

SOLDIERS' STORIES.

ENTERTAINING REMINISCENCES OF THE WAR.

Graphic Account of the Stirring Scenes Witnessed on the Battlefield and in Camp—Veterans of the Rebellion Recite Experiences of a Thrilling Nature.

Three Short War Stories.

Brizful of funny anecdotes that had no chestnutty flavor was the speech of General St. Clair Mulholland at the Second Corps banquet at the Shoreham, says the Washington Post. The Irishman largely preponderated in these anecdotes, of which a couple of specimens from the memory of a guest will be found below.

McCook's regiment was in front of the enemy, and, expecting to make an attack next morning, he mounted his horse to ride down to the picket line and examine the situation. With this purpose in view he called on a soldier to accompany him, and the commanding officer made a detail. McCook was astonished when a little red-headed fellow rode up to him and touched his cap, ready for this service, for he was a mere boy, weighing not more than seventy-five pounds and looking scarcely bigger than the Sharp's rifle he carried.

"You going with me?" asked McCook.

The lad saluted and replied in the affirmative.

"We're going right to the front," said the officer. "Do you know that it is very dangerous?"

"Yes, your honor," said the youth.

"Have you been under fire?" inquired the officer.

"I have, your honor."

"Do you suppose you have the backbone to keep up with me wherever I go?"

"I'll try, sir; that's why I'm sint, sir. An' if it's heavy firin' an' we're got among the bullets and we're kilt you won't be in it—half a mint before I come a-tappin' at the window."

They went to the front.

The second story was located at the hospital. One of the chaplain's regiment was very badly wounded and certain to die. But the chaplain was tired—the chaplains were often tired in the army, you remember—and so he went to bed, and he left special word with Sergeant Joe that he was to be called if Barney showed signs of immediate collapse. When he arose in the morning he was much surprised to hear that Barney had died during the night. He upbraided the watcher with not having roused him in time to administer the last consolations to the dying soldier.

"Well, to tell the truth, yer highness, I didn't want to disturb you, an' you couldn't hear none nuthin' for him. Nuthin' could a-helped him. An' when he come to die I consoled him myself."

"In what way did you console him, sergeant?"

"Well, chaplain, I talked to him gentle like, an' I hilt his hand an' I said to him, 'Barney,' says I, 'I'm afraid you're dyin,' my boy."

"I think I am," says he.

"An' I expect you'll go below," says I.

"I think I will," says he.

"Well, Barney, my boy," says I, "you ought to be glad you've got some place to go to."

Gen. Sickles rarely sits down to a table with old soldiers without contributing some valuable historical reminiscence. At this same banquet he told this story:

"It was, I should think, very early in the winter of '61-'62 that, having some business with Gen. McClellan, I walked up one forenoon to his headquarters in Admiral Semmes' house, opposite the Arlington. The man on duty said the General was engaged, and asked me to wait. I took a seat, and shortly the Secretary of War came in and inquired for the General. An officer came out of the next room, said the General was busy just then, and asked the Secretary of War to take a seat and wait. Mr. Cameron sat down and we fell into conversation. In a few minutes Mr. Lincoln came in and inquired for Gen. McClellan. The officer repeated what he had said to us, that the General was very busy, and Mr. Lincoln would have to wait. The President sat down with us and said, 'All right, I'll wait.' The Secretary of War remarked that the President ought in some way to have access to one of his generals. Lincoln threw one leg over the other, as if prepared for a long siege, and said, 'Oh, no. It's all right. My time is of no special value, and the General is engaged in attending to our business. I can wait as well as not.' And he fell into his famous story telling, showing not the slightest impatience at the necessity of cooling his heels in the ante-room of a man who was a civilian less than a year before, whom he had appointed to office.

"The incident illustrated," added Gen. Sickles, "two things—first, that Mr. Lincoln was one of the most impetuous of men, and second, that at that time everybody, including McClellan himself, expected McClellan to put down the rebellion."

We Told the Confederates.

The Rev. Father Thomas Ewing Sherman, of St. Louis, has been conducting a mission in St. Patrick's Church, Cedar Rapids, Iowa. On one afternoon he tendered a reception to seventy veterans of the civil war, and in conversation told them this story: "During the war he was a 'camp follower,' going in when about three years old and remaining with his father, Gen. William T. Sherman, until the close of the struggle. At Black River, on the march from Atlanta to the sea, a Confederate was sent under a flag of truce to Sherman's headquarters. Arriving, he found the general absent, but young Thomas was there and inclined to be

communicative when taken upon the knee of the Confederate.

