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

And that life is but slumber and dining. Persistent, he struggles his conscience to

Into states that are called cataleptic; He wants to be "modern and wicked," you When, in fact, he is only dyspeptic.

In silence he winks at himself with a leer In the presence of gayety harmless. His sigh is a growl and his laugh is

As he vows that existence is charmles And he looks on himself with a pitiful

As a vastly superior skeptic; His claims misanthropic he won't hear de-

When, in fact, he is only dyspeptic. Washington Star.



while I'm gone?" asked Uncle Burritt. "Of course we can. We know ex-

actly 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, "an' 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 buckboard

and rattled up the road. Matt, who was 16 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 imo 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

"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 iny 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 sald, turning to Matt.

"Oh, yes, I could do it all right. It's ne 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; "Oh, he won't care," said Matt, im-

patiently. "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 throbbed with excite

ment. He felt that he had suddenly at-

tained 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?" be called. "Oh, don't, Matt." answered the girl "Are they ready, I say?" called Matt, this time angrily.

Laura signalled to the captain with er hand, as she had often done be

"Ready," came the answer.

"Ready," repeated Laura. Matt pulled the peg and then, paus-g a moment, pulled the other, and ok dropped with a chug. He swishing in the chutes the grain w. With the pegs in his hand ed to climb the ladder that ran the sides of the bin. Just at the se of the pegs slipped and fell

at threw the peg which he still ter. He didn't want Laura

The peg lay on the wheat a few feet rom 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 sink-

ing in a few inches at every step. Already the air was full of dust caus ed by the agitation of the wheat in the chute below, and Matt choked as be stooped to pick up the peg. Just as he turned, one of his feet sunk down suddenly as is 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 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 of 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 ne grew suddenly hopeless.

He had sunk almost to his waist nis repeated calls.

"Help!" he coughed.

fixed with terror. "Rus for belp," cried Matt. Without a word Laura disappeared,

flying down the tramway with flying town, has held office for a year and has Reaching the office she suddenly real- administration. Her appointments have

ized that Matt might sink and be killed been wise and her knowledge of city before she could get the men from the affairs such as would reflect credit on bont up the hill.

her hands.

in the corner of the office. The next moment she was spinning it along the the Gaylord Herald, where she first 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 Mrs. Mary L. Foote, police judge-elect, struggle, hardly looked up. But when is a native of Illinois, and has resided the barrel came bumping against him in Kansas seven years. An odd feature he seemed to recover.

Laura.

Then she sped along the tramway and down the hill to the boat. With White, a native of Franklin, Ohio; Mrs. choking voice she told the captain of Nancy Wright, born in Scottsville, were "in it." These were Miss Knop her trouble. There was no way of shut- lowa; Mrs. Emma A. Mitchell, a native ting off the sucking of the wheat of Indianapolis; Mrs. Esther Johnston, Burris, who ran about neck and neck 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 fright ened vet," 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

"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 ame 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.

A Besetting Sin. Apparently some women do not know that public conveyances are not proper places for ventilating domestic grievances or indulging in personal gossip. Says Donahoe's Magazine:

Why will women talk afoud in street cars and other public places? The habit is becoming general, women of refined appearance and educated speech indulging in it as freely as their sisters from the uncultured walks of life.

Family matters are openly discussed, the good qualities of relatives and their defects commented upon freely, and names mentioned with the utmost indifference to the fact that chance listeners may recognize them.

The other day, in a crowded car, a roung woman was expitiating upon the many charms of a male acquaintance whallacked only one essental of the model husband-means of support. And then ensued an animated debate, dur ing which the family affairs of the un fortunate young man and his bride were made known to all who cared to listen.

Blubber Baths for Rheumatism. In Australia they have a whale cure for rheumatism which is said to be effective, though disagreeable. It was discovered by a drunken man, who was staggering along the beach near the whaling station at Twofold Bay, and who, seeing a dead whale cut open, took a header into the decomposing blubber. It took two hours for him to work his way out, but he was then not only sober, but cured of his rheumatism. Now a hotel has been built in the neighboring town of Eden, where rheumatic patients wait for the arrival of a whale in order to take blubber

But the Plag West Up. A Johannesburg correspondent states that Jameson would have gone on fighting at Krugersdorp, but when the officers saw the Staats Artillery coming up with the Maxims in charge of German gunners, "flesh and blood could stand it no longer." Jameson, adds the writer, was watering his horse when Col. Scott came up to him and mid: "Bir, we must surrender; it seems bepeless." The only snawar he hopeless." The only answer he got was: "I will not surrender; let them shoot me where I stand, but surrender? Never!" The Colonel moved away, and the next minute up went the white dag.



