

TO A SOUTHERN GIRL.

Her eyes
Would match the Southern skies
When Southern skies were bluest
Her heart
Will always take its part
Where Southern hearts are truest;
Bright pearls
The gems of Southern girls,
Her winning smile discloses;
Her cheeks
When admiration speaks,
Were only Southern roses.
Her voice
By nature and by choice,
E'en those who know her slightest
Will find
As soft as Southern wind
When Southern winds are lightest.
Her laugh
As light as wine or chaff,
Breaks clear at witty sallies.
As brooks
Run bubbling through the nooks
Of all her Southern valleys.
Such youth,
With all its charms, forsooth—
Alas, too well I know it!
Will claim
A song of love and fame
Sung by some Southern poet;
But she
In future years maybe
These verses will discover,
Some time
May read this little rhyme
Sung by a Northern lover.
—Buffalo Commercial.

BY MUTUAL CONSENT.

She was seated on the grass, with her shoulders propped up against a camp stool; there were two or three garden benches standing about, but she said she preferred to sit on the grass—it made her feel more "country."

To intensify this feeling she had clothed her fresh young beauty in a marvelous organdy, so sheer that her arms gleamed through it like alabaster, and had pinned on her bright head a great hat drooping with roses. By her side leaned a white parasol edged with lace.

Her companion, a young man in tennis flannels, who was stretched at her feet, had commented sarcastically upon her "rustic attire," and a hot discussion had ensued, a discussion happily interrupted by the arrival of a servant with a tray of iced lemonade.

"Ah," said Miss Gresham, helping herself to one of the frosted glasses, "if there is one person for whom I entertain an undying affection it is Betty! I know we are indebted to her for this. She is one of those rare people who always do the correct thing."

"Betty," repeated Markland, lazily, sipping his lemonade, "and who is Betty?"

"He has forgotten Betty!" cried the girl, "and has no more shame than to confess it! Betty, who was always his sworn champion and who has helped him out of I do not know how many scrapes. This is the effect, I suppose, of college travel and society."

"Betty" again repeated Markland, "a sudden light springing to his eyes—"your old nurse, of course. Why, certainly I remember her—dear companion of my youth! But I did not recognize her by so common a title. To me she always seemed a beneficent genius, a good angel, rather than an ordinary mortal." He lifted his glass—"To Betty," he said; "may her shadow never grow less."

"Betty was asking me about you the other day," said the girl; "she wanted to know if you still rode and boated and swam like you used to do. I told her you had given up dancing because of the exertion." She looked at him innocently.

"Did she ask you anything about your own life?" said Markland, sitting up—"a resume of how you put in your time during the winter season in town might be interesting to her, and certainly profitable."

"Anything I do is interesting to her," she responded, coldly.

"Do you know," he said, "I have been marveling over you ever since I came. I cannot quite realize that you have been ten days in the country without being bored. How have you accomplished it? I thought that the day of miracles was past."

"My good Tony," remarked Miss Gresham, patronizingly, "you must not judge other people by yourself; it is a very foolish and narrow-minded way of doing. Because you cannot exist happily without your clubs and theaters is no reason why I can't."

"I never knew you belonged to a club," observed Markland, mildly. "Have you developed into that wonder, a new woman?"

"Oh, nonsense! You know I was speaking figuratively! I mean that I am not wedded to any particular state of things—that I can adapt myself to circumstances and enjoy whatever comes."

"Can you? How delightful! But, jesting aside, has it not been rather slow for you here, without any girls for you to see through and scorn and be amused by—nor men to analyze and draw you out and get interested in?"

"How do you know there have been no men?"

"I have your own word for it. I would you refuse four of your best friends permission to visit you down here, and I inferred that the common head had been no better treated."

"You," she said, "you are right. My head has been uninvaded. I have been enjoying myself thoroughly by the way—suddenly—who would you could come?"

"You had better run down to the hotel, and I thought it was miserably not to drop in on you before you were getting on."

"Indeed! So you abandoned your old home at the last moment? It has been since you have been here."

"I shall apply for a divorce. He is treating me like a dog and he makes me work like a horse."

"Well, then you should make your complaint to the Society for the Protection of Animals and not to the courts."—*Illustration by De Pêche.*

pond is down; fell in the August storm. Boston tells me."