Drawn into conversation he blurted out: "Why, father can whip you fellows every time." On being interrogated as to how and why he could whip them the boy proceeded to give detailed information. "Father has 50,000 men and so many cannons; just so many foot and so many horse soldiers. He has just exactly so many men, foot and horse, and so many cannons at another place." The boy did not neglect to state that the Northern troops were well off for provisions, and how and where they could get them when they wanted them.

General Sherman, after the Confederate's departure, learned of the conversation. "Why," said he, "you young traitor. There is nothing for it but that you must be court-martialed, and you will probably be shot." The boy was not shot, but he was told of the rules and usages of armed forces when at war.

An Incident at the Front.

One night when the sentinels had been warned to be unusually alert, as the enemy were in force only a mile away, the soldier on post No. 4, which was directly in front of a small clearing in the forest, suddenly called out for the corporal of the guard. The order was to avoid firing if possible, as the men behind the breastworks were worn out with marching. There was a full moon and she threw such a light down into the clearing that the smallest object could be distinguished by the sentinels. As he looked and listened a Confederate in the uniform of a captain stepped into the clearing in full view. The sentinels fixed his musket and opened his lips to cry out, believing that the enemy was moving down on our lines, but something in the demeanor of the lone figure made him pause. After a moment he simply called for the corporal of the guard.

It was a strange sight we saw—three or four of us—as we stood on post No. 4. The Confederate came walking slowly down upon us, an open letter in his left hand—his right arm swinging. We knew him for a sleep-walker the instant we got eyes on him. His movements seemed to be made by machinery, and the carriage of head and shoulders was not that of a man awake. He came straight down upon us, head erect and eyes wide open, but looking neither to the right nor to the left. We stood aside to let him pass, and his left hand touched a bush and the letter was torn from his fingers and picked up by the Corporal. It was a wife's letter her husband—a wife's letter to her soldier-captain in the field. The man before us belonged to the Tenth Alabama, and the letter was written from an Alabama plantation.

"Don't touch him," whispered the Corporal, as we fell in behind the somnambulist.

He walked down our left-front the width of two regiments and back again. One of our party went ahead to whisper to the sentinels, and they stood in awe as the midnight visitor passed down and returned. His gaze was always the same—straight before him, and he neither increased nor slackened his pace. By and by he came back to post No. 4, and there he stopped for five minutes and seemed to be thinking.

We stood close to him, but no man made a sound. We noted the color of hair and eyes—the fresh scar on his cheek—a finger missing from his left hand. Of a sudden the man started up and walked on, heading straight for the Confederate lines. We stood and watched him across the glade and into the darkness of the woods and then turned away.

"I feel that God will bring you home to me again," said the letter which the bush had torn from his hand.

At 9 o'clock next morning we were fiercely attacked, but after a bloody conflict the enemy were driven back. When we went out to succor the wounded and bury the dead we found the Captain almost among the first of the dead. Three bullets had struck him in the breast as he dashed forward at the head of his company. In his breast pocket we placed the letter which a loving hand had traced, and we gave him a grave of his own and marked it that his friends might know the spot when war was no more. Better for the loving wife had we made him prisoner as he came walking among us that night, but had we done so he might not have died a soldier's death.

Notes About War.

On Jan. 1, 1865, the armies of the world included 4,299,000 men.

The first war of profane history was against a woman—Helen, of Troy.

The total cost of our navy during the civil war, 1861-65, was \$312,000,000.

On July 1, 1895, there were 261,000 men serving in the navies of the world.

After the great battle of Cannae, 52,312 dead men were found on the field.

Great Britain now owns 6,212 cannons; France, 8,290, and Germany, 5,920.

During our great civil war 61,362 men on the Union side were killed outright in battle.

The largest Krupp guns have a range of seventeen miles, and fire two shots a minute.

Switzerland has a population of less than 3,000,000, and a standing army of 130,000.

In time of war France reckons on putting out 370 men to every 1,000 of her population.

The war of the lovers was the seventh religious war of France, waged between the years 1576 and 1578.

Since Napoleon "died like a caged lion in his exile home" 6,000,000 Frenchmen have perished in the wars of that country.

When Germany warred against France in 1870-71, she put 1,083,000 troops in the field. In the same war the French employed 710,000 men.

EDUCATIONAL COLUMN.

NOTES ABOUT SCHOOLS AND THEIR MANAGEMENT.

County Institutes for the Good of Schools as Well as for Teachers—How to Teach Geography—Best Work for Older Classes.

The County Institute.

