

A CASE OF SELF-DECEIT.

He thinks he's a cynic and closes his eyes. To the sun which is faithfully shining. And he vows that to carp is the way to be wise. And that life is but slumber and dining. Persistent, he struggles his conscience to throw. Into states that are called cataleptic; He wants to be "modern and wicked," you know. When, in fact, he is only desyreptic.

In silence he winks at himself with a leer. In the presence of gayety harmless. His sigh is a growl and his laugh is a sneer. As he vows that existence is charmless. And he looks on himself with a pitiful pride. As a vastly superior skeptic; His claims misanthropic he won't hear denied. When, in fact, he is only desyreptic. —Washington Star.



CAUGHT.

"YE think you can tend her while I'm gone?" asked Uncle Burritt.

"Of course we can. We know exactly how to do it."

"So I s'pose so I s'pose," said Uncle Burritt, as if his doubt of the ability of the boy and girl who stood before him to manage the big wheat elevator was wholly unfounded.

"I'll be back as soon's I can," he continued, "and if the Nancy Bell steams up fore I get back you tell the cap'n to hitch and lay alongside."

"Oh, I can open the chutes," said Matt, eagerly.

"Of course he can," chimed Laura.

"Better wait 'till yer old uncle gets back; he won't be long comin'."

And Uncle Burritt, having shaken the wheat dust off his coat and combed back his hair before the cracked mirror, seated himself in his huckboard and rattled up the road.

Matt, who was 18 years old, drew himself up on the high stool in the office with some dignity. It was the first time he had ever been left in charge of the elevator, and he felt the importance of his position.

His sister Laura, who was 13, peered out of the little window and wished something exciting would happen.

And hardly had she wished when something did happen. The Nancy Bell began to toot down the river.

"Matt, there comes the Nancy," cried Laura.

A moment later a huge side-wheel river steamer came splashing around the bend and drew up under the rocky bank on the top of which perched the elevator. The office where Matt and Laura were sitting was a hundred yards away, at the edge of the hill road. Here the farmers sold their wheat, which was emptied into a car, weighed and trundled along a tramway that ran on a trestlework into the top of the elevator, where the wheat was dumped into one of the various bins. At the bottom of the tall building a number of chutes led out over the water, and when open the wheat from the elevator poured through them into the steamboat below.

"Hey, there," called the captain of the Nancy Bell, puffing up the steep bank, "are you ready to let us have that No. 1?"

"We're all ready, only uncle isn't here yet," answered Matt.

"Can't you let her go?"

"I could—"

"But uncle wanted us to ask you to lay alongside until he came back," completed Laura.

The good-natured captain frowned.

"We won't get clear of Fisher's bar to-night, I'm afraid, if we wait. You've opened the chutes lots of times before," he said, turning to Matt.

"Oh, yes, I could do it all right. It's no trouble at all—"

Matt made as if to go down to the tramway toward the elevator, but Laura seized him by the arm.

"Uncle told us to wait," she said; "don't go."

"Oh, he won't care," said Matt, impatiently. "I'm no baby."

Then he pulled himself away and ran along the tramway.

"Get your men ready," he shouted to the captain, "the wheat's coming."

Matt's heart throbbled with excitement. He felt that he had suddenly attained to the dignity of manhood.

He reached the deep bin where the No. 1 wheat was kept and clambered from the tramway down the little ladder to the hook which controlled the chute. He knew that when he opened it the thousands of bushels of wheat in the bin would go swirling slowly down through the chute into the steamboat.

"Are they ready, Laura?" he called.

"Oh, don't, Matt," answered the girl.

"Are they ready, I say?" called Matt, this time angrily.

Laura signalled to the captain with her hand, as she had often done before.

"Ready," came the answer.

"Ready," repeated Laura.

Matt pulled the peg and then, pausing a moment, pulled the other, and the hook dropped with a chug. He heard the grain swishing in the chutes far below. With the pegs in his hand he started to climb the ladder that ran up the sides of the bin. Just at the top one of the pegs slipped and fell into the wheat below.

