

CAMPFIRE SKETCHES.

GOOD SHORT STORIES FOR THE VETERANS.

Military Tactics of Today—Some New Ideas from Europe—A Few Practical Tests—A Brave Newspaper Man—A Veteran's Views.

The Haggle.

WILD, enchanting horn! Whose music up the deep and dewy air Swells to the clouds, and calls on echo there, Till a new melody is born—
Wake, wake again, the night
Is bending from her throne of beauty down,
With still stars burning on her azure crown,
Intense and eloquently bright.

Night, at its pulseless noon!
When the far voice of waters mourns in song,
And some tired watch-dog, lazily and long
Barks at the melancholy moon.

Hark! how it sweeps away,
Soaring and dying on the silent sky,
As if some spirit of sound went wandering
By
With lone halloo and roundelay!

Swell, swell in glory out!
Thy tones come pouring on my leaping heart,
And my stirr'd spirit hears thee with a start
As boyhood's old remember'd shout.

O! have ye heard that peal,
From sleeping city's moon-bathed battlements,
Or from the guarded field and warrior tents,
Like some near breath around you steal?

Or have ye in the roar
Of sea, or storm, or battle, heard it rise,
Shrieker than eagle's clamour, to the skies,
Where wings and tempests never soar?

Go, go—no other sound,
No music that of air or earth is born,
Can match the mighty music of that horn,
On midnight's fathomless profound!

Military Tactics.

Maj. Arthur H. Wagner has made a report to the war department on the subject of European army maneuvers which is full of interest to all who concern themselves with military matters. From advance sheets the Army and Navy Journal makes the following excerpts:

Under the heading of "Bicycles" Maj. Wagner says that "the role most frequently assigned to the bicycle company was that of a support to the cavalry. But its employment was by no means confined to this. For example, on one occasion a successful ambushade was laid for the advance guard of the hostile cavalry; at another time a battery surprised by a cavalry sweep was rescued, the salient feature of both of these operations being the ease and rapidity with which the wheelmen reached the desired points. At night the wheelmen were found exceedingly useful in searching the ground, passing undiscovered within a few yards of hostile forces. It was for scouting at great distances from the main body, however, that they made themselves particularly valuable.

"On the first day of the German maneuvers the cavalry sought to establish contact with the enemy over the lateral roads and through open fields, while the cyclists held the principal roads. The latter had, of course, the advantage over their opponents, for, covered by ditches, they were immediately ready for combat, and by their fire could prevent the cavalry from pushing ahead and getting accurate information of its adversary's position. It could not report that it had been fired on by cyclists, for the wheels lay hidden in the grass of the ditches and hedges. It would thus be compelled to assume that it had been stopped by infantry fire, and would convey erroneous information as to the enemy's position."

The night attacks practiced by the British Maj. Adams considers one of the most interesting features of last autumn's maneuvers. "Some of the expedients used to insure the correct direction taken by the troops," the major says, "were novel and merit mention. General officers wore, as a distinguishing mark, a luminous paper band around their hats. Each brigade had one lighted signal lantern, which was carried well back in the column and was never exposed. General officers had an orderly officer from each brigade, and each brigade an officer from each battalion, for the purpose of communication. Distances from front to rear were preserved by knotted ropes. Intervals were maintained by the extension of men.

"Brigade markers were supplied with two luminous disks, which were slung over the shoulder, so as to show in front and in rear. Staff officers, who were to guide the columns, provided themselves with compasses with luminous disks. Magnesium rockets were used with some success by the pickets for the purpose of discovering the advancing columns.

