisoner. He threw his weight against the door, but it did not yield. He next tried to force his way through the wire netting, putting his back against it and raising himself with all his might. It resisted his strength. His strength failed and at length the horror of his situation overcame his senses and he dropped unconscious in the trap.

Farm hands found him in that condition a quarter of an hour later. They had climbed to the loft in the expectation of seeing the terrier, Spot, exterminate the rats, and were horrified on looking into the trap to see the dog dead and mangled, his master mutilated and apparently lifeless and rats gnawing at them. The men opened the door and drove out the rats, then dragged forth the farmer and carried him to the house. His nose and ears were gone, his face frightfully bitten, his hands torn to the bone and his eyes so scratched that the sight was destroyed.

The Cycle Path of Life.

Let me moralize—and don't interrupt me unless you want to lend me money.

To-day we are an infant on the wheel, held up by some friendly hand, progressing slowly, filled with vague fears and soothing syrup.

To-morrow we can wobble a little, though we suffer many falls.

The next day our line is straighter, we call ourself a "Wheelman," join the L. A. W. and own the sidewalk.

Then comes our rapid youth. We scorch—and sooner or later are laid up for repairs.

Afterward we learn to ride more sedately, and we think seriously of life.

Now we begin to eschew the solitary path and seek the broad road where two may ride abreast. We try and discover to our delight that we can ride with one hand while the other encompasses the slender waist of a pretty girl.

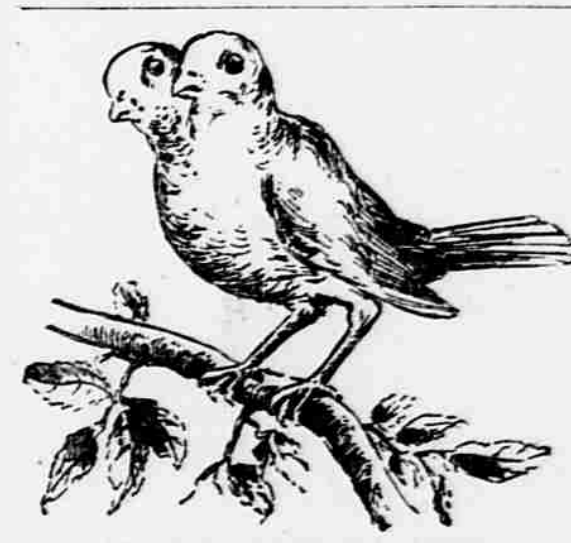
Then we enter the holy state of tandem riding. In a sense we have to learn to ride over again. There is another period of wobbling, but eventually we do as well as the rest.

Now comes the period of caring tenderly for smaller wheels.

Finally we become so expert that we can ride the strait and narrow path. And then we croak.—The Yellow Book.

Did Lots of Chirping.

Two-headed animals are common enough, but a two-headed bird has never come to light till recently. The freak, a two-headed English sparrow, well-developed and about a year old, was shot by the son of W. L. Morris, of Columbus, Ohio. The boy went out to shoot sparrows for a sparrow pie, and the ornithological freak was among



AN ORNITHOLOGICAL FREAK.

the bag. It was placed in the hands of a taxidermist, who pronounced it the first two-headed sparrow on record.

Parisian Lady Wears Men's Clothes. Mme. Dieulafoy is one of the best known women in Paris and one of the

most famous archaeologists in the world. She discovered the superb ruins of the Temple of Darius, now in the Louvre, at Paris, and for this notable achievement the French gave her the decoration of the Legion of Honor and the privilege of wearing men's clothes at all times. She avails herself of this freedom, and is said to wear the most stylish trousers, coats and hats in Paris. She and her husband have the same tailor. The couple are thoroughly congenial, and have a most beautiful home and salon, where the savants assemble and many brilliant discussions take place. Mme. Dieulafoy wears short hair and conducts herself like a man, though showing many little feminine ways.

ENGLISH GHOST STORY.

A Grewsome Discovery and the Apparition that Followed.

From Halton Holgate, a village near Spilsby, Lincolnshire, comes a most mysterious story, which one can easily imagine is causing the utmost sensation among the simple country folk in the neighborhood. For some time rumors of human bones having been discovered under a brick floor of a farm-house near the village, of strange, unearthly tapping and the like having been heard and of a ghost having been seen, have been afloat, and it was with the intention, if possible, of sifting the mystery to the bottom that a Lincoln reporter has just visited the scene. The farmstead where the weird sounds are said to have been heard and the ghost seen stands back some distance from the high road and is occupied by a Mr. and Mrs. Wilson and their man servant. Mrs. Wilson narrated the following story:

"We came here on lady day last. The first night or so we heard very strange noises about midnight, as though someone was knocking at the doors and walls. Once it seemed as though someone was moving all the things about in a hurry downstairs. Another time the noise was like a heavy picture falling from the wall, but in the morning I found everything as right as it was the night before. The servant man left, saying that he dare not stop, and we had to get another. Then about six weeks ago I saw 'something.' Before getting into bed, my husband having retired before me, thought I would go downstairs and see if the cow was all right, as it was about to calve. I did so, and when at the foot of the stairs, just as I was about to go up again, I saw an old man standing at the top and looking at me. He was standing as though he was very round-shouldered. How I got past I can't say, but I darted past him into the bedroom and slammed the door. Here I went to get some water from the dressing table, but feeling that someone was behind me I turned round sharply, and there again stood the same old man. He quickly vanished, but I am quite certain I had seen him. I have also seen him several times since, though not quite so distinctly."

Mrs. Wilson next conducted her interviewer to the sitting-room, where it appeared a grewsome discovery had been made. The floor in one corner, it seems, had been very uneven, and a day or two ago Mrs. Wilson took up the bricks, with the intention of relaying them. No sooner had she done this, however, than a most disagreeable odor was omitted. Her suspicions being aroused, she called her husband and the two commenced a minute examination. Three or four bones were soon turned over, together with a gold ring and several pieces of old black silk. All these had evidently been buried in quicklime, the bones and silk being obviously burnt therewith. The search after this was no further prosecuted, but a quantity of sand introduced and the floor quickly leveled again.

Asked what her own opinion was on the mysteries, Mrs. Wilson confidently asserted her belief at some time or other foul play had taken place. She was fully persuaded in her own mind with regard to the apparition, for though it was suggested she might have been mistaken she disdained the idea as being beneath notice. Dr. Gray, to whom the bones were submitted, stated that they might be those of a dog or pig.

Writing later, the correspondent says Dr. Gray on further examination states the bones are undoubtedly human, but he believes them to be nearly 100 years old.—London Daily News.

German "Bulls."

The Germans are about as brilliant in the use of the metaphors which occasionally crop up in parliamentary assemblies as the French. Here are some sentences reported by a German paper, which seems to show that forensic eloquence is much the same in all countries: "With closed eyes you have watched the flood rising." "The periodical sanitary reports are submitted to us after a decade of three years." "We do not bury the battle ax. On the contrary, we shall give it renewed life." "I speak, not as a deputy, but as the person sent by my electors."

The Weaker Sex.

Despite the fragility with which their sex is credited, the number of British female centenarians greatly exceeds that of the men, 225 women out of every 1,000,000 reaching the century mark, while only 80 men of the same number round out 100 years.

Not an Ideal Place.

"No," said Wheeler, thoughtfully. "I can't cotton to the idea that heaven is a place where the streets are paved with gold. I don't believe a fellow's tires would stick worth a cent to a street of that kind."—Indianapolis Journal.

A husband is like a turkey in that he has to be roasted before he gives a Christmas present.

Base-ball players are always looking for a change of base.