Some eighteen years ago a prominent city superintendent said to the writer: "Don't you think the county institute has about had its day? Could not the time be spent more profitably in some other way?" The speaker added, "When you take into consideration that there are about 300 teachers in this county, with average wages of \$10 a week, a total of \$3,000, and the cost for instructors and hall of at least \$300 more, or a grand total of \$3,300 for a week's work at institute, is it worth the money the way the institute is conducted?" The questions were put in all seriousness, and added to them were some sharp criticisms as to the methods pursued in the work of the institute, which indicated that the speaker believed that a considerable amount of time was consumed in speeches and lectures that gave the teachers too little to carry home to their school-rooms.

Most people will agree as to the value of the social features of the institute, the waking up that a lively institute gives, and all that. But the arousing of enthusiasm is not the whole work of the institute.

Primarily the institute is supposed to be for the good of the schools. Teachers are expected to reap benefits from the instruction given and be able to do better work in the schools because of this instruction. Is this object always secured? Is it usually secured? If not the efficiency of the institute may be questioned.

Some one has said that every teacher ought to go to the institute with the purpose of taking something home with him. That is well; but it is quite necessary that something be given at the institute that may be taken home, not by one or a few, but by all. Is this always, or usually the case? It is wanted that many valuable and helpful lectures are given at institute, but should they not all be helpful? Is not this the object of the institute? If there are some who have so expanded and absorbed that they can take in no more let them give out to the less fortunate, and it will do good to both.

School girl essays and flowery orations when not touching on matters educational are both out of place in the county institute for teachers.

How often have we seen teachers enjoy the enthusiasm and the jokes of the man on the platform, and return to their homes at the close of the week asking themselves why the blanks in their note-books were so extensive and why they recalled so little that would make their school-room work easier and more effective.

Institutes that do not give the practical work and help needed by the teachers, especially the young and inexperienced, are not well conducted, however fine the music or entertaining the lectures. They do not make adequate return for the money expended.

The plan of dividing the institute into sections, adapting the work to the wants and needs of the teachers constituting the section, is an improvement on the general lecture plan which was at one time wholly in vogue.

The informal meeting of teachers alone for an hour for discussion before the regular sessions, ought to win more favor in some sections of the State. It is not only popular in the western part of Pennsylvania, but also useful in drawing out the opinion and suggestions of such as are too diffident to express themselves before a large convention.

The institute is for the teacher and through the teacher for the school.—Educational News.

Teacher's "Telling."

This remark is frequently heard, that a teacher should never tell her pupils anything they can possibly find out for themselves. It seems to me this must be taken with two considerations in mind, two exceptions probably.

There are two times or places when the teacher should tell a thing. One is when the pupil has done all he can do, has gone as far as he can go, when the teacher has gotten him to see all he can see from questioning alone. Then without any more worry and fuss a teacher should explain or "tell." The other time when it is wise that a teacher should "tell" is when the time necessary for the development of a certain point could be better spent on some other.

I have seen a teacher spend fifteen minutes in working out a point when neither the point nor the discipline gained was worth the time spent in getting it, when it would have been better for the pupils if the teacher had told the point as soon as he found it was not known, then moved to something else of more worth and let the pupil acquire his discipline by working out facts that are important. Certainly no teacher needs look far for these.

This means, of course, that the teacher must be able to discriminate between facts in their relative value to the life of the child. If the child's capacity were not limited and if the time element were also not limited then the advice never to tell the pupil anything he can find out for himself might be good. But these two facts are fatally against it.

Sometimes a teacher asks questions on a hard point and finally succeeds in reaching it. Probably two or three pupils give it, and usually in about the same language used by the teacher, this difficult point is left and another hurriedly taken up. If after the children have given it, the teacher were to

put the facts in her own way, state it differently from the children, and give an illustration, if possible, the point would be more clear and more interesting and for these reasons better remembered. To be sure, the teacher's re-stating points may easily be carried to the extreme, and frequently is, nevertheless the use of this in the proper place adds to the clearness and interest to the point. When the teacher puts the point in clearer or more elegant English, while not a direct "telling" of the point, she sets before the children a better standard of expression than they are able to give.

It seems to me that those facts that need to be known partially, but have slight concern with the true life of the child may be told and let the great stress of discipline be forgotten in the mastery of those others that are vitally connected with the child's larger life. The teacher should be constantly on the watch for those facts and that peculiar training that will put the child most completely in harmony with the varied interests of the complex civilization of which he is a part.—Indiana School Journal.

Best Work for Older Classes.