A Veteran's View of a Famous Case.
To the Editor:—In your paper over the signature of Wilbur F. Crummer is an article heralded "A Travesty of Justice," to which I wish to call attention, not because there is anything new or especially attractive in its reference to the Lovering court-martial and the circumstances that led to that trial. Much of the same kind of stuff on that subject has been written before, and might be excused in those who write for sensation, who, like the Miss Nancy of war times, assume

that all military orders should be submitted to and approved by a town meeting before action. Old soldiers know better, and as your correspondent claims to be an old soldier, I respectfully call his attention to the oath administered to every man on entering the service of the United States—an obligation the most sacred, binding alike on officers and men. Under it all are required to yield prompt and strict compliance with the orders of their superiors. That Captain Lovering was officer of the day is not disputed. Then for that day he was in command of the camp, subject only to the commander of the post, by whom he was ordered to bring Hammond (then under guard voluntarily for desertion) before a trial court. This he proceeded to do, sending this order first by the officer of the guard to Hammond and then by delivering it to him in prison. To both orders Hammond made positive refusal. More than this, he made demand for conveyance, though it is not claimed that he was unable to walk or that he did not fully understand the order and all it implied. Yet, with this knowledge, of which he seems proud, he elected to take the consequence. To complain now of results is childish and unjust. He could have ended his suffering, if suffer he did, at any time by complying with an order which he had sworn to obey. Surely sympathy is wasted on such pretense. Army regulations are of necessity strict, arbitrary, but manly men are as promptly recognized and as universally respected in the army as anywhere else. If we can believe the evidence of those who ought to know, if I have read the evidence right, Captain Lovering did his duty and deserves credit, not censure; and so does Colonel Hall for his manly assumption of responsibility.—William M. Loughlin, late Captain First U. S. V. V. Engineers.

A Brave Newspaper Man.

H. P. Hubbard states that some time ago he was riding on the cars with Senator Hawley of Connecticut, and in the course of a general conversation the senator told a good war story in regard to John B. Bogart, the well-known newspaper man.

This was the story. Bogart was, at the outbreak of the civil war, a clerk in John H. Coley's dry goods store on Chapel street, New Haven, Conn. The now Senator Hawley went out first as captain of a Hartford company of three months men, and when he came back was commissioned as colonel of the Seventh Connecticut regiment. Companies were raised in all parts of the state and, of course, rushed to the front.

Bogart was a member of one of the companies of the Seventh during the battle of Olustee, Gen. Hawley being the brigadier general in command—the whole line lying in front of the enemy—got out of ammunition. Hawley called for volunteers to take ammunition along the line to the men, who would otherwise have been defenseless. The only man who dared to do this was Bogart; he was then a young soldier and a quartermaster's sergeant, and Gen. Hawley says he drove the ammunition wagon nearly a half mile along the line within range of the enemy's line.

The Seventh were lying behind improvised breastworks, and he left a package of cartridges every 20 or 30 feet and returned unharmed, although frequently fired at by the Confederates.

Bogart's bravery and nerve at the time stands out very clearly in Gen. Hawley's mind as one of the finest exhibitions that he saw during the entire war.

Statue to an Irish Hero.

In the civil war Col. Thomas Cass was commander of the Ninth Massachusetts regiment, which was known as "The Fighting Ninth." His record, though very short, was most noble. He fell in one of the first battles—his jaw being shot off. He was an Irishman, and his regiment was composed of his countrymen.

The question of an appropriate design for the Cass monument has been a subject of debate since the death of the hero, nearly twenty-five years ago. The art commission in whose hands the matter has been resting for two or three years, has now unanimously accepted the sketch presented by sculptor Richard E. Brooks about a year ago. His sketch represents a statue of Col. Cass in full dress uniform, standing in a military attitude, with his arms folded. When complete the statue will measure eight feet in height and will stand on a low, simple pedestal of either Tennessee marble or Western granite. It is to be erected on the Boylston street side of the Boston public garden.

This new monument will displace an artistic affair erected to Col. Cass in 1858.

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

SOME GOOD STORIES FOR OUR JUNIOR READERS.

The Crooked Sweet Pea Stem—Sport on the Ice—Whirligig Skating—Why a Horse Hates a Camel—Joining the Salvation Army.