"Oh, am so sorry! We used to—," she pined, blushing.

"Yes," he responded, "so we did." And he glanced at her laughingly.

"And the house?" she hurried on; "how does it look?"

"Awfully—everything gone to pieces; dust, cobwebs and mold everywhere; the family portraits white with mildew."

"Oh, Tony," she cried, "how dreadful! You really ought to do something about them."

"I shall," he said. "I was fond of the place as a lad, and the trip down here has awakened all the old feeling. I am tired to death of society, the exertion of dancing—smiling—and the bother of being agreeable to people that one doesn't care a rap about; so I have half made up my mind to marry and settle down in the country; that is,"—slowly—"if I can persuade the girl I love to consent to bury herself for my sake."

Miss Gresham looked down; her face had lost a little of its bright color, but the pallor was in no way unbecoming.

"I thought the best thing to do was to come and talk over the matter with you," he said, after a somewhat awkward pause; "you always help a fellow so with your advice."

"I imagine," she replied, "that if a woman cared for a man she would go with him anywhere."

"Exactly, but that is the question—does she care for me? You see"—gazing at her steadily—"she is a society girl, used to a good deal of gray and movement and excitement, and it does not seem quite fair to ask her to come down here, does it? It looks conceited and selfish, as if one thought a good deal of oneself, don't you know?"

She looked at him gravely.

"Do I know her?" she asked. "Is she some one you have known a long time?"

"Oh, yes, since I was quite a boy."

"Is she pretty?"

"Of course, you ought to know that."

"And clever?"

"I suppose"—slowly—"she never says unkind things or sees through other people as—as—some of your other friends do."

"Unkind things? No. But as to seeing through people"—breaking into a laugh—"I am obliged to admit that she does. You see, she has been out a lot, and the rosy bonnage is a bit out of place; natural enough, don't you think?"

"I suppose so"—doubtfully—"one cannot go through life with one's eyes shut; that is, if anyone has any brains, and yet, somehow or other, I don't quite like the description. You are such a good fellow, Tony, for all your affectation, that you ought to marry somebody very much above the average."

"And so I shall."

"You always said," she went on, "that I might choose a wife for you. Don't you remember just before you went to college that last ride we took?"

"Assuredly."

"How we agreed to atsk each other's advice about the people we should marry, and how we promised that neither of us would get engaged without the other's consent?"

"Of course I remember. I am quite willing to abide by the old contract. I shall never marry without your permission."

"Oh, Tony, really?"

"Really."

She gazed at him with parted lips and shining eyes.

"You are very trusting—how do you know that I shall not take a base advantage of your implicit confidence and refuse my consent altogether? You don't know how lonesome it will be going out next winter without you. I have got so used to having you around that I don't believe I'll enjoy myself in the least unless you are there."

She pondered a moment.

"Come," she said. "I will compromise. I won't forbid the banns altogether, but you must not think of marrying until I am tired of society and ready to take the fatal step myself. How will that suit you?"

"Perfectly, if you don't put it off too long."

"Oh, well, that I don't know. I have about decided to be a spinster."

"Come, now, that isn't fair. Suppose we agreed to be married the same day? That meets with your approval? Well, to keep that promise fresh in your memory"—reaching over and taking her hand—"wear this for my sake."

He drew her glove off very gently and slipped a loop of diamonds on her finger.

The blood flashed to her cheeks.

"Tony," she cried, the full meaning of his action breaking over her, "Tony, I don't understand. I—"

"Oh, yes, you do," he answered, drawing a reassuring arm about her, "but for fear you might make a mistake and go off and marry another fellow, I will make my meaning clearer. I love you—I have always loved you. I have never dreamed of asking anyone else to marry me. I would have told you so before, but you are such a dreadful little flirt that I was afraid to test my fate. What say you, sweetheart? Shall we marry and settle down at the old place?"

"And it was I all the time," she murmured, "and I thought you meant—"

"Who?" asked Markland, curiously.

"Oh, never mind"—hastily—"I see now what an absurd idea it was. So you always loved me, ever since I was a child? Well, really, Tony, it was only fair, for I never cared for anyone as I cared for you. Come, let us go in and tell Betty."—*New Orleans Times.*

THEIR STORIES DIDN'T AGREE.

