

HER SOLDIER BOY



At the open flap of his narrow tent hangs a strip of the midnight skies, Pricked through by a myriad points of light, that flash in his tired eyes; He has waked from a dream of a summer day, and now, with a throb of pain, He pillows his head on his young right arm, and summons the dream again.

A pathway barred by shadow and shine, a glow in the golden west; A song in the rustling leaves overhead, as a bluebird hushes its nest; A slip of a girl in a muslin gown, a cadet in a coat of gray— But the slim little hand he clasps in his is a half of the world away!

Through the vibrant hush of the starry night hums the life of a tropic clime, And under the breast of his khaki blouse the heart of the lad beats time, In a land where an endless summer reigns, he dreams of a June gone by— And a wandering wind steals into his tent and carries away a sigh!



Under Dogwood Blossoms.

BY GEORGE BINGHAM.

(Copyright, 1901, by Daily Story Pub. Co.) Not far from Cadiz, on the crooked old Kentucky pike, an ox wagon covered with a dingy sheet overtook me. A tall man, who looked lazy, sat on a broken chair in front and drove, while back under the cover five tow-heads were stuck out to watch the slowly changing scenery.

Under the shakily rattling vehicle walked a lazy old brindle dog—he could walk nowhere else, being tied to the axle with a rope. A scrub milch cow was tied to the back end of the wagon; the skillets and pans, fastened to the sides of the wagon-bed, rattled and bumped; and buckets and pots swung from the axles beneath, as the wagon slowly passed along the pike.

I dropped from the splotch of shade on a rail fence corner where I had sat for some time, and spoke to the man. "Good morning," he answered. "If you are going our way, hop up and ride." He reached back, got a handy bucket, turned it over, and I sat down beside him.

When I told him my name he said he knew a person in Arkansas by the name of Andy Cobb, but that he was a negro. Then he laughed. He asked me which way I was going, and when I told him I was not particular which way, he said to me: "I've been livin' in Arkansas for a good while, and am on my way to South Carolina to visit my wife's folks."

Noticing the gait of his team, I asked him how long he had been en route, and in an easy manner he replied: "Oh, little the rise of nine weeks."

"When do you expect to get there?" "Kain't tell. Ain't no morn' haff way yet. Who-a-a boys! Sally you and the brats hold tight back there, for here's another creek. You know what fools these cattle are about water." Then he addressed me, "Ever' creek we come to they break in a run for it."

The steers struck a brisk pace and when to the bank made a lunge which nearly upset the wagon. After riding an hour with him—in which time we traveled about three miles—I wished them good luck and took the other fork of the road.

True, I was not very particular which way I went, for I had nothing to do. Two months previous I had heard the little town of Snortsville wanted a newspaper, and that being the favorite one of my several vocations, I went to the place and put



"Something hit the earth."

forth the Weekly Post, with a dusty outfit that had been abandoned some weeks before. In a few issues I found that the people did not want a local paper as bad as they thought they did, so I wound up my business, which took but a few minutes, and walked out of town, and it was only a few mornings later that I was overtaken

by the man going to visit his wife's folks.

After leaving Mr. Botts I came to a creek. The banks were pretty with fragrant elder and dogwood blossoms, and birds fluttered over the clear, slowly-moving water, and chattered and chirped in the undergrowth.

I heard the sound of rippling water, and going up-stream found a cool, clear, blue spring which rippled and tumbled over rocks on its way to the creek.

I brushed the old acorns and sticks from a soft mossy slant and stretched out to rest.

"Git up here, now, Pud! You derved old fool! Makin' like you air skeered o' this place when you come here ever' day. Quit that snortin' and git in there and drink befo' I larrup you with a hickory."

I raised to my elbows and saw a



"Come on back—"

barefoot man trying to persuade a mule to drink at the stream. The contrary animal pranced around and went behind a bank, leaving only the rider's head visible to me. Of a sudden it began bobbing up and down, and I heard him urging the mule to behave, in language unsuitable to reproduce. His head disappeared, his feet came up in the air, and something hit the earth with a dull sound. When I got to the bank he was brushing the dirt and gravel from his shoulder, and when I asked him the trouble, he replied:

"Nothin'. Blasted old mule just tossed me off over her head."