A Fellow's Mother.

FELLOW'S mother," said Fred, the wise, "With his rosy cheeks and his merry eyes."
"Knows what to do if a fellow gets hurt
By a thump or a bruise, or a fall in the dirt."
"A fellow's mother has bags and strings,
Rags and buttons, and lots of things.
No matter how busy she is, she'll stop
To see how well you can spin your top."

"She does not care—not much, I mean—
If a fellow's face is not always clean;
And if your trousers are torn at the knee,
She can put in a patch that you'd never see."

"A fellow's mother is never mad,
And only sorry if you're bad;
And I will tell you this, if you're only true,
She'll always forgive you, whatever you do."

"I'm sure of this," said Fred, the wise,
"With a manly look in his laughing eyes,
"I'll mind my mother quick, every day;
A fellow's a baby that don't obey."
—Selected.

The Crooked Sweet Pea Stem.

In the queen's garden was planted a long row of sweet peas which grew and blossomed as only sweet peas in a queen's garden could grow and blossom. How lovely they were, and what a delight were they to the queen.

One bright June morning three tiny buds commenced to feel their way out to the sun, and that they might see the queen when he passed by. But long before it was time for the little buds to bloom, they were caught by one of the tendrils of the vine which held them fast, so that the stem on which they grew was bent all out of shape.

One afternoon the gardener passed by, and he saw the little crooked stem. "Oh," said the flowers, "he will snip us off and throw us away; for would not the queen feel sorry if she should come along and find us growing here?"
And this the gardener was just ready to do when something attracted his attention, so that he forgot all about snipping them off, and for a time they were safe.

Just at sunset the queen passed by. "Oh," cried the poor little flowers, "let us hide, so that the queen cannot see our deformity."

But the queen did see them. "What sweet little flowers," she exclaimed, "and this evening in my hair will I wear you. Would God that my crown were one-half as fair as the sweet faces of these lovely flowers."

All that evening the good queen wore the happy little flowers, and then, when she retired for the night she placed them in a tiny jeweled vase, that they might keep sweet and fresh for the morrow.

"Oh," exclaimed my poor little deformed boy, "is that a truly true story?"

"Almost," I replied.
"Tell me the true part of it," he asked eagerly.
"You are the little sweet pea blossom, my boy, and mother is your queen."

How the little lad's eyes shone when he joyfully cried out, "Oh! Oh! Oh! and the queen loves me. I knew she did. I am so glad, mamma."

"Yes," I replied, hugging him close to mother's breast, "I do love you. But Jesus loves us more than we can possibly love each other, and He has seen me, and He has seen my darling boy, and we know Him; so that by and by He will come and take us home to dwell with Him; there all the crooked shall be made straight, my precious boy." "Oh, how lovely," exclaimed the little lad.
Bay City, Mich.

Joining the Salvation Army.

Mary B. would like very much to join the Salvation Army, but her family and friends oppose her so violently that she has not the courage to take the step. She knows that her whole heart and soul are absorbed in their work and feels that there is no field in which she could be so useful to the world and so satisfactory to herself. It is almost a matter of conscience with her, but she has been brought up to the habits of the strictly obedience to her parents. She is only twenty years of age and some of her people advise her to wait a year or so and see if her present enthusiasm continues. If so she will be of age and can do as she pleases; if not the question will settle itself. Answer: The counsel of your friends is entirely wise and proper. Young persons often take violent fancies and become filled with philanthropic ideas that they abandon as they grow older and see more of the world. The best course for you to pursue is to keep your heart full of benevolence and good works, and if, when the year or two of waiting has rolled round, you still desire to become a Salvation Army lassie, the editor will wish you God speed.

Seven-Year-Old Hero.