Matt threw the peg which he still held on the tramway and scrambled down the ladder. He didn't want Laura to know about his carelessness, and he knew well enough that the peg must not be allowed to go down with the wheat or it might choke up the chute.

The peg lay on the wheat a few feet from the bottom of the ladder. Matt had often had occasion to cross the wheat in the bin, and so he waded out without any hesitation, his feet sinking in a few inches at every step.

Already the air was full of dust caused by the agitation of the wheat in the chute below, and Matt choked as he stooped to pick up the peg. Just as he turned, one of his feet sunk down suddenly as if something deep in the bin had seized it. The next instant the whole center of the wheat in the bin sunk suddenly, and Matt found himself slipping slowly downward. With a startled cry he tried to reach the ladder. But the wheat below him was like quicksand. The harder he struggled the more the wheat shelved off and slipped under his feet, and the more it seemed to him that an awful something deep in the bin had fastened to his feet and was dragging him down. The consciousness of having disobeyed his uncle lent terror to the situation, and the dust was becoming more and more choking. In that moment Matt recalled stories he had heard of men who had been suffocated in elevators, and he grew suddenly hopeless.

He had sunk almost to his waist when Laura appeared in answer to his repeated calls.

"Help!" he coughed.

Laura peered for a moment into the dark bin and then she seemed transfixed with terror.

"Run for help," cried Matt.

Without a word Laura disappeared, flying down the tramway with flying hair.

Reaching the office she suddenly realized that Matt might sink and be killed before she could get the men from the boat up the hill.

"What shall I do?" and she wrung her hands.

Her eye fell upon an empty barrel in the corner of the office. The next moment she was spinning it along the tramway to the elevator.

"Here, Matt, Matt," she called.

The boy, who was now waist-deep in the wheat and had almost given up the struggle, hardly looked up. But when the barrel came bumping against him he seemed to recover.

"Hold on till I come back," cried Laura.

Then she sped along the tramway and down the hill to the boat. With choking voice she told the captain of her trouble. There was no way of shutting off the sucking of the wheat through the chute below, but a half dozen men with ropes and poles were soon speeding up the hill. Laura led them to the bin, but when she peered down she cried out in despair. Only the top of the barrel was visible in the sinking wheat.

"There, there, child; don't be frightened yet," said the captain.

In a moment two men with ropes around under their arms were wading in the wheat, while two others had succeeded in closing the chute. This prevented further sinking of the wheat, but the dust was still suffocating.

With poles and shovels they pried up the barrel, and when they lifted it out they found that it covered Matt's head and shoulders. But Matt was unconscious.

"If it hadn't been for the barrel he'd have died," said the captain.

At last they lifted him out and he opened his eyes just as Uncle Burritt came into the office.

When Uncle Burritt heard the story he did not say a word to Matt, but he turned and laid his hand on Laura's head. Laura was still tearful.

"My brave, obedient girl," he said.

GAYLORD, KAN., enjoys the unique distinction of being the only municipality in the United States whose government is composed entirely of women. It has a lady mayor and women officials and the city offices are conducted with honesty, ability, integrity and economy. There is no hint at corruption or jobbery. The streets are clean, crime is virtually unknown and not a single dollar of indebtedness lies upon the place.

Antoinette L. Haskell, mayor of the town, has held office for a year and has given the best of satisfaction in her administration. Her appointments have been wise and her knowledge of city affairs such as would reflect credit on any man. Mrs. Haskell's husband is a prosperous banker and she is the mother of two sons, 17 and 11 years old. The city clerk, Miss Florence Headley, is a native of Kansas, and is the editor of the Gaylor Herald, where she first became connected with the paper as a compositor. She is 20 years of age and is serving her second year as city clerk. Mrs. Mary L. Foote, police judge-elect, is a native of Illinois, and has resided in Kansas seven years. An odd feature of her election was that her husband was her opponent, but she defeated him by a large majority. The members of the council consist of Mrs. Mary A. White, a native of Franklin, Ohio; Mrs. Nancy Wright, born in Scottsville, Iowa; Mrs. Emma A. Mitchell, a native of Indianapolis; Mrs. Esther Johnston,



TOWN RUN BY WOMEN.

in a smaller space than the script and enables a smaller card being used. —Ladies' Home Journal.