"Tuck Buchanan lives right up there on the ridge," he answered when I asked him where I might find some dinner. He spurred the mule in the flanks with his bare heels, and I watched the spry little animal pick her way up a rough path, sometimes leading under low branches, which caused the rider to duck his head or push them back.

Again I lay down on the moss. Scents of peach and apple blossoms came to me on the soft, lazy air. A farm-bell clanged somewhere up the creek bottom and was followed by another and another. Plow-mules brayed and hurried toward their rows' end, for ten ears of corn and an hour's rest was coming.

"Don't you want to walk down to the mill? I don't hear it running. I guess that triffin' fellow I've got attendin' to it is piled up in the corn-box asleep as he usually is," said Mr. Buchanan to me the day after I went to his house.

We went to the mill and, as he expected, we found the miller dozing in the corn-box.

"I'd let him go if I had another man. Kit Smith wants the job, but he ain't got any education and couldn't buy wheat or calculate on tolls."

Being well satisfied with the surroundings and desiring to remain in

that section, I insisted that Kit Smith, with my assistance, could operate the mill; and in a few days Mr. Smith and I had the job.

Mr. Buchanan was a homely old fellow, his profile at a distance reminding me of the picture of some great old man I had seen in history, and I hardly saw how he could be the father of a girl so pretty and sweet as Miss Fannie.

In a month I was also assistant manager of the big farm, for Mr. Buchanan had decided that the greasy scum on a wet weather spring back in the field was signs of an underground stream of coal oil and was figuring on organizing a stock company to drill.

The smiles and kind words of Miss Fannie gave me a feeling—a delightful thrill—I had never before experienced. A young fellow accompanied her to church one Sunday, and when she returned that night I knew that I loved her. How lonesome I had been that day without her.

The next night she invited me to the parlor to engage her in a game of social "seven-up." We had a pleasant time, and hardly before the hour to go to my room, I stopped the game, grasped her pretty hand and told her my feelings. I bowed my head to kiss her hand, but she pulled it back, said "No, no," and bade me good night.

I said to her the next morning, "Miss Fannie, excuse me—last night—I couldn't help it, though. Let it pass and think no more of it, but I do so—"

"Mr. Cobb, won't you leave? Go off and think no more of it, and let me forget you. It will be better, as nothing else can come of it. Leave and let me forget you."

Sadly I told her farewell Sunday morning and walked off down the road, again in my aimless wandering. When a half mile away I heard someone coming up behind me on a horse. I went to the side of the road to let it pass. But when the horse came up it stopped and as I looked around, Miss Fannie ran into my arms.

"Come on back! You must not leave me! You cannot! The future looks empty without you."

Tears of joy came to my eyes, and I bent my head over on hers. I kissed her, said, "God bless my angel," and kissed her again.

The horse she rode, seeing it was forgotten, turned and followed us home.

A hungry-looking "razor-back" sow with thirteen young pigs, rooting in the dirt and rocks nearby made an unusual lot of noise, and I raised up and found myself still lying on the mossy place by the spring. I had lain there and imagined I would figure in a romance something like the above. If the hogs had allowed me to finish the plot I imagine it would have wound up by me becoming owner of the farm and mill, and several oil wells.

I washed my face in the cool blue water, smoothed over my hair and went with some anxiety to the Buchanan home on the ridge.

There was no sweet girl Fannie, nor even a Mrs. Buchanan—the old man kept "back" on a small gully-washed farm. But I went in, ate a dinner of beans and bacon, and went on off down the pike, very seriously thinking.

HELEN KELLER'S HAND.

Plaster Cast of It in Collection of Lawrence Hutton.