New York Telegram: Monday seven-year-old Abraham Eckerson of Guttenburg, N. J., was playing soldier

with his five little brothers and sisters in the kitchen, when they were suddenly confronted by seventeen writhing, hissing copperhead snakes. The largest, three feet long, led the rest, and was making toward the children when the boy saw it. He also saw the danger of his companions and screamed at them to run out of the room. They were so frightened that they could scarcely move hand or foot. Abraham drew his wooden sword from his belt, and jumping in the front of the rest, struck the big copperhead a stinging blow. It recoiled, bleeding. He then advanced on the enemy and felled three more of the snakes that seemed ready to spring at the children. The whole body of snakes retreated as Abraham wielded his weapon. In the meantime his companions were screaming as loud as they could. Their cries brought in Mrs. Eckerson, armed with a poker and a powerful dog, Rex. While the Newfoundland dog jumped and gnawed at the wriggling mass Mrs. Eckerson thrust the children from the room. She then returned and killed the reptiles that still showed life. When the good work was over Mrs. Eckerson fainted from fright and excitement. The snakes are supposed to have been thawed out of a log which had just been hauled from the woods and placed beside the fire.

Why a Horse Hates a Camel.

Animals have their likes and dislikes as well as men, and they are quite as hard to explain. A cat naturally dislikes and fears a dog. The elephant hates mice and dogs. Horses loathe camels, and will not stay in the same block with them if they can help it. It is hard to give a cause for these aversions. Why should the horse dislike the harmless camel and be fond of the dog? It must be that the horse has a dormant sense of beauty and of humor. The ideal of the horse is grace, combined with strength. He disapproves from the bottom of his nature of the hopelessly vulgar, awkward and unesthetic camel. The bear, he sees at once, though clumsy, is unpretentious, truthful and not devoid of a sense of humor. The dog he recognizes as a good fellow, companionable and unselfish. A strong bond between the dog and the horse is that they are both fond of sport, whereas a camel would not go an inch to see the best race that was ever run.

Sport on the Ice.

One of the most exciting of winter sports is the sled merry-go-round. It is built very much like an ordinary boy's whirligig, only it is placed on the ice. And for genuine fun it cannot be equaled.

Any boy can make a sled merry-go-round. All the material necessary is a stout post, long enough to reach through the ice and find a secure resting place in the mud or sand in the bottom of the pond. It should reach about three feet above the surface. When it is put in place a hole may be cut in the ice just large enough to admit it, and a heavy mallet will drive it into place in the bottom of the pond. If it is left over night the water will freeze close around it and hold it solid. In the top of the post a large, round bolt or spike should be driven. The whirligig part of the merry-go-round is a long plank or scantling with a hole in the middle just large enough to fit over the bolt or spike. When this is in place the merry-go-round is complete. Before it is used, however, it is well to grease the top of the post and bolt so that the plank will slip around easily.

Any number of exciting games may be played with the sled merry-go-round. Perhaps the best of these is the sled contest. Two stout sleds are attached to the ends of the plank by long ropes. A boy sits on each of them. Then half a dozen other boys



WHIRLIGIG SKATING.

stand near the post and set the plank to turning, exactly as in a whirligig. Of course the sleds travel at exhilarating speed, swinging out at the ends of the ropes and slipping and sliding over the smooth ice faster and faster, until the rider rolls off like the end boy in cracking the whip. The boy who can stick to his sled longest is the winner of the game.

Another exciting game is played without sleds. Skaters take hold of the ropes, and see how long they can hold on after the merry-go-round is started. And sometimes, when they let go, they are whirled rods away across the ice.

Any boy who is getting up a skating rink for the winter should not fail to have a sled merry-go-round as one of its attractions.

Truth is the band of union and the basis of human happiness. Without this virtue there is no reliance upon language, no confidence in friendship, no security in promises and oaths.—Jeremy Collier.

IN THE ODD CORNER.

QUEER AND CURIOUS THINGS AND EVENTS.

Gold Statue of McKinley—Airship Flies Like a Bird—Kitten's Head for a Bonnet—Champagne Apple Parings—Wreck of the Hesperus.