Chosen Queen of the Fiesta.
The annual floral festival at Santa Rosa, Cal., was preceded this year by a warm contest as to who should be chosen queen of carnival. When the contest was first announced half a score names of popular women in



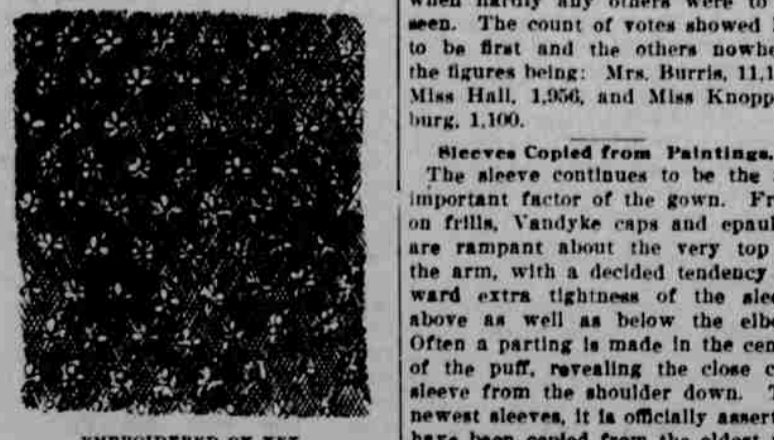
MRS. L. W. BURRIS.



WOMEN OFFICERS OF GAYLORD, KAN.
MRS. LORELLA ABERG-BOMBIE. MRS. EMMA A. MITCHELL.
MRS. ESTHER JOHNSTON. MRS. NANCY WRIGHT. MRS. MARY A. WHITE.
MRS. FLORENCE HEADLEY. MRS. A. L. HASKELL. MRS. MARY L. FOOTE.

a native of Ontario; and Mrs. Loella Aberg-Bombie. They have given every manifestation of their ability to run the business of the city government and no one can question their motives.

Value of the Trellis Pattern.
The trellis pattern can be carried out in numerous ways and serves for a variety of purposes in dress and millinery.



EMBROIDERED ON NET.

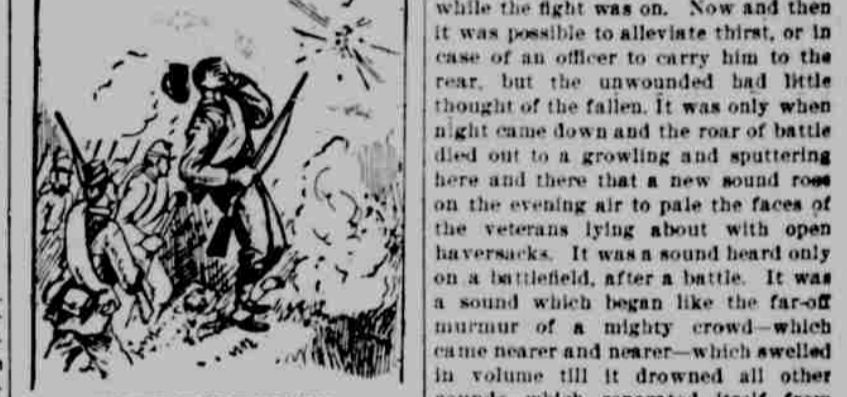
linery. It also answers equally well as a veiling for bright-colored satin bags, sachets and pincushions. A combination of tinsel thread and jet would set it off admirably.