As the children become accustomed to study of books, they need less varied material for expression and are able to endure longer periods of work in the same lines. The seat work for these classes will be chiefly confined to study of books, drawing, and arithmetic. Reproduction of the history, geography, and arithmetic, drawing maps of designs and illustrations of the thought expressed in the reading or general lessons will afford all necessary practice and sufficient variety. To these may be added the sewing and sloyd, and the drawing associated with them. Great care should be taken to link this seat work to the various lessons of the day, making it afford practice in the lines where the children need more drill, and demanding the exercise of his different powers. The reproduction of the history lesson, for instance, may be in the form of simple narration or in letter form, or the child may imagine himself as the chief actor in the scenes which he describes. The description of plants may be written in full or represented by drawing. The map as well as the description and letter should record what the child learns in geography. Do not forget to allow some period for silent reading, in which the child learns for himself what books have to give and prepares to tell others what he learns.

In all work at the seats, insist upon attention and diligence, with no waste of materials or of time, prompt action without dawdling, and independent work without copying or interfering with one's neighbors. Make every lesson tell in right habits of work.—Waymarks for Teachers. Silver, Burdett, & Co.

Hints on Teaching Geography.

1. Rely on maps and outlines, not on the text-book.

2. Assign the lessons by topics, not by pages; in assigning map lessons, do so without having a map before you.

3. Encourage pupils to ask questions, and furnish examples within their own experience of the subject under consideration.

4. Let each pupil give in his own language all the information he has secured on the subject.

5. At the close of a recitation have the pupils tell what has been brought out during the lesson.

6. Emphasize all the new facts, and connect them with the former lessons.

7. Insist that each pupil keep a note book.

8. Talk as little during the lesson as possible; let the subject be unfolded by the pupils.

9. Make your questions and answers as you would in conversation; eschew the lecture style of teaching.

10. Have plenty of reference books, use them freely, and encourage your pupils to consult them.

11. Hold this always before your mind: you are to teach your pupils to study a country in the light of its advantages as an abode for man.

12. Begin every lesson with a review of the preceding lesson. Frequently have this review a written exercise.

13. Have progressive maps made, to be filled in as the lesson proceeds.

14. Encourage individual work; assign subjects to different pupils to be reported on at the next lesson.—Ex.

Not Necessarily Irish.

The Scotch are not far behind the Irish in the matter of bulls. A minister in Arran is said to have made the following announcement from his pulpit: "My friends, there will be no Lord's day here next Sabbath; it's the sacrament ower at Kilmorey, and I'll be there."

A Paisley man, in discussing the right of women to practice medicine, in a letter to a newspaper of his place asked this pointed question: "Why should not women be freely allowed to become medical men?" "I'm afraid you'll be late at the party," said an old English lady to her stylish granddaughter, who replied: "Oh, no, dear grandma; don't you know that in our fashionable set nobody ever goes to a party till everybody is there?"

Come to Stay.

Than bicycle riding no form of exercise is more attractive, and when it is indulged in with a knowledge of the limits of endurance no exercise is likely to prove more healthful. But thousands of young people and a good many older ones who think they are strengthening themselves by exercise are really wrecking their nervous systems by over-exertion and over-training. All this may be trusted to right itself in time, for the bicycle has come to stay. But in the meantime those who cannot learn except by their own experience will go on ruining their health by indulging in the amusement to excess.



WEDDED TO A ROYAL RAKE.

Few royal personages in Europe deserve more sympathy than the queen of the Belgians, whose husband's escapades with stage celebrities and others have nearly driven his wife insane. King Leopold is 60 years of age, but shows little sign of abating the scandalous behavior which has made his name a byword for years. At one time



THE QUEEN OF BELGIUM.

his excesses in London landed him in a police court, and his most gracious majesty had considerable difficulty in escaping the punishment so often dealt out to plebeian roysterers—a month in jail. His scandalous doings have caused untold grief to his wife, whose tastes and habits are of a domesticated character. Her majesty has made every effort to wean him from his unseemly ways, but has met with little or no success.

Don'ts for the Summer Girl.

Don't giggle.

Don't listen to scandal.

Don't defy public opinion.

Don't play on the hotel piano.

Don't believe everything you hear.

Don't sleep all day and dance all night.

Don't form lifelong friendships in three days.

Don't have "heart talks" with every man you know.

Don't read "Harry's" letters aloud to your girl friends.

Don't go rowing with the young man who tips the boat.

Don't refuse to marry a good man if you get the chance.

Don't tell your admirers all the secrets of your girl friends.

Don't become engaged to more than two men at the same time.

Don't put on your bathing suit unless you're going into the water.

Don't join sailing parties unless you can stand a little rough weather.

Don't snub your mother or maiden aunt in public. It doesn't look well.

Don't try to protect your complexion. Give the sun and fresh air an inning.