The Wreck of the Hesperus.

It was the schooner Hesperus,
That sailed the wintry sea;
And the skipper had taken his little daughter,
To bear him company.
Blue were her eyes as the fairy-fax,
Her cheeks like the dawn of day,
And her bosom white as the hawthorn buds
That open in the month of May.

The skipper he stood beside the helm,
His pipe was in his mouth,
And he watched how the veering flaw did blow
The smoke now west, now south.
Then up and spake an old sailor,
"Had sailed the Spanish Main,
"I pray thee put into yonder port,
For I fear a hurricane."

"Last night the moon had a golden ring,
And to-night no moon we see!"
The skipper he blew a whiff from his pipe,
And a scornful laugh laughed he.

Colder and louder blew the wind,
A gale from the northeast;
The snow fell hissing in the brine,
And the billows frothed like yeast.

Down came the storm, and smote amain
The vessel in its strength;
She shuddered and paused, like a frightened steed,
Then leaped her cable's length.

"Come hither! come hither! my little daughter,
And do not tremble so;
For I can weather the roughest gale
That ever wind did blow."

He wrapped her warm in his seaman's coat,
Against the stinging blast;
He cut a rope from a broken spar,
And bound her to the mast.

"O father! I hear the church-bells ring
O say what may it be?"
"Tis a fog-bell on a rock-bound coast,
And he steered for the open sea."

"O father! I hear the sound of guns,
O say what may it be?"
"Some ship in distress, that cannot live
In such an angry sea!"

"O father! I see a gleaming light,
O say what may it be?"
But the father answered never a word—
A frozen corpse was he.

Lashed to the helm, all stiff and stark,
With his face turned to the skies,
The lantern gleamed through the gleaming snow
On his fixed and glassy eyes.

Then the maiden clasped her hands and prayed,
That saved she might be;
And she thought of Christ, who stilled the wave
On the Lake of Galilee.

And fast through the midnight dark and drear,
Through the whistling sleet and snow,
Like a sheeted ghost, the vessel swept
Towards the reef of Norman's Woe.

And ever the fitful gusts between
A sound came from the land;
It was the sound of the trampling surf,
On the rocks and the hard sea-sand.

The breakers were right beneath her bows,
She drifted a dreary wreck,
And a whooping billow swept the crew
Like icicles from her deck.

She struck where the white and fleecy waves
Looked soft as carded wool,
But the cruel rocks, they gored her side
Like the horns of an angry bull.

Her rattling shrouds, all sheathed in ice,
With the masts went by the board;
Like a vessel of glass, she stove and sank,
Ho! ho! the breakers roared!

At daybreak, on the bleak sea-beach,
A fisherman stood aghast,
To see the form of a maiden fair,
Lashed close to a drifting mast.

The salt sea was frozen on her breast,
The salt tears in her eyes;
And he saw her hair, like the brown seaweed,
On the billows fall and rise.

Such was the wreck of the Hesperus,
In the midnight and the snow;
Christ save us all from a death like this,
On the reef of Norman's Woe!
—Longfellow.

Gold Statue of McKinley.

Ada Rehan in silver is to be outshone by William McKinley in gold. The actress' statue in solid silver, exhibited at the world's fair in 1893, is to be eclipsed by the president of the United States, who will furnish the figure for a life-size statue of gold. This will be the most costly lump of precious metal the people of the modern world have ever seen. So says F. D. Higby of Chicago, who has been retained by western men to furnish such a statue for exhibition at the Paris exposition in 1900. Mr. Higby is now in Washington to get the consent of President McKinley to pose for the figure. "This statue, with the base, will be about seven feet in height," said Mr. Higby, "and will contain bullion to the value of \$1,000,000. While it was designed primarily first to exhibit this gold statue at Paris in 1900, the directors of the Pan-American exposition, to be held in Cayuga Island, in the Niagara river, in 1899, are anxious to have it completed in time to exhibit there first. It is likely that this arrangement will be made. I cannot divulge as yet who the capitalists are who are back of the project, but there are a half-dozen of them, and every thing is ready to begin work on the statue as soon as a design is completed."