Fashions in Calling-Cards.
The Roman or block letter is becoming more popular as the style of engraving for visiting-card plates, while the fashionably thin card of two-sheet quality is eminently proper. Cards for both men and women are considerably smaller, and the script engraving is finer in consequence, following more closely the English style than the Parisian, which is large and with flourishes. The block or Roman letter plate is very English, and with those affecting London styles it finds great favor. The price more than doubles that of script engraving. Ladies use the block style now on their cards for teas and receptions, as it admits of the necessary engraving of days with-

SOLDIERS AT HOME.
THEY TELL SOME INTERESTING ANECDOTES OF THE WAR.

How the Boys of Both Armies Waded Away Life in Camp - Funging Experiences, Tremendous Marches - Thrilling Scenes on the Battlefield.

After the Battle.
It was strange and queer to watch the demeanor of men wounded in battle, writes M. Quad. You might have stood beside hundreds who were struck down, and yet you would not have found two whose actions were exactly alike. When hit while standing inactive most men threw up their hands and cried out and staggered about before falling. If hit while the regiment was advancing they fell with curses on their lips, and sometimes rose up again and limped painfully after their comrades. If reached by a bullet while the command was being driven or retreating or changing its position, then men wailed out like children—not so much over the hurt as because they realized that they were to be left on the field to suffer and would be helpless to protect themselves. When a regiment was in line, waiting to move to the right or the left or be advanced, the thud of a bullet as it struck a man could be heard by the men on his right and left. If struck in the chest or shoulder or head he fell out of the ranks, threw up his hands with a shout, and then fell like a log. If struck below the breast he nearly always lurched forward and placed his hands on the wound and sank down



KILLED IN THE CHARGE.

with a groan. The demeanor of no two wounded men was alike in minor particulars, but strangely alike in the first movements. A soldier shot through the head or heart—shot dead in his tracks, as you might term it—was not instantly killed. There was no such thing as instant death unless struck with a solid shot or blown to pieces by an exploding shell. No matter whether the bullet pierced heart or brain, the victim lived on for a few seconds—long enough to throw up his hands and call out and clutch at the comrades beside him for support.

Few men preserved silence after being hard hit. After the first exclamation they cursed or wept, and were not conscious of what they did. Each felt that he had been grievously wronged by being shot down. Sometimes they cursed first and wept afterwards—sometimes wept and sobbed like children from the first moment of feeling pain. The cursing and the weeping were the direct result of the nervous system being keyed too high by the excitement of the battle. If a wounded man was carried to the rear he soon got the better of his hysterics, and it was the same if left to himself for three or four hours on the field, provided the fighting had ceased in his vicinity. It was the wounded who lay on the field where the fighting continued who were the most to be pitied. They feared to be wounded again or killed outright.

Bravely Done.
"That is one of the bravest men I ever knew," said Gen. Rosecrans to James R. Gilmore (Edmund Kirke) as Inspector General Ducaut left the room where the two gentlemen were conversing. "I saw him once," continued the General, "coolly face almost certain death to perform a duty. Three men had fallen before his eyes, and he had to run the gauntlet of a thousand muskets; but he did it." Mr. Gilmore relates the circumstances, in the Louisville Courier-Journal.

It was at the battle of Iuka, where Rosecrans with only 2,800 men actually engaged, was fighting a Confederate force of 11,000, holding a chosen and very strong position. Ducaut, in riding up to the General, had observed a regiment of Gen. Stanley's division about to be enveloped and overpowered by a much larger force.