How the Elevator Man Got the Sub-Editor Into Trouble.

"I've a good notion to get a gun and shoot that elevator man," said one of the sub-editors in a rage as he tossed a bundle of proofs on the floor.

"What's the matter?" asked an assistant. "What's he been doing to you now—making you walk up the stairs again?"

"No," roared the sub-editor. "But I'll make him walk up the stairs, if he isn't careful—up the golden stairs, at that."

"But what has he done to you?" again asked the assistant. "Surely you aren't going to send an elevator man to kingdom come just for nothing. What's all the trouble?"

"Oh, trouble enough," snapped the sub-editor. "Last night I took my wife down to a theater and came over here to the shop to see if everything was going all right. I expected to go back in a minute, but when I got here I found that the 'old man' had left word to have me come over to his house if I came in; he had something to tell me about how he wanted the paper made up."

"Well, I hustled over, thinking I could get back before the theater was out," continued the sub-editor, "but I didn't. My wife came over here alone, of course, when the show was out, and mad, too, because I had let her wander around town alone so late at night. When she got in the elevator the blooming idiot who runs it, thinking he was doing me a good turn by making my wife believe I was sticking close around the office and tending to business, began to tell her where I was. 'Just went out a minute ago. He was with a couple of gentlemen. I guess they just went out to get a cigar or something.'"

"I found my wife waiting for me in the office when I came back. I began to apologize, of course, for letting her come away from the theater alone, and explained that I had been out to see the 'old man.' I thought she looked at me rather queerly, but she didn't say anything until I had finished. Then she gave me a sour stare and said: 'It's a pity you couldn't make your stories agree.' She told me about the 'two gentlemen' with whom I went out to get a cigar, and in spite of all I can say now she thinks I was loafing around saloons downtown in preference to being in a theater with her. She actually believes that lying elevator man rather than believe me."

"Perhaps that's because he hasn't fooled her as often as you have," suggested the assistant, and he just dodged a paper weight as he scooted out the door.—*Chicago Times-Herald.*

Had Made a Mistake.

It was the judge doing the talking. "One of my most peculiar experiences was while I was on the bench down in Pennsylvania. Hunk Wodders was brought down from the mountains charged with stealing a sheep from one of his neighbors. I had hunted and fished with the old fellow as a guide and felt sorry to see him in trouble. I asked him if he wanted a jury trial."

"Don't want no trial 'tall," he replied doggedly. "I'll just plead guilty. I hadn't got no witness or no friends. They'll just swear I stole that hog an' wher'll I be?"

"But did you steal it, Hunk?"

"Didn't steal nothin'. But I kin take my medicine."

"I'll enter a plea of not guilty and appoint a lawyer to defend you. You shall have a chance to prove your innocence."

"I ain't a goin' to fool 'round with no lawyer. I bought that sheep from a feller, an' that's all there are to it."

"Then I called him to me and whispered: 'Now, honest, Hunk, between man and man, did you steal the pig?'"

"Just atween you and me, judge?"

"No one else shall know a word about it."

"Course I did. That there meanly Bill Sims owed me \$3 for two years an' I just lifted the sheep to get even."

"The case went to trial. The testimony against Hunk was strong and I charged the jury as fairly as I ever did in my life, but they acquitted him."

"Then Hunk came up to me with flushed face and hanging head. 'Pon my soul, judge, I didn't mean fur ter tell you no lie. I thought I stole that sheep, but it 'pears I didn't.'"

Letters.

The following is a process for etching letters, names, or designs on metallic goods, such as knives for instance: The objects are covered with the following mixture: One litre of naphtha, one-third keg of carbon bisulphide, two kegs of pulverized resin, fifteen kegs of chloride of copper. After covering with a thin layer of this stencil or type is washed with a weak solution of potash and pressed on the surface, which is then washed, after which it is wet with a weak solution of salomonic acid through which a current is passed, which then etches the metal where the insulating coat has been removed.

The Cradle.

According to a French journal, an inventor has devised an electrical arrangement which consists of a microphone placed near the head of a baby in its cradle, and connected to a sort of relay which operates an electric bell placed near to where the nurse is asleep; a cry from the child will, therefore, cause the bell to ring.

An Uplifting Assignment.

Wearry Reporter—Any assignment for me to-day?