Airship Flies Like a Bird.

Charles Haas, a young farmer living near Topeka, Kas., has for two years been working out an airship experiment. The ship is built after the

model of a huge bird. It is twelve feet from bow to stern and the same distance between the tips of the wings. Haas' ship rose rapidly and sailed a distance of 500 feet, when a rope to which it was attached brought it to a standstill. It was hauled down and sent up again with a tub containing 200 pounds of rock. The ship sailed with the weight as smoothly as without it.

Haas demonstrates his ability to guide the ship by manipulating a pair of wings with two lines from the ground. Haas did not venture into space with the ship because the wind was blowing fiercely, but announces that he will do so in the near future. Haas' idea is to equip his ship with propellers and an electric motor to provide wind when that article is scarce.

Wall Paper Designs.

The fancy work of the day is in two distinct varieties with lines sharply drawn between the truly artistic and the reverse, which is anything not expensive, requiring no special skill, and simply passing away the time, without much thought of the result. Something called "giant work" is a large cross stitch worked in various patterns in soft art colors on a basket canvas. "Serge work" is another fancy, which is simply a long loop of silk or wool caught down by another stitch. Eru net is employed in various ways as a foundation for linen braid tracing designs filled in with darning, and for linen applique figures finished on the edge with fancy stitches. Silk and linen threads are worked in together with good effect. Conventional patterns in all the wall paper designs seem to be in great favor, but the pretty French work of pompadour roses, forget-me-nots and Louis XV. bouquets is very much more attractive.

Champagne from Apple Parings.

The practice of the economies in the fruit raising sections of the west has developed a new article of export, says a St. Louis paper. Until recently the orchard owners and the evaporator managers did not think of utilizing the cores and parings of apples. They occasionally sold them to the jelly makers or fed them to the hogs, but more generally allowed them to accumulate as refuse in great heaps which slowly fermented and decayed. This year in many places the parings and cores are being saved. They are spread out in the hot sun and dried, after which they are packed in large sacks and held for buyers, who gather them up and send them away in car lots. The destinations of the dried parings and cores in these large quantities is France. It is no secret that the refuse of the orchards of the Missouri valley and the Ozark mountains is now largely employed in the manufacture of champagne by the thrifty winemakers of the vineyard slopes of France.

Kitten's Head for Bonnet.

A curious new fad just now seems on the point of gaining a foothold in the range of feminine fancy, and, if it continues to grow, pussy will peep out over the brim of many a stylish hat this winter, for the cat seems about to have its innings as a factor in personal adornment.

A State street milliner recently sent a number of kittens' heads to a taxidermist, and already the little furry faces, with gleaming green eyes, give a novel touch of originality to autumn hats. They are more artistic than owls, and the milliner defends her practice as much less barbarous than



KITTEN'S HEAD FOR TRIMMING.

the use of birds, for the decapitation of cats will save many a hapless feline from the miseries inflicted by malicious youngsters. Black and maltese are favorites, though occasionally a white head is used on a dark velvet bonnet.

Use Knife in Pulpit.

Wabash, Ind., Special: Rev. T. C. Neal of the Methodist church at Marion occupied the pulpit of the First Methodist church here last Sunday night and caused a sensation in the congregation by suddenly whipping out a huge cheese knife from under his desk in the midst of his sermon, and drawing it across his throat. The audience shuddered and apparently expected to see him fall lifeless, but the clergyman had no intention of committing suicide and went on with his discourse, using the knife at several points in his address. Rev. Mr. Neal preached from the text from Proverbs: "Put a knife to thy throat if thou art a man given to appetite," and used the huge knife by way of illustration.