"Ride on and warn Stanley at once," said Rosecrans. An acre of fire, swept with bullets, lay between them and the menaced regiment. Ducaut glanced at it and said:

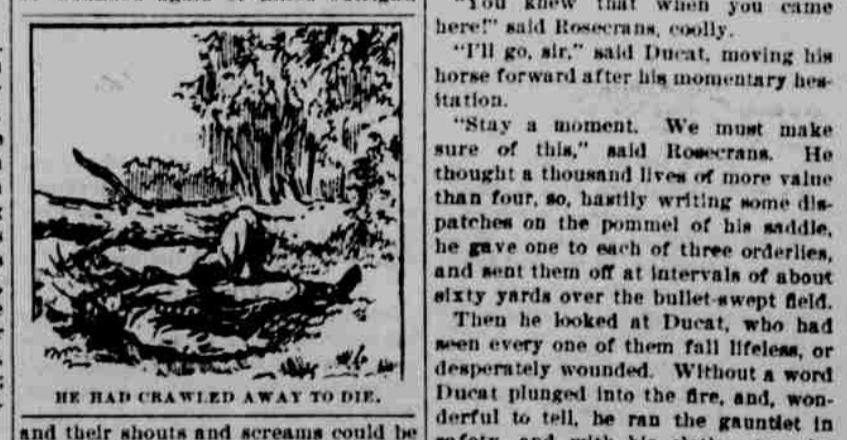
"General, I have a wife and children."

"You know that when you came here," said Rosecrans, coolly.

"I'll go, sir," said Ducaut, moving his horse forward after his momentary hesitation.

"Stay a moment. We must make sure of this," said Rosecrans. He thought a thousand lives of more value than four, so, hastily writing some dispatches on the pommel of his saddle, he gave one to each of three orderlies, and sent them off at intervals of about sixty yards over the bullet-swept field.

Then he looked at Ducaut, who had seen every one of them fall lifeless, or desperately wounded. Without a word Ducaut plunged into the fire, and, wonderful to tell, he ran the gauntlet in safety, and with his clothes torn by minie balls, and his horse reeling from a mortal wound, he got to Stanley, and saved the regiment. The orderlies found their graves on that acre of fire.



HE HAD CRAWLED AWAY TO DIE.

and their shouts and screams could be heard whenever the roar of battle died away a little. Their fears were by no means groundless. Bullet and ball and shell and grapeshot were continually falling among them, and during the war thousands of soldiers were killed while lying wounded between the lines. The burial parties used to find bodies which had been hit from three to ten times, and after Grant's first battle in the Wilderness we found a Confederate with twenty-three bullet wounds in his dead body.

And there was more than the fear of missiles before the eyes of the wounded men. If infantry charged over them they might not suffer, but if a battery changed positions or there was a charge of cavalry they might be ground into the earth. When in his normal condition a cavalry horse will not step on the body of a man lying in his path, but when excited to madness by the roar of battle the steeds of war will trample down anything. The wounded men lying about must take their chances when the bugles blew a charge. Some would escape the ironshod hoofs—others would be almost beaten into the earth. It was the same way if a battery was retired or advanced. The change of position was made with horses on the dead run, and their riders could take no thought of the dead and wounded lying in the way. The fate of a brigade or a division, or even a wing of the army, was at stake, and the sacrifice of men already wounded did not

Forrest's Warfare.
Twenty-seven horses were shot under Lieutenant General N. B. Forrest, who earned the sobriquet of "The Wizard of the Saddle" during the war, and Lieutenant General Richard Taylor said of him: "I doubt if any commander since the days of Lion-hearted Richard has killed so many of the enemy." Forrest's aphorisms are such as one would expect from such a man. "War means fighting, and fighting means killing," he once said. On another occasion, he declared: "The way to whip 'em is to get there first with the most men." Once when discussing with a graduate of West Point the question of how to fight cavalry to greatest advantage, he remarked: "I would give more for fifteen minutes of bugle than for three days of tactics."

A Frenchman claims to have discovered a method of successfully converting petroleum oil into a hard mass, which is not explosive and is absolutely smokeless and odorless. The inventor states that his new fuel costs about \$10 per ton, and that one ton equals thirty tons of coal.

The "five nations of Europe" own 2,310 war ships, mounting 85,300 guns, all ready for immediate service.



Bows at the Elbow.