TOWN RUN BY WOMEN.

AYLORD, 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 maywhen Laura appeared in answer to or and women officials and the city of fices are conducted with honesty, ability, integrity and economy. There is Laura peered for a moment into the no hint at corruption or jobbery. The dark bin and then she seemed trans- streets are clean, crime is virtually unknown and not a single dollar of in-

debtedness lies upon the place. Antoinette L. Haskell, mayor of the given the best of satisfaction in her any man. Mrs. Haskell's bushand is a "What shall I do?" and she wrung prosperous banker and she is the mother of two sons, 17 and 11 years old: The Her eye fell upon an empty barrel city clerk, Miss Florence Headley, is a native of Kansas, and is the editor of became connected with the paper as a compositor. She is 20 years of age and is serving her second year as city clerk. of her election was that her husband "Hold on till I come back," cried was her opponent, but she defeated him by a large majority. The members of the city named and vicinity were en the council consist of Mrs. Mary A. tered, but before the voting was be

MRS. LORELLA ABERCHOMBIE.

bercromble. They have given every

manifestation of their ability to run the

business of the city government and

Value of the Trellis Pattern.

out in numerous wave and serves for

variety of purposes in dress and mil-

linery. It also answers equally well

as a veiling for bright colored satin

bags, sachets and pincushions. A com-

bination of tinsel thread and let would

Pockion in Calling-Cards.

The Roman or block letter is becom

ing more popular as the style of en

graving for visiting-card plates, while

the fashionably thin card of two-sheet

quality is eminently proper. Cards for

both men and women are considerably

maller, and the script engraving is

finer in consequence, following more closely the English style than the Pa-

risian, which is large and with flour

shes. The block or Roman letter plate

is very English, and with those affect-

ing London styles it finds great fa-

vor. 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-

set it off admirably

The trellis pattern can be carried

no one can question their motives.

MRS. A. L. RASKELL.

MRS. ESTHER JOHNSTON.

MRS. PLORENCE HEADLEY.

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

Chosen Queen of the Picata.

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



gun it became evident that only three penburg, Miss Hall and Mrs. L. W.



KILLED IN THE CHARGE. with a grean. The demeanor of no two wounded men was allke 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 James R. Gilmore (Edmund Kirke) as on for a few seconds-long enough to throw up his hands and call out and clutch at the comrades beside him for

ANECDOTES OF THE WAR.

After the Battle.

down, and yet you would not have

alike. When hit while standing inac-

falling. If hit while the regiment was

If reached by a bullet while the com-

mand was being driven or retreating or

were to be left on the field to suffer and

ing hard hit. After the first exclama- had fallen before his eyes, and he had tion they cursed or wept, and were not to run the gauntlet of a thousand musconscious of what they did. Each felt kets; but he did it." Mr. Gilmore rethat he had been grievously wronged by lates the circumstances, in the Louis-being shot down. Sometimes they villa Courier-Journal cursed first and wept afterwardssometimes 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 keved 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 pitled. They feared to be wounded again or killed outright,



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 on frills, Vandyke caps and epaulets shell and grapeshot were continually are rampant about the very top of 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 boofs others would be almost beaten into the earth. It was the same way if a battery was retired or advanced. The change of osition was made with horses on the lead run, and their riders could take so thought of the dead and wounded ying in the way. The fate of a brigade or di ton, or even a wing of the army,

count. When the guns were advanced SOLDIERS AT HOME. at Chancellorsville to check Jacks twilight attack the earth was fairly cumbered with the dead and wounded THEY TELL SOME INTERESTING On the few acres of cleared ground over which the guns had to advance were camp fires, knapsacks, haversacks, stacked muskets and several hundred men who had fallen under the volleys poured in from the edge of the forest, The guns dashed right into and over this jumble, and above the roar of musketry from the oncoming Confederates we caught the screams and shricks of It was strange and queer to watch our wounded men as they realized that the demeanor of men wounded in batdeath was to come under the heavy tle, writes M. Quad. You might have