Mr. Lawrence Hutton is making a collection of plaster casts of hands, says a Trenton special in the New York Sun. He already has about fifteen specimens. He brought back with him from Europe recently the original cast of the hand of Thomas Carlyle, which he picked up in a London shop for a trifling sum. Among others in the collection are likenesses of the hands of Rossetti, Robert Louis Stevenson, Lincoln and Thackeray, and the mummified hands of an Egyptian princess of the time of Moses. These Mr. Hutton has hanging on the walls of his library. He also has a cast of the hand of Helen Keller, the wonderful blind mute, which he regards very highly on account of its artistic finish. All the lines in the skin, and even the little nerve cushions on the tips of her fingers, with which she feels so accurately, are plainly discernible in the plaster. Beneath each case Mr. Hutton has written some appropriate lines. Beneath that of Miss Keller's hand is the following:

"She is deaf to sounds all about us; What she sees we cannot understand; But her sight's at the tip of her fingers And she hears through the touch of her hands."

After Meeting.
"Bishop," said the young preacher, "I know you were hitting at me when you denounced fine apparel and jewelry, for I wear a velvet vest and a watch and chain." "No, brother," replied the bishop, with a twinkle in his eye, "for I half suspect your vest is cotton velvet, and as for the watch, I never gave you credit for more than a Waterbury!"—Atlanta Constitution.

A Suggestion.
Mrs. Hauskeep—The dishes you have put on the table of late, Bridget, have been positively dirty. Now, something's got to be done about it. Bridget—Yis, mum; av ye only had dark-colored wans, mum, they wouldn't show the dirt at all.—Philadelphia Press.

Worse Looking Than He Feelt.
Baboon—Me boy, you look as if you had just stepped out of a fashion plate. Crinkleton—That so? I knew I had rheumatism, but I didn't suppose I was as stiff as that!—Harlem Life.

A CIVIL WAR HEROINE

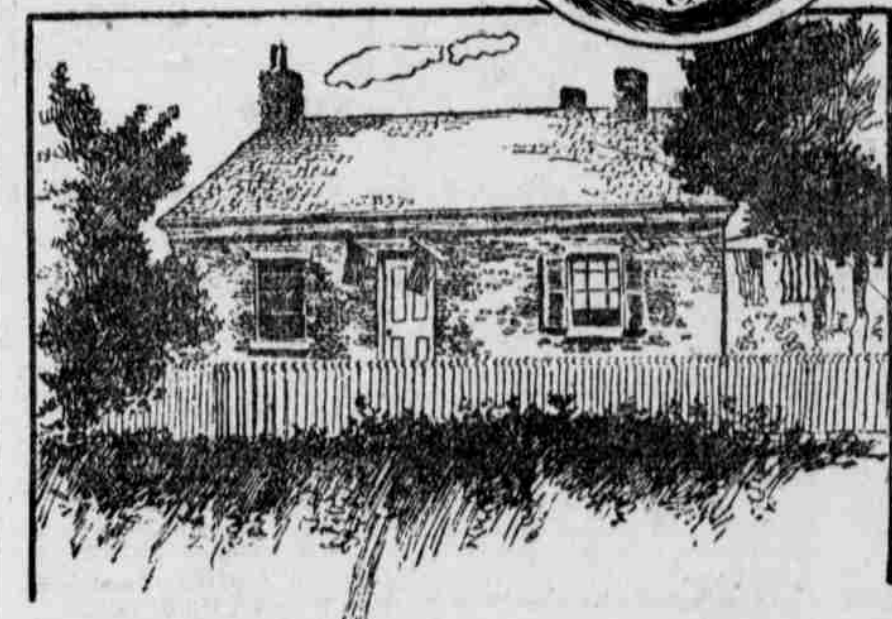
Story of Jennie Wade, Who Was Killed at Gettysburg.

Jennie Wade's grave, which is located beside her parents in the Citizens' Evergreen cemetery, adjoining the Philadelphia National cemetery, is now marked by a monument which is being erected by the Woman's Relief Corps of Iowa. The dedication took place recently. The pedestal is of American gray granite, the four sides of which are highly polished. Surmounting the pedestal stands a fine Italian marble statue of Jennie Wade. On the sub-base, in large raised letters, is the name "Jennie Wade." The inscriptions on the monument are as follows: "Jennie Wade, aged 29 years 2 months, killed July 3, 1863, while making bread for the union soldiers." On the opposite side: "Erected by the Women's Relief Corps of Iowa, A. D. 1901."