Don't sing, unless nature has given you a voice which will not cause others pain.

Don't trust the gentleman who has married unhappily and wishes to tell you all about it.

Don't forget that half an hour of exercise in the open air is worth more than all the nerve tonics in the market.

Don't forget that the summer hotel veranda is the happy hunting-ground of the most merciless gossips on earth.

Don't waste too much sympathy on "poor George, working away in the hot city." George is getting along very nicely.

Don't make your willing slaves fasten your shoestrings more than seven times in the course of one day. The novelty wears off.—New York World.

Monkey Skin Card Cases.

Professor Garner is not the only man who has found a new use for the monkey. The up-to-date jeweler is fully equal in this respect. The jeweler, to be sure, has turned the monkey to decorative rather than philological account, but the service to the world at large is still very great. This is at once apparent when it is stated that all the newest card cases are of monkey skin. They are ornamented with an applied decoration of enameled silver, patterned after the early spring flowers. The blooms are life size and as like the original as possible, both in form and color. The effect is very pretty, as the flowers lie upon their leather background as gracefully as if a careless hand had flung them there.

One Multi-Millionaire's Wife.

Mrs. Krueger, wife of President Krueger of the Transvaal, who is an extremely homely woman, does nearly all her own housework, cooking meals, making her own bed and always taking a hand in the family washing. When her husband has "state guests" to dinner the good lady will trust the task of waiting on the table to no one, and donning a white apron she performs the office of butler. Her husband has a private fortune of \$25,000,000, but it's "Auntie" Krueger's boast that they live on their "coffee money"—a perquisite of \$2,000 a year allowed them by the government.

Saved Money and Lost Credit.

An amusing incident occurred at a fashionable wedding in this city. One friend, who determined to save her money and credit at the same time,

Japs Reform Their Dress.

The Empress of Japan has discarded the picturesque costume of her country. Her majesty's wardrobe is made in Paris, and she has a decided preference for tight-fitting, small-waisted gowns. The royal example is followed by the ladies of the court, and state functions no longer present their former polychromatic appearance. It is a curious coincidence that the discarded Japanese costume combines all the latest ideas on dress reform embodied by its apostles here and in Europe.

Parts Her Hair on the Side.

Fluffy bangs, and even the coquetish waves that so graciously conceal the imperfections of an ugly forehead, are, as well as the girl that wears them, out of date. The mannish girl is at the height of the fashion, and she is astounding thousands of her primmer sisters by parting her hair at the side.

Absolute severity and simplicity is the motto of the new hair-dressing.

Twist or coil or braid or do whatever you will with your back hair, so long as the result is modest and inconspicuous, but under no circumstances must you venture to impart a feminine curl to the front locks.

Royal Wheelwomen.

Nearly all the members of the royal family of England are cyclists. Princess Victoria of Wales, the Duchess of Fife, Princess Louise, the Marchioness of Lorne and Princess Henry of Battenberg all ride and are enthusiasts. The Queen of Italy had her first bicycle lessons last summer, but is already an expert. She required only twelve lessons to become proficient.

What Women Are Doing.

During the absence of three months of Rev. Mr. Cochrane of the Unitarian Church at Bar Harbor, Maine, his wife will attend to all his ministerial duties.

Three devoted books have recently been referred to John of Arc and a fourth is coming. Mrs. Oliphant is writing a history of the maid for "The Heroes of the Nation" series.

Mrs. Frances Eleanor Trollope has just published the life and letters of Mrs. Frances Trollope, her mother-in-law, who wrote a book on American customs and manners that gave great offense.

Miss Gladstone, daughter of the expremier, who has recently accepted the presidency of the Cambridge Women's Liberal Club, made her first appearance recently at a largely attended meeting.

There is a woman dentist in New York who is fast attaining popularity and fortune. She is a German by birth, and has a large clientele among the singers and other musicians of her own nationality in the city.

Late Spring Costume.



LATEST EDIT FOR THE TAILOR-MADE GIRL.

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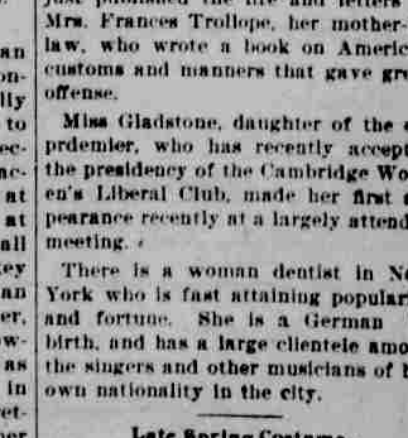
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