wheels. stood beside hundreds who were struck The burial parties were always pushed for time, and yet there was time to found two whose actions were exactly look into the faces and observe the attitudes of the dead and notice that death tive most men threw up their hands and seldom came to two silke. Some sufcried out and staggered about before fered agonies from their wounds-others died as peacefully as if no twings advancing they fell with curses on their of pain had been felt. Some had their lips, and sometimes rose up again and lips parted as if praying to God or utlimped painfully after their comrades. tering farewells to the loved ones at home—others had lips compressed and their faces showed grim determination changing its position, then men walled or anger. Sometimes a wounded man out like children-not so much over the had crawled away into the bushes or behurt as because they realized that they hind stump or log to die. On his bronzed cheeks partly bleached by the touch would be helpless to protect themselves. of death, we would find traces of tears, When a regiment was in line, waiting and the hard lines would be softened to move to the right or the left or be down. When struck down as they movadvanced, the thud of a bullet as it ed and dying within a few minutes struck a man could be heard by the they carried flerce, stern faces and men on his right and left. If struck in clenched hands, and nearly always the chest or shoulder or head he fell out their eyes were wide open and their lips of the ranks, threw up his hands with parted to show their teeth. If the musket had not fallen from their hands under the shock of the missile it was elenched so tightly that their stiffened fingers had to be opened one by one.

There was no pity for the wounded while the fight was on. Now and then it was possible to alleviate thirst, or in case of an officer to carry him to the rear, but the unwounded had little thought of the fallen. It was only when night came down and the roar of battle dled out to a growling and sputtering here and there that a new sound ross on the evening air to pale the faces of the veterans lying about with open haversacks. It was a sound heard only on a battlefield, after a battle. It was a sound which began like the far-off murmur of a mighty crowd-which came nearer and nearer-which swelled in volume till it drowned all other sounds-which separated itself from the shouts of men, neighing of horses, peals of bugles and rattle of drumsone great overpowering wail from the thousands of wounded men which went right to the heart and caused every man to lift his head and whisper; "Poor fellows-God pity them!"

Bravely Done.

"That is one of the bravest men I ever knew," said Gen. Rosecrans to Inspector General Ducat left the room where the two gentlemen were conversing. "I saw him once," continued the General, "coolly face almost certain Few men preserved silence after be- death to perform a duty. Three men Courier-Journal.

It was at the battle of luka where Rosecrans with only 2,800 men actually engaged, was fighting a Confederate force of 11,000, holding a chosen and very strong position. Ducat, 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 builets, lay between them and the menaced regiment. Docat glanced at it and said:

"General, I have a wife and children." "You knew that when you came here!" said Rosecrans, coolly.

"I'll go, sir," said Ducat, moving his horse forward after his momentary hes-"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 Ducat, who had seen every one of them fall lifeless, or desperately wounded. Without a word Ducat plunged into the fire, and, wonderful to tell, he ran the gauntlet in

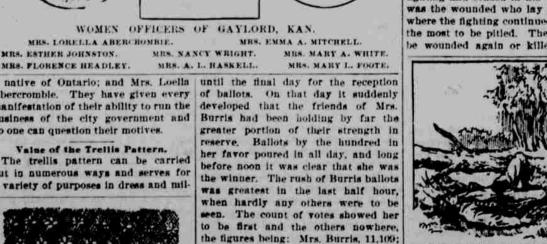
safety, and with his clothes torn by minie balls, and his horse reeling from a mortal wound, he got to Stanley, and saved the regiment. The orderlies found their graves on that acre of fire.

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.

at stake, and the sacrifice of 2,310 war ships, mounting \$8,200 guns, men already wounded did not all ready for immediate service.



Miss Hall, 1,956, and Miss Knoppen burg, 1,100. Sleeves Copied from Paintings. The sleeve continues to be the allnportant factor of the gown. Frills the arm, with a decided tendency toward extra tightness of the sleeve above as well as below the elbow. Often a parting is made in the center of the puff, revealing the close cont

sleeve from the shoulder down. The newest sleeves, it is officially asserted, have been copied from the oldest pic tures, though the "old masters," could they behold them, would hardly recognize some of the modern versions.