Jennie Wade's House.

The house in which Jennie Wade lived at the time of the battle is apparently a one-story double brick house, as viewed from the outside, writes a correspondent of the Chicago Daily News. However, on entering, it is found to have two rooms on the first floor on each side of the house, and a stairway in the rear room leads to a second floor where two plastered rooms are found, each having a small window in the end of the house, the sides of the house being alike.

At the time of the battle that neighborhood possessed fewer houses, and this one, being located on high ground, was in full view of the confederate sharpshooters, who deemed it as a possible headquarters of the union army, and thus it was that this house was a mark for many bullets. The marks of over a hundred which struck the house have been counted. The holes through the small window panes, sashes and doors are plainly visible and apparently as if made but yesterday. The house at the present time is used



MISS JENNIE WADE AND HOME IN WHICH SHE WAS KILLED AT BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG.

as a museum and among the numerous relics displayed is shown the six-inch shell that passed through the upper part of the house, entering the room, passing through the middle wall and dropping on the outer side of the house.

How Jennie Wade Was Killed.

The positions of the doors and the windows of the house are as they were on July 3, 1863. A number of bullets passed entirely through the two window sashes. The marks of these bullets display the position of the windows and the doors at that time. The door, as seen through the back window, displays a number of bullet holes which were as clearly pierced as if made by an auger. The bullet that proved fatal to comely Jennie Wade, who was then 29 years of age, passed through the panel of the outer door, and through the door between the rooms, which was opened at the time, and pierced the breast of the heroine, who had been performing her household duties at the time.

Her married sister lay sick abed in the room adjoining at the time, and she, too, had a narrow escape from death. As the shot and shell were flying about one passed through the window of her room, cutting off a portion of the post of the bed in which she lay. Jennie was buried in the rear of the yard that evening by some of the soldiers, whom she had assisted in various ways, such as carrying water and helping the wounded during the progress of the battle. The people of Gettysburg were between the two armies; nevertheless, as a community, they did not desert their homes and remain out of sight. Even the women, many after having been warned to leave the town, remained bravely in their houses. Jennie Wade had been warned repeatedly to vacate the place, but she had invariably refused to do so.

Buried in a Colonel's Coffin.

Curiously it was that at almost the same moment a confederate colonel fell near the place that Jennie had fallen. The confederates were occupying the grounds just then. They had taken care of the dead colonel's body and had constructed a rough coffin for his interment, but later a federal colonel took possession of the grounds, the rude coffin was secured and used for the interment of the heroine Jennie. Later her body was removed to the Citizens' Evergreen cemetery, which adjoins the National, where it now rests. Jennie had a correspondent, to whom she was engaged, and who was in the union army. He fell at Winchester. He was Corporal Skelly, after whom the Gettysburg G. A. R. post was named. It was Corporal Skelly who fell first, and ere his love had received the sad news she, too, had met a similar fate.

Every memorial day, says the Philadelphia Record, her grave is decorated with flowers and the small American flag placed thereon by the G. A. R. post.

POOR OLD RAVENNA.

Her Streets Are Grass-Grown and Her Churches Empty.

In the bend of the Adriatic just where the coast line, though still trending south, is about to make its eastward curve, far down on the great rivers which flow from the Eastern Alps, lies Ravenna. We speak of a historic town, and think vaguely of changed streets and altered shapes of houses, but here the very face of nature is changed:

"Oh, earth, what changes hast thou seen!

There, where the long street soars, hath been

The stillness of the central sea."



HIS WATCH IN CABLE SLOT.

The Singular Accident That Befell a Cincinnati Man.