City Editor (briskly)—Yes; go to Delaware and get a job in a powder mill and when an explosion occurs write it up.

Reporter—Write it up?

City Editor—Well, you can wait till you come down.—*Harlem Life.*

The middle finger is from 2 1/2 to 3 inches in length.

ROMANTIC EXPERIENCE OF GENERAL JO SHELBY.

Of all the conspicuous figures of the civil war, none perhaps has so varied and romantic an experience as General Jo Shelby. Greater Generals than he were in the conflict, more distinguished commanders have passed into history, but taking him by and large, as a typical American soldier—a free lance among the lighter and more dashing exemplars of the art of war—he stood with Sheridan, Jeb Stuart, Rosser, Custer and the other dare-devils, who rode to win, in clouds of dust and amid the clatter of sabers. That he did not know how or when to surrender is not so much to his discredit as a soldier, as his subsequent action in running off to Mexico and offering his sword to a foreign adventurer reflected upon his American citizenship. But then his wounds were sore; his years were few; his ambition boundless, and his matured good sense had yet to come. When in 1867, after his experience with Maximilian, he crept back to Fayette County, Missouri, and saw some beauty yet in the stars and stripes, his vision took a wider scope, and in spite of himself he had to admit that there was no land like the land of his birth.

General Shelby's experience in Mexico, at about the close of Maximilian's regime, sounds like a romance. Major John N. Edwards, who some years ago was the Boswell of Shelby's career, dwelt at length upon his experience with the ill-starred Austrian. It is worth reproducing here. Major Edwards said:

"At the close of the war, when Kirby Smith, in command of the department, was anxious to surrender, General Shelby was an advocate of further resistance. French support, medicines, ammunition and French gold were coming by way of Mexico, and upon these was based hope. His protest was unavailing, and the surrender was made at Shreveport and the army disbanded. Before the surrender was made the army became dissatisfied with General Smith, and General Shelby was commissioned to ask him to withdraw as direct commander of the army, which he did in favor of General Buckner. At the surrender of the army Smith surrendered to Buckner, and Buckner surrendered to the United States."

"Shelby then gathered about him 600 men. They were Missourians for the most part, and were willing to follow their leader to the utmost confines of the earth. They determined to go into Mexico and take part in the contest then waging between Maximilian and Juarez. Shelby's march through Texas is remarkable in many respects. Texas was a vast arsenal of arms and ammunition at this time, and his troops were well supplied. Some returning and disbanded soldiers at times attempted to levy contributions upon the surrounding country, but Shelby's stern orders arrested them in the act, and his swift punishment of depredations left a shield over the neighborhood, that needed only its shadow to insure safety."

"When the first Mexican station was reached General Shelby sold his cannon, and his men took a vote the same night to decide which of the contending parties in Mexico they should join. Shelby was decidedly in favor of joining Juarez, who led the revolution, well arguing with his usual sagacity and foresight that the United States would never allow a foreign power to gain a foothold on American soil. But his men favored the imperial party and he allowed himself to be governed by their wishes. They crossed the Rio Grande at Eagle Pass and entered Mexico. A few days later Shelby was offered the command of the States of Nueva Leone and Coahuila, but the offer was declined, as his men had joined the imperial forces."

"Historians say that had General Shelby accepted this position he would in all probability have been joined by thousands of Confederates whose fortunes were to be made, and with that force he would have been able to save Maximilian or might have become a power in Mexico's affairs."

"However that may be, General Shelby and his men had many a bloody and fierce encounter with the brigands that infested Mexico before they reached the City of Mexico. One of these was the rescue and liberation of Inez Walker, a beautiful American who had been educated in California. She was seen years before by Rodriguez, a millionaire Spaniard, who took a fancy to her and abducted her. In the encounter he was killed, and the American woman received the protection of Shelby's men."

"Shelby offered his services to the Emperor, but they were refused. Maximilian was not willing to trust the Americans in his organized army. It is a curious fact that General Shelby, when interviewing Maximilian's representative, predicted the situation that afterward befell that luckless Emperor."