A singular incident is related in connection with a mishap which happened to Dr. J. T. Know, while making a professional call in Avondale recently. In dismounting from the car in Rockdale avenue the doctor did not wait until it came to a full stop, but endeavored to step from the running board while the car was still in motion. In some manner his foot was caught and he was thrown headlong into the street. The car crew was soon beside him, and after the doctor was placed upon his feet, he announced that he was unhurt, and retired to a corner drug store to remove the dirt and dust from his clothing and prepare to continue on his way to see his patient. The doctor missed his glasses. These, singularly, were found a few feet from where the doctor had fallen, unbroken. He then proceeded to the house of his patient. Before leaving his patient, he went through the usual form of taking the pulse, and, when he reached into his pocket for his watch, he found it gone. The timepiece is a very valuable one and the doctor hastened back to where the accident had befallen him, and made inquiries as to whether or not it had been found. No one had seen it. The doctor proceeded to look about for the timepiece, in the gutters, and about the street, and every available hiding place was searched in vain. Many of his friends also assisted. The doctor was about to conclude the search when he thought he would look into the cable slot. For some distance the slot was followed, and, to the great astonishment of the doctor, the watch was finally located about forty feet away from where he had fallen. An attaché of the cable company was secured and the watch recovered. Strangely enough, its only damage was a few dirt and grease spots and a cracked crystal. The only explanation for the singular incident is that in falling the watch was thrown from his pocket and rolled to the cable slot into which it dropped and was carried into where it was found by the action of the cable.—Cincinnati Commercial.

HE SWAGGERED.

But His Swaggering Came Too High for Comfort.

"When I got my two weeks' vacation this year," said the young man with the unhappy countenance, "I made up my mind to sling on a little style and be a toptopper. I went to a seashore resort and registered myself under a high-sounding name and managed to let it be known that I was the nephew of a multi-millionaire by that name. It wasn't 24 hours before I was swagging. In 24 more I was flirting with half a dozen goodlooking girls and the envy of all the other young men. Then my troubles began. The landlord hinted that so distinguished a guest ought to take a parlor room, and I took it at an increase of \$9 per week. Then I was told that the house had champagne at \$3.50 per bottle, and I had to order. My fees to the waiters doubled up, shoe polish advanced fifty per cent and I had to subscribe to a hop, a musicale, an orphan excursion and three or four other things. They even struck me for a dollar to buy a sailor a wooden leg and 50 cents more to help a fisherman's widow get an ear trumpet. I had counted on two long weeks, but at the end of five days I was down on my last plank. That was just enough to get home on, but before I could start I had to chip in a quarter to help buy shoes for a fatherless boy, and when I finally took the train my silver watch was in the pawnshop. I came, I saw, I busted. I swaggered and swelled and was quite the thing, doncher know, but it only lasted five days, and I'll be hard up all winter to pay for it. I sighed to be at the top, but I shall sigh no more. The drop hurts a fellow of fine feelings."

Hunting with Bow and Arrow.

A new class of sportsmen has been growing up within the last few years, whose distinguishing characteristics is based upon the line followed by the late Maurice Thompson, sportsman and author. Thompson disdained to use the shotgun on small game, preferring to match skill against cunning. He made it a practice not to kill game until he was close enough to watch and study it. So he took a long bow and went into the woods after quail and grouse. He hunted rabbits in the same manner, and was very successful. When he went after quail he stole upon the flock in its haunts and picked off the birds with arrows that made no noise and did not frighten those that remained. In this way he grew to know the haunts and habits of his quarry as the shotgun hunter never does. Rabbits he stalked in a similar manner. The point to be won was to see the rabbit in the little "form" where it spends the day, in surroundings that render it well-nigh invulnerable and shoot it before it could run away. For squirrels he took an ancient flintlock rifle. Most hunters are not handicapping themselves to this extent, but take instead of bow or flintlock a small rifle with which the head may be snipped off a quail or grouse and a tiny puncture made in a rabbit's skull.

Another Question.

Proud mother (complacently)—My daughter is studying the language abroad. She speaks French and Italian as well as she does English. Visitor (innocently)—And does she speak English well?—Harper's Bazar.

Friendship is one of the fair flowers of Paradise blooming in our world of pain.