"When Shelby gathered his men about him and announced the decision of the Emperor, he said: 'We are not

wanted, and perhaps it is best so. Those who have fought as you have for a principle have nothing to gain in a war of conquest. I stand ready to abide your decision in the matter of our destiny. If you say we shall march to the headquarters of Juarez, then we will march. You will refuse to-day as you refused before, because you are imperialists at heart, and because, poor sapplings, you imagined that France and the United States would come to blows. Bah, the day for that has gone by—Louis Napoleon has slept too long.'"

"It was necessary that the men should have a little money, and Bazaine, the French general, was applied to. He gave each man \$50, and then every man went the way it best suited him."

"At the time the famous emigration scheme of Maximilian's Government was decided upon, and the celebrated colony of Carlotta formed, Agents were sent to every place in the South. Land was set apart for actual American settlers, each to receive 640 acres. Shelby advised his men to give up at once any further idea of service in Maximilian's army. Many accepted his advice and entered heartily into the duties of the new life. A few joined the imperial army in Sonora. Gen. Shelby, with headquarters at Cordova, became a large freight contractor. Among those in the colony with him were Gen. Sterling Price, Gen. Stephens of Lee's staff, Gov. Reynolds, ex-Gov. Allen of Louisiana, ex-Gov. Lyons of Kentucky and Gen. McCausland of Virginia. Ex-Gov. Isham G. Harris was also a settler. Freightage soon proved unprofitable and he went to Vera Cruz, and was fitted out with a vessel and instructed to sail for Havana in furtherance of the colonization scheme. He loaded his ship with agricultural implements exported from America and returned to Mexico. But Maximilian's forces were meeting with defeat on every hand, and Shelby saw that the end was near. At last Maximilian sent for Shelby and asked him how many Americans he could summon to his assistance."

"Not a corporal's guard," said the General. "You are too late."

Referring more particularly to Gen. Shelby's intercourse with Maximilian in the winter of 1866-67, Maj. Edwards wrote these interesting details:

"When Shelby arrived in Mexico the treasury was empty. Maximilian had been ruling for a year. The French held everything worth holding, excepting that Mexican brigandage ruled and grew. No effort of the French could stop it. Maximilian's Marshal, Bazaine, ruled the military with a reign of death. Suspected men were shot everywhere, without the formality of a trial. Maximilian was displeased. His heart was with the Mexicans and he remonstrated with the marshal, but to no purpose, and finally there was an estrangement."

"Shelby saw all these things, and planned an interview with the Emperor. Commodore Maury and General Magruder arranged it for him, and Maximilian met him with evident frankness and sincerity."

"The marshal was urgent and Count de Nune was interpreter. Shelby's plans, as he laid them before the Emperor, were to take immediate service in the empire, recruit a corps of 40,000 Americans, encourage immigration, develop the resources of the country, consolidate the Government against the withdrawal of the French soldiers, and hold it till the people became reconciled to the change."

"The Emperor simply listened with interest, and that was all."

"It is only a question of time, your Majesty," said General Shelby, "till the French soldiers art withdrawn."

"Bazaine smiled a little, and the Emperor asked: 'Why do you think so?'"

"Because," said General Shelby, "the war between the states is at an end, and Mr. Seward will insist on a rigorous enforcement of the Monroe doctrine. France does not desire a conflict with the United States. I left behind me 1,000,000 men in arms, not one of whom has yet been discharged from the service. The nation is sore over this occupation, and the presence of the French is a perpetual menace. The matter of which I have spoken to you is perfectly feasible. I have authority for saying that the American Government would not be averse to the enlistment of as many soldiers in your army as might wish to take service, and the number need only be limited by the exigencies of the empire. I think it absolutely necessary that you should have a corps of foreign soldiers devoted to you personally, and reliable in any emergency."

"Commodore Maury and General Magruder sustained Shelby's views of the case, and he went on:

"I have under my command at present about 1,000 tried and experienced soldiers. All of them have seen much severe and actual service, and all of them are anxious to enlist in support of the empire. With your permission, and authorized in your name to increase my forces, I can in a few months make good all these promises

I have made you here to-day."

"But the Emperor was silent. Arising, he talked in an aside with De Nune and went."

"It is no use," said De Nune to Shelby, after the Emperor had left the room, "the Emperor is firm on the point of diplomacy. He means to try negotiations and correspondence with the United States. His sole desire is to give the Mexicans a good government, lenient yet restraining laws, and to develop the country and educate the people. He believes he can do this with native troops. He is an enthusiast, and reasons from the heart instead of from the head. He will not succeed. He does not understand the people over whom he rules, nor any of the dangers which beset him. It is no use, General, the Emperor will not give you employment."

"I knew it," said Shelby, "from his countenance, and I say to you in all frankness Maximilian will fail in his diplomacy. He will not have time to work the problem out. Juarez lives as surely in the hearts of the people as the snow is eternal on the brow of Popocatepetl, and ere an answer could come from Seward to the Emperor's Minister of State the Emperor will have no Minister of State."

"History now tells how true was Shelby in his spoken judgment. When the struggle came that Shelby had so binarily and plainly predicted Maximilian was in the midst of 8,000,000 savages without an army, scarcely a guard, abandoned, deserted and betrayed."

"As Maximilian heard the news of defeat after defeat he turned to the Americans and sent for Shelby, who was then at Cordova, and Shelby, faint at heart, answered immediately and presented himself before the Emperor. The interview was brief and almost sad."

"How many Americans are there in the country?" the Emperor asked.

"Not enough for a corporal's guard," said Shelby, frankly, "and the few who are left cannot be utilized. Your Majesty has put off too long. I don't know of 200 Americans who could be gathered before it would be too late."

"I need 20,000," said the Emperor.

"You need 40,000," said Shelby; "of all the imperial regiments in your service you cannot count upon one that will stand steadfast to the end. There are desertions everywhere. As I came in I saw the regiment of the Empress marching out. You will pardon me if I speak the truth, but as devoted as that regiment should be, I would call upon your Majesty to beware of it. Keep with you constantly all of the household troops that yet belong to the empire. Do not waste them in doubtful battles. Do not divide them. The hour is at hand when instead of numbers you will have to rely upon devotion. I am but as one man, but whatever a single subject can do that thing shall be done to the utmost."

"When the Emperor spoke again his voice was so sad that it was pitiful. 'It is so refreshing to hear the truth,' he said, 'and I feel that you have told it to me as one who neither fears nor flatters. Take this in parting, and remember that circumstances never render impossible the right to die for a great principle.'"

"He detached the golden cross of the Order of Guadalupe from his breast and gave it to Shelby, who kept it until his death, the sole memento of a parting that was for both the last on earth."—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

Elizur Sage as a Brave Soldier.

Elizur Sage, whose house and loan in Channahon is mortgaged for a loan of \$50 to his uncle, Russell Sage, is well remembered by Colonel James A. Sexton of Chicago. Colonel Sexton was in command of the company in which Sage served—11 Company, Seventy-second Illinois Infantry. The regiment was raised under the auspices of the Chicago Board of Trade, and was mustered in the service at Camp Douglas, Aug. 21, 1862. Colonel Sexton came to the regiment after a year's service in the Sixty-seventh Illinois. When he took command of his company he found among his men Elizur Sage, a lad apparently 13 or 14 years old, who had been duly enlisted as a drummer boy, with the consent of his parents. Recalling him to mind, Colonel Sexton said:

"I recollect him well. He was a sturdy, active and industrious boy, kindly in disposition and a general favorite among the men, being regarded as a sort of a mascot, though we didn't know what mascots were in those days. Among the officers he was well regarded."

"As a soldier he was first-class. He served with the regiment throughout the war, and participated in some of the hardest-fought battles of the war. He was at the siege of Vicksburg and in the battles that preceded its investment by Grant. He was with us during the campaign against Atlanta, and when detached from the march to the sea he was with us at the battle of Franklin and the rout of Hood at Nashville."

"Drummer boy as he was, he had as perilous duties to perform as any man carrying a musket in the ranks. In 1863, as I recollect it, the drum corps of every regiment were organized into a stretcher-bearers' corps. That is, they were made to go out with stretchers and bring off the field all the wounded to the field or some other improvised hospital. The drummers and fifers were often between two fires, that of their own command and of the enemy, and I think it required more nerve and courage to do such duty than to stand in the ranks to be fired at, always with the chance of firing back."

"Young Sage, as I remember him, was, as I have said, a first-class soldier, and took part in eleven pitched battles and 200 skirmishes, being under fire 147 days out of the three years' service of his regiment."

"No man was ever so much decorated by another as by himself."